

FOR HIS HONOR

A FREAK of fortune made Florence Early an inmate of the gray house in front of the Washington County Jail. The sheriff, a burly man of 40, had his mother and a crippled son of 8 years living with him. The old mother was continually ailing, and the helpless boy needed teaching. The sheriff advertised in the papers of the State for a companion and governess. A teacher's agency sent Florence Early to the rescue.

The sheriff stared at her when he met her at the railroad station. He believed she had not been well fed. His impulse was to take her into the first eating house and feed her up a little. She was too much of a lady for that, and he bundled her into his buggy in awkward silence.

Florence improved so much in a few days that he was about to let her go. He gave her the piece of steak next the bone as his most delicate attention. When he grew less shy he looked into her face and met the steady pair of eyes he had ever seen.

The sheriff knew humanity. He looked at her, and felt that when he was obliged to go away at night he could sleep knowing that the old mother and delicate Willy had a stay and comfort.

One day he took her into the jail. It was a fearful place. One story was above ground. In this were kept the prisoners held for minor offenses; in the other, a veritable dungeon, was a man confined for a capital offense.

Johnson Martin was the strongest, most remote cell of the dungeon; he was allowed to see no one, and the sheriff himself carried him his food.

On the day the sheriff showed Florence Early through the jail she met the jailer, a man with a serious, stubborn look. Finally the sheriff led the way down the dark, close stairway, and, unlocking a heavy door, ushered her into a dark corridor. He lighted a lantern and led Florence to the far end of the passage, passed before a barred grating, and called, in a voice not unlike, "Johnson, here's your new jailer."

Florence started. Some one crawled to the bars.

"For the love of God, Terrence, how long is this to last?"

"There is nothing new this morning, John. I have to be away until late at night. This lady will give you your dinner and supper."

There was no word in reply. The sheriff returned to the doorway.

"Miss Florence," he said, "I must go over to Berlin township after a man. I cannot be back before midnight. I want you to take care of Martin."

An hour later he was gone, and she had the key and his instructions.

Miss Early was reading aloud just before dinner, when the servant came to tell her some one wanted to see her. She found a rough man in the hall, nervous and awkward.

"They say she's gone over to Berlin, miss. How long will he have gone?"

"A few hours," replied Florence, tersely.

The man looked at her, and whispered quickly:

"I'm a friend of his. I come to tell him all McVeigh's township's coming to-night after Martin. They're lost. Allen's hired girl, and she says she saw Johnson about 7 o'clock that night and not half a mile from the farm."

Florence Early felt a awful chill at her heart. Then the strong, kind face of the sheriff came before her. With an effort she replied:

"If you have a horse and know the way, ride to Berlin for your life. You shall be well paid. Don't lose a minute. Bring him here; I will keep the man until he comes."

She went to dinner calmly, and afterwards gathered up some delicacies and added them to the meal for Martin. She threw a light shawl over her head.

The jailer was in the hallway when she went down the steps. He looked troubled. She did not doubt he knew the corridor seemed darker than ever. She set the lantern by the grating, opened it and thrust into it the basket. A hand took it.

"Eat your dinner," she said gently, "then I have something to say to you."

In ten minutes he came to the grating.

"They try to take you from the jail to-night," he said, simply. "Guiltily or not guilty, if I save you, will you give yourself up to Sheriff Terrence for trial?"

He looked her in the eyes.

"I am an innocent man," he cried, hoarsely, "but before God I will stand trial if you save me from that mob."

"Sweet," she said, "Sweet it is me. He made the oath and she left him. Eleven o'clock came. Outside there was utter silence, then came the sound of many footsteps. The men of McVeigh township were not out for vain parade. They meant business.

A terrific battering came at the doors, the one level with the yard attacked first. The jailer looked on the small window in the roof. It had been used for such purposes.

"We want Martin," cried a voice, "and we know Terrence isn't here. Open the door or throw out the keys."

"I can't do it," shouted the jailer, "we'll fight it out! He's my blood kin."

With a great shout the assault on the door began. The prisoners above the dungeon were well with terror. What would not a mob do?

"Men!" he cried, "help me to barricade this door! The sheriff will come. We must gain time."

It took a good many minutes to pass the barricade and to chop in the heavy door farther on. It took more to wrench and chop and pull out the cell door. A dark figure was crouched in the corner, silent as death.

"Mighty still, are you?" shrieked the leader, Johnson Martin's own cousin, and the bell to the farm if he was hung. "Come out here, you murderer!"

A dozen hands laid hold on the crouching figure. It was dragged, hauled, carried, forced up the stairs, out into the yard.

"Bring him up! Here's a rope! Quick!"

Then a woman's shriek-awful, blood-curdling-rang out once, again, again. The crowd fell back. "Good God! What did this mean?"

They stood the figure up and raised lanterns high over it a second. It was a woman-a terror-stricken woman-with her brown hair unloosed, falling over a man's suit of clothes.

A mighty shout, and in among them

CATTLE FODDER ON TREES.

How Food for Stock in Hawaii Is Obtained.

A cow cannot climb a tree-undoubtedly a fact in natural history. Yet if environment can effect what some believe it can, a few generations of cattle in Hawaii are likely to evolve a race of acrobatic kind, for the common fodder for horses and cows grows on trees. There are only two directions in the islands of the Pacific, and everybody uses the terms windward and leeward as glibly as if bred aboard ship, to use sailors' English. In Hawaii these two directions are distinctly marked. On the windward side of every island tropical rain, growth of green things to jungle luxuriance, on the leeward side drought rarely broken, scanty grasses precariously clinging to sun-baked soil for most months of the year are sere and brown. But as not every one can live to windward, and it seems a pity to let so much leeward go to waste, which might otherwise be good, the algaroba tree has been introduced from the African aridities and has made cattle ranching a successful possibility on the dry lands.

Friests of the French missions were the introducers, they having become acquainted with its value in Algeria. As its name shows, it is the Carob tree of the "Arabian Nights," the source of most people's knowledge of things Arabic. The tree grows luxuriantly in most Hawaiian soils and bears continuously the year round. This is a matter of particular importance, for it is the fruit which is of value. The tree grows to the height attained by large maples, and branches luxuriantly so as to shade a considerable area, and as the leaves are both abundant and large, there is formed a protection against the heat which stock appreciate. The fruit is a large fleshy pod filled with beans the size of a horse chestnut. It is the pods and beans that are the cattle feed. This fodder is so satisfying that for long periods cattle are fed on nothing else and reach market in prime condition.-New York Sun.

Effective Poison Indicator.
The necessity for some sure indicator when the contents of a bottle are of a poisonous nature has already induced numerous inventors to devote their thoughts to providing a device of this kind, but still the accidents are numerous and the field is open for improvement on past inventions for this purpose. One of the chief causes of the giving of wrong kinds of medicine has been the picking up of the wrong bottle from a number in a medicine cabinet and pouring out a dose of the fatal mixture without looking carefully at the label. To call attention to the fact that the bottle contains poison would be effectively accomplished with the cork shown in the illustration, as it would be impossible to get at the

contents without withdrawing the cork, and if this were attempted in a careless manner the injury to the thumb and finger, while comparatively slight, would surely accomplish the purpose intended. There are two ways of making this device-one by filling an ordinary cork with short barbed points and the other by attaching to its surface a strip of wire netting, from which the prongs project. One of the best recommendations for the device is that a little child will not be liable to extract a cork if covered with these barbs, as the injury to the tender fingers would soon cause it to desist in its efforts. The inventor is Victor H. Kopp, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Russia One Huge Farm.
In a sentence, Russia is a huge farm, comprising a seventh of the land surface of the globe and a twenty-sixth of its total area. It is half a dozen times the area of the United States, and the people are divided into 10,000,000 of men and women of the more or less comfortable, more or less educated class and 119,000,000 of citizens, the mass of whom form the dull, rude, least amiable peasantry in Europe. If one travels over Russia to spy out the land, he may go for days across it from west to east without breaking the continuous view of a flat disk, whose only variety lies between its farmed fatness and its waste fatness, its squat, shrinking, unkempt villages and its sandy districts wooded with thin birch or evergreens. Everywhere it is new, rude and untidy.-Harper's Magazine.

Gladstone on Cromwell.
I remember once making bold enough to remonstrate with Mr. Gladstone for not taking what I considered to be the proper amount of interest in Oliver Cromwell's christening robes, which were duly displayed before him at Chichester court. "I cannot bring myself," said he, "to care about Oliver; he was no lover of free institutions." "But, at least," so I ventured to murmur, gazing at the christening robes, "you cannot deny he was a Christian." "I see no occasion," replied Mr. Gladstone, with one of his grimest looks, "either to deny or affirm your proposition."-North American Review.

A Little Sermon on Habit.
This is what a minister has to say about habit, etymologically:
"Habit" is hard to remove. If you take away the first letter, "a bit" is left. If you take off another letter, you still have a "bit" left. While if you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another it is not "it," totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a bad habit you must shake it off altogether.

Great Walls in China.
There are two great walls in China-one is forty feet thick and fifty feet high and surrounds Peking. It is sixteen miles in circumference. The other-the Great Wall of China-is nearly 1,800 miles long, and was built over 2,000 years ago.

Germany's Growing Sugar Trade.
In thirty years, Germany, from being little more than self-sustaining, has become the largest sugar exporting country.

Among the neighbors it is regarded as a crowning proof of blindness if a woman believes implicitly in her husband.

THE FIRST TWO LADIES OF THE LAND.



WASHINGTON OFFICIAL SOCIETY.

Part Taken by Mrs. McKinley and Mrs. Roosevelt-The President's Wife an Ideal Woman.

THE Vice President of the United States has never been much of a figure in political or social circles in Washington. He has been regarded merely as a remote possibility on waiting orders. But there is some justification for the belief that the Roosevelt will bring about a new order of things. In the first place they are in a position to do so. The possibility of her taking active part in society, which relegates the responsibilities of the first lady of the land to Mrs. Roosevelt.

There is much curiosity in Washington society concerning the new leader. There will not be much seen of her until next fall, however. The Vice President's family will not take up a permanent residence in Washington until then. At that time the eldest daughter of the house, Miss Alice Roosevelt, will make her entrance into society.

Mrs. Roosevelt was a Miss Edith Kermit Carow. She is now about 37 or 38 years old, and, without being a beautiful woman, possesses unusual attractiveness of face and figure. She has an unmistakable look of race, and has the simple, gracious manners of a truly aristocratic woman. She dresses extremely well.

Mr. McKinley, the first lady of the land as she is seen in the White House. "Mrs. McKinley has made no record socially or politically. She has simply filled her place without ostentation or display," said a writer. "Mrs. McKinley, wife of the twenty-eighth President of the United States, will pass down in history as an ideal woman. Her kindness and graciousness will be remembered when the more important events of President McKinley's administration are forgotten. Mrs. McKinley is a woman and wife whose virtues are home and domestic. The inspiration which she has ever been to her distinguished husband, and his unquestioned recognition of the debt, are two factors in their lives which stand out in bright relief."

It being true that Mrs. McKinley's state of health prevents her taking active part in society, the American people are interested in the home life of herself and her distinguished husband. This glimpse of the home life of the couple in the White House is afforded by Mrs. Morse, a relative of the President, who has been a guest at the White House for weeks at a time, and from whose account in part the following facts are drawn.

Early in the morning the President breakfasts and bundles himself with business affairs. Mrs. McKinley is served in her own room, and after the meal in walks the President, brisk and refreshing.

In a social way the Roosevelts will rank second only to the President's household. It was not always so. Indeed it never was so until four years ago, when Mr. McKinley raised the Vice Presidency to this exalted social altitude. As has been said, previous to Mr. McKinley's first inauguration the Presidents allowed the Vice Presidency to be "overridden by diplomats, justices, and even by cabinet members." On the other hand Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt will occupy a social station equal to the former's official station, and it is altogether likely that she will need the services of a private secretary to attend to her social mail. She will stand at Mrs. McKinley's right hand at all White House receptions of the administration, and as each function will demand a new and elaborate gown, it will be understood that this item will amount to a considerable drain on a comparatively small fortune. But the social exactions of the position do not end with White House receptions. The Vice President's wife must hold her own at frequent weekly, and keep open house for social guests practically every day during the social season.

Mrs. Roosevelt will grace the high social station to which she has been called by the election of her husband to

the Vice Presidency, notwithstanding the fact that she is extremely retiring and averse to public notice. As the wife of the Vice President of the United States, Mrs. Roosevelt will be obliged to assume a prominent position in the world, and it must be said that she has yielded to the inevitable with grace and dignity. Mrs. McKinley's health precludes the possibility of her taking active part in society, which relegates the responsibilities of the first lady of the land to Mrs. Roosevelt.

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In anything except that gown that you wore to the Presbyterian Church supper the year before we were married. Then they joked for a half hour in remembrance of that time. The Presbyterian Church supper. It seems that she, Miss Saxton, then, had assisted at the ice cream tables, and the Major had objected to her working so hard.

"I will wait on the tables," he said, taking two trays out of her hands.

And of course he spilled them both, and the ice cream was pink and it made long pink stains down the front of Miss Saxton's cream-colored gown.

"You were very charming about it. William. I remember admiring you because you did not try to replace the gown as an American woman I met abroad did on a like occasion."

"It has never been replaced until now, my dear. This substitute is a success. I trust you will send the bill to me, as I ruined the original."

"As for the wearer-I think you are looking a trifle younger this morning than you did at the ice cream festival, but otherwise I see no difference."

By this time the allotted half-hour was up and the President retired to his office for a stretch of some three hours hard work.

The morning work in the White House seems to move on the better every day for that short chat in Mrs. McKinley's room. When she is not well enough for it a great solemnity hangs over the Presidential shoulders and extends over the whole household. It reaches past the Cabinet to the clerks and on to bellboys and even to stablemen and gardeners.

These times are happily infrequent. For the most part Mrs. McKinley is able to supervise her home, to do her own shopping and discharge many social duties.

The morning chat is more often given to Mr. McKinley's affairs than to anything else. He gives her a sketch of the past twenty-four hours in his official world and she listens eagerly.

During the President's busy forenoon hours his wife drives out on shopping excursions or visits with the little folks who are often gathered in the big house, or reads and knits if the weather is too bad for driving and if there be a dearth of little folks.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinley lunch together. All the morning's doings are talked over and the afternoon's plans discussed. Sometimes the President has the happy news that he will have a little spare time, and he deferentially asks if he may have the pleasure of her company for a drive. Once in a while he proposes an evening at the theater and that it always delightful, for she is very fond of the theater. She likes comedy and the afternoon's plans discussed.

Some of the afternoons are passed with her friends. She likes a tea-table chat as well as women who know nothing of the big affairs of state.

During this busy season she is obliged to depend more than usual upon her friends, for there is very little time to be spared by a husband in Mr. McKinley's position. She does not permit herself to make demands upon his time; she knows that he would respond to those demands even though he had to remain at his desk twenty-four hours at a stretch to make up for it. She recalls the time when he had left for Canton on important business, and hearing of her sudden illness returned straight to Washington. Remembering this she guards her own health like a dragon, knowing how much it means to his success that there shall be no anxiety.

The Barmaid Question.
An embarrassing moment occurred at one of the annual meetings of the committee of the Church of England Temperance Society, over which the late bishop of London presided. The report of the ladies' committee was read, which, among other information, contained the statement that "during the last year much attention was paid to barmalms." A very audible titter ran round the meeting, which was changed to undisguised laughter as the following words were read: "This has, in

the case, led to their being visited in their homes. So loud was the merriment of the clergy that the chairman, fearful of more alarming ambiguities, rose and smilingly observed: "Perhaps, gentlemen, we may take the report as read."-London Chronicle.

A woman has greater love for her children than her father has. She will let them tear pages out of the best book in the house, and he won't.

"My dear, I never saw you look better."

"That cream color is wonderfully becoming to you," he said the last time. He even knows cream color from yellow.

"Are you sure you like it?" she said.

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YOUNG MEN BELIEVED HIM.

Senator Dilliver's Optimistic Lecture Brought Large Returns.