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All communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the writer. We must know the names of our correspondents.
King Edward definitely fixed June 26, 1902, as the date for his coronation.
The third Sunday in January will be set aside as McKinley day among churches of Indiana.
The work of raising \$110,000 for the ransom of Miss Stone goes bravely on. This looks like a pretty sleep figure to pay for an old maid.
Marconi's fiancée has announced a postponement of the wedding because Marconi is concentrating all his thoughts on his work. Marconi may be an ardent scientist, but he must be rather a cool wooer to hold his fiancée second in his mind to a wireless telegraph system.
A Southern Kansas editor had ample grounds for taking a brief vacation. The good sisters of a church organization handed him a notice that they would give a "Spider Web Social," which appeared later in the paper as a "Spindle Leg Social."
Jack Wade, who with Dalton killed young Morrow at Portland and pleaded guilty, was declared guilty of murder in the first degree by Judge Frazer. The case took but two hours of time. Wade states that he is willing to atone with his life for the crime. Dalton was found guilty the day before and will also swing.
A Tennessee girl the other night stole out over the sleeping form of her mother eloped with and married her lover. That is the kind of a wife worth having. If she can slip out over her mother without awakening her, she ought to be able to slip out over her sleeping spouse and kindle fires without waking him.
Oakland, Dec. 21.—Surrounded by his sorrowing family, John J. Valentine, president of Wells, Fargo & Company, passed away at his home in East Oakland at half past 1 o'clock this morning, after an illness from heart trouble that had confined him to his bed for the past three months. His death removes one of the most influential business men of the Pacific Coast.
A case that is interesting St. Louis physicians is that of Eli Daniels, a patient at the city hospital, who is convalescing from an operation of the heart. He was stabbed in the heart at Chester, Ill., and Dr. H. L. Nijert, superintendent of the hospital, where Daniels was taken 24 hours after being cut, sewed up the wound taking several stitches, and the patient is now well on the road to recovery.
Neither Admiral Benham nor Admiral Ramsay, composing a majority of the court deciding against Schley, have commanded a squadron or a fleet in action. Both had raised their flags over very small squadrons, and both belong to the past and know very little of modern fleets and modern naval warfare. Coal and machinery were not prime requisites in the days when Benham and Ramsay were active in the navy.
The old States defenders would never remain in their graves if they knew of a bill that Representative Robinson, of La., has introduced in the House. It is aimed at the case of ex-Gov. Taylor, of Ky., whose extradition has been refused by the Governor of Ind., but it goes much further than that. It has no chance to become a law. The bill provides for an amendment to existing law that would give a governor whose requisition for a fugitive had been denied by another governor the right to issue a warrant to a U. S. Marshal and order his arrest wherever found.

HANDS UP!
"WHAT a pity Jack is not a hero!" sighed Mary, laying down a paper containing a list of the latest recipients of the V. C. "Dad is so awfully gone on soldiers just now."
She glanced toward a dainty writing table, where the photograph of a handsome curly-headed young bar-tender occupied a prominent place. Power was expressed in every one of those clear-cut features—the power to cleave a way through the world.
But Col. Warwick could think of nothing but soldiers, and his daughter, Mary, clandestinely carried on her love affairs, and concocted all sorts of impossible plans to transform her civilian lover into something like a man for the colonel. She even went to the length of inquiring at the war office if lawyers, as well as doctors and clergyman, were not attached to the headquarters staff of the army in South Africa, and being disappointed in that, religiously set to work to inculcate some martial ardor in her lover by requesting him to take her to all the military functions in town. Yet the unconscious Jack would not be a hero.
"Why don't you help me, Beat?" she cried, plaintively appealing to her cousin, who, gracefully reclining on a velvet ottoman, was devouring the contents of the latest novel from Mudde's. "Your affair is all settled, and you're no trouble in the world. Do put that wretched book away and help me think of Jack!"
"Mary, you're a nuisance!" exclaimed the calm-minded young lady, shutting her book with a slam. "And so is Jack! Why don't you think of something else for a few days? If I worried half so much about Geoffrey, I should pine myself into a convalescent home!"
"Yes, but you don't have to. You're engaged; and, besides, your dad isn't mad on soldiers."
Miss Beatrice burst out laughing, and her charming cousin assumed a dignified pout. "My dear girl," she said, patronizingly, and ignoring the pout, "uncle's only a silly old man, and he doesn't mean one-half as says!"
Mary was about to expound his cause, and even sacrifice her Jack in his defense, when her cousin stopped her.
"But as for being a hero, why, Jack can be that as well as anyone if he likes—and he shall be, for all your unworthiness."
"A hero! How, Beat—how?"
"Never mind. You say he's coming to stay over Sunday?"
"Yes. I worried dad into asking him, and he consented—just to keep me quiet."
Beatrice gave a sympathetic sigh.
"Well, then, next Saturday will put him to the test, and unless he proves himself a hero and a man under such desperate circumstances I shall be sadly disappointed. Now, stop worrying, and go and read the war news to uncle. He's dying for it, I know."
And before Mary had time to stop her and demand an explanation she had flown from the room.
Jack Winchfield put in an appearance on the following Saturday, and with a little coaching from the two girls, made quite a good impression at dinner, when he discussed military tactics with keen interest, if not correctness.
At half past 11, after a game of billiards, and a one-sided argument on the subject of cavalry remounts, the two men retired, and an hour later the house was dark and silent.
"Mary, are you awake?"
"Rather!" came in a sleepy voice. "I thought you were never coming."
"Uncle's been reading and only turned his light out a few minutes ago, but he's snoring now."
The two girls shivered simultaneously, and in sympathy. Midnight enterprises are wont to try the strongest nerves. Mary turned on the gas.
"Why, Beat," she exclaimed, "you look just like a man! Where did you get those old clothes? And, oh! your face is so dirty and smudgy!"
Beatrice laughed, in spite of her nerves.
"Shall I do?" she asked.
"Do? You're simply horrible!"
"Good-by, then. Listen for me coming back; and if you hear me running open the door and let me in."
In obedience to which command Mary, as soon as her cousin had left the room, locked the door, threw herself upon the bed and laughed and cried intermittently until she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.
The amateur burglar gingerly picked her way downstairs, and silently turned the key of the library door. Feeling her way toward a comfortable couch, she threw herself upon it and waited, listening to the beating of her own heart and to the awful silence that pervaded the house. Imagination ran wild and played her awful pranks. Fearful animals crept stealthily through the gloom, and ominous noises came from every corner. A tap-tap from the direction of the window sounded most painfully realistic, and a low murmuring was like nothing more than the whisperings of hidden human beings.
Beatrice shook herself and remembered her errand. Partly to help her cousin and partly for her own amusement she had planned to masquerade as a burglar to arouse the unconscious Jack and test his courage. In the light of day it was a splendid project, with countless opportunities for harmless fun. But here, in the dark and silent library, at one o'clock in the morning, it was cruelly unromantic.
Creak, creak! This time it was no fancy, for the library window was be-

ing forced open, and through the blinds came the occasional flash of a lantern. In a moment Beatrice was on the alert. Of a sudden it dawned upon her that instead of a timorous mock burglar the unfortunate Jack might have to deal with a gang of hardened criminals, and the probable result of such an encounter would so upset arrangements that Mary would in future thank her to leave her affairs alone. So the little joke had developed into a huge tragedy, and Jack must not be sacrificed. Even in the hour of danger she could not repress a smile as she thought how the papers would make such a sensation of the affair. No; Beatrice decided that it should not be. And so Jack slept on, unconscious of the opportunities for distinction that awaited him downstairs.
In the meantime, the enterprising young lady with the smudgy face and ragged clothes had seized an old dueling pistol and intrenched herself in the rear of an uninterupted view of the proceedings within the room. There she propped herself up, with one arm extending over the back of the sofa, pointing an unloaded pistol in a menacing manner. And there she meant to fight and die, as she had heard her uncle tell of brave men in the trenches, for it was a desperate matter now, and it was scarcely realizable that such a terrible plight could ever have originated in a harmless little joke.
A man crept stealthily into the room through the half-open window and cast the light of his lantern in all directions. Then, upon a sign that was right, another long-legged villain followed, and the two conferred in muffled tones. Then they carefully shut the window, closed the shutters, lit the gas and pounced upon the safe. That was Beatrice's opportunity.
"Hands up!"
If an electric wire had been connected with the automatic figures, and a button had been pressed, the upper limbs could not have responded more promptly than did the hands of those two desperate burglars. Scared and baffled as they were, they staggered round on their heels, to discover the source of that sudden command, and encountered the frowning muzzle of a pistol. It was enough. The younger man groaned and the older one said something beneath his breath.
Five minutes passed, and not a word was spoken. Two pairs of hands still moved aloft and two pairs of cowed eyes fearfully watched the muzzle of the pistol. But it never moved. The aim was deadly!
"Urry up, guv'nor!" at last groaned the younger man. "Ring for the servants, or what yer like, only don't let us get cold in our armpits!"
In support of which the older man again swore, but the victorious one said nothing. Only the pistol continued to frown threateningly.
Two more minutes that seemed like hours to the captured men passed by, and the older burglar commenced to swear more loudly. The younger man also began to indignantly assert his rights to humane treatment, and matters were just becoming strained when the door opened, and a poker, followed by the white face of Jack Winchfield, appeared upon the scene.
It was the first time Jack had taken an active part in a burglary case, and he was considerably nonplussed to find two hard-featured villains straining their arms to the ceiling at sight of a common domestic poker. But he concluded it must be the usual thing among such gentry, and his face regained some of its color as he took the cord from his dressing-gown and requested one of the men to hold down his hands to be bound, which he did with a grateful glance. A curtain cord served for the other, and the two soon stood side by side, trussed like cocktrels.
"Now, then, guv'nor, tell the bloke behind the sofa to shift that pistol. I don't like it!" exclaimed one.
"Pistol? What pistol?"
Jack looked round in the direction indicated, and staggered back as he encountered the frowning muzzle. The idea suddenly occurred to him that this was another burglar in hiding, and that he had been outfanked, as the colonel would probably have called it. But as he moved, the pistol held steadfastly in its place, and at last he maneuvered round and discovered a slight form, dressed in ragged men's clothes, and propped up with cushions and chairs.
"Now, young 'un, put up that gun. It's all over. Why look here! Great Scott! It's Beatrice! And she's fainting!"
"Fainted?" echoed the two trussed men in chorus. "Fainted? Fainted? 'Ere, guv'nor, let us loose to kick ourselves, and we'll go quiet." . . .
"A smart capture, Jack, and a bold venture on your part," said the colonel. "You ought to have been a soldier, my boy. There's a career waiting for you in the army!"
"Yes," said Jack, "but—"
A vicious tug at his coat tail stopped him, and at that moment the colonel was called away.
"If you mention my disgraceful part in the affair," said Beat, "I'll expose your cowardice on the spot. Uncle would have a fit if he knew I had been masquerading in boy's clothes!"
"But what on earth were you doing with that pistol?"
"Oh, never mind. Perhaps I was rehearsing a play, and the burglars entered at an inconvenient time. The rest of the comedy went fairly well, though, only the poker was a little undignified. But the audience appear to be well satisfied, and the colonel in particular is delighted with the hero. Do your best for those poor villains when you defend them, for they did act their parts most beautifully! Now go to Mary. She's dying to scold you!"
—Chicago Herald.

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