TOLSTOI AND THE PRINCESS

Invalid Noblewoman Who Was Concerned About the Great Political Reformer's Religious Belief.

When I was in St. Petersburg I had an introduction to a certain princess, who was said to be interested in prisons and prisoners, and though I knew that she had absolutely no concern with any political reforms, I hoped she might help me to an interview with Mme. Breshkowsky. The princess was an invalid, and I was allowed to go directly to her room, where she lay on a lounge, with a little stand beside her on which lay religious books. She received me with great cordiality, winning my heart with her first words. She spoke excellent English and we needed no interpreter.

"I am an old, old woman," she said cheerfully, "but I find my old age the happiest part of my life."

"That is almost what Count Tolstoi said to me," I replied. "Oh," she cried, "do you know my old friend, Tolstoi! We were young together, and how I love him! But, alas, he trusts too much to his own merits. I pray for him every day. I pray not only once, but many times a day, that he may learn to trust to the merits of Jesus. He is good and noble and kind, but he must give up his own idea of righteousness and accept the gospel. I have been so anxious about him that at last I wrote out a prayer that I wanted to have him use, for I told him I offered it daily. So I sent it to him. In reply he sent me a prayer which he says he prays daily."—Isabel C. Barrows in the Christian Register.

Globe Trotting to Avoid Suitor.

Mrs. Helen Beryl Graydon, who obtained a divorce from Tom Graydon, the light haired young man who made such a powerful fullback on the Harvard football team several years ago, has gone to Europe to escape a persistent suitor, who says he is a Russian nobleman. Mrs. Graydon, who is the daughter of J. Parker Whitney, has been spending the greater part of her time on her father's ranch in Placer county, California. Employed on the ranch was an expert horticulturist. He was presented to Mrs. Graydon and almost instantly fell in love with her. He sought to follow up socially an acquaintance that came about simply through his employment. He wrote letters and telephoned constantly to her. Finally Mrs. Graydon left the ranch and went to San Francisco. The "nobleman" followed and continued his letter writing and telephoning. His pursuit became so arduous that Mrs. Graydon left San Francisco and has sailed for Europe.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Japanese is Hardest to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest of all to learn. Even the Japanese find it hard, and several American army officers have found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn this simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class of Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.—Albany Journal.

Effective Methods.

Wunder—Stayler is successful as a collector of bad debts.

Waring—That's because he takes a tent with him and camps out in front of the debtor's door.

Scared by the Cooking.

Little Willie—Say, pa, when poverty comes in at the door, what window does love fly out of?

Pa—It probably flies out of the dining-room window, my son.

An Embarrassing Word.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."

"Oh, gracious no!" replied the hostess; "you mustn't say 'rendered.' You see, her father made all his money in lard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Zelda Dameron

By

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"There's Mr. Balcomb over there," Zelda remarked, casually. "He sings divinely, doesn't he? Don't you think he sings divinely?" and she looked at Morris suddenly, with a provoking air of gravity.

"I'm sure he was a De Reszke in some former incarnation," said Morris, savagely.

"That was just what I was thinking, only I hadn't the words to express it," said Zelda, with a mockery of joy at finding they were in accord.

"I'm glad, then, that we can agree about something, even when we're both undoubtedly wrong."

"I don't like to think that I can be wrong," said Zelda. "And it isn't in the least battering for you to suggest such a thing. I shall have to speak to my Uncle Rodney about you."

"Any interest you may take in me will be appreciated."

Jack had crossed the room, giving what he called the cheering jolly to several young women on the way, and he turned quickly:

"At your service, Miss Dameron"—and he bowed impressively.

"Mr. Leighton is crazy about your singing. He is just waiting for a chance to congratulate you. But he's very unhappy to-night. Words fail him." And she shook her head and looked into Balcomb's grinning face as though this were a great grief between them.

"What kind of a jolly is this? I say, Morris, you look like first and second grave-digger done into one. We're not playing Hamlet now. But I can tell you, Miss Dameron, that when Brother Leighton—he belongs to my frat, hence the brother—did Hamlet over at our dear old alma mater, the gloom that settled down on that township could have been cut up into badges of mourning enough to have supplied Spain through her little affair with these States. That's Walt Whitman—'these States.' Do you know, I was Ophelia to his Hamlet, and if I do say it myself, I was a sweet thing in Ophelias."

"I don't doubt you were, Mr. Balcomb," said Zelda.

"There was just one thing lacking in your impersonation," declared Leighton; "you ought to have been drowned in the first scene of the first act to have made it perfect."

"No, violence, gentlemen, I beg of you!" And Zelda hurried across the room to where Herr Schmidt was assembling the principals.

"Say, that girl has got the art of stringing down fine. She seems to have you going all right. You look like twenty-nine cents at a thirty-cent bargain counter. But you take it too hard. I wish she'd string me! They're never so much interested as when they throw you on your face and give you the merry tra la. I tell you I've had experience with the sex all right, and I know!"

"Yes, I remember your flirtations with the girls that waited on table at the college boarding-house. You had a very cheering way with them."

Balcomb's eyes were running restlessly over the groups of young people. He was appraising and fixing them in his mind as he talked. His joy in being among them—these representative young people of the city, whose names he knew well from long and diligent perusal of the personal and society column of the daily papers—amused Leighton; but the fellow's self-satisfaction irritated him, too.

The chorus had been drilled apart, and this was the first time Morris had heard the principals sing. He had joined the chorus under protest, but Mrs. Carr had insisted, and when he learned that Zelda was to be the star it had not been difficult to comply. She began now one of her songs.

When the last notes died away, Balcomb stepped out at the director's nod and began the answering song. Balcomb usually amused Morris; but the fellow struck upon him discordantly. Zelda was laughing at Balcomb's antics as he began to sing with fervor and a real sense of the dramatic requirements. As he neared the end, where Zelda and he sang together the duet that ended the first half of the opera, Zelda put up her hands, and he took them, gazing into her eyes with a fine lover-like air. Their voices soared into the climax without a break, while the director threw himself into strange contortions as he struck the last bars leading to the high note which they gained and held perfectly. The dress rehearsal was fixed for the next night.

"It simply can't fail!" declared Mrs. Carr to Leighton. "Miss Dameron could carry it alone if every one else should break down."

"That is altogether true," said Morris. He was glaring at Balcomb, whose joy in being a member of the cast was hard to bear.

CHAPTER IX.

"Deceivers Ever" was presented, with no more delays and slips than usually befall amateur performances, before an audience that tested the capacity of the Athenaeum. It was a great occasion for Mrs. Carr, as she had undoubtedly taken the Dramatic Club when its life was ebbing fast and made a living thing of it. She sat in the wings holding the prompt-book and prepared for any fate.

"Let us speak to Zee and then escape," said Merriam to his sister, as the chairs were being pushed back for the dance that was to follow the play. A few older people were there and chev formed a little colony by themselves. Zelda came out presently from the dressing-room, with her arms full of flowers that had been passed across the footlights, and she bore Olive Merriam with her.

"Don't be afraid; not in the least afraid," Zelda said to her cousin as she hastened across the hall to her aunt and uncle.

"Please don't," urged Olive. "It isn't kind to me."

"No danger at all; they're all perfectly amiable when you know how to manage them."

"Aunt Julia, this is a real compliment! Thanks very much. This is Olive Merriam. And, Uncle Rodney, here's the star, to whom I expect you to say something particularly nice. Mr. Merriam, Miss Merriam"—and Zelda smiled at the old gentleman bowed low over the hand of his brother's daughter.

"Olive Merriam," said Zelda, "is my cousin and my very dearest friend."

Olive was not afraid. She smiled at Rodney Merriam; and there was something very winning in Olive Merriam's smile. Zelda looked demurely at her aunt, who seemed alarmed lest something unpleasant might happen; but Rodney Merriam laughed, half at finding himself caught, and half at the sight of Olive Merriam's blue eyes, her glowing cheeks with their furtive dimples and the fair hair that Zelda was now compelling her to wear in the prevailing mode.

"I am delighted; I am proud of you," he declared, quite honestly.

"I think—I may say that I reciprocate," replied Olive. "I haven't seen you for a long time—Uncle Rodney—except at a distance."

"Altogether my fault and my loss! I trust that the distance may be considerably lessened hereafter."

A number of people were watching this by-play with keen interest. Something had surely happened among the Merriams. It had been many years since so many members of the family had been seen together at any social gathering.

"There's a draft somewhere," said Mrs. Forrest, suddenly. "We must be going, Rodney. And now, Zelda, don't stay out all night. Mrs. Carr is going to take you home. You'll be sure to be sick if you're not careful. And"—Zelda was looking at her aunt intently—"Miss Merriam, I do hope you will come to see me. I never go anywhere, you know. And please remember me to your mother."

"And pray remember me, also," said Rodney Merriam, feeling Zelda's eyes upon him.

"Oh, Zee," said her uncle, in a low tone; "it was all fine; but how did Pollock come to be in the show?—I don't care to have you know him."

"Of course I shall know him."

"But I prefer."

"Please don't prefer! I'm having a little fun to-night, and I can't be serious at all. Some other time—good-night!"

"What do you think of that girl?" asked Mrs. Forrest, when she was alone with her brother in their carriage.

"I think she's very pretty, if you refer to Olive Merriam, and has nice manners," was his reply.

"There seems to be no way of checking Zelda's enthusiasms. I hope that girl won't take advantage of Zee's kindness," said Mrs. Forrest, as her brother left her at her door.

"I shouldn't worry about her if I were you."

"I certainly shan't; but you were always down on her father."

"I was always a good deal of a fool, too," said Rodney Merriam; and he refused to be taken home in his sister's carriage, but walked homeward from her door through High street, beating the walk reflectively with his stick.

At the Athenaeum Zelda was enjoying herself unreservedly. Her cousin Olive had been presented to a representative Mariona audience in a way that had commanded attention, and Zelda was thoroughly happy over it. She did not care in the least what people might say about the healing of old wounds among the Merriams. It gave her the only unalloyed joy of her home-coming to see Olive established socially on a footing that was, she told herself, as firm as her own.

Balcomb, who was much swollen with pride by his success in the opera, was talking in his usual breathless fashion to a young friend from the country whom he had asked to witness his triumph. Beyond Pollock's head Zelda could see Balcomb's profile, though she could not hear him.

"She's a regular piece, that girl. I was scared to death for fear she'd throw me in that duet—we'd never sung it together—but I carried it through all right. She's that stunning Miss Dameron's cousin. She's rather stuck on me, I'm afraid—I've done little things for her—theater and so on, but I'll have to cut it all out. She's amusing, but I can't afford to have her misunderstand my attentions. When a fellow finds that he's got a girl down fine she ceases to be interesting. It's the pursuit that's amusing; but when they begin to expect something— Cunning? well, I should say!"

Pollock heard him distinctly, and he shut his eyes two or three times in a quick way that he had when angry, though he kept on talking to Zelda about the evening's performance.

"I'm afraid you're jealous of Mr. Balcomb. He got more applause than anybody."

"He deserved all he got for making such a monkey of himself."

"He's a man of courage; he probably thought he could afford to do it."

"All of that?" said Pollock.

"A rising young man," continued Zelda.

"A person, I should say, of most egregious and monumental gall"—and Zelda laughed at his earnestness. She had not heard Balcomb's remark about her cousin, but she knew he had said something that irritated Pollock. That young officer left her quickly when Leighton came up for the dance that had now begun.

Pollock found Balcomb in a moment. The promoter was standing at the side of the hall, his eyes nervously searching for the girl with whom he had engaged the dance.

"Mr. Balcomb," said Pollock, at his elbow, "may I speak to you a moment."

"Certainly," said Balcomb, in his usual amiable fashion. "Only I'm engaged for this dance and have lost my partner."

"That's my own fix," declared Pollock, "but my errand is brief. Let us step out here."

He led the day to a door opening upon the main stairway of the building and they paused there, Pollock with his back to the door, facing Balcomb. He carried one glove in his hand and was very trim and erect in his evening clothes.

"Mr. Balcomb, I was so unfortunate as to overhear your conversation of a moment ago—with some one I didn't know, but that doesn't matter—in which you referred to a young lady—a young lady who came here to-night under your escort, in terms that a gentleman would not use."

"As a confessed eavesdropper I don't believe it is necessary for you to say anything further," said Balcomb, with heat, and he took a step toward the door of the assembly-room.

Pollock touched him on the shoulder with the tips of his fingers, very lightly. Balcomb was half a head taller and much bulkier, but the tips of Pollock's fingers seemed to carry a certain insistence, and Balcomb drew back

"I shall hold you responsible for this, you——"

"I certainly hope you will. As I was saying, you referred to a young lady, who was here under your protection, in terms which no one but a contemptible cur would use of a woman——"

Balcomb's arm went up and he struck at Pollock with his fist. The officer stood as he had been, but the glove in his right hand slapped smartly upon Balcomb's face, and Balcomb took an involuntary step backward down the stairway.

"In the part of the country that I came from, Mr. Balcomb," Pollock continued in an easy conversational tone, "we do very pleasant things to bright and captivating people of your stripe"—he took another step forward, and Balcomb, a little white in the face, retreated again—"but in this instance"—Pollock lifted his left hand to his shadowy moustache and gave it a twist; he took another step and Balcomb yielded before him—"I shall let you off with unwarranted leniency."

Balcomb, forced another step downward, had grown red with fury, and again struck at Pollock, but with the result that Balcomb stumbled and retreated two steps instead of one, reaching a landing. With this more secure footing he gained courage.

"You little cur, you little—" he blustered, drawing his face down so that he could glare into Pollock's eyes.

"Yes," said Pollock, calmly; "I have been called little before; so that your statement lacks novelty. As I was saying"—and he leaned against the stair-rail with the tips of the fingers of his gloved hand thrust into his trousers pocket, and holding the other glove in his right hand—"I haven't time now to go into the matter further, but I am always at your service. It will give me great pleasure to make your excuses to Miss Merriam, or to any other friends you may be leaving behind you—owing to an illness that made it necessary for you to leave—suddenly. Now you will oblige me by continuing on down to the coat room—unattended. There are probably some gentlemen below there that I should very much dislike to explain matters to."

Balcomb leaped lightly forward as though to make a rush for the door of the assembly-room.

"Try that again," said Pollock, seizing him by the collar, and throwing him back, "and I'll drop you over the banister."

Some men had entered the lower hall from the smoking-room, and Balcomb greeted them cheerily as he turned and went below as though to join them. Pollock stood above waiting for Balcomb to reappear, and as he waited he resumed his glove and buttoned it with care. The waltz was nearly over, but he stood there leaning against the stair-rail and beating time to the music with his foot, until he saw Balcomb come out of the coat room clad for the street. When Balcomb looked up, Pollock waved his hand to him graciously, and turned and went back into the hall.

"Miss Merriam," he said, bowing before Olive, "I very much regret to present Mr. Balcomb's compliments and to say that he has been unexpectedly called away—pressing business—and he asked me to do myself the honor to see that you don't get lost. This is our dance."

(To be continued.)

TAXES AND LAND IN ENGLAND

Sums Paid by the Idlers and Toilers for Country's Support.

While the industrious middle classes pay upward of £55,100,000 in "direct taxation," £31,000,000 of which is a vexatious "income tax" on industry, and also help to contribute to an "indirect tax" of £64,700,000—making £119,800,000—the ground lords of the country only pay £750,000. While the workers pay the vast sum of £119,800,000 the ground lords pay less than a single million, because they are assessed in accordance with a valuation passed in the year 1692. Though their property has increased more than 2,000 per cent in value, they are paying on a valuation passed more than 200 years ago. The ground lords extract upward of $200,000,000 per annum for permitting the people to live and work on "their" (?) land, both city and country, and yet the middle-class workers, in income tax alone, contribute to the government of the country forty-one times more than the ground lords. On the other hand the people in customs and excise duties alone contribute £64,700,000, which is eighty-sven times more than the ground lords.

The entire land of the country is literally in the control of a handful of people. Taking England and Wales and leaving Ireland out for the present, the total area is 34,524,974 acres, of which total 18,546,949 acres, or more than one-half, are in the hands of 4,217 people, or less than one one-thousandth of the population. Of the controllers of this vast area 400 peers and peeresses "own" 5,789,079 acres, while 1,288 great landlords "own" 8,497,699 acres, or 1,688 persons "own" 14,227,678 acres.

The public seems so little aware of these vast holdings that the figures should be presented in various aspects in order to bring them home. Here is a little table that might assist toward this object:

One-fourth of the total acreage of the country is "owned" by	1,700 persons
Another fourth by	5,200 persons
Remaining half by	312,150 persons
Entire country "owned" literally by	319,550 persons

This means that out of a population of 44,000,000 practically 43,680,450 have no land, no "stake" in the country. Eight one-thousandths of the population "own" the whole country. Six hundred peers alone "own" nearly one-fourth of the entire area. Twelve landlords alone hold 4,500,000 acres among them.

The laboring classes in England own no land whatever, whereas in even so small a country as Belgium there are more than 1,000,000 small land-owners, each with 7½ acres, and in addition there are 500,000 small proprietors, each with 15 acres. In Prussia 800,000 of the laboring classes hold land and have a "stake in the country."

In England the laboring classes and the middle classes, or the vast majority of them, are absolutely "disinherited." Not a foot of soil have they got, except perhaps a square yard or so in some cemetery, even for which a goodly price has to be paid.

No stream from its source flows seaward, however lonely its course, but that some land is gladdened. No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—Meredith

NELLIE STEWART'S TEST

By CHARLES A. HARTLEY

An appalling crash of thunder caused Wallace Gordon to pull up his restless team sharply and take stock of the situation. He had been conscious, in a way, for the previous hour that a heavy downpour of rain was beating on the top and sides of his snugly closed vehicle, but up to that moment he had not realized the serious side of it.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "This looks bad—deuced bad. A little more of it and there will be all sorts of trouble!"

He pulled back the team to a semblance of order and went on under the whip, lurching through broad pools and muddy rivulets which were breaking across the highway in many places. He had been on a 40-mile drive that day and was returning with a mind ill at rest. The evening before he had called on the winsome, but old-fashioned Nellie Stewart for a final answer to his petition of love. Miss Nellie was not old-fashioned in appearance by any means, but she had aggravatingly old-fashioned ideas about the continuation of love when once plighted, as her impetuous young lover had put it a hundred times in his solitary drive.

"Wallace, dear," she had said on parting, "give me just 24 hours more. I must be absolutely sure on every point. If we do marry it must not be for a month, a year or half a lifetime, but for all time. Now, away down in your heart, dear," looking steadily into his eyes, "do you think that you could continue to love me when I am old, faded, withered—love me as you do now—as I know you do?"

"I do."

"I know it is extremely selfish of me to be so exacting when I can do no more myself than give you my sacred word that I shall be loving and faithful to the end as I require of you; somehow I think I know myself—but—" she broke off with a quaver.

In a moment she had recovered and

There Was a Renewal of the Storm's Fury.

was smiling up at him. "Come back this time tomorrow evening," she said, "and then I will be able to give you my answer one way or the other."

Gordon was on his way back when the crashing storm had interrupted his train of thought. He was within two miles of home now and the girl of his affections lived a mile off, at right angles on a beautiful country lane.

"Heaven help me!" he muttered, sawing at the lines in an attempt to keep the horses' heads pointed in a homeward direction. "This is a cloudburst and the bridge will not stand another five minutes."

He attempted to send the horses ahead with lash and harsh commands, but the poor beasts knew the danger ahead better than did their distracted master and they dashed from the road toward higher ground, in an open field. As the team came around, facing the raging waters, Gordon caught a glimpse of a figure at the extreme entrance to the bridge. The horses were still plunging, but in a moment he had them nearer the bridge and could make out that the person was a woman. She was standing on the guard rail clinging to an upright post while the angry waters leaped and bounded hungrily at her feet. She was calling for help, but the roar of the waters drowned her words to a mere jumble.

Gordon's first impulse was to spring from the buggy, breast the water, already shoulder high, and running like a sea across the space at the approach to the bridge, and lend whatever aid he could to the woman; but before he could get his feet clear of the robes and trappings and spring out, there was a crash followed by a scream, and the old bridge toppled from its foundations and floated away, at first hesitatingly and then swinging to midstream gained momentum and in a moment was racing with the raging torrent. An immense pile of driftwood had struck it near the middle and it was gone before Gordon could realize what had happened. For a second he remained stricken into inaction. When the structure had fallen from its supports and buoyantly come to the surface after the first plunge, he saw the woman still clinging to the post. She seemed to have remained on the top side of the destroyed structure and as yet had not suffered greatly.

The team was sent flying down a side road parallel with the stream. In five minutes Gordon was abreast of the swiftly floating bridge. He leaned out and called at the top of his voice: "Hold fast; I'll get you off somehow."

The woman feebly waved a hand to signify that she had heard him. The team went on at the speed of the wind. Half a mile down stream he jerked his horses to a sudden stop and sprang out on the spongy sod. A hundred yards above the bridge had become entangled in a tree top and was swinging out of the main current toward shore. It paused dizzily in an eddying circle. Gordon could see the woman in the same position that she had at first occupied. He looked about for material for an improvised raft. Nothing was in sight and he was about to pull off his coat and swim to the rescue when the bridge again swung out and went on.

Gordon sprang back to his vehicle and followed in pursuit, calling as he went: "Keep up your courage; there is still hope!"

A half mile farther on, the bridge grounded against an island of bushes on a slight elevation. In a moment it swung shoreward and came to a dead stop. Gordon could see the woman lying face downward across the rough timbers. He plunged into the seething waters a hundred yards above with the determination to reach the wreckage. He had given himself that distance as a leeway against being beaten down by the current. Wading obliquely with the current he was soon waist deep, then shoulder deep in the tumbling, drift-laden waters. He kept his feet with difficulty and was in the act of taking a long breath for the final plunge when a section of board fence floated against him. He grasped it with both hands and braced himself to stop it. It swung in below him and bobbed lightly in the less agitated water. Clinging to the raft with one hand and holding onto some bushes with the other he looked about. He had his raft but he lacked means of propelling it. Looking up and down, he saw a long fence-stake floating nearer shore.

He was within a few yards of the end of the bridge and was floating by at an alarming rate of speed. Once more he thrust the pole down. His heart almost stopped for he could not reach bottom. At that instant there was a scraping sound at his feet and he saw the top branches of a sapling raking by. Dropping the pole he clutched one of the branches and lying flat on the raft he held on with set teeth. The shock of the sudden stop almost tore the flesh from his hands. Gradually the strain slackened and the raft swung against the bridge. He shifted his position quickly and grasped one of the bridge timbers. The next moment he was standing on the bridge. The raft was pulled up to prevent it from washing away.

Gordon then sprang toward the woman. "Poor old soul," he exclaimed, stooping over her. She wore a sunbonnet, which had become wet and hung over her face, hiding her features. A faded shoulder shawl had slipped up about her neck, while a cheap calico dress clung about her drenched form. All this Gordon saw at a glance as he stooped to raise the limp body.

Staggering back with blanched face, he cried: "My God, it is Nellie!"

At first he fell to chafing her hands and calling her name imploringly, then springing to his feet he ran to the buggy for the lap robes. Wrapping her in them he hurried with her to the buggy and lifted her in the best he could. He grasped the lines with one hand and steadied her with the other. The heads of the horses were turned toward the Stewart home.

They had not gone a hundred yards before the girl shuddered and otherwise manifested symptoms of returning consciousness in response to the lover's agonizing appeals to her to speak.

"Oh, Wallace, can you ever forgive me?" she whispered when she could speak. "Oh, what a foolish, foolish thing I did!"

He pressed her closer.

"I was going to test your respect for old age.

"I come out in these poor clothes to meet you and I expected somehow to find a way in the guise of a poor, old woman to test you without being found out. Then the storm came and I was caught in the bridge."

For a moment there was silence. Then, Gordon asked: "Nellie, do you still doubt me?"

"No," was the faint whisper near his ear. "Now, I doubt only myself."

KING EDWARD'S DOG, CAESAR

Fox Terrier's Peculiarities Gave Late King Chance to Get Off Good Joke.

"When King Edward was at Biarritz last spring," said a Chicago millionaire, "I, too, was there.

"The king come from the Hotel du Palais every day at noon and walked for an hour on the beach with his gentleman-in-waiting and his dog, Caesar, a white, wire-haired fox terrier. He would stop and talk now and then—in front of the Casino, or on the Rocher de la Vierge, or by the seawall of the Cote des Basques—with his American friends, the Countess de Pourtales, for instance, who was a Lorillard, or Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, who was a Livingstone. But those who did not know the king neither stared at him nor followed him. He could walk the streets as freely as you or I would do.

"But one day an excursion of cheap, low-class English arrived at Biarritz, and for a week they bothered the king to death. They trailed behind him as urchins trail behind a band. He could not get rid of them any more than he could get rid of his cough. He showed, in his good-natured way, that he was annoyed. For example:

"Caesar, the beautiful white terrier, was always running away from the king and getting lost. One morning he disappeared, as usual, from his royal owner's path, and the king chatted rather uneasily with his friends while waiting for the dog to turn up.

"When, at last, the truant Caesar was brought back, the king said to him, with a whimsical glance at his friends:

"'Caesar, you are the only animal in the place that doesn't follow me about.'"

The Difference.

"I suppose the order Mrs. Bangs sent her husband from the seashore was a dead letter."

"Not a bit of it. It was a live wire."

Just Out of College.

"My boy feels competent to carry the world on his shoulders."

"Mine feels competent to juggle it."

DEATH IN HOT SAND

SURVIVOR TELLS OF DEATH STRUGGLE ON THE DESERT.

Find Dead Rattlesnake in Well Containing Salty Water—One Man Dies and Others Are Rescued by Auto.

Berkeley, Cal.—His condition bordering on nervous collapse and hardly able to tell the story of his terrible experience, G. Herbert Masters, a young mining engineer, who was a member of a Borax lake expedition in which Charles Stracher Davidson, a graduate of the University of California Mining college, lost his life in the intense heat recently, has returned to his home in this city. He left five others of the party at Randsburg after the burial of Davidson in a rude desert grave on the shore of the lake, where he met his death. All of the others suffered terribly, but reached camp after twenty-four hours of torture in the broiling sun.

"We arrived at Randsburg and started on our trip across Borax lake," said Masters. "The lake is a mud deposit covered by a heavy crust. Our objective point was an old camp on the opposite shore, where we believed we would find prospectors. When we began drawing our line Davidson was prostrated with the heat, which was terrific. A little later he collapsed. Then he broke from us, and, running about fifty feet, fell on his face. One of the boys went back to him. He died shortly afterward.

"One by one we followed a course toward the opposite shore. When I arrived I discovered that there was no water. After several hours we found an old well, but the water was sulphurous and salty and at the bottom was a dead rattlesnake. Two of the original party of seven had gone to Randsburg for batteries when we started on the trip across the lake and that left four of us huddled together—Thomas A. Graves, a mining expert of Olean, N. Y.; David Bunkers, Norman Stein and myself.

"In the morning before sunrise we took a roundabout trail skirting the lake. When halfway across we met an automobile party and were carried the rest of the way in the machine.

"That afternoon we went on the seething mud lake again and got the body of Davidson. The boys made a rough pine box and we gave George the most decent burial we could give. His grave is out there in the sun, near the place where he died. The others of the party are used up, but they will recover. It was a terrible experience and I am through with the desert."

SAYS GHOST ATE A BISCUIT

Former Medium Tells Strange Stories of His Experiences at Seance of Spiritualists.

London.—Ghost stories of a highly interesting nature to believers and skeptics alike were related at a meeting of the City Temple Debating society.

The stories were told by George Spriggs, at one time a spiritualistic medium, and now the president of the Psycho-Therapeutic society. Every story, he said, was well authenticated. His own conviction was "that spirit communion is not only a possibility, but an actual and realized fact."

On one occasion, he said a seance was held round a table at the residence of Rees Lewis of Cardiff. All the "sitters," including Father Butcher, a priest, and Rev. David Jones, kept their hands on the top of the table. In about five minutes raps were heard, and on looking under the table there were found small bunches of grapes, a branch from an apple tree, one from a pear tree, bunches of wheat and barley and some peas. One of the reverend gentlemen exclaimed:

"This is as near a miracle as possible."

Describing some of his experiences in Melbourne, Mr. Spriggs said that at one seance a spirit form, dressed in a white gown and red girdle, drank half a tumbler of water and ate a biscuit.

Weighing machines were used to ascertain the distinguishing features between the medium and the materialized forms, "and," said Mr. Spriggs, "I found that as a result of the seance I had lost about three pounds in weight." The first spirit form who stepped on the scales turned the beam at 100 pounds, but subsided so rapidly in weight as to prevent a successive

Doctor Mueller, who was present, distinctly felt the pulsation of the forms, the medium being shown sitting on his chair immediately afterwards. Doctor Motherwell also found the beating of the heart to be quite natural.

One of the "sitters" contrived to smear his hands with printer's ink before grasping that of the materialized form. When the medium was examined, however, the skeptic was grievously disappointed to find no traces whatever of the ink which he had impressed upon the hand of the form, record being taken.

GIRL AND FIANCE KILLED

Power Plant Superintendent Electrocuted and His Sweetheart Dies Trying to Save Him.

Trinidad, Col.—The dead bodies of Roy Keller, superintendent of the Delagua power plant, and Miss Elizabeth Bennett, sixteen years old, to whom Keller is said to have been betrothed, were found upon the floor of the power plant.

It is supposed that Miss Bennett accompanied Keller to the plant while he made some repairs.

While at work a live wire is believed to have electrocuted him and the girl is believed to have met a similar fate in attempting to render him assistance.

A Tinge of Suspicion.

"That speaker always starts off," said Farmer Corntossel, "by tellin' what the country needs."

"Naturally and properly."

"I s'pose so. Only I notice that when a man goes out of his way to tell me what I need it's always somethin' in his particular line o' goods."