

HIDE ME

AWFUL FALL FROM BALLOON.

(Original.)

The waves were coming in huge hills, striking the rocks beneath the lighthouse and breaking over it in clouds of spray. From a cottage set just beyond the reach of the highest monster a young girl descended to the entrance of the tower and was about to enter when, looking aside, she saw a man coming or, rather, running along the narrow roadway. When he came up there was a wild, hunted look in his eyes, a look that excited all the pity of her tender young heart.

"Hide me!" he gasped.

She did not wait to hear his reasons, but, placing a key she held in her hand in a door opening into the lighthouse, unlocked it and motioned the man to follow her. Mounting a circular stairway, she led the way to the light room.

"Here you will be safe," she said. "I was coming to light the lamps when you appeared. No one is allowed in this tower except the keeper, my father. He is away at present, and I am taking his place. When I go down I will lock the door below, which is of iron and not easily forced. Besides, no one would dare to force an entrance into a place owned by the government."

While she spoke she was lighting the lamps, casting glances at the stranger and following his eyes out to where he was watching for his pursuers. He was young and would have been handsome were it not for his haggard appearance. As soon as the last lamp was lighted the girl passed out of the room, and as she did so the man caught her hand and kissed it, but spoke no word. A few minutes later the bolts on the door below shot forward. The girl dropped the key in a crevice of the rock and hurried on up to the cottage.

She had barely time to sit down by a window and take up some sewing when two men appeared and stopped at the cottage.

"Have you seen a man pass here," asked one of them, "a good looking young fellow, with a crazy look in his eye? He has escaped from a lunatic asylum, and we got on the track just below here. There's a big reward offered for him—a thousand dollars."

The girl's decision must be made instantly. If the man was a lunatic there was every reason for her to surrender him both for the good of society and his own welfare. Besides, a thousand dollars was to her a sum far beyond what she had ever dreamed of possessing. On the other hand, might not these men be mistating the truth in order to induce her to surrender one whom they were endeavoring to take for some infraction of the law, or might they not have some private reason for persecuting him?

"No," she said without a moment's hesitation.

"Now, see here, little girl," said the spokesman, "the patient could not possibly get beyond this point, and you're hiding him. Here is my badge as a keeper of the—insane asylum, and you need have no doubt that if you surrender him you will only be doing a duty. Besides, think of the reward."

"He hasn't been here," said the girl without a blush at the falsehood.

"I see that we shall have to take the case into our own hands," said the man. And he stalked through the cottage, looking in every corner, closet and under every bed. There were but half a dozen rooms in all, and no great time was required to prove that the fugitive was not in the house. Then the man turned to the lighthouse. Crossing the road, he went to the door and finding it locked, demanded the key.

"My father took it away with him," said the girl.

There was a sound of wheels on the road, and a man in a buggy drove up to the lighthouse. He was an aristocratic looking man, though of a dissipated appearance, about fifty years of age.

"Well?" he asked, looking at the men.

"We've tracked him here. I think this girl has hidden him in the lighthouse. She says her father has taken the key away."

The man in the buggy looked fiercely at the girl and, reaching back to his hip, drew a revolver and pointed it at her.

"Go and unlock that door," he said "or die!"

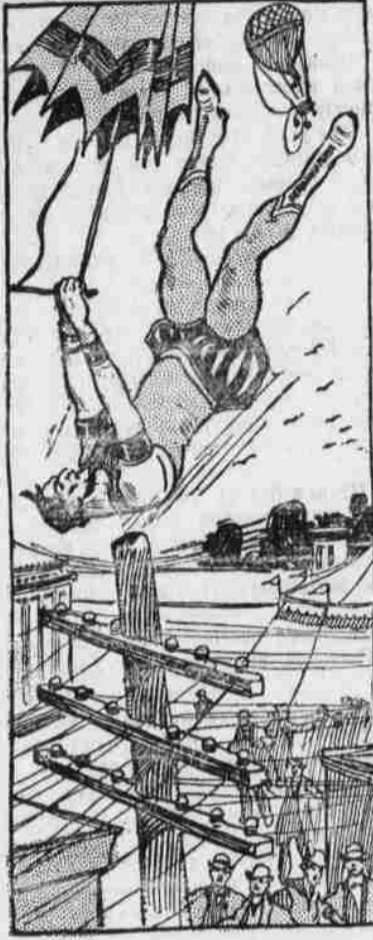
In one way at least the girl's work was from this time easier. She made up her mind that the fugitive was not wanted for a legal purpose, but for some kind of persecution. She stood looking into the man's eyes, apparently unmoved. Lowering the pistol, he offered to pay her \$5,000 if she would surrender the man they wanted. This had no more effect than his threat. The man looked at her searchingly for a moment, then said to the other two: "She's not hiding him. No girl could stand such tests. He must have gone on. Come." And, whipping his horse, he disappeared, followed by the keepers on foot.

In one of the splendid country seats on the eastern end of Long Island dwells a gentleman who when a young man was through the instrumentality of his uncle, who was next in heirship to his nephew's large estate, adjudged insane and confined in a lunatic asylum. There is a story current that he escaped and was hidden by his wife, an attractive woman, beloved by her peers and the poor of the neighborhood; that she was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper, and the young man, when he had proved his sanity and secured his estate, took her from a cottage near the lighthouse and placed her in a mansion. But this all happened so long ago that no one troubles himself about the lady's pedigree.

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Frank Grubbs, better known as the "human bombshell," while performing in St. Louis recently met with an accident and fell 1,500 feet from a balloon. That he was not instantly killed is marvelous. As it was he was terribly



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battered and had three ribs broken. Grubbs in telling of the accident said:

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"Before my parachute opens I drop about 400 feet. After that the descent is comparatively easy unless I happen to alight on some obstruction. That is what happened.

"When my manager fired his revolver while standing on the ground, the report of which I could plainly hear even at that great height, I set off the bomb that breaks the shell in which I am rolled up and started for the earth at a frightful speed. The parachute didn't check me as much as it usually does, and instead of letting me down easy after the sheer 400 foot drop was reached I was given a through ticket and dashed against the crossbars of a telegraph pole. From there I fell to the ground at the feet of the people who had been watching me."

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THE GRANGE

Conducted by J. W. DARROW,
Press Correspondent New York State Grange

FITNESS OF MEMBERS.

Character the Best Credential, a Fact Sometimes Overlooked.

The Order of Patrons of Husbandry is primarily and chiefly an organization of farmers and their families. It is intended to be helpful to them in their practical, everyday farm life and to make them, as well as all who may be members of the Order, intelligent, useful citizens.

And yet by a liberal interpretation of the constitution of the Order many besides practical farmers are admitted to membership, where it is believed their presence and influence will strengthen the grange and in no way be antagonistic to its purposes. However, we believe the charter membership should be made up wholly of farmers, tillers of the soil or landowners. This makes the organization strictly an agricultural organization. If then it be deemed best for those not farmers to be admitted to membership the farmers have the right to say who shall or shall not be allowed "within the gates." One of the most recently organized granges in New

York state had a charter membership of 103, and every one was a farmer or member of a farmer's family, and it is their purpose to continue as they have begun. The example is worthy imitation.

On the question of fitness for membership the Grange Bulletin remarks that the rule in the grange is that the master of the subordinate grange shall judge of the eligibility of candidates for membership, the members being left to determine by ballot their suitability. In other words, it is the right and the duty of the master to say whether the occupation of the applicant shuts him out of the class for which the grange was established, and it is the right and the duty of the members to say whether the character of the applicant is such as to make him undesirable. It is right that those should be kept out of the grange whose business has a decided tendency to make them antagonistic to its purposes. It is also right that evil persons should not be permitted to use the organization as a cloak for their wickedness.

Every organization has an undoubted right to protect itself against designing persons. The rules of the grange give its members ample opportunity to keep improper persons from becoming members. But there seems to be danger that there is a good deal of laxity in some granges in regard to the eligibility of candidates and a great deal of severity in passing on their fitness.



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