

LORD OF THE DESERT

CHAPTER XV.
Indian Telegraphy—A Captive.

When the sun was a little less than two hours high the smoke began to curl from the rimrocks at the point where the raiders' outlook had stood at noon. The Warm Springs warriors, headed by their chief and Dan Follett, had made a detour to the south of the main trail and hoped to avoid the band of warriors from the southwest by hiding among the sand dunes until they had passed. But when they discovered the smoke rising from the rimrocks they feared that they were discovered and that the Snakes were already signaling their whereabouts to the two approaching bands. The war party on the southeast, which had been joined by Old Egan himself early in the forenoon whose horse had escaped the vigilance of the raiders the previous night, upon reaching the noon camp of the Warm Springs party had sent a scout to search the plains for the escaping raiders. He had no sooner reached the summit of the rimrocks than the cloud of dust among the sand dunes showed him that the raiders and their horses were there; and the cloud of dust farther on to the southwest gave him the further knowledge that the other band of Egan's warriors had seen the early morning signal fires and were coming to aid in recapturing the stolen horses. The lookout gathered several arms full of sage brush from among the rocks and started a fire, the Indian's means of telegraphy, and soon signaled the two Plute bands of the whole situation.

With a shout of exultation Egan's horse hurried toward the common center.

The only hope before the raiders was to evade the Snakes until nightfall and then make their escape in the darkness.

It was their intention, in case they encountered the Plutes, to have 40 of the warriors under their chief and Dan Follett engage the enemy while ten of the raiders would attempt an escape with the horses. But in case of defeat the raiders were each to select an extra horse, abandon the others and make their way out of the country as best they could. If night should come upon them before the arrival of the Plutes, then they had great hopes of escaping. But they were doomed to disappointment. Shortly before sundown a band of Plutes from the southwest was upon them. The raiders took shelter behind the sand dunes and with this advantage, held their enemy at bay for some time. The men with the horses proceeded at a rapid pace, while the fight continued in their rear and as the Plutes pressed the raiders they backed from sand dune to sand dune, disputing every inch of the ground. While it was a warm and determined engagement, there was but little fatality as the men of each side sheltered themselves behind the sand dunes. But this scene was changed about the time of sunset. The other band of Plutes arrived and attacked the raiders from the other side. Thus attacked from front and rear the Warm Springs warriors were compelled to retreat and as they did so a great yell arose from the Plutes who gave them a warm chase. When the raiders overtook the party in charge of the stolen horses they hurriedly took possession of an extra horse each and abandoned the others, hoping to escape in the darkness.

But the Plutes were not satisfied with finding a portion of their horses. Flashed with victory, a majority rushed on while a few stopped to corral the horses that had been abandoned. Dan Follett was no less daring than he was a villain. Seeing in the dusk of night a small detachment of the Plutes, he turned and drew his revolver and faced them, considering that every moment's time should be gained at this point that was possible. He was a splendid marksman and when the Indians had approached within range of his revolver he began firing, and in his midnight rush toward them. He repulsed and routed them for a moment, but in his zeal he made a fatal mistake. Flashed with his gain of time he had crowded them still farther when, suddenly, he discovered that a larger detachment of well mounted Plutes had encircled him and cut him off from the main band of his friends. He turned and attempted to ride through the Plute lines but discovered that his revolver, were now empty and there was no time for reloading. They surrounded him instantly and took him a prisoner, and when the dashing marauding chief for it was Old Egan himself who led the band, laid his hand upon Follett, he exclaimed:

"You make better Plute than Warm Springs Indian. Warm Springs Indian coward, run away and leave you, Plute stay with you, and now you stay with Plute." chuckled the old chief as he ordered his men to bind the captive securely and guard him closely.

The Plutes pursued the raiders for some distance and took several more horses and prisoners before they abandoned the trail.

It was late in the night before the camp was established, and the Plutes were tired and hungry, but there was one prisoner whose security was looked after and his name was Dan Follett.

CHAPTER XVI. A Big Haul.

Bertha had spent several days with her father and provided for his every wish. Hammerley had rearranged things generally about the place, giving his home a better appearance. Julian Byrd, the cowboy, had also been busy and besides providing game and other essentials a good supply of wood had also been stored away for the approaching winter. It was not known how long it would take Al Beach to ferret out the whereabouts of William Lyle, or his descendants and it was decided to wait his return before action and, in the meantime, preserve a silence as to the safety of Bertha and her father as well as to keep secret all of the matters agreed upon.

As the episode of Bertha's arrival and the stirring events thereafter had prevented the trapper from looking after his traps for a longer period than usual, it was decided that he should now make the rounds that he had started upon in which he was interrupted by discovering Old Egan and his party with the captive. Freewood had been there one night

for the trip. Julian was to accompany the trapper, while Bertha remained by her father and administered to his wants. She was admonished by the trapper to remain close and at no time show herself should anyone appear. He gave the place the usual appearance of his absence, after Bertha had taken her quarters in the secret chamber, and he and the cowboy left early in the morning to visit the traps, expecting to be gone several days.

The first day out was spent in taking coyotes from the traps near at hand. These cunning animals had occasionally been caught by the bait set for them, but yielded the least percentage of revenue, according to numbers, of the animals that fell victims to the trapper's stratagem. The plains fairly swarmed with these animals, yet the number of marten and wild cat caught by the traps was almost as large. The trapper paid especial attention to the latter class of animals, however, as their skins were much prized in the market and brought large prices.

When they had reached a point among the most cavernous rimrocks the traps showed greater success in the finer fur catch as this was the abode of the marten and wild cat. After they reached the outskirts of



She saw a sight that dumfounded her.

the last natural meadow, and were at the edge of the great barren waste that extended to the rocky gorges surrounding the mountain, they came upon the big trap. Here they found evidence of big game also.

While passing along a deep gorge the trapper's eye brightened and he exclaimed: "Grizzly, sure as you live!" He then pointed to where he had left a huge trap and then to the trail left behind where the bear had dragged it, and the heavy weight attached to it, up the gorge. The trapper immediately looked to his rifle and followed the trail eagerly. It brought back the old times—the occupation which he had followed so long alone and the exciting events in a trapper's life.

"Be on the lookout!" cautioned the trapper to his companion, "he may show fight when we come upon him, and it will not do to get too close to him."

On they followed the trail losing it occasionally among the rocks but as soon as soil and sage brush were found they found the evidences again. They had entered a sub-canyon and were passing through a point at which a late spring seep from the mountain side had moistened the ground and produced a high growth of sage brush along the banks of the channel of the gulch and the trapper again preserved unusual precaution. As they were elbowing their way through the tall sage brush that overlapped the channel, the trapper carried his rifle ready for action, there was a swish, an unearthly cry, and a mountain lion sprang up in the sage brush to the left and tried to leap upon the two men. But Hammerley fired instantly and the charge entered the animal's heart. They approached the dead animal cautiously and found why it had reared up so straight in the air and had been unable to leap. One of Hammerley's great traps had cut its hind leg and held it fast.

The animal had been caught several days previously, and had dragged the trap to this point where it became entangled and could get no farther. They lost no time here, however. This was a big haul, but the trapper was more desirous of overtaking the grizzly.

But they were not kept long in suspense. They came to a narrow point in the canyon where the big animal had attempted to force the heavy weight that was attached to the trap between two huge boulders and had pulled upon it so strongly that it had become fastened and the animal could go no farther. With a surly growl he warned them of their danger before they even saw him. As he roared against the chain attached to the trap for his freedom, however, they saw the side of his huge body beyond the boulder.

Hammerley watched the great animal for a few moments and then approaching the boulders cautiously, he placed his rifle on the boulder and fired a ball into the animal's brain, killing him instantly. Grizzlies, even in those days, were rare catches and the trapper informed Byrd that he was now satisfied with the trip and they proceeded to skin the animal and prepare for the return. It was necessary to spend the night here, which they did, but before it was late they had the skin of the mountain lion also besides the grizzly, and early the following morning started home, gathering up the hides of marten, wildcat and coyotes as they proceeded; and it is needless to say that when they arrived home they were loaded down, in fact, the horse which had been left in the hobbles on the way was pressed into service and was also loaded with all that could be conveniently packed upon him.

Bertha was greatly surprised and interested in the skins of the great wild animals, but she had news for them that she deemed of more importance to their future and the projects they had in view.

While they were absent some one had entered the front apartments of the place and had spent the night. Woman's curiosity led Bertha to break the admonition given her by the trapper. She had done so without exposing herself or the secret chamber, however, and this mitigated her crime. But the discovery that she made, she thought might be of importance to her friends.

Upon looking through an aperture into the front room she had seen a

sight that dumfounded her. The face was first like a dream to her. It seemed darker and wore a more forlorn look than when she had last seen it. The man was barefooted and bareheaded and he had no coat. His feet wore a mass of wounds, freshly made, and she knew that he must have traveled many miles over the sharp rocks and through the sage brush, for his pants legs at the bottom were worn into shreds.

Again and again she watched him as he prepared and ate his meal. She knew that she had seen him before, but where? But when he prepared to leave in the morning she recognized him. He placed a pair of the trapper's old moccasins on his feet, after he had wrapped them well, placed a bundle of food in a bag and then took an old hat he found hanging on the wall, when he placed the hat on his head, the broad brim shaded the face and out the profile down, making it recognizable. It was Dan Follett!

(To be continued.)

AN ARTISTIC ROMANCE.

Discovery of Pagan Rav-Relief in Convent Where Nuns Had Masked It. A Paris convent would appear the most unlikely of places to shelter a masterpiece by Clodion, but a most important work by the 18th century sculptor, whose inspiration was so pronouncedly pagan, has been brought to light in a convent in the Latin quarter. Its history is rather curious. The building in which the Clodion has remained unappreciated and in which indeed its presence has been resented for over a century, was not originally intended to serve as a convent. It was constructed by Brougniart for Princess Louise of Conde and gallantly decorated by sundry of the first artists of the day. Clodion included, who executed a bas relief of very considerable dimensions representing a number of fawns, nymphs and Cupids at play. It fell out that destiny was unkind to Mlle. de Conde. She lost her heart to M. de la Gervaisie, who was several years her junior, and of no birth to espouse a lady of her rank. They exchanged some very pretty love letters, which were published not long ago by M. Paul Viollet, but the opposition to their marriage being insurmountable, the princess renounced the world, took the vows, and became the Mother Superior of a community of Benedictine nuns who took up their quarters in the newly erected palace. The Clodion was enshrouded. The expression is literally accurate, for at a period which is not known with precision the master's work, condemned as a source of offense to pious eyes, was hidden from view by a plaster wall specially erected to mask it. Iconoclasm has often been drastic in its methods, so the nuns may be pardoned. Still, but for an accident the very existence of the Clodion might long have remained unsuspected. During the bombardment of Paris by the Germans the convent was struck by a shell, which brought down the plaster wall and showed the bas relief, happily without damaging it. The work has since been allowed to see the light of day, with the result that it is most indefatigable of searchers, M. Lantier, the author of "Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers," got wind of its existence, and called the attention of the Society of Lovers of Old Paris to his find. All risk of the Clodion coming to harm is now at an end, but what will be its ultimate fate is uncertain, as, though the City of Paris is anxious to acquire possession of it, the price demanded—\$40,000—is a difficulty.—Paris Mail Gazette.

Consolations of Old Age.

OLD age has its consolations no less than youth. Supposing the windows are darkened and the light has gone from the west. Some prefer the soft twilight to the glare of day. It is something to have lived and seen and been a part of many things. What man having lived would begin again? The test is good. The fearful schoolboy, looking ahead to the advancing years, dreads the added tasks that are set before him. But the years arrived, the tasks at hand, all seems easy and natural and right. Providence has made it so. It is doubted if a man ever feels truly old. The spark of youth somewhere within us burns to the end, and feelings and desires baffle the face in the looking-glass and the pitying looks of friends. No matter how slow, stealthy, and insidious the approach of the Pale Pretorian, when he comes he is unexpected, unlooked for. As long as life is in him, man is filled with the thrill of the living.

Therefore, why fear old age or give it thought? It is only a scarecrow at best. It will come upon you before you know, and even when it comes it is doubtful if you will realize. Hear Stevenson: "A sort of equable jolt of feeling," he says, "is substituted for the violent ups and downs of passion and disgust; the same influence that restrains our hopes, quiets our apprehensions; if the pleasures are less intense, the troubles are milder and more tolerable, and, in a word, this period for which we are asked to hoard up everything as for a time of famine is, in its own right, the richest, the easiest, and the happiest of life. Live so that when the so-called evil days come, you will still be able to rule yourself."—Des Moines Register.

Liability of Express Companies.

THE decision in the United States Supreme Court declaring that express companies may not arbitrarily limit their own responsibility for the goods entrusted to their care is in accord with good sense and plain everyday justice. The express companies are common carriers. They perform a semi-public duty and are well paid for the work they do. When they take a package and contract to deliver it they should not be allowed to say how far they will suffer for their own carelessness. They should be held to deliver the goods which they are paid to carry or forfeit their full equivalent in money value.

LARGEST WHEEL EVER CAST CAN BE OPERATED BY ONE MAN.

The largest commercial wheel ever cast has been set up in the shops of its makers, the Robert Pool & Sons Company, of Baltimore, to be tested before being shipped to its owner, the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company, of Michigan.

Its height, or diameter, rather, is 63 feet, and with its supports it weighs more than 1,000,000 pounds. It is to be used to crush away the refuse from



A MONSTER WHEEL.

stamp mills. The wheel is known as a sand wheel. Upon the inner surface of its rim will be arranged 550 buckets, each measuring 4 feet 6 inches by 3 feet. As the mighty wheel revolves each bucket will scoop up its capacity of earth and refuse, which it will dump into a trough at the top. The shaft for this mass of steel came from the Krupp gun factory. It is 32 inches in diameter and 27 feet long, with a 26-inch hole through the center. Its weight is 42,000 pounds. The wheel is so perfectly adjusted that one man can turn it.

The Mourning Veil.

The use of crepe for mourning veils is becoming less every day, and in summer the crinkly fabric is scarcely seen. Many physicians protest against women wearing crepe veils at any season of the year, and the nun's veiling, grenadine, and similar materials have to a large extent, replaced the crepe drapery that formerly was a distinctive badge of bereavement.

For widows or other women wearing crepe mourning it is the fashion at present to wear a short veil of the present or of a former year, in graceful folds at the back and draped on a bonnet frame of light weight, edged with a narrow band of crepe. A bow of crepe adorns the front of the bonnet.

When a cross lady cries to go to my mother, his father is perfectly willing for once that it should have just what it wants.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Dowie as Man and Autocrat.

INVESTED of his mantle and other accessories, Dowie is, in fact, a Scotchman, a former minister of the Congregational Church, a faith-healer, and the General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (John A. Dowie, owner and proprietor). Possessing all the usual characteristics of the first three of these, and being the only example we have yet had of the fourth, he is susceptible of ready analysis and examination. He has a long head for business, a caniness that passes belief, and a bump of acquisitiveness that recalls at once the fate of Mark Twain's three Glasgow Jews, who could not get far from escape from Scotland. He has implicit, unquestioning faith in God, a tendency to believe that too large a share of this world's good things cannot come his own way, and another tendency toward finding the hand of God in all that pleases him and the unconquerable force of the Adversary in all that does not. He has a piety that is not cant and a sincere goodness (when he is unexcused) that wins the love of all who become intimate with him. As a faith-healer he has a power which, with the present slight understanding of such phenomena, approaches the marvelous, and which, by virtue of hypnotism, telepathy, or some subtle suggestion, actually does relieve great numbers from pain. As head of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion (it is as General Overseer that he is almost always referred to by his followers), he possesses the most autocratic power it is possible to wield in this republic, having absolute spiritual and temporal sway over all who believe in him. In his city of Zion, which is the capital of the world to the "Dowiettes," he is supreme. Wherever a dollar is in the pocket of a Dowiette, there is ten cents that belongs by right to Dowie, and ninety cents more that he can have if he really needs it, as he often does. Wherever the cross and crown of Zion are found, there no alcoholic beverage or tobacco is used, no pork or oysters or drug is consumed, no card game played, no profanity is heard; for these things Dowie, as General Overseer, has taboed. Moreover, he is plain John A. Dowie, citizen of Illinois, a very human man, and one well worth studying and knowing.—Century.

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A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

BY MARY S. WILSON.

MY brother Lemuel married Mehitable Pierce when he was quite a young man. Nobody thought he'd ever get married at all, any more'n my brother Reuben and Silas. The three had lived together and kept bachelors' hall ever since our mother died. I was married and away from home long before she died. I didn't know how they would get along at first, but all of the boys had been used to helpin' ma a good deal, and they were real handy, and when I asked if they wasn't goin' to have a housekeeper, they wouldn't hear to it. They said they wasn't goin' to have no strange women round in ma's place, nohow. So Silas he took hold and did the washin' and ironin', and Reuben did the sweepin', and Lemuel, he was the youngest, went to me, did the cookin'. He could cook a dinner equal to any woman, and his pies beat mine. My husband said so, and I had to give in to him.

Well, they seemed to get on so nice, and none of 'em had ever seemed to think much about the girls, not even when they was boys, that I must say I was aston-ished when Lemuel he up and got married to Mehitable Pierce. She was a little along in years, too, rather more so than Lemuel, and a dreadful smart piece. She was good lookin' and she had property, but she was dreadful smart and up an' comin'. I could never see how Lemuel ever got the courage to ask her to marry him, he was always a kind of mild spoken little fellow. Reuben he declared he didn't. He vowed that Mehitable asked him herself. He said he knew it for a fact, and he said it with the tears rollin' down his cheeks. Reuben was the oldest and he'd always been terrible fond of Lemuel. "That poor boy would never have got in such a fix of that woman hadn't up an' asked him, an' he didn't have spunk enough to say no," said Reuben, and he swelled hard.

Mehitable had a nice house of her own that her father left her, all furnished and everything, so of course Lemuel he went to live with her, and Mehitable's house was pretty near where I lived, so I could see everything that was goin' on. It wasn't very long before I said to Hannah Morse, my husband's old maid sister that I believed Lemuel was heepeked, though I hadn't anythin' against Mehitable.

"I don't see what else anybody that married Mehitable Pierce would expect," said Hannah. She spoke real sharp for her. I've always kind of wondered if Hannah would have had Lemuel if he'd asked her. "Well," said I, "I hope poor Lemuel will be happy. His always been said a good, mild, willing boy that it does seem a pity for him to be rode round rough-shod, and have all the will he ever did have trodden into the dust."

It is an old habit of corporations of this sort to make arbitrary rules which they force upon their patrons. In some States the courts have compelled railroad companies to give transportation for which they have been paid regardless of the artificial limit of time which they put upon tickets, and in others it has even been held that they cannot divest themselves of liability for accidents by any form of agreement with patrons, even with the recipients of free transportation. These decisions perhaps go too far in limiting capacity to contract away rights for a fair consideration in the way of passes or reduced rates. Undoubtedly, however, the tendency to forbid contracts freeing a company of responsibilities is in the direction of sound public policy. The corporations having practical monopolies of semi-public business are in position to dictate their own terms of service to the people unless the law restrains them, not only in the matter of rates, but also in the matter of liability for failure to do their work properly.—New York Tribune.

Our Inadequate Schools.

WHAT the distinguished president of Harvard University had to say about our common school system would shock us beyond measure if uttered by a foreign educator—provided the criticism did not simply incite our derision. Is not our school system the inner ark of our covenant with ourselves that we are the world's leading nation? President Eliot finds it wanting, and holds it responsible for mob violence, gambling, intemperance, the spoils system, indeed, most of the worst ills of the body politic. And also "it has failed to cultivate sufficient reasoning power in employers and employed to prevent strikes, violence and loss."

The bill of particulars is full and explicit, and drawn as it is by an educator who at thirty took charge of a college which he has made one of the world's great universities, it is the expression of one competent to speak. The remedy proposed is more money to provide better primary educational facilities and to improve the personnel of the teachers. "Greater effectiveness means greater costliness," he says. "But could any one imagine it to be unreasonable to spend for the moral and mental training of a child as much as is spent on his food? If that equality of expenditure could be established over the Union there would result a prodigious improvement in the public schools."

When we desire to think with pride of our educational system shall we be obliged, after all, to look back to the little red schoolhouse whence our Clays and Websters and Lincolns came? What the instruction of that period lacks in frills was compensated for in character building.—New York World.

Success.

THE impression that they also are successful who amass great wealth or achieve marked distinction is an error of education which must be corrected before we can cheerfully and hopefully accept and discharge the duties and responsibilities, often irksome and unpromising, that environ us here. In the great majority of addresses and appeals to young persons the careers of men of exalted station, attained often by superior and exceptional gifts and favoring fortune, are held up for emulation. The corollary to such appeals is that only the exploits that bring men and women conspicuously before the world are worth essaying, and that lives not thus glorified are hopeless failures. To make the most of ourselves we must have high ideals; but the true philosophy of life, which is learned by experience and from broad views of human capacity and destiny, magnifies the importance of discharging the small daily duty conscientiously and without undue concern for the repute that comes sooner or later to all who give faithful service. This is a trite injunction, and has lost much of its force by iteration; yet, like the familiar virtues which constitute the character of a good man, its observance lies at the foundation of and constitutes every really successful career. * * * A successful man is he who is affluent in friendship, in goodness rather than in greatness. Victor Hugo, in closing the volume devoted to the reminiscences of his full and varied life, says that he has grasped the hands of the most famous and the most obscure of Frenchmen, and that before heaven there is nothing worth kneeling to but goodness. A worthy aspiration "is a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust." That way lies the most satisfying success.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The New Year.

"Well, that is what will happen, or I'll miss my guess," said Hannah Morse. For a long while I thought she was right. It was really pitiful to see Lemuel. He didn't have no more liberty nor will of his own than a 5-year-old boy, and not so much. Mehitable wouldn't let him do this and that, and if there was anythin' he wanted to do, she was not against it, and he'd always give right in. Many's the time Lemuel has run over to my house, and his wife come racin' to the fence and screamed after him to come home, and he'd start up as scared as he could be. And many's the time I've been in there, and he'd started to go out, and she'd tell him to set down, and he'd set without a murmur.

Mehitable she bought all his clothes, an' she favored long-tailed coats, and he bein' such a short man, never looked well in 'em, and she wouldn't let him have store shirts and collars, but made them herself, and she didn't have very good patterns, she used her father's old ones, and he wasn't no such built man as Lemuel, and I know he suffered everything, both in his pride an' his feelin's. Lemuel began to look real downtrod. He didn't seem like half such a man as he did, and the queerest thing about it was: Mehitable didn't 'pear to like the work of her own hands, so to speak.

One day she talked to me about it. "I dunno what 'tis," said she, "but Lemuel he don't seem to have no go-ahead and no ambition and no will of his own. He tries to please everybody, but it don't seem as if he had got no sense in his head. I think he's got a little of the old man's ways in him. He's worn thick mittens, and had wholesome victuals; I never let him have pie."

"Lemuel was always dreadful fond of pie," I said. I felt kind of sorry, for I remembered how fond poor Lemuel had always been of mother's pies, and what good ones he used to make himself.

"I know it," said she, "but he wanted to make a good impression on the folks, and yet with more plainness than ever seen in him."

"I suppose you want to know what that New Year's resolution was?" said Lemuel. "I guess I can stand it a while longer," said Mehitable. Now the time had come she didn't want to set too eager, but I showed out just what I felt.

"For the land sake, Lemuel Babbitt, what was it?" said I. "Well, it wasn't much of anythin'," he said, in his gentle drawlin' way. "I didn't make no resolution, really."

"What, Lemuel Babbitt?" cried Mehitable. "No," said he; "I couldn't think of none to make, so I made a resolution not to tell that I hadn't made any."—This Housewife.

When a man returns from his "vacation," he usually looks as fagged out as a girl who is getting ready to be married.

FLASHES OF FUN

Hills—Whew! Why do you have your office as hot as an oven? Willis—It's there I make my daily bread.—Town and Country.

Grandma—So that is your parrot, my dear! Ethel—Yes, grandma; but papa says we'd better sell him now that you've come to live with us.

"Why, Larold, I'm surprised! You should wait until the blessing is asked." "I did ask mine." "You did?" "Yes; and God said 'Go ahead!'"—Life.

Class in history: Teacher—Jamie, can you tell me why Lincoln is called the martyr President? Jamie—Cause he has to stand for all the Lincoln stories.—Ex.

"So you are going to get an automobile?" "Yes," answered the man who is always thinking of his health; "the doctor says I must walk more."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Fortynodd—A man is as old as he feels, but a woman is as old as she looks. Mr. Oldbeau—Really, madam, that doesn't apply to your case, I'm sure.—Chicago Daily News.

The Browning clubs of Boston: "Do you still read Browning in Boston?" "Oh, dear, no. We all learned him by heart long ago. We merely discuss him now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dorothy—Say, auntie, is religion something to wear? Aunt Julia—My dear, why do you ask such foolish questions? Dorothy—Cause papa said you used your religion for a cloak.—Judge.

Fuddy—There is one thing about Flauders that I like. He never has anything to say about his aches and pains. Daddy—No; but he's all the time bragging about his splendid health.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Acum—Wasn't that Mr. Bonds I saw you walking with last evening? Miss Coy—Yes. Miss Acum—He's a landed freeholder of the county, isn't he? Miss Coy (blushing)—Well—he isn't quite landed yet.—Philadelphia Press.

She was a teacher in one of the lower classes, and she was trying to remind the young scholar of the letter r. "Now, Tommy, what comes at the end of dinner?" "Oh, yes, ping-pong!" shouted Tommy, joyfully.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tourist—Do these racing automobiles give you farmers much trouble? Native—No end of it! It's got so now that when we see a dark, funeral-shaped cloud approaching we don't know whether to run for a gun or a cyclone cellar.—Puck.

Forgot himself: Mrs. Henpeck—We have bin married twenty years to-day, Hiram. Hiram (with a sigh)—Yes; for twenty years we've fought.—Mrs. Henpeck (scowling)—What? You old wretch! Hiram (quickly)—Life's battles together, Mirandy.—Judge.

No call for leisure: "What, you back to work, Pete? When I saw you fall off the building yesterday I never expected to see you work again." "I tought dat, too, boss. But mah wife done let mah accident insurance explain last week."—Indianapolis News.

First Comedian—Did you score a hit with your new specialty? Second Comedian—Did I? Why the audience gazed in open-mouthed wonder before I was half through. First Comedian—Wonderful! It is seldom that an entire audience yawns at once.—Chicago Daily News.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the court room, speaking to an old negro. "No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I've got a lawyer here who does 'em defendin'." "Then who are you?" "I'm the grievance what ails the chickens."

"Education," said the impassioned orator, "begins at home." "That's where you're off," said the calm spectator; "it begins in the kindergarten, is continued in the boarding-school, foot-ball field, Paris, London, and Wall street, and ends in either Sing Sing or Newport.—Life.

Cholly (proudly)—By Jove! I'm quite a professor of swimming, don't you know. I taught Mabel Galley how to swim in two lessons. Jack—Gid! That was a quick throw-down. Cholly (indignantly)—What do you mean? Jack—Why, she let me give her ten lessons before she learned.—Brooklyn Life.

"The new railroad has been a great blessing to us," says a rural exchange; "in less than six weeks we got enough damages out of it to build a town hall and grade the cemetery. A few more enterprises of this kind, and our town will rise to heights undreamed of in the history of new settlements."—Atlanta Constitution.

Really Explains: Nurse (of insane ward) "What all the fuss about what she keeps screamin'?" "January, first and Sunday afternoons, with Wednesday, Tuesday in February," and things wouldn't until he was a House Doctor.—That's easy. A society woman trying to keep up with her friends' reception days.—Judge.

Belence: "Wasn't it a terrifying experience," asked his friend, "when you lost your toothhold and went sliding down the mountain side?" "It was exciting but extremely interesting," said the college professor; "I could not help noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—Chicago Tribune.

A Strange Story. The Engineer tells this story of an electrical plant in Montana being run all night by a corpse, the engineer having been killed: "The machinery continued to run with only the dead electrician in charge until the day men came to work the next morning. The body had evidently been leaning since before midnight. That this plant should have continued to run all night by itself without the slightest mishap is another evidence of the almost human-like state of perfection that is being attained by modern machinery."