ONE HOLLOW: or. The Peril of the Penroys.

Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure. DAKES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOOUS BILL" "FIRRER JOB" AND OTHER STORIES.

gricht, 1985, by the A. N. Kellogg Neses paper Company.]

CHAPTER XII. A THANKLESS CHILD. in so you chaps has been in the guich ag for the body of that spitfire gal." wher Cabera gave vent to a peculiar mg laugh that sounded harshiy in the af Captain Starbright,

is the truth, Mrs. Cabers," sathe Captain. "Your son Hank tells uni a terriore accident happened, rein the death of my esteemed friend Jorce. The whole country is aroused, Miss Penroy and her grandfather

sarly distracted with grief. Since we find the body 1 am not sure that erce is dead. You would like to know that she is!" stain Starbright cast a quick glance at ed twin, who lounged on the floor with a pipe between his red jaws, and

On the contrary, I should be glad to that she is alive. It grieves me sorely ask harm has come to one who was my The spitfire gal was your friend?" s beady eyes of the hag pierced him

The best friend I had in the world," asd Captain Starbright, with apparent

yet ready to place himself at the mercy betwo rufflans who was the sons of Mother Cabera. He had too much feeling in the presence of the feared, and resolved to be more ful in the future. hes moment of silence Mother Cabera

ato the Captain's side and touched se with me, Captain," she whispered sar. Then she crossed to one corner room and slipped aside a mat reing a trap-door.

ing a candle that stood near she lifted rap and stepped through the aperture is there danger in fellowing?

ain Starbright was not ready to trust people fully. He knew that his life be worth a picayune should the ates of the gulch cabin deem it money ecket to take it. He had gone too far to recede, however, and so, making of his weapon, he followed the hag to the trap closed above them Mother

ra said: knew you was embarrassed up there e the boys, so I thought I would bring here where you could speak freely." flashed the blaze of her candle about room, a small, square apartment, with the damp earth for a floor. Some boxes

barrels stood about, and on one of the zer Mother Cabera seated her gaunt pose you was expectin' this accident tle sconer!"
6. I had nearly forgotten about it. 11 an accident, then !

is very sad. I am sorry that the body taken away. There seems to be some

ery about it." low chuckle answered him. To plain's the nose on yer face, Captain bright.'' What do you mean !' attended to the body. I was cown s the boys was away and fetched the gal up an' planted her here."

us hag indicated with a tap of her the center of the room, which see med the higher than the surrounding ground. cod heavens! Do you mean that Lura e's dead body lies here under our very cried the Captain, his face white and tly in the dim light. hat's it exactly. Hold the cancle alt and I'll show ye proof."
Other Cabera thrust the candle unto no

and going to the side of the room, liftspade that leaned against the stones began digging in the center of the cel a no; that will do," cried the Captain mmy sweat oozing out on his face as spade struck something beneath the

with a thud that was sickening. s you satisfied? It won't take m n a minnit\_" a I want no further proof," groaned wicked Captain. "I am assured that lara Joyce is dead. Let us go up."

are is more proof, if you be producted the hag, at the same time production it to soled envelope, and thrusting it to be Captain. "I'm opinioned that the the Captain. mas-carryin' this for the heiress s foved to be the letter that Lura Jove

and had doubtless been stoien by the while telling the girl's fortune on the lous day. plain Starbright read the letter with onate words for the Stonefield me-

ic, and felt his muscles harden, his gs congeal with rage. will keep this," he said. f you pay for it, you may." hag held out a bony hand. He thrust

dle back in her hand and drew forth let, counting out several bank notes. he handed over to his companion. but is the first installment," he said, in hen does the next come!" hen I am master of the Vandible

ore the snows of Christmas whiten and I will be master of Lone Hollow her Cabera secreted the money, then retrace her steps to the room

Evidently she was thus far satisfied the situation te moment." Bland of Captain Starbright detained

must keep this affair wholly to , not even whispering my part in it ain't a fool, Captain."

seemed sufficient answer, and the Words with his friends. Captain right left the cabin and turned his oe more toward Lone Hollow.

brun was in a whiri, and he was not e by any means. Hank Cabera had as hand and might prove dangerous fear that I forgot prudence when I let

be known to that low scoundrel."
I the Captain; "but then what can it
I do not believe that the body of
ad girl will ever be found. She was or orphan any how, and the huball soon die out. Once I step into ou ble's shoes I can defy the world. I is the lever that moves all mankind, soon die out. Once I step into old th that I am utterly safe. I have

on far now to recode. My hand is laid root of the tree and I will proceed to nation. I have the subtle poison cky Wentword did not get that Fill answer it myself, or send some-to widen the breach between Grace

coss of the scheming villain's plans. Captain Starbright reached Lone at a late hour in the evening he was

the anneuncement from Grace of grandfather was ill and in bed.

e he is not seriously sick," said the

"Troubles no not come singly," returned Grace. "I think it is warry more than aught else, over the disappearance of Lura, that has prostrated grandpa." "Old people are apt to berrow trouble.

will go up and see the old man if you will "Certainly. You may be able to cheer him up a bit. Any news from Lurar"

None. You have heard none?" "Not a word. I am looking for the worst ow," declared Grace, in a tremulous voice. "Be firm my dear Grace," he urged in a ender, hopeful voice. "I am not yet will-

ng to give up hope."

Grace turned away, ready to cry, and the Laptain hurried at once to the spacious bed-tom on the first floor allotted to old Morgan Jundible. It was the largest room of the cind in the house. The furniture was nassive, and of ancient pattern, the huge, igh-posted bedstead reminding one of Nonh

The curtains about the ped were pushed back, and a gray, sunken face lay among the pillows. The old man was breathing seavily and grouning.

be quiet, father, you aren't half as ad off as you pretend." It was Mrs. Penroy who uttered the She sat some distance from the sed, rocking gently, and agitating the air

out her thin face with a huge feather fan, seemingly utterly indifferent to the suferings of the sick old man. "I'm going to die, I tell you," groaned Mr. Vandible. "I guess I know how I feel. You haven't any heart, Martha, and never

had. If Grace was like you I wouldn't leave her a cent. She's a Penroy, every inch of her, Heaven bless the girl! My children were all bad, the last one of 'em-"Just like their father, anyhow," interrupted the widow, spitefully.

A groan alone answered the heartless

ords of a heartless daughter.
It was true, as the old man had asserted Grace Penroy was like her father, gentle, kind and true, and it was these qu that had endeared the golden-haired girl to

the old millionaire. It was undoubtedly true, also, that had his grandchild been like her mother she would never have been mentioned in connection with an inherit Captain Starbright advanced and stood y the bed. The moment the old man saw him his countenance brightened. "I am giad you have come, Captain.

am going to die, and I need your advice." "I hope it is not so bad as that," said the Captain, as he drew a chair beside the "It is just that bad," declared Mr. Vandi.

"Send her out, will you?" Of course, this last referred to Mrs. Pen

With a toss of her head the woman rose "Don't let him make a fool of you, Captain Starbright, as he has done of every body

With this parting shot the woman was "Yes, I'm going to die this time, sure! declared Mr. Vandible, the moment Mrs. Penroy was gone, "and I want your advice."

"About making a will."

else about this house."

The Captain was interested at once. "I want to ask you whom I had best em about drawing it up. I want it good and solid, to hold water, for I don't want any body picking Baws With it after I am

"No, of course not. Haven't you a good lawver!

"No. I never patronized them. I man aged to get on well enough, and lay up money, without consulting a crafty lawveat every turn. My motto always was, the less you have to do with such chans the bet

"A very good motto." "Yes," with a low laugh. "In the pres ent case, however, I suppose a lawyer must come in."

"I suppose so." om would you recommend?" "You trust to my judgment on this sub-ject?" queried the Captain, elated in spite

of himself at the turn affairs were taking. "Implicitly." "Then I would name Seekmore Gripes, of "Very well-send for him."

" In the morning!"

Cantain Starbright came to his feet, then cemed to hesitate. "Is it necessary for such great haste!"

"Do as I bid." ordered the old man. die without making my will the ungrate ful Martha will get my property, and I don't mean that she shall have a penny." "I will send for the lawyer at once, and for a physician!"

"No, no. Send Grace here. I will see none of the leeches, confound 'em," growled the old man, in such a flerce way as te prove conclusively to the Captain Vandible was not in such desperate straits as he imagined.

He left the room, found Grace and sent her in to her grandfather, and then went forth to the stables. "I'll go myself," he muttered. "I don't

believe the old man will die to-night, but it's well enough to have every thing prered. I can see that every thing will to Grace. If I can make it contingent on her marrying me, a master-stroke will be I know I can trust Seekmore Gripes. He'd sell his soul for pelf." Soon after the Captain was on the road to Stonefield.

CHAPTER XIII. ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

It was two hours after midnight who Captain Starbright and a companion were ushered into the sick room at Lone Hollow How is hel 'questioned the Captain of the girl, who sat beside the couch. "He has been very restless," answered

Grace, in a voice that evinced deep anxiety "I have brought something that may do him good," and the Captain produced a small bottle from an inner pocket, and poured a part of the contents into a glass that stood on a stand at the bedside.

The old man refused to touch it, however He glared at the Captain's companion and growled:

"A doctor—a miserable leech! Did I not

tell you it was a lawyer I wanted!" " And I have brought one. Allow me

atroduce my friend Gripes, Mr. Vandible. The sick man glared at the bald little nan who bobbed his head in recognition of the introduction. Mr. Gripes was thin to attenuation, with projecting gray brows, deep set ferret eyes, and wrinkled neck and cheeks, the very personification of a sharp attorney.

He polished his hat with his elbow and stood ready to make himself useful. The Captain glanced at Grace, then at the old man on the bed. He nodded to the girl, who understood, and walked from the room with the assurance that she would be called if her presence was needed.

Clearing his throat Lawyer Gripes as umed a seat at the bedside, depositing his hat under the medicine stand, and then said in a low, insinuating voice: "I understand that you wish some legal papers drawn, Mr. Vandible t"

"I want a will made," returned the old man, bluntly, and far from weakly. "Exactly, exactly," rubbing his hands to gether rapidly. "I suppose you have decided upon the terms of this will !"

"I have. I leave every thing I have in the world to my granddaughter, Grace Then it will be a comparatively short

rocess to make out the decument."
The old lawyer moved saide, drew some sepers from his pocifet, together with pen

and ink, and was soon writing rapidly.

At length a touch on the shoulder cause tim to cease writing and look up. Captain Starbright stood at his elbow. The two exshanged glances, the lawyer nodded, an hen the Captain stepped aside.
"Now, as to the terms of this will pe mestioned Seekmore Gripes .

"Is it necessary to enumerate the prop

"Not unless you wish to bequeath part-" "It all goes to my granddaughter, to the ast farthing. I told you that before," re-

lorted the old man, in a vexed tone. "Very good. Ahem--it seems to me that in a certain contingency some other provision ought to be made," suggested the lawyer, still holding his pen suspended glancing under his spectacles at the old

man on the bed. "Some other contingency! Confound it. sir, if you can't write out the document to suit me you may go. I'll employ a man next ume of some sense, I will."

"Very good," answered Gripes, not the sast disconcerted by the rude language of the invalid. "It shall be as you say, only, should any thing happen—"
"Happen! Confound it, sir, what do you

expect to happen?" Nothing out of nature, yet you must remember that it is sometimes the unexpected that does happen. It is customary in willing property to provide for such a contingency. For instance, should this young lady, your respected granddaughter, die before this will is probated the property would then revert to the legal heirs if any existed, which might be contrary to the

wishes of the testator." Then Mr. Seekmone Gripes dropped his pen to the paper once more for the purpose continuing his writing.

Stop! you're right," cried Vandible, in a husky voice, his face growing suddenly pale. "The ungrateful Martha shall never inherit one cent, never a cent, I say. Put in another name in case of the contingency you mentioned; put one in, Mr. Gripes."

"Have you got it in!" "I am waiting to hear the name."

me, a good friend."

"Eh! Well, that's a fact." Morgan Vandible contracted his brows s if in deep thought. Just then Captain Starbright stepped into his vision. ove at once gave the old man an idea. "Yes, yes, that's it," he whispered, see

Thank you, sir," said the Captain, with his hand on his heart, "you do me exceed-Scratch, scratch, scratch.

ng to grow weak suddenly. "Put in his

The pen of Seekmore Gripes was once more at work. In a little time the important paper that was to convey more than million dollars was completed. It was business-like document—the lawyer had drawn up scores of them-and bequeather all the Vandible property, real and personal to the testator's beloved granddaughter, Grace Poersy. In case the girl should dis better comming or ago, year to years away, then the property was to go to his well-esteemed friend, Clinton Starbright, of Stonefield. The reading seemed to suit Vandible. There was one clause in the will that the lawyer had neglected to read, a most important clause. It was that Grace Penroy was to forfeit the property if she did not marry Captain Starbright.

A look from the Captain gave Mr. Seek more Gripes his cue. The two had talked matters over before the present, and the scheming Captain had his plot well laid. He believed Morgan Vandible was too nearly blind to note the truth, even should h glance over the written page, and so he felt comparatively safe. Two executors were named, the Captain and Lawyer

After everything was in readiness for th old milhonaire's signature the will was laid on a book, Vandible propped up with pillows and the document placed before him to

"Place your name right there, sir," di rected Mr. Gripes, glibly, touching the de sired spot with his bony foreinger.

The old man's hand trembled so that it ras with difficulty that he held the pen.

"I-I'm not just sure. The witnesses-"Yes, yes, I will call them the moment you sign. The Captain will do for one. Sign quickly,it's all right," declared Lawyer Gripes, in his smooth, glib way.
"I suppose so. I feel bad, very bad," de clared the old man, huskily.

something quick!" -Lawyer Gripes reached back and snatche the glass into which the Captain had poured a liquid some time before, and at once conveyed it to the lips of the old man. He wallowed the contents at a gulp, then resumed his pen. He seemed strong, and his hand ceased to shake.

"It all goes to Grace, all," he muttered. the ghastly look deepening on his shrunken "Yes, yes, but sign," urged Mr. Gripes. The old millionaire carried his pen to the paper, but his hand did not move to form the nature. Instead he jerked it away

suddenly, as though a new thought had "No; I will not sign. You must make This announcement came like a thunder oolt to the strained senses of Captain Star-

"You are beside yourself, Mr. Vandible, said the Captain, stepping quickly to the bedside. "Would you deprive Grace of all happiness by-

"No, no; you don't understand " interrupted the aged man. "Way back in California is a man that I love. He may be liv ing. Reports are not reliable. I loved that soy, though he almost broke my heart." But he is dead."

"You do not know it, Captain." "I am willing to swear that such is the fact. I saw him die." "I know; but you may have been mis

taken in the man. Karl must not be forgot-ten. Half my fortune is his." "But this is nonsense," declared the Captain, in a vexed tone. and I'll sign, not otherwise," declared the sick man, seeming to take on new perverse ess with growing weakness of body. "Til fix it; it's but the work of a moment,

said Mr. Gripes. Giving the Captain a know ing glance, the lawyer removed the paper and pretended to make some alterations. Then he returned to the bed and placed the will once more before the testator. As Morgan Vandible raised his hand to

lace his name at the bottom of the docu ment a swift change came to his shrunken face. The ashen hue of dissolution swept I-I am blind, I-I-" A gusp, and the aged head, crow...ed with its silver locks, fell forward; the pen fell

from nerveless fingers, imprinting a black stain where the name should have been, and en all was still. "My God, the man is dead?" "No, no; that can not be !" cried Captain Starbright. "He hasn't signed the will !"

At this moment the door opened and Grace Penroy entered the room THE WILL SIGNED AND LOST. Grace stood near the threshold with white

"I thought I heard grandpa call-" "It is nothing. Go out at once," ordered

Captain Starbright. At this moment the girl caught sight of the dead face among the pillows, and with a shrill cry of alarm she durted forward and bent over the old millionaire. "Grandpa! grandpa! speak to me,"

Grace Penroy, shrilly, seizing one of his The chill of death was in the old palms and on the instant the girl realized the truth, that the kind old man, kind to her at least, would never sprak again. He was dead, had died without looking again upor her face. The thought was a most painful one to poor Grace. She could not weep then, for indignation held sway in her heart. Turning upon (aptain Starbright,

You promised to send for me and did Then, without waiting for a word from not. Cruel man!" im, she walked with bowed head and sor rowful mien from the room.

Seekmore Gripes glided to the door with

"You should have taken that precaution efore," he said, piercing the Captain with his little gray eyes.

"It was an oversight on my part," admit ed Captain Starbright.

"Which may prove your downfall."
"Don't croak, Gripes, whatever you do." "The situation warrants it." "I hope you are not ready to throw up What can we do!"

pared to state," answered the Captain, pacing the room with uneasy strides. "No will has been made," remarked the lawyer. "Death thwarted you there."
"And the property goes to the next of

The heartless lawyer penetrated his com-

panion with a glance.
"This calamity is so sudden I am not pre

Starbright thought of Mrs. Penroy and grouned. He knew that she hated him, and id be only too glad to order him kicked from the house should she come into possession. Should be permit this pale, worn-out woman to win the millions for which he had been scheming so long! No, he could not had been made in giving that potion to the ld man. Although it contained but one drop of the "cough drops" obtained from Mother Cabera, that drops had, the Captain believed, proved fatal.

"One minute more of life and the will would have been signed," uttered the Captain at length, with a groan.

"That is true." Captain Starbright bent over the docu ment as it lay spread out on the table. With a name signed at the foot it would be a legal document, as it was it was only so much blank paper. The Captain was not the man to permit a fortune to slip through his fingers when there was a way to prevent it. "A few strokes of a pen would fix that." haid in a low tone, giffating at Mr.

The lawyer looked wise, but said nothing Perhaps he was keen enough not to advise name, the Captain's, he's a good friend to in such an emergency.
"It was evidently the old man's intention

sign the will," pursued Captain Star-'It was his first intention," returned Mr

Gripes, significantly.
"There is a million at stake, Mr. Gripes The lawyer nodded. 'Just turn your back one moment." Seekmore Gripes did so.

then the Captain's voice: "See here, Mr. Gripes." The lawver turned about and came forward, peering over the Captain's shoulder

He heard the scratch, scratch of a pen,

at the paper now lying on the table. One giance sufficed to show that the will bore in preper place the name of Morgan Vandible. How is that?" "It looks fair," admitted the lawyer. "It is fair. I have only carried out the

old man's wishes." "His first intentions, certainly." Well, first intentions are the best ones asserted Captain Starbright. "I want you to take possession of the will, Mr. Gripes,

and bring it forward at the proper time. "There are no witnesses as yet." "True; that important part must not be

lorgotten. Will it do for me to sign as "If no contest is made there might be n bjection," returned the lawyer. "I haven't any fear of that. There is only

anxious for such a disposition of the property as this will decrees." Then the Captain signed the paper as witness. Mr. Gripes noticed that he wrote the name "Clinton Brandon."

one living direct heir, and she is willing and

"middle name," explained the wily aptain. "Should it be necessary, I could deny that it was me that signed. Isn't that proper!"
"Possibly." Seekmore Gripes was a man of few words. and he was not lavish of them on the present occasion. It might be that he did not

wish to fully commit himself to the pow of Captain Starbright. He was wily and keen, and was seldom caught napping. "If another witness is necessary will furnish one, Mr. Gripes?" "Perhaps."

"Remember, there is a million at stake." A gaunt smile twitch the thin, wrinkled lips of the old lawyer. He made no reply, but folded and thrust the forged will into an inner pocket.

Day was beginning outside, and the

weazen-faced old man prepared to de We will meet you after the funeral, "Probably."

"Every thing seems satisfactory. I bid you good-day for now." After pressing Lawyer Gripes' hand the Captain showed him to the door. The lawyer's horse stood at the gate, waiting his master's return with no little impa ience, manifested by pawing and an casional whinny.

It was not until after day-dawn that the death of old Mr. Vandible was made known to all the inmates of Lone Hollow. Mrs. Penroy manifested more feeling than Cap tain Starbright believed her capable. Grace retired to her room and refused to see any Sam was dispatched to Stonefield with

orders for the undertaker, who arrived at the house soon after noon with a hand some casket. Preparations were at once made for the funeral, it not being deemed made for the thick in the man inquest, since there seemed nothing strange in Mr. Vandible's sudden death, his age being nearly eighty. The funeral was a plain affair, the re mains of the old millionaire being laid to rest beside the only other grave on the premises, that of his late wife, who had preceded him to the better land several years. Her body had been removed to its present place only a few years before from the city cemetery, at the wish of the old millionaire, who had strangely declared his wish to sleep in this spot far removed from

Seekmore Gripes sat in his room at his boarding-house (he was a bachelor) eagerly scanning a legal document, no less a paper than the last will and testament of Morgan

Vandible. It was a week subsequent to the funeral of the old millionaire. The window was open, and a breath o fresh night air fanned the withered cheek of the acute lawyer.

He seemed satisfied with his scruting just as a rap announced a visitor. Laying down the paper, Mr. Gripes crossed the carpeted floor and admitted Captain Star During this brief moment a hand sho

from the outer darkness through the oper window, and quickly removed the paper from the narrow table "I come, as you have doubless guessed to speak of the will-" Certainly, Captain. Here it is." Crossing to the table Mr. Gripes put out

his hand, and then, glancing sharply about, attered a low cry. "What is it now, Seekmore!" queried th Captain, quickly.
"The will!" cried the lawyer. "It laid on that table a moment since, and now it is

-Easy as Swimmin'.-Bayville Vis itor-"I would like to get you to teach me to sail a boat." Boatman-"Sail a boat? Why, it's as easy as swimmin'. Jest grasp the main sheet with one hand, an' the tiller with the other, an' if a flaw strikes, case up or bring her to, an' loose the halyards; but look out for the gaff and boom, or the hull thing'll lie in the water, and ye'll be upsot; but if the wind is steady y'r all right, onless y'r toc slow in luffin' 'cause then y'll be upsot sura Jump right in an' try it; but, rememcat like tread and turned the key in the ber, whatever you do, don't jibe."-

GEOLOGICAL WONDERS. When Hot-House Conditions Prevailed in

All Parts of Our Globe.

All through the primary and sec

ondary epochs of geology, it is now

pretty certain, hot-house conditions

practically prevailed almost without a

break over the whole world from pole

to pole. It may be true, indeed, as

Dr. Croll believes (and his reasoning

on the point, I confess, is fairly con-

vincing), that from time to time gla-

cial periods in one or other hemisphere broke in for awhile upon the genial warmth that characterized the greater part of those vast and immeasurable primeval cons. But even if that were so-if at long intervals the world for some hours in its cosmical year was chilled and frozen in an insignificant cap at either extremity-these casual episodes in a long story do not interfere with the general truth of the principle that life as a whole during the greater portion of its antique existence has boen carried on under essentially tropical conditions. No matter what geological formation we examine, we find everywhere the same tale unfolded in plain inscriptions before our eyes. Take, for example, the giant club-mosses and luxuriant tree-ferns nature-printed on shales of the coal age in Britain, and we see in the wild undergrowth of those paleozoic forests ample evidence of a warm and almost West Indian climate among the low basking islets of our northern carboniferous seas. Or take once more the colitic epoch in England, lithographed on its own mud. with its puzzle monkeys and its sago palms, its crocodiles and its delnosaurs, its winged pterodactyls and its whalelike lizards. All these huge creatures and these broad-leaved trees plainly indicate the existence of a temperature over the whole of Northern Europe almost as warm as that of the Malay Archipelago in our own day. The weather report for all the earlier ages stands almost uninterruptedly at set fair. Roughly speaking, indeed, one may say that through the long series of primary and secondary formations hardly a trace can be found of the ice or snow, autumn or winter, leafless boughs or pinched and starved deciduous vegetation. Every thing is powerful, luxuriant, vivid. Life, as Comus feared, was strangled with its waste fertility. Once indeed, in the Permian age, all over the temperate regions, north and south, we get passing indications of what seem very like a glacial epoch, partially comparable to that great glaciation on whose last fringe we still abide to-day. But the ice age of the Permian, if such there were, passed away entirely, leaving the world once more warm and fruitful up to the very poles, under conditions which we would now describe as essentially tropical. It was with the tertiary period-perhaps, indeed, only with the middle subdivision of that period -that the gradual cooling of polar and intermediate regions began. We know from the deposits of the chalk epoch in Greenland that late in secondary times ferns, magnolias, myrtles and sago palms-an Indian or Mexican flora-flourished exceedingly in what is now the dreariest and most ice-clad region of the northean hemisphere. Later still, in the eocene days, though the plants of Greenland had grown slightly more temperate in type, we still find among the fossils not only oaks, planes, vines and walnuts, but also wellingtonias like the big trees of California, Spanish chestnuts, quaint Southern salisburias, broadleaved liquidambars and American sassafras. Nay, even in glacier-clad Spitzbergen itself, where the character of the flora already begins to show signs of incipient chilling, we nevertheless see among the cocene types such plants as the swamp cyprus of the Carolinas and the wellingtonias of the far West, together with a rich fore vegetation of poplars, birches

ray's Magazine. His Grudge a Deep One.

oaks, planes, hazels, walnuts, water

lities and irises. As a whole this veg-

etation still bespeaks a climate consid-

erably more genial, mild and equable

than that of modern England. -Mur-

Father of Family (frowningly)-Nancy, I have seen that sneaking Chibbsley here two or three times lately. He's no friend of mine, I can tell you. I owe him a grudge, and I'm going to get even with him some

Eldest Daughter-(maiden of vine gar-like aspect) -I'll thank you to speak of him with a little more respect. I am going to marry him. You needn't oppose it, either.

Father (exultantly)-Oppose it? George, it's the very thing. Marry him as soon as you please, Nancy-the infernal sneak!-Chicago Tribune.

Nuggets From Practical Experience

Scant feeding is gross extravagance Buying hay caps may be a species of gambling with the weather, they are good lottery tickets to hold. If cultivation is of the right charac ter it can not be too early or too often.

This is true outside the corn field also. It is of no use to expect to make money in the chicken business unless you are willing to watch every want of the fowls; unless you are willing to work early and late; and, unless you are fond of poultry. The details are minute, but each one is important, and they all lead to success, if rightly followed.-American Agriculturist

Exasperating Occasions There are two times when a man thinks

woman's hat is too high. One is when t is in front of him at the play, and the other is when it is his wife's and he has to pay for it .- Detroit Free Press.

-The eight-year old son of a distin-

guished statistician and lecturer, whose brilliant intellectual qualities have ap parently been transmitted to his of pring, was drawing pictures at school e other day, one of them being the representation of a pig. After the work of art was completed to his satisfaction the youngster wrote this legend beneath "This is a domestic animal. He is called a pig because he is so selfish?"

- SAVED THE CITY.

The True Story of Little Hans, a Brave Dutch Youngster. The country of Holland, in Europe,

is almost surrounded by the sea. To be sure, there is nothing strange in that, for all islands are entirely surrounded by the sea. But Holland is a low country, and if the people had not built high banks to keep the water off, whenever there was a storm or a very high tide, it would wash right over the whole land, and sweep away all the houses and drown the people. The Holland folks built the banks many years ago. They are called

so thick through there is room for a broad street on top. Trees are planted along these streets, and it is a pleasant and airy place to walk. Men are chosen whose business it is to watch these dykes, and see that the water, which is always trying to break through, never does. It is necessary to be very watchful, for if there comes a break ever so small it must be stopped at once, or it will grow bigger and

bigger, and it would take but a few

hours to bring on a dreadful flood.

dykes. They are not only high, but

And even the smallest Dutch child knows the danger of being careless about the dykes. One evening a little boy in the city of Haarlem was on his way home. He walked fast, as it was getting late. It was a quiet part of the city, and there was no one but him on the street. Every thing was quiet, so quiet that presently he heard a soft, gurgling sound. like that of running water. Ah! Hans knew in a moment what that meant. It meant that somewhere the sea had made a little road through

the dyke. He stopped, and looked carefully and eagerly, and very soon he found it -a tiny stream, that rippled and ran as though it meant not the least bit of harm to any body, or to any thing.

But Hans knew better than that, and the first thing he did was to look about for something to stop it. He could find nothing. What should he do? Should he run into the city and call a watchman? But before he could get one, the little stream might become great river. He looked up and down the empty street.

"Well, there's one thing I can do," said Hans to himself, and he went up to the great dyke, and put one of his fingers into the hole! It just filled it. "Isn't that lucky?" thought Hans. "And now I'll stay here till somebody comes." And he did. The twilight passed, and the night

came on; the stars shone out one after another; by and by the moon came up in the east; very slowly the hours went by; it seemed to little Hans that never had there been so long a night; once he saw a man walking along on the dyke, but too far off for his voice to He grew tired and cold, but he did not give up. He thought of the stories

he had heard of the damage done by

the floods in times past, when the dykes had given way. He thought of the little brothers and sisters at home that might be swept away should be leave his post. And so he bravely staid by, though it seemed to him sometimes that he should drop down, he was so tired. Every once in awhile he would call out, and early in the morning a watchman heard him and hastened to the

be sure, before others came, and the little break was stopped, and Hans was carried to his home. The Dutch are a brave people, and fought many battles in the past to save their country from its enemies. But among them there was never a braver hero than this little boy, who, through the long hours of that lonely night saved the great city from the sea.

spot. And it was not long, you may

Our Little Men and Women. THE GREEK PATRIARCH A Formal Visit to the Head of the Ru

The patriarch of Jerusalem lives in one of the biggest and best mansions of the holy city. The American Consul and myself in going into it wound in and through narrow-vaulted streets We passed through arcades and with the aid of the consular cavasses pushed our way through the dense crowds of pilgrims, Bedouins and Syrians which are filling the holy city during this Oriental state, dressed in our black morning coats and preceded by the cavasses. The cavasses are the guard of the Consul on state occasions. They are all Syrians who stand as straight as West Point cadets, and who talk with the pompous airs of drum-majors. They wear gorgeous Turkish uniforms embroidered with gold thread and their short round-about vests were today covered with enough gold to have made the epaulettes for an army. Each had on full blue Turkish trousers which were gathered in zouave folds at the ankles, and the silver-handled cimetar-like sword of each clanked as we marched solemnly along. They wore red caps with long tassels on their heads, and each had an iron-shod ebony staff in the right hand, the silver head of which, as he rested it on the ground, was on a level with his eyes. These staffs were as big round as your wrist, and the silver heads were the size of a man's fist. They were very keavy, and as we marched along the men warned the crowd to keep out of the way of the "American Princes," by dropping them down on the stone flags with a noise like that of a sledgehammer on granite. The masses rushed up to the wall as we went by, and not a few of the women crossed themselves, and some of the Bedouins scowled.

-"This coffee is so poor I can't drink it," said the guest. "Just shut your eyes, put it out of sight, and don't say any thing about it," was the reply of the new waiter, who was a humorist. The guest did not make any reply, but when he came to pay he handed over to the —Detroit Free Press. any thing about it," was the reply of the he came to pay he handed over to the proprietor of the establishment a solitary cent. "Where's the rest of the money?" "Just shut your eyes, put it out of sight, and don't say any thing more about it. That is what your new waiter told me when I said the coffee was weak." 'The new waiter tendered his resignation.-Texas Siftings.

CONCERNING TUMORS.

The Recognized Modern Treatment of Boils and Carbuncies. Within a few years there has accumu-

lated evidence sufficient to satisfy most physicians that both carbuncles and boils are purely local troubles, and of parasitic nature. In former times they were considered of constitutional origin and the fault of the blood. The actual exciting cause is now held to be a mierococcus, and when this first establishes itself in the skin the fact is manifested by a pimple. Once implanted, the germs multiply and spread, and as the tissues around the original center or pimple become infested there is extended inflammation and swelling. With the germ theory of boils practically established, it follows that they are contagious, and it is now accepted that they are markedly so, and that where "crops" occur it is in consequence of self-infection-"each successive boil being due to the implantation in the skin of fresh seeds or germs from the preceding one." Not only by a system of self-inoculation may a person kept up a continuous outbreak of boils, but it is possible for him to cause an eruption of the same in others. Intimate contact is necessary in order that the essential germs may be transmitted from one person to another-sharing the same bed or wearing the same clothing furnishes the favorable conditions. Carbuncles are not identical with boilsthey differ in many respects-but they evidently are relatives, even if some what distant, and are alike in some respects. Both, it is safe to assume, are purely local and of parasitic nature. When these facts became evident to physicians, of course they changed their treatment. Once, in treating carbuncles, the rule was to make very free incisions, and a number of them, generally quartering the abscess, and that had to be done early. Then there was scraping to do, the sloughing and diseased mass being, as far as possible, removed. At the present time that sort of treatment is comparatively rarely applied, except in adranced stages of the disease, but, instead, as soon as the carbuncle comes under the observation of a physician he, as a rule, tries to stay its progress by the means of some agent which will destroy the mass of germ growth. Carbolic acid, but slightly diluted by means of glycerine, is the most popular reme-That is injected into the carbuncle in a number of places for several days. Considerable pain results from the operation, but it generally lessens much in the course of two or three hours. The benefit of the treatment is usually noticeable in twenty-four hours, and in three or four days often the disease is arrested, the pain and swelling steadily subsiding. When it is considered that under the old state of treatment of carbuncles intense suffering persisted for days and days, and recovery was delayed for weeks, it will appear that the new method is far in advance. Besides that, when it is applied early, there need be practically little danger from the disease, where once it often killed. In a very early stage of carbuncles-and it is the same with boils-it is almost always possible to abort them by keeping them soaked in some antiseptic solution. But the period when that treatment can be effective soon passes. The conclusions from the foregoing are that people to are threatened with boils or carbundes should seek medical advice early-not wait, as they now generally do, until they think the trouble "has come to a head" and the knife is needed .- Boston VICTORIA'S DRAGOONS.

Queen Has Become Chief.
The First Guard Dragoon regiment,

of which her Majesty has become chief, is not only one of the most distinguished cavalry regiments in the German army, but in military history it will live as one of the participators in those episodes which occurred at critical moments in the great battle of Vionville Mars-la-Tour on the 16th of August, 1870, when there depended for the moment on a mere handful of horsemen the fate of some thousands of their comrades. Twice during that buttle did the German cavalry, in order to avert the impending catastrophe, ride to certain destruction; and on one of these occasions it was the First Guard Dragoons that, single-handed, first arrested the almost triumphal onward march of the enemy and thus helped to beat back the well-nigh overwhelming tide of advance. The formation of the regiment dates from the 21st of February, 1815, on which day King William Frederick the Third issued an order to the following effect: have determined to raise three new holy week. We went, of course, in guard cavalry regiments in place of the existing light cavalry regiment, and to form them from the three national cavalry regiments which have fought with the army during the war, in order, not only to give to the provinces to which these regiments belong and to which they owe their origin a fresh proof of my kindly feelings toward them, and which they deserve, but also to testify my satisfaction with the spirit shown by the light guard cavalry regiment dur-ing the war." The three regiments thus formed became the guard lancers, the guard dragoons, and the guard hussars. The dragoons were composed of the guard dragoon squadron, two squadrons of the Pomeranian national cavalry regiment, and a squadron from the Queen's dragoon regiment. The men and horses from the national regiments were selected with special care. men who had obtained, during the war, the decoration of the Iron Cross were first chosen, and then preference was given to any who had served during the war.-Fortnightly Review.

-Extreme piety-White gentleman-'Uncle Joe, you never work on Sunday, lo you!" Uncle Joe—"No, sah. You do you!" doan ketch sich a 'ligious nigger as me wukkin' on Sunday. I so keerful 'bout dat I doan wuk on no day dat tech Sunday. I doan wuk on Sat'day nor Monday, nuther; an' sometimes I keep Sunday de whole week. You got to rustle 'roun' ef you want ter find a nigger wid mo' 'ligion den l'a got."-

Over \$15,000,000 has been spent in Australia within the last fifteen years in efforts to exterminate the rabbit, and late estimates agree that he has

Mrs. Snowball-Liza, does yo'know yo' Sunday school lesson?

Jo Sunday school lesson?

Liza—Nome; not perzackly.

Mrs. Snowball—Liza, I done tole yo' severial times to be keerful in yo' speech. Don'say perzackly; say prezackly. Yo' 'member dat, now!