

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Sylvia flashed burning red at this indignity. "Frightened! If there had been anybody else here but women, you never would have taken the brig. Frightened! Let me pass, prisoner!"

As Mrs. Vickers descended the hatchway, the boat with Frere and the soldiers came within musket-range, and Lesly, according to orders, fired his musket over their heads, shouting to them to lay to. But Frere, shouting with rage at the manner in which the tables had been turned on him, had determined not to resign his lost authority without a struggle. Disregarding the summons, he came straight on, with his eyes fixed on the vessel. It was now nearly dark, and the figures on the deck were indistinguishable. The indignant lieutenant could not guess at the condition of affairs. Suddenly, from out of the darkness, a voice hailed him.

"Cold water! back water!" It cried, and was then seemingly choked in its owner's throat.

The voice was the property of Mr. Bates. Standing near the side, he had observed Rex and Fair bring up a great pig of iron, erst used as part of the ballast of the brig, and poised it on the rail. Their intention was but too evident; and honest Bates, like a faithful watchdog, barked to warn his master. Bloodthirsty Cheshire caught him by the throat, and Frere, unheeding, ran the boat alongside, under the very nose of the revengeful Rex. The mass of iron fell half in-board upon the now stayed boat, and gave her sternway, with a splintered plank.

"Villains!" cried Frere, "would you swamp us? What do they mean to do next?"

The answer came pat to the question. From the dark hull of the brig broke a flash and a report, and a musket ball cut the water beside them with a chirping noise. Between the black indistinct mass which represented the brig and the glimmering water was visible a white speck, which gradually neared them.

"Come alongside with ye," hailed a voice, "or it will be worse for ye!"

"They want to murder us," says Frere. "Give way, men!"

But the two soldiers, exchanging glances one with the other, pulled the boat's head round and made for the vessel. "It's no use, Mr. Frere," said the man nearest him. "We can do no good now, and they won't hurt us, I dare say."

"You are in league with them!" bursts out Frere, purple with indignation. "Do you mutiny?"

"Come, come, sir," returned the soldier, sulkily; "this ain't the time to bully; and as for mutiny, why, one man's about as good as another just now."

When they reached the brig they found that the jolly boat had been lowered and laid alongside. In her were eleven persons—Bates, with forehead gashed and hands bound; the stunned Grimes, Russen and Fair pulling; Lyon, Riley, Cheshire and Lesly with muskets, and John Rex in the stern sheets, with Bates' pistols in his trousers' belt and a loaded musket across his knees. The white object which had been seen by the men in the whaleboat was a large white shawl which wrapped Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia.

By the direction of Rex, the whaleboat was brought alongside the jolly boat, and Cheshire and Lesly boarded her. Lesly then gave his musket to Rex, and bound Frere's hands behind him in the same manner as had been done for Bates. Frere attempted to resist this indignity; but Cheshire, clapping his musket to his ear, swore he would blow out his brains if he uttered another syllable; and Frere, catching the malignant eye of John Rex, remembered how easily a twitch of the finger would pay off old scores, and was silent.

"Step in here, sir, if you please," said Rex, with polite irony. "I am sorry to be compelled to tie you, but I must consult my own safety as well as your convenience." Frere scowled, and, stepping awkwardly into the jolly boat, fell. Pinioned as he was, he could not rise without assistance, and Russen pulled him roughly to his feet, with a coarse laugh. In his present frame of mind, that laugh galled him worse than his bonds.

Poor Mrs. Vickers, with a woman's quick instinct, saw this, and even amid her own trouble found leisure to console. "The wretches!" she said, under her breath, as Frere was hung down beside her, "to subject you to such indignity!" Sylvia said nothing and seemed to shrink from the lieutenant.

"Now, my lads," says Rex, who seemed to have ended the cast-off authority of Frere, "we give you your choice. Stay at Hell's Gates or come with us! I can't wait here all night. The wind is freshening, and we must make the bar. Which is it to be?"

"We'll go with you!" says the man who had pulled stroke in the whaleboat. Upon which utterance the convicts burst into joyous cries, and the pair were received with much hand shaking.

Then Rex, with Lyon and Riley as a guard, got into the whaleboat, and having loosed the two prisoners from their bonds, ordered them to take the places of Russen and Fair. The whaleboat was manned by the seven mutineers, Rex steering, Fair, Russen and the two recruits pulling, the other four standing up, with their muskets leveled at the jolly boat. Their long slavery had begotten such a dread of authority in these men that they feared it even when it was bound and menaced by four muskets. "Keep your distance!" shouted Cheshire, as Frere and Bates, in obedience to orders, began to pull the jolly boat toward the shore; and in this fashion was the dismal little party conveyed to the mainland.

It was night when they reached it, but the clear sky began to thrill with a late moon as yet unrisen, and the waves, breaking gently upon the beach, glimmered with a radiance born of their own motion. Frere and Bates jumping ashore, helped out Mrs. Vickers, Sylvia and the wounded Grimes. This being done under the muzzles of the muskets, Rex commanded that Bates and Frere should push the jolly boat as far

as they could from the shore, and Riley catching her by a boat hook as she came toward them, she was taken in tow.

"Now, boys," says Cheshire, with a savage delight, "three cheers for old England and liberty!"

Upon which a great shout went up, echoed by the grim hills which had witnessed so many miseries.

CHAPTER XIV.

There is no need to dwell upon the mental agonies of that miserable night. Frere had a tinder box in his pocket, and made a fire with some dry leaves and sticks. Grimes fell asleep, and the two men sitting at his fire, discussed the chances of escape.

A discussion had arisen among the mutineers as to the propriety of at once making sail; but Barker, who had been one of the pilot boat crew, and knew the dangers of the bar, vowed that he would not undertake to steer the brig through the Gates until morning; and so the boats being secured astern, a strict watch was set, lest the helpless Bates should attempt to rescue the vessel.

During the evening a feeling of pity for the unfortunate party on the mainland took possession of them. It was quite possible that the Osprey might be recaptured, in which case five useless murders would have been committed. John Rex, seeing how matters were going, made haste to take to himself the credit of mercy. He ruled, and had always ruled, his ruffians.

"I propose," said he, "that we divide the provisions. There are five of them and ten of us. Then nobody can blame us."

This reasoning was admitted and acted upon. There were in the harness cask about fifty pounds of salt meat, and a third of this quantity, together with half a small sack of flour, some tea and sugar mixed together in a bag, and an iron kettle and pannikin, were placed in the whaleboat. Cheshire, stumbling over a goat that had been taken on board from Phillip Island, caught the creature by the leg and threw it into the sea, bidding Rex take that with him also. Rex dragged the poor beast into the boat, and with this miscellaneous cargo pushed off to the shore. The poor goat, shivering, began to bleat piteously, and the men laughed. To a stranger it would have appeared that the boat contained a happy party of fishermen, or coast settlers, returning with the proceeds of a day's marketing.

Laying off as the water shallowed, Rex called to Bates to come for the cargo, and three men with muskets standing up as before, ready to resist any attempt at capture, the provisions, goat and all, were carried ashore. "There!" says Rex, "you can't say we've used you badly, for we've divided the provisions." The sight of this almost unexpected succor revived the courage of the five, and they felt grateful. After the horrible anxiety they had endured all that night, they were prepared to look with kindly eyes upon the men who had come to their assistance.

"Men," said Bates, "with something like a sob in his voice, "I didn't expect this. You are good fellows, for there ain't much tucker aboard, I know."

"Yes," affirmed Frere, "you're good fellows."

Rex burst into a savage laugh. "Shut your mouth, you tyrant," said he, forgetting his dandyism in the recollection of his former suffering. "It ain't for your benefit. You may thank the lady and child for it."

Julia Vickers hastened to propitiate the arbiter of her daughter's fate. "We are obliged to you," she said, with a touch of quiet dignity resembling her husband's; "and if I ever get back safely I will take care that your kindness shall be known."

So, with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the boat departed.

A council of war was held, with Mr. Frere at the head of it, and the possessions of the little party were thrown into common stock.

It was found, upon a review of their possessions that they had among them three pocket-knives, a ball of string, three pipes and a fig of tobacco, a portion of fishing line, with hooks, and a big jackknife. But they saw with dismay that there was nothing which could be used axlike among the party. Mrs. Vickers had her shawl, and Bates a pea jacket, but Frere and Grimes were without extra clothing.

Having made these arrangements, the kettle, filled with water from the spring, was slung from three green sticks over the fire, and a pannikin of weak tea, together with a biscuit, served out to each of the party, save Grimes, who declared himself unable to eat. Breakfast over, Bates made a damper, which was cooked in the ashes, and then another council was held as to future habitation.

It was clearly evident that they could not sleep in the open air. It was the middle of summer, and though no annoyance from rain was apprehended, the heat in the middle of the day was most oppressive. At a little distance from the beach was a sandy rise, that led up to the face of the cliff, and on the eastern side of this rise grew a forest of young trees. Frere proposed to cut down these trees and make a sort of hut with them. It was soon discovered, however, that the pocket knives were insufficient for this purpose, but by dint of getting the young saplings, and then breaking them down, they succeeded, in a couple of hours, in collecting wood enough to roof over a space between the hollow rock which contained the provisions and another rock, in shape like a hammer, which jutted out within five yards of it. Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia were to have this hut as a sleeping place, and Frere and Bates, lying at the mouth of the larder, would at once act as a guard to it and them. Grimes was to make for himself another hut where the fire had been lighted on the previous night.

When they got back to dinner, inspired by this resolution, they found poor Mrs. Vickers in great alarm. Grimes, who, by reason of the dent in his skull, had been left behind, was walking about the sea beach, talking mysteriously, and shaking his flat at an imaginary foe. On

going up to him they discovered that the blow had affected his brain, for he was delirious. Frere endeavored to soothe him, without effect, and at last, by Bates' advice, the poor fellow was rolled in the sea. The cold bath quelled his violence, and being laid beneath the shade of a rock hard by, he fell into a condition of great muscular exhaustion, and slept.

The condition of the unfortunate Grimes soon gave cause for the greatest uneasiness. From mauling foolishly, he had taken to absolute violence, and had to be watched by Frere. After much muttering and groaning, the poor fellow at last dropped off to sleep, and Frere, having assisted Bates to his sleeping place in front of the rock, and laid him down on a heap of green brushwood, prepared to snatch a few hours' slumber. Wearing by excitement and the labors of the day, he slept heavily, but toward morning was awakened by a strange noise.

Grimes, whose delirium had apparently increased, had succeeded in forcing his way through the rude fence of brushwood, and had thrown himself upon Bates with the ferocity of insanity. Growling to himself, he had seized the unfortunate pilot by the throat, and the pair were struggling together. Bates, weakened by the sickness that had followed upon his wound in the head, was quite unable to cope with his desperate assailant, but, calling feebly upon Frere for help, he made shift to lay hold upon the jackknife of which we have before spoken. Frere, starting to his feet, rushed to the assistance of the pilot, but was too late. Grimes, enraged by the sight of the knife, tore it from Bates' grasp, and, before Frere could catch his arm, plunged it twice into the unfortunate man's breast.

"I'm a dead man!" cried Bates, faintly.

The sight of the blood, together with the exclamation of his victim, recalled Grimes to consciousness. He looked in bewilderment at the bloody weapon, and then flinging it from him, rushed away toward the sea, into which he plunged headlong.

Frere hurried to the side of Bates, and, lifting him up, strove to staunch the blood that flowed from his chest. It would seem that he had been resting himself on his left elbow, and that Grimes, snatching the knife from his right hand, had stabbed him twice in the right breast. He was pale and senseless, and Frere feared that the wound was mortal. Tearing off his neck handkerchief, he endeavored to bandage the wound, but found that the strip of silk was insufficient for the purpose. The noise had roused Mrs. Vickers, who, stifling her terror, made haste to tear off a portion of her dress, and with this a bandage of sufficient width was made. Sylvia brought some water from the spring, and Mrs. Vickers bathing Bates' head with this, he revived a little.

"Don't die, Mr. Bates—oh, don't die!" said Sylvia, standing, piteously, near, but afraid to touch him. "Don't leave mamma and me alone in this dreadful place!"

Poor Bates, of course, said nothing, but Frere frowned heavily, and Mrs. Vickers said reprovingly, "Sylvia!" just as if they had been in the old house on distant Sarah Island.

In the afternoon Frere went away to drag together some wood for the fire, and when he returned he found the pilot near his end. As the sun sank Bates rallied, but the two watchers knew that it was but the final flicker of the expiring candle. "He's going!" said Frere, at length, under his breath, as though fearful of awaking his half-slumbering soul. Mrs. Vickers, her eyes streaming with silent tears, lifted the honest head and moistened the parched lips with her soaked handkerchief. A tremor shook the once stalwart limbs, and the dying man opened his eyes. For an instant he seemed bewildered, and then, looking from one to the other, intelligence returned to his glance, and it was evident that he remembered all. His gaze rested upon the pale face of the affrighted Sylvia, and then turned to Frere. There could be no mistaking the mute appeal of those eloquent eyes.

"Yes, I'll take care of her," said Frere. Bates smiled, and then observing that the blood from his wound had stained the white shawl of Mrs. Vickers, he made an effort to move his head. It was not fitting that a lady's shawl should be stained with the blood of a poor fellow like himself. The fashionable fribble, with quick instinct, understood the gesture, and gently drew the head back upon her bosom. In the presence of death the woman was womanly. For a moment all was silent, and they thought he had gone; but all at once he opened his eyes, and looked round for the sea. (To be continued.)

Too Soon for Divorce.
"Is Sue Brette married yet?" asked the returned traveler.
"Of course," replied the native; "give her a little time, will you?"
"Eh? What are you talking about?"
"Why, the wedding took place only six weeks ago."—Philadelphia Press.

Green-Eyed Monster.
She—Cousin John's wife is the most jealous woman I ever met.
He—Indeed!
She—Yes. Why, when they went to Niagara Falls on their wedding trip she got real angry because he fell in love with the scenery.

Two of Many.
"I was married to that man ol'co," said the first society woman.
"To Mr. De Voss? The idea! Why, so was I," replied the second ditto.
"Well, well! You don't say? Were you before or after me?"—Philadelphia Press.

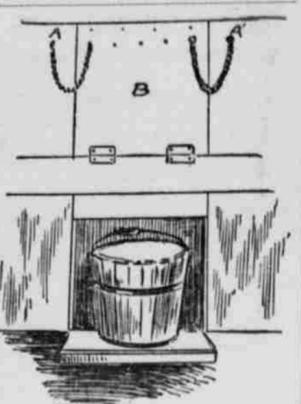
Pleased.
"Are you pleased with the educational progress your son is making?"
"Yes," answered Farmer, Cornstossel, "after seein' him in the football game, mother 'lows there won't be any trouble with tramps when he's living home."—Washington Star.

Fixing the Limit.
"Why," asked the fussy passenger, "is this slow train called the 'limited'?"
"Cause, sah," explained the porter, "yer all ain't s'posed t' gib de portah moh dan er dollah tip at a time sah."



Feeding the Calf Easily.

The calf is a stubborn little thing and is quite averse to being taken from its mother, so that, oftentimes, the problem of feeding it is not the easiest one in the world to solve. Any arrangement which will do the work readily is warranted and one of the best plans we know of can be evolved from the following: Keep the calf in a pen of some kind with a solid front. Then cut a square opening in the front just big enough to receive the feed pail. Hinge the piece that is cut out to swing in. Then put chains, ropes and straps to the side of the opening and attach to the cut out portion by means of staples. The chain must be just long enough to allow the cut-out section (B) to drop down level as shown in the lower part of the cut, although the chains do not show in this part of the illustration. A cleat is nailed on the outer edge of the cut-out portion (B) and another on the outside of top



FOR FEEDING THE CALF.

edge of opening. The pail is set in position from the outside and the cleat at the top of opening and outer edge of cut-out portion prevents the pail from being overturned or the contents from spilling out. This plan does away with the annoyance of trying to set a pail full of milk over into the pen of a hungry calf who, in his haste, usually knocks it out of the hands of the feeder.

Pumpkins in the Corn.

Those who have stock on the farm, cows, sheep, swine or poultry, will find the old-time plan of planting pumpkin seeds among the corn a good one to hold on to, provided they will harvest the pumpkins carefully, store them as carefully and feed them to the stock during the winter. Pumpkins are readily kept through the winter, and by watching them carefully and using the speckled ones first, they will go through the winter and supply the stock with a much needed variety. They can be fed to advantage to all of the stock named, only being careful in feeding to poultry to chop the pieces finely after removing the skin. The pieces seem to be particularly enjoyed by the fowls when mixed with meat scraps, and the whole mixed with bran and moistened with skimmed milk fed quite warm.

Prize Yearling Merino Ram.

This yearling Merino ram, owned by Uriah Cook of Union County, Ohio, won first prize at the Indiana State Fair, and also at the 1905 Illinois State Fair. His dam was first prize and champion winner at some of the leading fairs in the country, and his sire produced many noted rams, a number of which were sold in South Africa. At the time this picture was taken the ram was a little over 29 months old and his weight was 150 pounds. He was fed a mixed ration of corn, oats

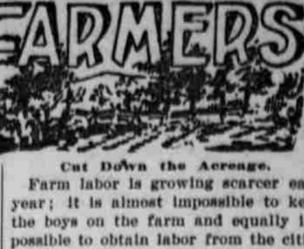


YEARLING MERINO RAM.

and bran once or twice a day and run on bluegrass pasture in the summer and plenty of good clover hay in the winter, and was housed from storms.

Self-Binder Run on Skids.

A Minnesota farmer writes: Farmers on the Minnesota side in the Red River Valley tried a new scheme in harvesting grain last season. Excessive rains just before and during the harvest season so flooded the grain fields that it was impossible to get into them with the binder on wheels. The grain stood up all right, as it does in that country, but the ground was too soft to enable the binder to do its work. Some genius conceived the idea of putting the binder on skids, putting on horses enough to pull it through sled fashion, meanwhile running the binding machinery with a small gasoline engine. A large acreage of grain was cut in this way and saved which would otherwise have been a total loss.



Cut Down the Acreage.

Farm labor is growing scarcer each year; it is almost impossible to keep the boys on the farm and equally impossible to obtain labor from the cities that is of any use on the farm. Some of the poor men in the great cities would be infinitely better off in the country where they and their children might gain health and vigor, but it is next to impossible to keep them on the farm even if one gets them there, for they prefer the crowded tenements to the little cottage in the country.

Every employing farmer will testify that this is the truth. The alternative then seems to be a reduction of acreage and more care and fertilizer given to the portion cultivated; in other words, special crops and intensive culture. Poultry raising offers one avenue of escape from the no-labor question, up to a certain limit. Small fruit culture another in sections where women and children may be had to pick the fruit.

After these one must get down to the growing of crops which he can handle by himself, aiming to get quality and quantity from a small area. In some sections farmers are combining and, under an agreement, are turning certain portions of their farms into crops best suited to them, hay when possible, and each helps the other during harvest, the period when the lack of help is most felt. Look into the question of reducing the area seriously; it is worth considering before giving up farming as many are doing yearly.

From Pasture to Barn.

Those who advocate the use of dogs in driving the cows to and from the pasture may be right, provided they have the right sort of a dog, but there are few dogs that can be trusted to do their duty properly; none, unless they are trained from puppyhood. The average dog consigned to this work barks and generally annoys the animals until they are more or less frightened, some of them fighting, and all of them running. This running the cows from the pasture to the barn does much more injury than generally supposed, and assuredly makes the flow of milk much less. The supply of milk depends very largely upon the condition of mind of the cow; if she is happy and contented, she gives down her milk freely, and the food she consumes makes rich milk of the best quality; if she is frightened, her milk loses both in quality and quantity.

Cold Frame for Vegetables.

No market gardener could do without cold frames and conduct his business profitably. For extra early vegetables and extra-late ones they are equally necessary. Then, too, they are such a help in the way of giving many



AN IDEAL PLACE FOR COLD FRAMES.

kinds of hotbed plants a good growth. But, useful as they are, cold frames are seldom used in private gardens, except of the rich. Yet they are not expensive and are very easy to make.

The best place for a cold frame is on the south side of a hill. There, protected from the cold north winds, the plants get the full heat of the sun and make great growth long before it is at all possible to grow them in the open.

To make a cheap cold frame all that is needed are a few boards, and, in the absence of sash, a frame covered with well-oiled cotton cloth. This protects from rain and from moderate cold. Extreme cold would have to be shut out by covering with carpet, an old blanket or hay, straw or any other light material that makes good cover. The sun does not shine with full force through the cloth, but gives heat enough for most plants. In the illustration, the cold frame of Professor R. L. Watts is an ideal place to force a rapid growth.

Well Drained Soil for Fruit Trees.

Even the plum, which will stand more wet than any other class with the possible exception of the quince, requires that the soil be well drained; there is a difference between a moist soil and a wet soil, and a soil may be well drained yet be moist. It is next to impossible to expect adequate results for time and labor expended in raising fruit in orchards unless the soil is placed in proper condition. No fruit tree will thrive on soil that is wet, whether the wet be on the surface or beneath it. Any soil with depth enough to supply fertility to the tree roots will grow fruit trees, for even if it is not rich enough it can be made so provided it is not so sandy that the fertilizer goes beyond the reach of the roots or so wet that the roots rot instead of grow. The wet soil can be subdued by draining and the sandy soil put in proper condition by stable manure or by growing any crop which will supply humus and plowing such crop under.

When pigs are well born, they make good growth if they have plenty of grass, shade, water and a little grain to keep them in flesh and to keep them gentle.

Unto the government we bow
And lend a reverent ear,
I'd rather lend it cash, I vow,
And be a financier,
Washington Star.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cure for that annoying skin disease known as Catarrh. It is the only positive cure known to medical fraternity. Catarrh, whether of the nose, throat, or lungs, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a new discovery, and its strength is in doing up the system and assisting nature in doing up the work. Proprietors have so much faith in its cures for any case that it falls to cure. Send for testimonials free.
Ad-dress: F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by druggists 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Couldn't See It.
Poe—There is that exquisite creature, Miss Pearlina, over there. Unless she be the door of hope by introducing to that mixture of woman and knight, Practical Friend—Can't do it, boy; don't know the combination.—Timore American.

FITS Permanently Cured. No more suffering after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Peppermint Cure. Send for Free 62 Trial Bottle and Testimonials. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 311 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Proof of His Availability.
Traveler—I must get to the railway station as soon as possible. Which of you has the fastest horse?
Cabman (pulling a paper from his pocket)—Here, read this! Three years ago I was fined four marks for my driving.—Unsere Gesellschaft.

Mothers will find Mr. Winslow's best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Let Well Enough Alone.
There's graft and evil everywhere. And yet, and yet, my brother, This world is good—I would not am Just now to try another!
—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Wash Day.
"Wash day is Monday everywhere," said a globe trotter.
He made a gesture of amazement.
"How strange that is," he said, "I believe in the Bible, the Algerians believe in the Koran, but both of us believe in the same wash day."
"The Germans, the French, the English, the South Americans, the Arabs, the Japs, the Chinese, all have Monday for wash day. G. owhere you will go, the world, and on Monday clothes white and wet from the tub, flap and fly in the wind."

A Great Campaigner.
Congressman Thomas Hedge, of Iowa, holds that Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, is one of the best political campaigners in the country. "Nobody ever gets away," said Hedge, "if Leslie gets a chance to address his personally. In one campaign he carried a splendid new watch. After addressing an audience he would circulate among the voters, saying to this man and that: 'I wish you would give me the correct time, I am afraid of being my train.' Of course, each man complied, feeling flattered at the request. Shaw used to say it was hard on the watch, but he believed the vote he made in this way more than made up."—Indianapolis News.

BUNYAN AND THE UNEMPLOYED
Londoners Who Wanted Work a Bit Hazy About Pilgrim.

"That's John Bunyan's house we're coming to," said the stalwart Bedford police constable, striding along at the head of the small army of unemployed the other morning—"seeing them safety off the premises," as it were, says the London Mail.
"Who's 'e?" roared a dozen men from the ranks.
"W'y," ventured a man with a strong Lancashire accent, "e's for tinker-wor'n 'e'?"
"Ay," chorused a dozen more.
"W'y, wot's th' extra special 'boot bein' tinker'?" queried a discontented man. "I be tinker, too, but nobody's accomin' round lookin' at my 'owse."
"For two good reason, 'Arry."
"Wot be them?"
"You ain't got no 'ouse I beg'n wif, and y' ain't John Bunyan ayther."
Loud laughter greeted this reply.
"But wot else did this 'ere Bunyan do asides tinkerin'?"
"W'y, y' chump, 'e wrote book 'abed 'Pilgrim's Progress' or summat."
"W'y, then, that be 'reet for us, then; we be pilgrims sure enough, wif we be makin' progress, so three cheers for good old John Bunyan!"
The 150 men burst into ringing cheers and resumed their military marching formation of fours.

Convict Betrays Himself.
He had just been released from the penitentiary and had taken a position at a hotel where once in awhile he was assigned to duties which gave him an opportunity of showing people to their rooms. This ex-convict was sent with a man to show him to a room one day and was told where to go. When the elevator reached the third floor, where the room was located, the ex-convict had forgotten the number of the room. He turned to the guest and said:
"Where did you say you looked?"
The expression is a familiar one with the convicts at the pen, who call their cells "locks."

The ex-convict caught himself saying these self-betraying words, and was much embarrassed until he discovered that the guest did not understand him. Now he is careful in the choice of words.—Columbus Dispatch.

Been Round Some.
His manuscript was worn and hot from constant declination. "You can't deny," he said, "that 'Works a big circulation' is a Cleveland leader."