

HIS HUNTING TRIP

By Troy Allison, Copyright, 1905, by Troy Allison.

The eligible bachelor braced himself against the shock and stood it like a man.

He had been wandering along the country road for half an hour looking for a field that might prove the hiding place of many rabbits when the thing occurred.

From behind a dilapidated old stone fence that separated the field from the adjoining wood a girl came running pell-mell directly into the eligible bachelor's arms.

He got one glimpse of a frightened face before she buried it in the roughness of his hunting coat and clung to him frantically.

"He's after me!" she gasped.

The man's face grew stern, he brought his gun into a more available position and fixed his eyes on the corner of the fence where the girl had first appeared. There was a rattling of



A PLAYFUL YEARNING CALF STOOD BEFORE HIM.

dead leaves—more noise, he thought, than one man's feet could possibly produce. The eligible bachelor had never before had an opportunity to play knight errant, but he suddenly felt himself longing to kill the scoundrel who had frightened this girl.

There was another scurry of leaves, and then—a playful yearling calf stood before him, prancing in the awkward way peculiar to sporting calves, with an expression in its eyes that seemed to wink at the man and ask if he didn't see the point of the joke.

The eligible bachelor stared, then let his gun fall to the ground.

"Good Lord!" he howled. "Was that what frightened you?"

The girl had wriggled out of his arms and stood behind him, peering around him for a safe glimpse of the enemy.

"If he had already knocked you down once and was trying to do it again I don't suppose it would be so funny to you," she said resentfully, evidently not appreciating his ecstasy of mirth.

He sent the calf down the road with a few warlike gestures and turned to look at her, amusement still lurking in his eyes.

She had seated herself on a stone and was plucking up a torn place in her skirt.

"Some people can laugh at nothing," she said icily, fitting the edges of the torn place together.

The man looked at the small face, rosy from the frosty morning air, and noticed the short brown hair that made little curls around her forehead. "I'm a brute to laugh," he said penitently, "but it was so—er—sudden." He was in danger of offending again.

He took his handkerchief to brush the mud from her dress.

"You are evidently not accustomed to them?" he queried, smiling.

"I have never had such close acquaintance with one before," she said. "I live in the city and am down here to get strong. I am boarding at the farmhouse just above here."

"I'm down here on a little hunting trip," he said, not adding that he was also taking a rest from being hunted during the season by maneuvering mammals. "I wonder if they would give me dinner at your farmhouse?"

"I'm sure they would," she extended the hospitality of a hospitable country. "It's the first house you come to, and they are named Jones—you can't forget it if your memory is any good at all. I'll tell them you are coming to the 1 o'clock dinner." She had repaired the damage to her skirt as best she could and stood up to go.

"I will bring some rabbits if I can—they are good for invalids," letting his eye rest again on the little, short, boyish curls that made him wonder if she were sixteen or twenty. "Maybe you will accept them as a peace offering and forgive me for laughing."

A hint of shyness in her eyes made him understand that her resentment was really a reaction from the embarrassment of having rushed into his arms, now that her fright was over and the cause at a distance seemed so trivial.

She gave a regretful look at the torn place in her skirt. "I never shall be able to mend it so it won't show," she said as she left him.

The eligible bachelor was medita-

tive as he climbed the stone wall to wage war on the rabbits.

"Now, I wonder," he mused, "if that little girl is so poor that a torn place in a blue serge skirt can worry her? It's a shame!" He strode through the tangle of briars and dead weeds thoughtfully.

Next day the eligible bachelor's valet went back to town, and his master established himself as a boarder at the Jones farm, with only gun and suit case for baggage.

The gun was in small demand. There seemed much more pleasure in joggling along country roads mounted on clumsy farm horses and helping a girl regain her strength. She looked so tiny and dainty perched upon the big horse that the eligible bachelor vowed to himself that he had never seen an equestrienne in Central park that compared with her.

"Wouldn't it be just lovely," she began one day when they had stopped to regain their breath after a bounding race on their large limbed steeds. "If one didn't have to work for a living?"

His mind flew to his bank account, enough to last several generations if a man could only get his threescore and ten extended that long.

"Do you find teaching so terrible?" "It's not the work," she grew confidential. "It's that I want so many things—pretty things like some women have."

"Might a mere man ask what these things may be—as applied to your own desires?"

"Oh, a sable neck piece and a muff, a lovely brass bedstead to sleep on, some long, wrinkle gloves and some soft, trilly dresses; lots of violet water, manicured nails, a French maid!"

"Hadn't you better wait till I call a stenographer?" he interrupted.

"But wouldn't it be blissful to have them?" she sighed. "I would give my torn walking skirt to the deserving poor and not bother about it any more," she wound up ruefully.

He let his face assume its most dolorous aspect.

"I wish I had all these things to offer you." He broke a twig from the hedge with a vigorous cut from his riding whip.

She sat suddenly erect on her horse, and he watched her from the corner of his averted eye.

"A poor dog of a man feels that he has nothing to offer a girl," he continued morosely.

She looked at him hesitatingly. "I don't want all those things so dreadfully much," she said shyly.

Careless About Money.

An eccentric character of pioneer days in California was a lawyer named Lawrence, an attorney for the firm of Palmer, Cooke & Co. "After a night of drinking and gambling Lawrence one afternoon called upon Palmer at the bank," says Thomas E. Farish's "Gold Hunters of California." "He was dressed in a gray flannel shirt and overalls, a broad brimmed hat, with a belt containing two six-shooters and a bowie knife around his waist. He informed Palmer that he intended to leave on the afternoon boat for Sacramento and the mines. 'Why do you do that?' inquired Palmer. 'Because I have spent all my money and must earn more,' said Lawrence, who never kept any account of how he stood at the bank. 'Why,' said Palmer, 'you have not spent all of your money, surely. Let me see.' And, turning to the book of daily accounts, he continued, 'You have a credit here of \$5,000.' 'Have I?' asked Lawrence incredulously. 'Yes, so the books show.' 'Well, then, I will not go,' decided Lawrence, who returned to his office and his practice of law."

One View of Joe Jefferson.

Of one phase of Joe Jefferson's character a writer in the Outlook says: He was interested in the lighter philosophies. The work of Prentice Mulford greatly attracted him at one time. He had had remarkable communications, as he believed, from the other world—enough, at any rate, to convince him that there was another world and to make him confident that he should see again those he loved. He was a wonderful optimist, always cheerful, always looking for the brightness of life. He once told the Spectator that in all his thousands of miles of travel he had never been in a railway or steamship accident or seen one. The last letter which the Spectator received from Mr. Jefferson was reminiscent of their earlier friendship and closed with these words:

How time goes on, so heedless of us all! What a short lived creature is man (myself excepted—by the bye, seventy-five next birthday)! In a few years we shall be sweet little angels, wings and all, and as the old gambler said on his deathbed, "If we meet, I'll fly you for \$5." Till then, sincerely yours, J. JEFFERSON.

Some Crowns.

When Emperor Napoleon I. was crowned king of Italy at Milan, May 23, 1805, he placed the iron crown of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming, "Dieu me l'a donne; gare a qui la touche" (God has given it to me; beware who touches it), which was the haughty motto attached to it by its ancient owners.

The Hungarian crown, worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary, is the identical

one worn by St. Stephen 800 years ago. It is of pure gold and weighs nine marks six ounces (fourteen pounds) and is adorned with 83 sapphires, 50 rubies, 1 emerald and 838 pearls.

The crown of the king of France is a circle enameled, adorned with precious stones and heightened up with eight arched diadems, rising from as many fleurs-de-lis, that conjoin at the top under a double fleur-de-lis, all of gold.—Chambers' Journal.

Why a Lobster Turns Red.

Persons living at a remote distance from the natural home of the lobster think that red is the original color of that species of crustacean. The natural hue, however, is green, the beautiful bright brick color being the result of boiling to which such creatures are subjected. Two explanations for this change in color are given, either of which appears to be tenable: Their shells contain a large per cent of iron, and the boiling process oxidizes that mineral, the change being almost exactly the same as that brought about in burning a brick. Such a change in the color of a lobster's shell can be brought about by the sun's action, but never while the lobster is living. As a rule, however, the sun's bleaching influence consumes the oxide almost as fast as it is formed, leaving the shell pure white.

The second explanation is that the original green color is due to the blue and red pigments, the blue being soluble and the red insoluble in boiling water. When the lobster is boiled, the blue pigment is dissolved, leaving the red to color the creature's shell.

The Burial of the Living.

From evidence difficult to dispute, it appears that in the Celestial empire old, incurably diseased and hopelessly depraved persons are frequently buried alive to rid the community of the burden and responsibility of their care-taking. This arrangement is the result of a mutual understanding, the victims assenting to and at times assisting in the preliminary ceremonies. The usage seems to have been recognized by the highest authorities, and the burials have certainly been conducted with the sanction of the ruling powers. Great preparations are made, and there is much ado and sometimes a show of grief, but a great deal of the latter is evidently perfunctory, as there is an all around feeling of satisfaction on the part of the spectators and more or less complacency on the mind of the victim, who is comforted by the assurance that he is fulfilling a tradition and will earn the respect of his ancestors and gone before.

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"Tell us why three were married, Aunt Paoline?" he said, laughing.
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