

AN ICE WRAITH.

By JOHN BOYD CLARKE.

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It started for Franklyn his following morning in a state of considerable indecision. It would be a week or more before the lawyer could get an order from the court restraining the Hamnoek from exhibiting further guard-ship of the girl until the case had been examined by the judge, and a week was a long time.

When he awoke at the tavern, he saw at once that something was on foot. There was a crowd of men around the door, and within Franklyn saw the petitions of two or three women. He entered the barroom in some trepidation.

Altogether behind the bar, but he was not waiting upon customers. His wife was doing the honors for the thirsty crowd.

"Hi, Mr. Franklyn," exclaimed the tavern keeper, "might-like-y glad to see you. You're in good season." "That's apt," demanded the engineer curiously, but his heart beat 90-100.

"Well," said Alce with satisfaction, "Mr. Hamnoek can't be married. Justified by the law, I'm sure." Franklyn kept a strong hand upon his emotions and waited.

"It's a good day, sir. Hope you'll join us. There's the happy bridegroom cover under the lamp. The bride is waiting for you." He pointed to the figure of H. Conley holding upon a silver table across the room.

In his words, H. Conley suddenly looked at Franklyn with an ugly light in his eyes. He was not as drunk as Alce, but he was the more dangerous.

"Yes, sir," said the bridegroom. "I reckon a kin look out for my wife too. I want all you fellows to take notice," he said, waving his hand to the crowd at the bar. "Anybody that gets her shinning round my wife'll get inter trouble. That goes!"

"Oh, you're all right, H!" responded Franklyn, with a laugh. But he desired with a mighty desire to seize the fellow by the throat and choke the breath out of his cowardly body.

Mrs. Alce followed the engineer into the dining room for a moment's dinner. The drink room for a moment's dinner, she said. "The Rose'll hit her with a good one. Won't take her long to get a good one. She's got her act in as offish." She went to the foot of the stairs and shouted: "Rose! You Rose! Come down here! Here's Mr. Franklyn to be waited on!"

In a moment the girl's white face appeared in the door.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she whispered tremblingly. "I had given up hope. I was there waiting to hear the justice come, with this by me." She drew out from under her skirt a sharp bladed knife. "I thought it was he when you came, and—"

"Great heavens!" gasped Franklyn. "Would you kill yourself?"

She drew herself up to her full height, and she seemed suddenly taller than ever before. "Do you think for a moment I would marry that wretch? Not to death a thousand times. Although I am a coward and fear bodily punishment, the knife was at my breast when aunt called me."

She flung it down upon the table, and Franklyn seized the weapon as though he feared she would do herself harm with it even now.

"Now, what do you want me to do?" she asked. Evidently the idea that he might fail to protect and save her had never disturbed the girl's mind. Franklyn could not tell her he was as yet powerless.

"I saw the lawyer," he said feebly. "And is he here?" she asked eagerly. "He will take me away?"

"He cannot until he gets an order from the court."

"Then how will he stop the marriage, sir?"

"He can't," returned Franklyn, with a sudden burst of desperation. "He can't save you, but I can, and I'll do it!"

"Yes, Mr. Franklyn. I never doubted you," she said, with a blush and in some surprise at his vehemence.

"Quick now! Do just as I tell you," he said. "Serve me some dinner here. Anything will do. I will go out after I have eaten and tell Alce that I will be back from the lumber camp before the ceremony, and I'll leave some money with his wife to take the boys. You must slip out of the back way and get down to the river unseen. I'll join you there, and we'll get away in my lobster. There's nothing on the river can stop her once she gets going. With five minutes' start I don't believe they can overtake us, either on skates or horseback. Wrap yourself up warmly. Now bring me in something to eat."

She obeyed the letter. In ten minutes she joined her at the river's edge. Everybody had fled into the little barroom at Franklyn's invitation, and not a soul was in sight as the engineer raised the yacht's mainmast and pushed the craft out upon the ice.

Rose darted out of the bushes, and he lifted her aboard bodily and with a mighty push leaped in himself. The ice wraith started slowly. There was a light but fair wind, and as soon as they were out from under the land the huge sail would feel it.

Franklyn was scarcely seated at the tiller when there was a whist about from the tavern. He glanced back. The men were swarming out of the place, and at their head was H. Conley. Rose hid her face in her hands and trembled.

Conley swung a rifle above his shoulder and fired recklessly after the ice wraith. The bullet sang less than a foot above Franklyn's head. It was an excellent shot when sober. The engineer heard him yelling for his return and threatening to shoot him if he did not obey.

But the ice wraith was steadily creeping out into the river, and the sail belled with the wind. There was a second shot, but, glancing back, Franklyn saw half a dozen of the men leap upon horses and into a sledge which stood before the tavern, and the whole cavalcade clattered away down the river road. They meant to overtake him at the landing or head him off before he reached there.

"Are they coming?" cried Rose.

"They'll never follow us upon the ice," said Franklyn cheerfully. There was some danger from those on the

river road, however. The wind might die out and leave them stranded, or the horses might even bear the ice yacht in the race. The road was considerably shorter than the ice route. It cut off a big curve in the river ten miles below.

But the ice wraith gathered speed. With the wind directly astern the ice began fairly to "squelch" beneath the heavy runners. The powdered ice flew about them in a cloud and the huge sail tugged as though trying to drag the yacht from its socket. Franklyn was determined not to reef the sail unless actually obliged to, and as he tacked the ice wraith flew about, balanced upon her starboard runners. Rose screamed and clung to his arm, but the engineer, glancing back, saw the horses pounding along the river road, and he rejoiced that they were gaining upon their pursuers.

The race was young, however. When the ice wraith went to the eastward, the wind was not so fair, and Franklyn was obliged to tack twice before rounding the point. Their pursuers had passed them ere this and the engineer half feared to find them upon the ice below awaiting their coming. But they were not in sight.

He kept the ice wraith near the east shore. He did not fancy stopping any bullets from the bushes along the river bank. They were now quite half way to the pulp mill landing. He looked at his watch and saw with delight that, unless delayed, they would be in time for the afternoon train.

Far below him he saw the open water at the mouth of Upper creek, and remembered that he would have to steer to the west side to avoid the treacherous spot. He gazed keenly at the woods there, but saw nothing at first to alarm him.

He allowed the ice wraith to run gradually over toward that side. The boat flew like a great bird. They had the wind at their backs again.

But suddenly, while they were still two or three miles from the chasm in the ice, a man with a gun broke through the bushes on the west shore of the river and ran out upon the ice. Franklyn knew it was H. Conley. He was followed by two or three others and then a sleigh drawn by two horses was driven out upon the river also. They were headed off.

All the men had guns or sled staves and the horses were headed down the river in readiness to race with the ice boat if by any possibility Franklyn got by unscathed.

For a few moments Franklyn did not shift the tiller an atom. The ice wraith was headed directly for the group upon the ice and half a mile or more ran out behind him before he decided upon any plan. The reckless and half drunken fellows would certainly use their guns, and not only his own life, but the girl's would be in jeopardy.

The lines of the President are still beautiful. She must have been a very handsome ship under sail. Although one of the largest ships in the world at the time of her launch, she would be a more pygmy beside one of the great warships of the present day. Yet she is more picturesque even in her present dismantled condition than the Brooklyn, Oregon or Kearsarge.

The President is now used as a drill ship for the Royal Naval reserves, having been fitted up for this purpose in 1861 at Chatham. Until 1870 she lay at the City canal, river Thames, and was then moved to her present berth.

Even New Yorkers have a general idea of the little change that is coming over New York in respect to its external appearance. The improvement that has been wrought by the great system of beautifully paved streets and the cutting through of parkways and driveways is unknown to most of our people. I wonder how many there are who know that, with the finishing of the viaduct across Manhattan valley at Riverside drive, we have practically completed a 20 mile driveway. As soon as the new avenue that is to connect this viaduct with the French boulevard to the north & One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street has been finished there will be a continuous stretch of roadway from Seventy-second street and Central park drive to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, to the viaduct, to the French boulevard, to Dykeman street, to the gateway, to St. Nicholas avenue and back to the park. This beautiful drive, nearly 20 miles long, is lined for almost its entire length with handsome dwellings, and the pavement is the most perfect in the world.—New York Letter.

Not long since an American resident of Hamburg had an amusing experience of the seriousness of German officialdom.

Her pug puppy barked friskily one evening from his place in the front garden at a semi-intoxicated custom-house officer who leaned against the palings.

The next morning a ponderous document was presented to the dog's owner which ordered in pompous terms that the dangerous animal should be kept in the house under a penalty of \$25 until the official veterinarian should pronounce upon his condition.

For ten days poor puggy was kept in the house before the state official found it convenient to call, and he was then bravely freed from his suffering, as the inspector found him not suffering from hydrophobia nor in danger of biting.—Philadelphia Press.

Looking back the investigator saw their pursuers tumble hurriedly into the sleigh, but they were fairly getting tumbled. In a few minutes the ice wraith rounded the last bend in the stream and safely made its almost easy landing. Franklyn had in almost carry Rose to the railway station, but once seated in the cars, she recovered from her fright. The train rolled out of the town before the sweating horses of the train partners reached the landing.

It was several years before Franklyn ventured into the region again. H. Conley was then serving a term in the state prison. Alce Hamnoek met Franklyn with some confusion.

"Of course," Mr. Franklyn, if you'd knowed you fracted the gal you could have had her for the arskin. I don't reckon Rose will ever come back this way, eh?"

"I don't believe she will," replied Franklyn sternly, for the memory of those blue veils upon Rose's pretty shoulders came ever him with a pang for the moment. "My wife's experience with you wasn't pleasant enough for her to want to renew old associations."

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Photography in Fog.
To speak of photography in a fog sounds like a cutting from a comic paper rather than a serious scientific fact, but it is a scientific fact none the less, says the New York Journal, and the man who is conducting investigations in this peculiar line of photography is the shrewd, energetic ruler of the German empire.

Quite recently the Kaiser has been steaming about in the Baltic on his yacht, ostensibly on pleasure bent, but in reality with a far different object. He was accompanied by two men whose skill with the camera and whose knowledge of its construction are unequalled, and the result of that little trip will be the beginning of important developments in connection with the navy and merchant service of Germany, if not of other countries.

By means of a specially constructed camera the Kaiser's friends succeeded in obtaining clear and distinct photographs of vessels and of the coast line when those objects were a mile off and both the photographer and a third who was enveloped in a thick fog. This wonderful result was obtained with an exposure of two seconds only.

The necessary complement to the camera is an apparatus that will enable the operator to develop his picture in a few seconds so that it can be thrown on a screen. The perfection of this apparatus is now engaging the attention of the two scientific men, the expenses being paid by the German government.

Merchant vessels in a fog could take their bearings in a similar way, and they would find it more effective than sirens in preventing collisions.

Once Ours, Now Britain's.
Do you know, says a writer in the New York Herald, that the British have one of our warships tied up at a dock in London flying the British flag and regularly commissioned in the British navy? What is more, she is called the President, and on her bow is the figurehead of John Adams carved out of a huge chunk of American wood and handsomely gilded. For a quarter of a century she has been lying at her present berth near the East India docks, most of the time stuck in the mud. There is some doubt whether she would float, and it is probably true that she would go to pieces if sent as far out to sea as the mouth of the Thames. She was captured by the British in the war of 1812.

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Business Was Good.
The inquisitive young man sat next to the self reserved lawyer in the limited express. The inquisitive young man tried to look out the car window soon after the train left Albany, and he turned to the self possessed lawyer for amusement.

"Pleasant day?" said the young man by way of striking up a conversation.

"I am not much of a judge of the weather," was the reply from his seat companion.

The inquisitive young man was quiet for some moments. Then he broke loose again.

"Going far?" he asked again.

"Far as Buffalo?" was the third question of the irrespressible.

"Perhaps so. Perhaps not," was the reply.

For a long time the young man was silent. He spent the flying moments tracing his full name with his little finger on the window pane. Suddenly the self reserved lawyer spoke to him.

"I'm finding business good just now," said he.

The inquisitive young man was much flattered by the commendation and the remark of the lawyer. His last question came easily.

"What is your line?" he asked.

"Biting holes out of porous plasters," was the reply, and, two or three thoughtless persons who sat near by in the car smiled.—New York Sun.

The Tailor's Trials.
King Caterwaul—Look here! If you don't send my summer suit out berry night, I'll hit you griffin! How do you expect me to work about in these heavy winter clothes in this warm weather, eh?—Alooly Sloper.

Too Much For Crimson Gulch.
"Yes," said Bronchee Bab, "he was right popular in Crimson Gulch, and we'd have sent him to the legislature sure if he hadn't been so keerness in express his opinions."

"He lacked diplomacy?"

"Yes, sir. I don't know when the feelin's of Crimson Gulch have been so hurt. He come right out and said he was in favor of puttin an act on the statute books that 'ud make lynchin' in the law."—Washington Star.

Why They Call It "Change."
Wall Street Man (11 a. m.)—Never saw such luck! I'll have to sell my summer cottage and horses if this keeps on.

Same Man (2 p. m.)—Hooley! I'll have a palace up the Hudson next summer and come to business on a steam yacht.

Same Man (4 p. m.)—Say, old boy, lend me 5 cents to pay street car fare, will you?—New York Weekly.

Getting On.
Mrs. Greene—I suppose the Chittlings are awfully stuck up since they got that money from Mrs. Chittling's uncle.

Mrs. Gray—Not so much as one might have supposed, but I notice that when they have dinner on the table they call it cream-soup. It used to be plain hash.—Boston Transcript.

Always in Style.
"Here's a girl," remarked the query editor, "who writes to know 'what is the popular spoonbiter this season?'"

"Evidently," replied the snake editor, "she's never had any beans."

"Why?"

"Because if she had she'd know that the most popular one is the parlor sofa."—Philadelphia Press.

A Reminder.
"A baby reminds me of poetry," said the sentimentalist.

"Yes," answered the man of family, "I reminds me of poetry, too, especially when it is inclined to be had and you have to walk the floor composing it."—Washington Star.

True, if Irrelevant.
Teacher—The sentence, "My father had money" is in the past tense. Now, Willie, if you said, "My father has money," in what tense would you be speaking?"

Willie—Oh, that would be pretense.—Chicago Tribune.

Romance in a Mode.
"I shall be at the opera tonight," he wrote. "I can bear the suspense no longer. If you love me, wear a red rose. If I may no longer hope, then let it be a white rose."

"That night she wore a yellow rose.—Smart Set.

He Had Be a Hypnotist.
"I wish I had that \$5 Skittles owes me."

"Why don't you ask him for it?"

"I'm afraid to go near him for fear he'll borrow more money of me."—Chicago Record.

Barred Out.
"Are you going back to the same hotel in Blackpool this year?"

Griggs—Rather not. I came away last year from that hotel and forgot to tip the head waiter.—What to Eat.

Grows on Her.
Inexperienced Parent—I do think a little girl baby is the dearest thing in the world!

Experienced Parent—You'll find she comes a good deal dearer when she's about 20.—Chicago Tribune.

The official report shows that during 1900 the number of pilgrims to Lourdes was 698,000 among whom were 4 cardinals and 30 archbishops and bishops. Of water from the grotto 105,000 bottles were dispatched to all quarters of the globe.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Thousands of Dollars in Counterfeit Notes and Plates and Dies which have printed millions of dollars of government bonds and greenbacks went up in a great cloud of smoke at the Washington factory a few days ago.

From the tall chimney of the gun foundry curls of green smoke poured out and told the 3,000 workmen in the yard that the government was having its annual destruction of property from the bureau of engraving and printing.

Those plates are cast off, instead of melting them for their metal, they are allowed to disappear in the great furnace of the gunshop, while the counterfeit notes of all denominations go up the chimney in smoke.

Once every year the treasury officials in charge of the departments of bonds and notes proceed to the navy yard, whither the dies and plates and green goods are hauled in wagon guarded with the greatest care. The big furnaces are stoked to their fullest blazing equality, and then the destruction begins. The counterfeit money is first burned, then the dies and last the plates.

The operations last an hour or two, and when it is over papers are signed for the government, showing that such dies and plates have been destroyed by fire. Any other course might lead to the plates being secured and used by unscrupulous persons.

High Salaries For Experts.
Mr. Milton Whitney, chief of the division of soils, department of agriculture, was before the industrial commission the other day. Mr. Whitney said that there is still a tendency among young men reared on farms to leave agricultural pursuits in order to go into industrial or commercial pursuits, but a change is taking place in that respect, brought about by attractive salaries to be obtained by agricultural experts. It is a common thing now, he said, for a tobacco expert to be paid \$10,000 or \$15,000 a year. These experts are not college bred men and frequently have deficient general education, but have become efficient in the practical work of tobacco growing and allied industries. Such salaries are now often paid men who are experts in the manipulation of soils of various kinds and in the management of large truck farms. Recently Japan gave a salary of \$6,000 a year to a tobacco expert of the department of agriculture, and will more recently that government offered \$5,000 a year for an expert of that kind to go to the island of Formosa. A large beet growing concern had paid \$3,000 a year to a man who could successfully treat the alkali soil with which it has been troubled.

Increase in Postal Receipts.
The monthly balance sheet for the 50 largest postoffices in the United States for February, 1901, shows the total receipts to have been \$4,011,539, a net increase of \$461,151 over the receipts for February, 1900, or 13.2 per cent. Out of the 50 offices only one showed a decrease, Syracuse, whose receipts were \$23,131, a decrease of \$1,150, or 4.7 per cent. For all the other offices the showing was very favorable, especially when it is considered that February is not one of the heavy mail months.

Chicago, by usual, leads the list in the amount of increase, its receipts being \$625,394, an increase of \$104,546, or 20 per cent. New York remains at the head in amount of receipts, \$825,717, an increase of \$89,880, or 12.2 per cent. Greater New York world of course lead Chicago by many thousands, as Brooklyn shows receipts of \$723,805, an increase of \$8,302, or 7.2 per cent. Dayton, O., ranks all the cities in percentage of increase. Its receipts for February of this year are \$23,001, an increase of \$4,420, or 38.7 per cent.

A Great "Graft."
Perhaps the slickest game that was ever worked upon members of congress was that used a short time ago by a colored employee of the house who was assigned to duty in the menial office of the speaker. This enterprising individual obtained a roll call which gave the name of every member entitled to vote. He tapped each and every one of them for the uniform sum of \$2 and worked his "graft" so successfully that during the last year of a service in that particular place he succeeded, according to accounts, in securing something like \$600 from 200 representatives.

Two dollars was "ot much to lend, and this enterprising African was careful never to strike the same man twice. He probably would have kept the game up had it not been for one member who suspected that he was being worked and who insisted upon repayment of the loan. When he spoke to this colored employee's superior, the whole scheme was given away, and the enterprising African was promptly dismissed.

Reading Matter For Soldiers.
There is a great demand for reading matter among the troops stationed at distant posts in the Philippines and those stationed in Alaska. The Army and Navy league of this city is endeavoring to meet this want as far as possible and has invited contributions of books, magazines, etc., from the city. Mrs. Bird, wife of General Bird of the quartermaster's department, is chairman of the special committee appointed to forward this movement. All such donations will be forwarded to their destinations by the government free of cost.

The president has issued an executive order creating a new internal revenue collection district by detaching the states of North Dakota and South Dakota from the Nebraska district and making them a separate collection district. This order will go into effect upon the appointment and qualification of the new collector.

Question of Ownership.
"Need of counsel? Come up and let me introduce you to my lawyer."

"Your lawyer? Do you own a law yet?"

"I—er—well, no, certainly not. He owns me."—New York Press.

Even the highest personages in Turkey are not exempt from suspicion. Their movements are watched and reported to the palace by an army of spies who swarm in every quarter.



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THE LITTLE OLD SPINET.
Do you see the little spinet standing in the corner there? Great-grandmother loved to play it when she was a maiden fair. Sunbeams through the window twinkled, shining on its yellowed keys, And we almost hear the trills of the old time melodies.

Great-grandmother gowned in silk, with high bodied slippers, doing lace, Sat there, while a smile of pleasure lighted up her fair young face; From without the rose sweet fingers, drifting on the summer breeze, While she plays with fairy fingers all the old time melodies.

And the little spinet waits for patiently these long, long years, Till its mellow voice is broken, harsh, and has the sound of tears. Yet it seems the rubens straying, shining on its yellowed keys, And her fairy fingers playing all the old time melodies.

—Mary Small Wagner in Optima.

A CASE OF LAW.

The Decision That Was Rendered by a Basuto Solomon.
Law is a complicated thing, and some of its decisions seem not to be founded in equity. Probably most readers will pass that criticism upon the case recorded below.

Basuto land, being broken and mountainous, was until recently the resort of lions, leopards and other wild animals. Now, however, the hillsides which were once the resort of these savage creatures are the pasture grounds of tens of thousands of cattle. Nearly all dangerous animals have been driven away from Basuto land, but not long ago a leopard appeared on the outskirts of a village. The animal was so badly frightened as the villagers and sought safety in flight.

The next morning the inhabitants turned out for a hunt. One of the hunters was climbing a steep rock when he suddenly found himself face to face with the leopard, whose retreat was cut off by the rock itself. Neither the man nor the animal could escape the encounter.

The diboman was an awkward one, for the climber was unarmed. Being in his danger, he put forth his hands and in desperation caught hold of the leopard on each side of its jaw, holding it at arm's length and calling for help. The leopard clawed and tore his captor, but the man held on till help arrived, and the beast was speared.

Now came a question of law. By Basuto law the skin belonged to the chief, who must reward one of three claimants—either the man who speared the leopard or the man who held it so that it was possible to spear it or the man who, being warned by the barking of his dog, first discovered the animal in the village.

The Basuto Solomon decided the case as follows: The man who speared it could not have done so but for the man who held it, and the man who held it could not have known of its existence if the dog had not first warned the village; therefore the credit for the killing belonged to the dog, whose owner was entitled to the reward.—Youth's Companion.

Now She Dates Him.
A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if I should claim to mean any last thing as I go out of the door."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They part.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she mimes, with her fan beating a tattoo on her prettily hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."—London Advertiser.

Plan in Its Third Century.
The bell on historic St. John's church, in Richmond, Va., Patrick Henry made his famous speech prior to the American Revolution, rung in the twentieth century. This bell is thus given the distinction of being the only one in this country, with the possible exception of that on old Liberty hall, in Philadelphia, that has rung in three centuries. Old St. John's bell has an interesting history. Many years ago, when the old structure for which it was made was repaired, the bell was removed and sold. Later its last owner presented it to the Virginia Historical society, by which it was restored to the church.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Trainer Hints.
The year 1865 was a memorable one, as on Oct. 21 it was fought and gained the battle of Trafalgar, and then, as now, fashion complimented heroes by devising toilets named in their honor. So Nelson was commemorated by a hat—the "Trafalgar"—and every woman and