

THE LOST SQUAD

By HERMAN WHITAKER

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THE low fog swept through the Golden Gate and over the Coast range, transforming the sunlit vistas of San Francisco bay into a drab inferno in which lost steamers shivered and despair. Out on Line point a steam siren howled stray coasters to get into the proper channel, and up the harbor the Goat Island fog horn wailed dismally to passing ferries. Along the water front craft of all kinds, from the ocean liner to the stern wheel river steamer, splashed helplessly, raising a very carnival of noise, while their anxious masters prayed to the harbor gods for a safe landing. After sundown the ferry light engaged in a red struggle with the setting mist. The cable cars clanked and clattered up Market street, flashing yellow links through the encircling fog, and the brilliantly lighted sidewalks extended an electric welcome to shivering pedestrians, competing for public favor with the restaurants, whose clouded windows veiled tempting delicacies from the unlicensed eye.

Bob Halliday, reporter for the Morning Times, turned out of Market street and walked briskly along Montgomery street, praying to the gods of journalism that something might turn up. He was out on a roving commission, which means that the Times was short of live local news for the next morning's issue and had sent out its "star" man bustling for a thrill to serve up with eggs and toast at San Francisco's breakfast table. As yet Halliday had failed to corner even the ghost of a sensation. Nothing capable of being worked into a "story" had crossed his path that day. Passing Jackson street with out even a glance, he struck into the tangle of North Beach and dropped into substation No. 4. A grizzled captain stood at the desk blotting an entry, while from the "trunks" issued the harsh scream of the female drunk whose sins were being written in the book of doom.

The reporter nodded a good evening. "Anything extra?" he asked. The captain shook his head with a don't bother air and carefully examined the entry. The reporter stared. He was accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of a hundred different kinds of men, but this particular officer had at all ways been talkative to the extent of boredom. His journalistic nose sniffed the air. Something wrong in the police department evidently—perhaps a scandal! Might be a "scoop" in it for the Morning Times. He stepped outside and peered through the window.

"Old man looks serious," he muttered. "I'd better stay awhile." He walked back into the station. "Think I'll sit down and rest," he said, severely noting the captain's annoyed look. "Been trotting all day. Besides, something may drop in. Have a cigar?" "Thanks."

The telephone bell rang sharply. The captain started. "Nerves," thought the reporter. "Didn't know a policeman was supposed to have any."

The officer stood at the phone with the receiver to his ear. He was trying to look unconcerned, but his brow puckered into a heavy frown. "Hello," he answered. "Nothing yet? Well, keep a sharp lookout, Foley, and telephone if you hear anything." "Water front post," muttered the reporter. "That's promising."

For a weary half hour he held up his end of a conversation, but the captain answered in monosyllables. A long ash hung from his cold cigar, but he still gripped it between his teeth, puffing nervously. Looking up suddenly from the contemplation of the other rules, the journalist caught the officer regarding him stealthily.

"Say," the captain burst out. "Want a scoop?" "I'll take one with you."

"Well, if you'll hold back the news till the paper goes to press you can have it all to yourself. But promise if the thing comes out all right you say nothing."

"It's a go."

The captain nodded his satisfaction. The reporter's word was better than his paper's bond, and the officer knew it. He relit his cigar, blew a thick cloud and began to speak.

NO TRACE OF THE MISSING MEN

The front page of the Morning Times created a furore in the cafes and led the city editors of four leading dailies to despair. Thirteen stalwart policemen, the pride of San Francisco's police force, of an average weight of 195 pounds, had melted into thin air, and not even a paragraph touching the manner of their going! Scooped utterly!

For the customary nine days the lost squad occupied the public mind to the exclusion of all other matters. The president of a South American republic, the arrival of unheralded and departed unknown, and a passing earthquake had to content with a scanty paragraph in the dailies. The raided boarding house was gutted completely without yielding a trace of the missing men. The police would have liked to question its proprietor, but he had folded his tent and departed in the night, and the house itself was being remodeled into a saloon. Every conceivable theory was exploited. Innumerable false clues were tracked into the blind alleys whence they had issued, and at length the police acknowledged themselves baffled and gave up the search. San Francisco went its course, eating and drinking, marrying and burying, until the lost squad remained, even in the mind of Halliday, only as a dim memory of a giant scoop.

One fine November day, about a year and a half after, Halliday was crossing from the ferry building to the north side of Market street. A transport from the Philippines had just docked, and his mind was busily engaged in transmitting the news of the voyage into a story. A cable car bore down upon him, but he skipped nimbly away, dodged under the nose of a dry horse and plumped square into the arms of a big man.

"I beg your pardon," he ejaculated. "No matter, sort no matter." "The voice had a familiar ring. Turning suddenly, he looked right into the man's eyes. A flush deepened the brick red of the fellow's cheek. Facing about, he walked rapidly up Sacramento street.

"Evidently a sailor," thought Halliday. "Sea legs bother him yet." He followed at a safe distance, trying to place the man. Where had he seen him before? Looked something like a policeman he had once known. But that rolling said! Absurd! Besides, Hennessy had left the force; gone to Oregon. No! That was Devlin! By Jove! Hennessy belonged to the lost squad. Quickening his pace, he overtook the sailor, who was turning down Sansome street.

"By Jinty, it is Hennessy!" he exclaimed. "He's making for North Beach. His folks live that way or did." Putting on a spurt, he ran alongside the man and clapped him on the shoulder.

"How are you, Hennessy? I didn't know you."

"The sailor jumped. "Ye have the advantage av me, sorr," he replied, but his eyes told another tale. "Rats! Come along, Hennessy, and have something. Where've you been? What's become of the boys? Tell us all about it."

"Who're ye Hennessy?" asked the sailor indignantly. "What naggot's got ye, me lad? Jack Smith's me name."

man, mighty polite, an' show us the min'."

"'Could I struggle wid another? I'll try me best. Yer health, sorr! Return in to me sthory, the father av sin leads us along a passage mighty dark, wid all manner av thrack av'ly' round. We bruk our skins, bumped our heads an' swore magnificent. Thin he throws open a door."

"'Here, noble captain,' he says, 'are the min' yer affther. An' don't be fergittin' yer promise.'"

"'Twenty years,' answers Crossman. 'Ye'll get it, me lad.' He turned one av the min' wid his fut. 'Come in, boys,' he says. 'We'll have to pack 'em out av this.'"

"'We fled in, an' I was the last inside. The door slammed behind me with a noise av thunder. 'That did ye do that for?' says Crossman, sharp. 'I didn't,' says I. 'Ye did,' says he. 'Open the door.' 'It's glad I'd be to do that same,' I says, 'but there's circumstances here ye no controul,' says I, 'which prevents. It's locked,' says I. Murder! He banged the door till it rang."

"'Iron,' he says when he'd tired av the diversion. 'Come this way, boys. Now, all together! Well, sorr, a ton av San Francisco polis hit that door wid a bang that would 'a' smashed a football team, but ne'er a quiver. 'Trapped!' hollers the sargent. 'Hinnissey,' he says, 'I'll have ye discharged.'"

"'This minit, sargent,' I answers, 'if it please ye! For I shan't av a quare shankin', sweet an' sickenin', an' I was thinkin' I'd niver see Biddy Hinnissey any more. Wurrro! It was powerful-like forty dry stores, on'y sthronker. Thin me head began to go round an' round. 'Holy smokes!' says Crossman. 'Chloroform! May the Lord have mercy on ye, Hinnissey! 'Een he keeled over an' lay quiet. The min banged about, gaspin' an' chokin' an' fallin' over one another for awhile. Thin the shtar got into me lims, an' I follows the sargent's lead an' shapes quiet as a babe.'"

The reporter's pencil raced over his paper. "Have another," he said, "while I catch up."

"Thank ye, I will so," said Hennessy. "Here's to that old crimp! May the devil soon get him!" "Well, what happened next?" "Sorra a thing I remember till I hears a voice rearin' in me ear an' a big fat lands in me ribs. 'Get up, Jack Smith,' says the voice. 'Ye've had time to shlope off yer drink.' 'Arrah, be aisy, Biddy,' I says. 'Thought I was in me bed at home. Yer fist's gettin' powerful heavy, me

mate, an' welcome, but for the pristin' ye'll take yer watch, ye son av a sea cook!'"

"An' Jack Smith it was for better nor a year. We sailed to the north, an' manny's the fat whales we shtruck, an' terrible the storms we weathered, but the grace av God! Mountains av ice sailed past us, an' sometimes the decks was covered wid snow an' ice. But av that I'll say nothin'. Thin winter come on we laid up in a northern port. The next season the luck followed us ag'in, for the summer was past we'd a full ship an' pulled for home."

"'Didn't you see anything of Crossman or the other boys?' asked the reporter. 'Crossman I saw, but the devil an eye I set on the others. A slumatched sailor's shtripped for a long y'ize, an' there's little doubt the squad's scattered from Japan to Jerusalem. This was the way av me swim Crossman. Thin a day's run home ward bound we sighted a whaler, an' she signalled us to take her letters. The weather bein' fine an' the sea calm, we run right about her. I was on the lookout an' sees a big tarry sailor shtrippin' over the side.'"

"'Hinnissey, be my father's bonny holloers,' Hinnissey' he roars. 'Get aboard an' report to yer sargeant av our. I'm minded,' says he, 'to stay aboard this here vessel while I make me report in Frisco.'"

"'Sargent Crossman, I answers, sittin' an' calm, dissemblin' me astonishment. 'Sargent Crossman, ye may be to hades. I'm for makin' me own report to Biddy Hinnissey. I'll give yer best respects.' I continues, very polite an' pleasant, to yer wife."

"'Come aboard, ye villain,' he roars, 'or ye'll be tried for insubordination!'"

"'I'll tell yer wife,' says I, soft an' sweet, 'as ye were lost in a bad sthorm; also that ye're spliced to an Eskimo woman. It's married she'll be afore ye arrive home.'"

"'Ye wouldn't do that, Hinnissey?' he says, grinnin' like the lady wid her head in the dog's mouth. 'No, Hinnissey, me best friend, ye wouldn't do that?'"

"'Faith an' I would,' says I finally. 'An', what's more,' I says, 'I'll have the crimp killed afore ye see Frisco.'"

SIBERIA IN WINTER.

ARCTIC GOLD AND IGINESS REIGN FOR FOUR MONTHS.

Vladivostok Then is Frozen Stiff, a World of Black and Deadly Frost. The Way Frozen Food is Displayed in the Ice-cream Cones and Ice-cream. Imagine a black world frozen stiff, and that is Vladivostok in winter. Wherever water once flowed, in bay or harbor, a wide, gray white road runs, and these are the only two colors in a wide, still world. There are no trees. The large forests of which the old travelers wrote have long since been cut down for fuel, and the impenetrable hills behind the town are all as bare as a man's hand. One behind these hills the endless rolling plain lies which is Siberia, says Herbage Edwards in London Black and White.

Directly summer is over all the wealth of flowers which for five short months have simply rioted in the land go black, die out. The earth freezes stiff. Winter has come, and black and still the world remains. In Vladivostok there is little snow. Sometimes a gray dust, more like powdered ice than snow, blows over the land, but for the most part it is a black, not a white, world of frost, and in its way it is more impressive. The earth freezes deep many feet down and is as hard as iron. The whole harbor turns a kind of dull gray. That, too, is frozen deep. To keep any sort of channel open the powerful ice breaker has to go through its work twice a day. Twelve hours of an ordinary winter's day is often sufficient to block the passage. And all this in a town in the same parallel as Marselles.

To those who have never experienced it real arctic cold is almost inconceivable. They cannot grasp the difference between 10 and 50 degrees of frost. It remains to them merely one of numbers. Indeed when once the winter has gone it is sometimes difficult to remember really how cold it was, but during the four severe winter months themselves it is a very solid and serious fact. Every night you go to sleep remembering, if you are new to such things, that a failure of the furnace which heats the house means death. You might wake first to know you were frozen or you might not. In the poorer houses the inhabitants sleep on the stoves, and the weak ones often die. Drunkenness here is often attended with a swift retribution, which does not in the least prevent it, and every day in every house are taken up frozen from the stoves, the spirit which is in them only has been the freezing, so that the carts which are always sent round to pick up the sailors when the crews of the men-of-war are ashore have to do their work quickly. In the summer time, when there is not the same need for hurry, the men often lie about in gutters until the afternoon. The word "gutters" is used simply to designate a certain part of the roadway. Gutters as such do not exist. The drunkenness among all classes of Russians is simply appalling. Others think nothing of taking a tumblerful of raw whiskey as a modest "bitters" before dinner.

When the wind is not blowing the cold is endurable, though five lined overcoats are not at all an extraordinary amount of winter wrap. You wear, of course, fur boots, fur gloves, fur caps. Women have their skirts and bodices lined with fur. Aibakot, being both soft and very warm, is often used for this purpose. It is quite astonishing the partiality for such things as oily sarlines that one develops.

In the winter time the bazaar is really a sight. Everything is frozen stiff. The huge, long storehouses from the interior stand in rows on their very sharp pointed noses. Baskets full of little fishes are piled together like chips of ice. Frozen birds hang down on long festoons, and the municipality is spared one trouble it never has to make away with food "gone bad." The bazaar is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese, the tall, dark, rough Chinese of the north, who wear wrapped up in wadded cotton clothes until they look like bundles of bedding. Without the Chinese and the Japanese Vladivostok would find it hard to exist. They do all the work of the town. The Russian garrison and gentry. The Chinese, the Germans, the Japanese and the other nations trade in it.

The great sport of Vladivostok in the winter is sledge racing, and when once the harbor is frozen over a proper course is marked off, and every one who owns a horse takes part. A Russian horse is a superior brute. He stands as high and looks as strong as a cart horse, but he goes like the wind. He will walk or he will gallop, but he does not consent to do anything between. His harness is weird and wonderful and very Russian, consisting primarily of a huge wooden half hoop over the head, the keystone of the whole structure, which is attached to the shafts by winding long, thin straps backward and forward. It takes hours to put this on, is always liable to come undone and if undone is very dangerous. An English lady once related to me with horror how she was taken for a drive in Vladivostok and the horse and carriage just went over everything—walls, banks or whatever came in the way. It is quite true, a Russian horse does, and if you have one driven behind one you are never nervous again. You are either killed or cured.

In Vladivostok you take your daily skate as your constitutional, and the most exciting thing to do is to sledage along the coast dangerous because shore ice is never quite trustworthy. To Askold, which is an island on the northeast coast of Siberia.

Out Loud. "Where's papa, Johnny?" "He's upstairs asleep." "Were you upstairs, dear?" "No, ma'am." "Then how do you know he's asleep?" "I heard him doing it. He's sleeping out loud."

Gave Him Time. "Judge," wailed the prisoner, "can't you give me a little time to think this thing over?" "Certainly," replied the magistrate. "Six months."—Philadelphia Record.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Charming Gown.

The gown shown in the illustration is built of tan colored linen, selected in a deep shade, the shade that goes so well with turquoise. There are, by the way, many new shades this year, and among the newest can be mentioned sand color, ripe apricot, raspberry pink, champagne and spinach. The last two being old favorites revived. But



TAN AND TURQUOISE. tan holds its own and, in the variations of tan, burnt bread, biscuit and the dull brown colors, is more popular this season than ever before. Nothing looks better with tan than turquoise, and this very pretty tan colored gown is trimmed with turquoise balls, which hang in rows upon the skirt. The waist is made of a lattice of tan colored linen and tan lace with blue balls where the pleeces cross. The sleeves are made in the full type, with wide wrists, trimmed with lace. This gown is very charmingly developed in two shades of red—namely, in watermelon pink, which is very red, and a very faint coral. A wide white hat, with white wigs sailing over the top, sets off this hat very prettily.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

For Summer Shirt Waists.

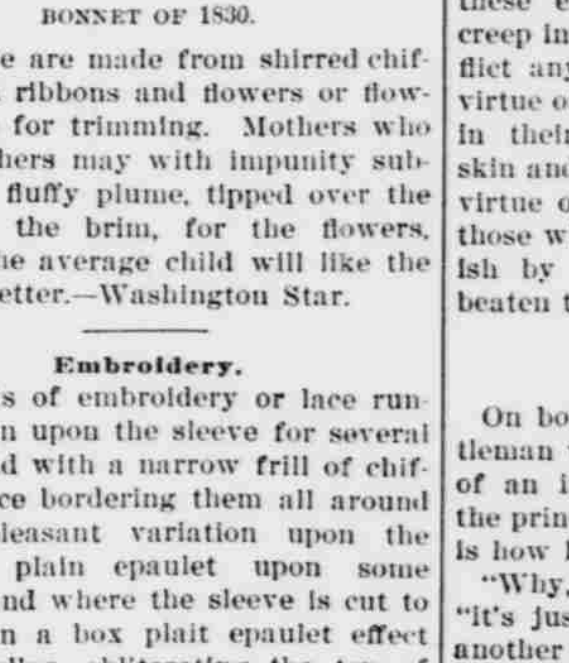
Shirt waists are still very much in evidence, and the materials used for their development are shown in great variety. While the extremely heavy vestings are no longer seen, there are many attractive samples of new-fashioned goods of light weight and having a rather coarse basket weave that will become popular and that will be worn with the outing or walking skirt and jacket. The lustrous finish of this new mercerized fabric, which is termed loche cloth and is shown only in rich cream tint, makes it like silk, and the soft, pliable quality is a feature worthy of consideration, as present modes demand materials of this sort, says the Designer.

Latest Fads in Belts.

The wide crush lambskin and kid belts in all shades are very popular. They are decorated with large brass buttons, and many handsome designs in buckles are in use. The Chinese embroidered belts come in all the gorgeous colorings, with handsome gold buckles. Japanese belts are winning favor from the harmonious blending of colors that render them available for almost any costume. They are adorned with many attractive designs in buckles.

Hats For Small Girls.

In hats for wee girls there is a distinct movement toward 1830 millinery. The square but capricious poke bonnet is shown, its brim filled in with flow-



ers. These are made from shirred chiffon, with ribbons and flowers or flowers alone for trimming. Mothers who love feathers may with impunity substitute a fluffy plume, tipped over the front of the brim, for the flowers, though the average child will like the flowers better.—Washington Star.

Embroidery.

Epaulets of embroidery or lace running down upon the sleeve for several inches and with a narrow frill of chiffon or lace bordering them all around are a pleasant variation upon some models, and where the sleeve is cut to run up in a box pleat epaulet effect to the collar, obliterating the top of the armhole seem altogether a little edge of lace sometimes is filled down either side of this box pleat from collar to cuff line.

A COOL OFFICER.

He Faced an Angry London Mob and Got Fair Play.

During the reform riots in Hyde park, London, in 1836 the mob on a well remembered night began tearing down the fences of Hyde park for fires and barricades. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells in his Atlantic Monthly of an English officer who was dining with a friend, all unconscious of the impending danger. Presently he received a summons from the war department, telling him that his regiment was ordered out to deal with the mob.

He hastened back to his own house, but when he called for his horse he found that his servant had received permission to go out for the evening and had the key of the stable in his pocket. The officer hastily donned his uniform and then had to proceed on foot to the guards' armory, which lay on the other side of Hyde park. Walking hastily in that direction, he came out unexpectedly at the very headquarters of the mob, where they were already piling up the fences.

His uniform was recognized, and angry shouts arose. It must have seemed for the moment to the mob that the Lord had delivered their worst enemy into their hands. He was but one thing to be done. He made his way straight toward the center of action and called to a man who was mounted on the pile and was evidently the leader of the tumult: "I say, my good man, my regiment has been called out by her majesty's orders. Will you give me a hand over this pile?"

The man hesitated a minute and then said, with decision: "Boys, the gentleman is right. He is doing his duty, and we have no quarrel with him. Lead a hand, and help him over."

This was promptly done, with entire respect, and the officer in brilliant uniform went hastily on his way amid three cheers from the mob. Then the mob returned to its work, to complete it if possible before he whom they aided should come back at the head of his regiment and perhaps order them to be shot down.

STRONG ON CULTURE.

Polish and Erudition of a Notorious New York Character.

Tom Gould, the notorious New York politician, saloon keeper and all round crook, was a man of great physical strength. One of his favorite feats was to back under a piano and then rise, lifting it off its feet. He was once asked to do a reception at the house of a member of the Four Hundred who was then in politics and wished for Gould's support. It is alleged that on being introduced to the ladies on this occasion Mr. Gould broke an embarrassing silence by observing: "Ladies, I'll bet \$100 I kin lift the pianer," which he then proceeded to do.

Another incident related of Tom Gould indicates that he was strong on culture. On one occasion he had left the Sans Souci earlier than usual, and the next day on meeting his nephew, whom he left in charge, he said: "Well, did anything happen after I left last night?" "Nothin' much," replied the nephew, "exceptin' there was a couple of fellers came in about 1 o'clock and kicked up a row, and we 'trun 'em out.'"

"How many times have I got to tell you how to speak English," demanded Gould impatiently. "Don't say 'trun 'em out.' Say 'trowed 'em out.'"

POKER CHIPS.

There are more than four "knaves" to the pack in some games. In big hands, as with big guns, you want to look out for the recoil. The moral motto, "Deal as you would be dealt by," is classed as the "joker" in a poker pack. It is awfully bad form, you know, to let the loss of a few chips make you look as cross as if you thought you were getting the double one. It may be good advice to "bet your hand for all its worth," but it is a highly dangerous thing to bet it for all or more than you are worth. Novice asks which is the right way to cut the cards. Our experience teaches us, my boy, that the right way and at the same time the only safe one is to cut them precisely as does a gilded hog a shabby acquaintance.—New York Herald.

A Japanese Legend.

The renovation of the Japanese for courage was as remarkable in Marco Polo's day as it is in the present. He narrates the story of an invasion of the country by the forces of the khan of Tartary. A Japanese army of 30,000 men was besieged in a tower. Refusing to surrender, they fought until all but eight of them were killed. On these eight—travelers' wonders must creep in—it was found impossible to inflict any wound. "Now, this was by virtue of certain stones which they had in their arms, inserted between the skin and the flesh. And the charm and virtue of these stones were such that those who wore them could never perish by steel." They were therefore beaten to death with clubs.

Making It Clean.

On board an ocean steamer a gentleman wished to help a lady who was of an inquiring mind to comprehend the principle of the steam engine. This is how he cleared away all difficulties: "Why, you see, ma'am, 'guth he, 'it's just one thing goes up and then another thing comes down, and then they let the smoke on, which makes the wheels go round. That's what they call the hydraulic principle. It's quite simple when you know it."

"Law me! I never understood it before. But, then, I never had it properly explained," replied the fair listener.—Tit-Bits.

Realism Explained.

"That was a splendid back fall you made in your death scene last night," remarked a young member of the company to the eminent tragedian. The latter looked at the flatterer with a suspicious glare. "Yes," he said, "and I'd like to lay my hands on the blithering idiot who soaped the stage floor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



AN' ye want to hear it from the beginnin' to the end."

girl. Get out wid yer Jack Smiths, I grumbled without openin' me eyes, for it's combin' yer hair wid the poker I'll be."

"Thin a big fist landed on me nose. 'I'll tache ye to check yer officer,' says the voice. Be the rod av Moses, sorr, I jumps up fightin' mad, but the slight I seed tuk all the crit out av me. 'I was in the middle av a dirty little room lined wid bunkes all round. It was dark an' gloomy, an' be the light av a slush lamp I saw a dozen min' sittin' wid the legs av them danglin' from the bunkes. A big man stood over me wid raised fist. 'Tumble up,' he says, 'Jack Smith.' 'An' I'd be glad to do that same,' says I. 'An' I know what it means. For I didn't like his looks. He was powerful big, hairy an' savage lookin'.' 'Git!' he says. 'Now, then,' I replies, 'ye're shplakin' av American.' I got. Up a ladder I stumbles, wid the man after me hot-foot, an', believe me, when I got to the top I nearly fainted from surprise. I rubbed me eyes an' hung on to a rope to keep from fallin'. Water, water everywhere, an' a pitchin' an' a tossin', gray in the distance like the clouds, an' black close by, with a sparkle av froth on the crest av each wave. The big mast rose straight above an' made me dizzy to look up, with the little round tops av thin whistlin' across the sky: the wind whistled mournful through the riggin', an' the heave av the vessel turned me sick at me stumnick."

"Swab thim decks, Jack Smith," says the big man. Mate he was, sorr, an' a hard man, but I wasn't goin' to knuckle down wid a struggle. 'Jack Smith yerself,' says I. 'Hinnissey's me name; for I'll av the San Francisco polis; for a good man, he the same taken, an' no tarry sailor. Put me ashore, ye blatherin' ruffian,' I continued, 'that I may resume me public duties.' 'Jack Smith's yer name,' says the man. 'Jack Smith av the ship Polly Ann, two days out from Frisco on a three years' whalin' cruise.' Then he smiles pleasant an' fetches me a clip betwixt the eyes av me. 'Jack Smith let it be,' says I when me emotion had subsided a little. 'It's innocent I'm travelin' this y'ize, but if ever I catch ye in San Francisco I'll—'

"Ye may do that same," says the

CURTAIN CALLS.

The Code in Germany Differs From That in This Country.

"There is an unwritten code of etiquette among actors in regard to curtain calls that appears to differ widely in different countries," says a St. Louis man.

"A friend of mine was recently telling me about the custom that obtains in this respect in certain theaters and opera houses in German cities, and from what he says it is exactly the reverse of what it is here. Over there the star or leading player takes the first curtain call alone. If there is a second curtain call the star and associate player of the opposite sex appear together on the stage to respond to it, and should a third call from the audience be given the entire company appears in answer to it. The customs of our stage generally reverse this procedure. Among us the first curtain call is responded to by the entire company, the second by three or four or five of the principal players, the third by the leading man and woman alone, and then if there are more by the star or leading player."

"This is of course dealing with the subject in a general way and considering the circumstances as those which may ordinarily obtain. Where two or three players only are concerned in the scene that brings the applause why, naturally the other members of the company would have no part in the responses."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Crickets in Japan.

There is a large green cricket, larger than our native variety, of which the children in Japan are fond. It is said in a cunning little bamboo cages in booths on the streets and is loved for its cheery chirp. Several varieties of tree crickets are pure white, coming along the coast dangerous because shore ice is never quite trustworthy. To Askold, which is an island on the northeast coast of Siberia.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF A SQUAD OF POLICE.

BERGEANT AND TWELVE MEN SPIRITED AWAY.