AT THE BEND OF THE STREAM

By J. P. COUGHLAN

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"Och, Pat, ye are me darlin';
Ye are me heart's delight!"

As Pat Casey strolled down the street of unlit Kilclooney, lilting and singing as he went, he smiled broadly on the world, and the world, or at least Kilclooney, smiled back at Pat.

When about to turn down the lane that led to his own snug farmhouse Pat's song was interrupted by a voice behind him. Turning and seeing Father Matt Daly standing in the roadway, he respectfully lifted his cap saying:

"Good evenin', yer riverence."

"Good evening to you, Pat" replied Father Matt. "'Tis a happy man you seem to be this day."

"Faith, then, happy I am, yer riverence, an' 'tis I that have the good cause."

"Good cause, Pat! And what is it may I ask?"

"An' who's the better right to? Why but 'tis a sacret yet an' mustn't go farther than yerself, but I think I'll have a nate job for yer riverence very soon."

"I'm glad to learn it, Pat. Jobs are scarce just now, and they are hard times for the clergy. And what may it be?" asked Father Matt, with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

Pat looked cautiously around and, putting his hand sideways to his mouth, whispered loudly:

"Nora Condon has taken me for her husband, yer riverence."

"That's the secret, is it?" laughed the priest. Then, with a serious face, he added:

"Nora Condon is a good girl, and indeed I must say you're not a bad boy yourself, Pat; but, remember, don't dare to come to me before the altar until you've given me your firm promise to give up your illegal ways. The church commands us to obey the laws."

"Ah, yer riverence, sure 'tis the hard thing to be divin' the drop of the cratur' out of the country altogether, but before I'm married I'll make ye the promise."

"I'm sincerely glad to hear it, Pat. Good evening, and God bless you."

"Thank ye kindly, yer riverence; good evenin'."

As Pat left the priest to continue his homeward walk a complacent smile crossed his handsome, good natured face. "Faix, an' I suppose his riverence is right," he mused to himself. "We'll have one good flow tonight, an' with the help of God 'twill be the last. Ould Gauger Nicholas would give somethin' to be able to discover on me, but after tonight I can snap me fingers at him. He's a terrible villain entirely, an' I have no doubt he has a sweet spot in the corner of his withered ould heart for me own Nora; but, faith, won't he grind his ugly ould teeth when he sees me l'adin' Nora up to the altar as if she was a queen in her own right an' me the king of Munster?"

That night lights burned brightly in the Casey household, and from the kitchen chimney the blue smoke curled up into the midnight air, but if a friend of the family came, doubtless, after passing the time of night with those in the kitchen, he would find his way down to the little stream that skirted the bounds of Pat Casey's farm.

At one spot down by this picturesque stream the water, passing through a barren, rocky patch, made a V shaped loop around a knot of bowlders. Near to these was a sort of natural cave known only to the Caseys and their immediate friends and formed by them into a neat distillery, where from time immemorial the "mountain dew" was turned out in considerable quantities and in almost perfect immunity from disturbance.

On this particular night Pat Casey attended to the still. Ned Hanlon took charge of the precious fluid as it filtered slowly through the worm, and Jerry Casey stirred the "wash" out into the stream that flowed beyond. Not a vestige of smoke appeared in the cave or went up from above it. From the fire under the still a pipe ran under the ground for a hundred yards or so until, reaching the house, it stealthily joined the capacious and respectable chimney of the farmhouse, the two smokes mingling innocently as they mounted skyward.

The three men were shortly joined by another.

"Pat," said he, "ye want to be very cautious tonight, I tell ye. I was in Cahircoolen today, an' ould Nicholas seemed to be very busy between the magistrates and the police barracks. I only hope he hasn't his eye on us. Did ye hear that he bought the Widow Bryan's over the sthrame there next to this?"

"Oh, we heard that a fortnight agone, Thady," said Pat Casey, "an', what's more, we know he'd like to be able to add this one to it, but he won't do it while Pat Casey is alive."

"Hush! Hush! I hear a noise over head!" cried Jerry.

Suddenly a head came through a hole in the roof.

"Quick, boys, for the love of heaven! Jackeen Dooley, who has been watchin' up at the cross of the four roads, says that the pleece are stealin' down, an' ould Nicholas is at the head of 'em."

Without a word the lights were put out and the fire was pitched bodily into the stream and with it the contents of every vessel in the cave except one bottle, which Pat Casey took with him. In less than two minutes there was not a trace of recent operations, and the men stole to the house.

They were not more than well placed inside when they could plainly hear the policemen's voices coming from the spot where they were so energetically engaged but a few minutes previously. They had not much longer to wait when the sounds approached nearer, and suddenly Nicholas and his policemen burst into the kitchen.

"You've been warned of my visit, Pat Casey, and, though I haven't caught you in the act of illicit distillation, we have discovered potheen making apparatus on your land, and when you appear before the magistrate you will be accordingly liable to a fine of a hundred pounds. We have seized the still and worm"—

"Thank ye for yer information, Mr. Nicholas, but it seems to me that yer business is to carry out the law an' not to be givin' information about it. I've forgot more law than ye've ever learned, as perhaps ye may find out one of these fine days." With this elaborate retort Pat turned on his heel.

"Well, I thought I would prepare you"—

"An' now prepare to take yerself out of here an' not be disturbin' me an' me family," said Pat.

When the intruders had gone Pat Casey dived his hand into a big pot of mashed fodder, and, producing the bottle he had carried away from the cave, he filled a horn all round and asked "one an' all" to drink a toast.

"To Nora, an' confusion take the gaugers!"

And then was begun the most difficult part of the night's business.

Three days later Pat Casey and a group of friends stood in a little knot outside the dingy little building called the petty sessions courthouse of Cahircoolen waiting for their case to be called.

When the pompous clerk called out "The king versus Patrick Casey and others," all filed in and sat on a long bench behind Mr. Hanrahan, their counsel. The crown prosecutor opened the case briefly for the king. The charge was simple, but serious. Utensils for the manufacture of illicit whisky were found on Casey's land. Mr. Nicholas and the three policemen gave evidence for the prosecution, and then Mr. Hanrahan rose to state the case for the defense.

He expressed his intention to call no witnesses. The question was entirely one of fact. Mr. Nicholas and his police witnesses had spoken of having raided the land of his client, a most respectable and worthy man, and they testified to having found thereon certain utensils, but—and here Mr. Hanrahan paused to give due effect to his pronouncement—no evidence had been adduced to show that the land was the property of the defendants or in their possession.

Great sensation in court, during which the defendants grinned broadly and the prosecution assumed a perplexed frown. Mr. Hanrahan then produced a map of the estate prepared by the landlord and invited Nicholas to indicate the precise spot where the utensils were found. Nicholas did so, marking a spot on Casey's side of the stream. The accuracy of that Mr. Hanrahan at once begged leave to doubt. Then ensued a long legal wrangle, which was ended only by the long suffering magistrate deciding to adjourn the court to the disputed spot and there decide the matter for himself.

In less than half an hour three car loads of people, magistrate, counselors, prosecutors and defendants, drove off from the courthouse amid the admiring cheers of the assembled mob.

Throughout the journey Nicholas was grumpy and silent. From the doubtful knowledge which he possessed of the land so recently purchased by him from the Widow Bryan he began to fear that in the excess of his zeal he had pounced upon a still on his own land.

Surely enough his fears were confirmed. The stream ran most conclu-

Nicholas and his policemen burst into the kitchen.

sively on Pat Casey's side of the guilty spot, and the party returned to the courthouse to go through the formality of discharging the defendants.

That trouble off his mind and enjoying the sensation of being the hero of the barony, Pat made all haste with the preparations for his wedding to Nora Condon. Not many days later the pair presented themselves at the Kilclooney parish church.

Before the ceremony began Father Matt took Pat into the sacristy and spoke to him about his promise to give up potheen making. "Faith, yer riverence, this happy day I make the promise with a heart and a half."

"That's right, Pat. I'm glad to find you speaking so manly. And now tell me," he added suddenly, "did you and the boys divert the stream the night after the ganger pounced upon you?"

Pat's reply was indirect: "Well, yer riverence, Nicholas coveted my patch of land, an' me an' the boys thought we would give him a taste of it to please him. We wanted to do it without his knowin' it, an' more especially as it was easy to do that same because that strame was turned many an' many a time by me father an' the Widow Bryan, accordin' to which way they wanted to irrigate the land. So that's how the turnin' didn't show, all the ground about bein' the same lookin'."

"My clerk, who was in Cahircoolen yesterday, tells me, Pat, that Nicholas is going to leave Cahircoolen," said Father Matt as they walked back into the church.

"Good fortune never comes in small doses," said Pat Casey fervently.

Maternal Faith.

"I always knew you did Josh an injustice," said Mrs. Corntossel. "Some of the folks that was to town said he told 'em he was on the water wagon now."

"That's good news."

"Of course it is. It shows the boy ain't afraid of work. If he can't find anything else to do, he'll drive a sprinkling cart."—Washington Star.

BEATING GOLD LEAF

THE WAY THE SQUARES OF METAL ARE WORKED UNDER THE HAMMER.

Gradually Reduced In Thickness Until the Sheets Are Transparent and So Fine That 300,000 of Them In a Pile Would Measure but an Inch.

A local sign writer was in the window of a large F street establishment putting gold leaf on the outlines of letters he had made with a stencil. The curiosity of a reporter was aroused as to how these tiny sheets of gold were reduced to such minute thinness. A visit to the establishment of one of Washington's largest sign writers and a talk with the proprietor brought forth the following:

"I learned the gold beater's trade in Rochester some years ago. Imagine a slab of gold measuring eight inches in width, ten inches in length and half an inch in thickness being reduced to 3,520 sheets of gold, each five inches square and almost transparent, and you get a vague idea of the queer industry known as gold beating.

"Imagine a square of gold three-hundredths of an inch in thickness, and you will appreciate the brawn and brain making for the result, and then reflect that the word 'beating' means just 'beating'—for no power other than the strength of a man's arm is used in the process—and you will have been mentally initiated into the mysteries of a silent art.

"Few persons are familiar with the work for several reasons: First, there are less than twenty-five gold beating establishments in the country; second, it is an exclusive industry, and few, either manufacturers or laborers, are admitted to its secrets, and, third, the trade is limited. Therefore it is a most interesting study.

"The gold beater buys direct from the government assay office, where the gold is weighed, stamped and guaranteed. A fraction too much of alloy would cause it to pulverize or part into fragments. Twenty-three carat gold is used exclusively. Usually the gold comes in nuggets weighing fifty-five pennyweights and valued at $55 each.

"After the gold has been received it is placed in a crucible and made ready for the beating about to follow. It is molded into a shape which will fit into the only power machine in the place, which compresses the gold into a ribbon ten yards in length, one inch in width and one thirty-second inch in thickness. Out of this ribbon are cut 220 squares of equal size.

"The work of reducing is begun. To each workman is given twenty-five squares, and these he places between the leaves of a book. This book is a 'kutch' paper and is sealed with a patent envelope device which prevents the loss of particles of gold, a precaution made necessary by the many turnings and floppings of the book in the process. A sixteen pound hammer is used, and the beater is compelled to work uninterruptedly for twenty minutes to gain the desired measurement.

"Wielding a sixteen pound hammer for a few seconds only is exhausting work for the uninitiated, but the beaters hammer away as if it was boys' play. They must grasp the end of the hammer farthest from the head, which increases its weight, but the benches they use are so constructed that they cause a small rebound of the hammer.

"When the 'kutch' book is opened twenty-five sheets are taken out, and each sheet of gold is cut into four pieces. Its thickness has been reduced in the operation from one thirty-second of an inch to one one-hundredth of an inch. Twenty-five of these squares are put into a book called the 'shodder.' The 'shodder' is not a paper, but a skin, and it is said that certain intestinal parts of 500 oxen are required to make a package or book of twenty-five papers. The 'shodder' is made in England by a secret process. It is the most exclusive industry in the world.

"Like the 'kutch' book, the 'shoder' book is sealed and handed to the artist, who is required to pound it ninety minutes with a twelve pound hammer. This reduces the thickness, and when it is taken out of the book each leaf of gold is again cut into one inch squares. This time the gold is so fragile that a metal knife blade, no matter how sharp, would break the edges; so a knife with double blades is used, requiring only two strokes to cut a square.

"Now comes the last beating. Each square is again put into a book called a 'mold.' Forty minutes' beating is required to give this the proper size. When the leaves of gold are removed they are transparent, but perfect in shape and unbroken. It would require 300,000 of them to make one inch in thickness.

"The last operation is to send them to the booking room, where women remove the gold leaves and place them in wax paper books ready for sale. The leaves are so delicate that they can be handled only with bamboo sticks. So adhesive is the gold that if a leaf is broken in removing it is easily patched without a trace of it being apparent to the naked eye."—Washington Star.

Story of a Widow's Mite.

Here's a "widow's mite" story. A widow in West Bromwich, England, obtained a farthing in a breach of promise action she brought against a faithless sweetheart. She put it in the window of her tobacco shop with a printed warning to trusting women to beware of "Mizpah" rings, and inviting men to come and buy "breach of promise cigars" and "widow's mite cigarettes." The result was such a big business that the police had to stand by to keep the pavement clear, while nineteen men, mostly widowers, came and offered themselves in marriage.

Taking No Chances.

A canny Scot got on a tramcar, intending to make the full journey, costing 3 pence, but only took a penny ticket and renewed it twice at the end of each stage. On the last stage the conductor remonstrated with him, saying he ought to have taken out a threepenny ticket at the beginning of his journey and saved unnecessary trouble. "Na, na!" said the Scot. "Had I dune sae and yer cable had broken doun I micht hae lost ma thruppence; but, as it is, I canna lose mair than ae penny!"

GLASS MANUFACTURE.

The Art Goes Back to a Time Beyond the Knowledge of Man.

The art of glass manufacture goes back into antiquity to a time "when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary," yet we cannot penetrate the mists which hang over the infancy of what has for ages been a useful industry. Its original discovery is alleged, on the authority of several reputable writers, to have been the result of an accident in which some nitrum (supposed by some to have been salt) was fused with sand. The date of this event is not even approximately given, but is said to have taken place on the banks of the Belus, in Palestine, where some mariners had landed and were cooking their meals, using blocks of nitrum to hold their pots in position.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives a cut of a piece of Egyptian sculpture work which represents two glassblowers plying their art in a manner which strikes one as being surprisingly like that practiced at the present time. Sir Gardner informs us that this sculpture was executed about 3,500 years ago during the reign of Beni Hassan. Theban paintings and sculptures which are known to date back to the time of the exodus, 1400 B. C., show glass drinking vessels of delicate patterns and fine workmanship, in some instances rivaling similar vessels of modern make.

Closure by Sleep.

Once upon a time the Baltimore Reform league, of which C. J. Bonaparte was then president, undertook an investigation of the official doings of a prominent federal officeholder. Mr. Bonaparte, who did most of the investigating, discovered what he regarded as a long series of deliberate violations of the civil service rules. He drew up a report accordingly and proposed to submit it for the approval of the association at its next annual meeting. Meanwhile the friends of the official in question in the association—for, like every other organization, it has its hypocrites—secretly decided to "pack" the meeting and vote the report down. They arrived bright and early and waited for the roll call. But Mr. Bonaparte was not to be so easily overcome. After listening attentively to the formal and specious arguments against the report he arose and made a speech of half an hour's length, bitterly arraigning the official in the limelight. Then, seeing that the latter's friends still remained by their guns, he began the same speech all over again. When it was done once more he began it another time, and so he talked, on and on, over and over, six, seven, eight, ten times, until it was nearly dawn and the last friend of the official was asleep. Then he and his faithful followers adopted the report. He had taken care to send copies of it to the morning papers beforehand. He knew what the result would be.—John F. Brownell in Leslie's Popular Monthly.

My First Musk Ox.

I was in a dripping perspiration and had dropped my fur capote and cartridge belt after thrusting half a dozen shells into my pocket. On and on I ran, wondering, in a semidazed way, if the musk oxen were really on the other side of the ridge. Finally the ridge took a sharp turn to the north, and as I reached the top of it there—about 100 yards ahead—were two of the musk oxen running slowly but directly from me. Instantly the blood coursed through my veins, and the mist cleared from my eyes. Dropping on one knee I swung my rifle into position, but my hand was so tremulous and my heart thumped so heavily that the front sight wabbled all over the horizon. I realized that this might be the only shot I should get, for Indians in more propitious seasons had gone into the Barren grounds and not seen even one herd. Yet the musk oxen going away from me all the while, every instant of time seemed an insuperable age. The agony of those few seconds I waited so as to steady my hand! Once or twice I made another attempt to aim, but still the hand was too uncertain. I did not dare risk a shot. When I had rested a minute or two—that seemed fully half an hour—at last the front sight held true for an instant, and I pressed the trigger.

The exultation of that moment when I saw one of the two musk oxen stagger and then fall I know I shall never again experience.—Caspar Whitney in Outing.

Dog Pleads Before Judge.

An amusing trial has ended at Prague in which a dog played the leading part.

The owner of the dog was sued by an engineer, who claimed damages for a bite from the animal. He also denounced the dog as vicious. At the trial a veterinary surgeon who was called in tried his utmost to irritate the dog by teasing him, but the animal kept its temper.

The complainant then demanded that in order to test its real disposition its owner should be turned out of court and the dog let loose among the audience. This was done after the dog had been muzzled.

The dog, however, continued to display the greatest good humor, holding up one paw after another and wagging its tail. Finally it ran to the judge, before whom it sat on its hind legs begging in a most pathetic manner. The judge thereupon pronounced the dog to be a veritable lamb and gave judgment for its owner.

Too Unanimous.

"Talk about men being lords of creation! Why, I can twist that husband of mine around my little finger."

"Yes, I suppose so. He's rather small, isn't he, and quite slender?"

"Small and slender? He isn't any such thing. There's enough of him, let me tell you, to make a million such husbands as yours."—Chicago Tribune.

Caught at the First Trial.

Mr. Cleverly—I have a great joke on my wife. I've just bought her a hat for $5 and had it sent home with a fifteen dollar mark on it. She'll never know the difference. Mrs. Cleverly (later)—Harold, dear, I guess I would better buy my own hats after this. I could have done a good deal better for $15. You've been awfully cheated. Why, I saw this very same hat in the window with a five dollar mark on it.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN AND FASHION

For Summer Wear.

Custom cannot stale the infinite variety of the blouse. The dainty little waist sketched is of accordion plaited white crepe de chine, but any of the pretty wash materials could be made up in the same fashion. Bias taffeta forms the straps which ornament the

WHITE CREPE DE CHINE BLOUSE

swiss embroidered yoke, and a fall of the same very much used embroidery is draped over the shoulders.

The sleeves are accordion plaited to match the blouse fronts and back and trimmed with bias bands of taffeta. A girdle of white taffeta is folded over a fitted lining of canvas. Dresden ribbon would make an attractive belt where a little color is required. When the blouse is to be made of wash fabric, Persian mull is serviceable and pretty to use, with insertions of val lace.

New Linens For Gowns.

One of the virtues which are required of a fashionable material is that it should assume an appearance which its name hardly guarantees, and many of the new linens resemble canvas and voiles, some of them being very loosely woven. The flecked and granule effects recall hopsacking and make very substantial dresses, for it is even expected of linen that it should be supple and capable of being gathered and tucked. It is being trimmed with broad brocaded bands, also made in linen, embellished with a gold thread here and there; metallic buttons are introduced, and appliques of guipure are also a favorite garniture. It is dotted and spotted, especially with black. Where the fabric is plain the trimming is more ornate; where fancifully woven it is often made with hardly any adornment at all. Linen batiste will be one of the favorite fabrics of the year, trimmed with open stitchery after Tenerife and Japanese designs, and a great deal of lace is being used.

A Charming Summer Gown.

Nowadays the girl of sixteen is not content to be dressed "anyhow." In fact, at this age she is more sensitive as regards her clothes than she will probably be again in her life. In the illustration will be seen a charming summer gown that will suit the most fastidious schoolgirl.

It is carried out in gray voile over white silk. The skirt is box plaited all round, the plaits stitched down be-

GOWN FOR "SWEET SIXTEEN."

low the hips, while an entre deux of lace finishes the hem. The waist boasts a tucked yoke, outlined with cream lace and a cape of lace so arranged as to suggest the fashionable low shouldered effect. The sleeves are gathered into soft puffs and frills.

The hat is a dainty affair of pale blue satin straw, ridged to present the appearance of a spider's web. The top is covered with masses of blue convolvuli, and on each side of the chapeau are flat rosettes of blue satin ribbon.

Smart Shoes For Summer.

Shoes in a light champagne shade will be much seen this summer, adorned with pouffs of chiffon or embroidered in the prevailing tones of the costume. Distinctly novel are the tongueless shoes, the stocking showing through the lacing, although lacing is rather a misnomer, for they are fastened by the most lovely ribbons imaginable, terminating in a large bow near the toe. The smartest tongueless shoes have a perforated pattern. Naturally with the hose so much en evidence only the very prettiest designs are worn.

Her Status Explained.

Bobby is a little Germantown boy who is a seeker after the wherefore of things. Some days since he was questioning his father as to the nature of a weapon.

"A weapon, my son," explained his father, "is something to fight with."

"Is ma your weapon, pa?"

Fell Into Luck.

Artist—What a beautiful place this is! I suppose you came here for the view? Old Lady—No, I wasn't consulted. I was born here.

"THREE FISHERS."

The Incident Which Moved Kingsley to Write the Poem.

Charles Kingsley wrote the "Three Fishers" as a result of the many sad sights he had seen at Clovelly. One day of horror in particular lived in his memory, a day, as he described it, "when the old bay lay darkened with the gray columns of the waterspouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale, and the tiny herring boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them, and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone a single dawn saw upward of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fullness of strength and courage." These scenes lived ever in his mind.

But the "Three Fishers" was written as a result of one of the strangest incidents in the stormy career of the preacher-author. In 1851 he preached a sermon in a London church on "The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man." At its close the vicar rose and denounced him. Bishop Blomfield forbade Kingsley to preach again in his diocese until, having read the sermon and seen its author, he withdrew the edict. The same night upon which he delivered his discourse Kingsley went to his home weary. There had nearly been a riot in the church. Sick at heart, he retired to his study. When he reappeared he handed to his family his immortal song, "as though it were the outcome of it all," as his wife said.

HEART PROVERBS.

He that hath no heart ought to have heels.

A happy heart is better than a full purse.

What comes from the heart goes to the heart.

He who hath most heart knows most of sorrow.

A cheerful countenance betokens a good heart.

No estate can make him rich that has a poor heart.

The heart's testimony is stronger than a thousand witnesses.

A glad heart seldom sighs, but a sorrowful mouth often laughs.

The heart is the hidden treasure of man; the tongue is the gate to the treasure.

A good heart is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, for it shines bright and never changes.

There never was a heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.

A PALACE OF ICE.

Cavern In Hungary That Is One of the Marvels of Europe.

The ice cavern near Dobschau, Hungary, is one of the most remarkable but least known marvels of Europe. Though spoken of as a cavern, in reality it is an ice palace, the roof, floor and walls being of ice, sometimes opaque, sometimes as diaphanous as glass. The frozen water assumes many quaint and beautiful forms. Pillars, vases, grottoes, couches and waterfalls meet the eye at every turn.

Herr Ruffiny has the honor of being its discoverer. One day while shooting among the hills he was startled by the peculiar echo of his gun, an echo which suggested the near presence of a vast cavity or hollow. After a long search he was rewarded by finding a small aperture in the hillside overgrown by bushes and trees. The next day he returned, accompanied by two friends, who lowered him by ropes into the space. As he swung into the darkness a bitter cold, which increased as he descended, was felt.

At last he felt his feet touch the ground, and, looking around him, he found himself in a vast hall which he could but dimly see. The ice palace was discovered.

A Warm Bed.

A prominent actress tells this incident that happened when she was playing in "Madame Sans-Gene:"

"I was playing the part of the blanchisseuse in the laundry scene and was busily engaged in ironing when a cat which had its home somewhere about the theater came walking on to the stage. I thought this would furnish a good opportunity to give a realistic domestic touch to the scene, and so, when puss came purring up and rubbed against me, I stroked her fur, spoke to her, and then, for fear she might be distracting, I picked her up and put her down on the nearest place at hand, saying, 'There, pussy, go to sleep.'

"The cat curled up contentedly, and I went on with my lines. Suddenly I was aware of a murmur among the audience, which increased to a ripple of laughter. I realized something was up and turned instinctively to look at puss. There she was, asleep, where I had put her, among the irons on the 'redhot' range."

Practical Demonstration.

At an encampment of British troops in the East Indies one of the officers had a horse stolen, but the thief, missing his way, was detected and brought back. The next morning the officer inquired how he had got possession of the horse. The man replied that he could not well tell his honor, but would be pleased to show him. "Now," said he, "this is how I crawled over the grooms. The next thing was to loosen the ropes behind. I then clapped a halter over the neck thus." "Admirable!" said the officer. "In this manner, sir, observe I jumped upon his back." He then gave the horse a smart cut with a whip, put him to full speed and carried him clear off, to the mortification of the astonished owner.—London Chronicle.

Trying It on the Dog.

North—You never seem to be impatient when somebody recommends something for your cold. West—Oh, no. I just repeat it to somebody else for trial upon himself. If it helps him, I shall know there's something in it. If it doesn't, it can't have any bad effect upon me, you know. — Boston Transcript.

LAKE CICOTT.

The Secret of Its Rise and Fall Is a Deep Mystery.

Lake Cicott has been an interesting phenomenon to the people of northern Indiana for many years, but the secret of its rise and fall has never been discovered. It is the only lake in Cass county and is about one mile wide and about one mile long. The water is clear and cold and perfectly fresh. Its most mysterious characteristic is the fact that it overflows its banks every seventh year. The farmers who own the land upon its banks have become so used to this that they never attempt to cultivate the land in the seventh year, but give it up without protest, as they know it is sure to be claimed by the waters.

The Pottawatomie Indians, who inhabited what is now Cass and adjoining counties, were familiar with the characteristic of the lake. They believed that the bottom was inhabited by a powerful spirit, which at intervals of seven years caused the lake to overflow. They construed this action as approval of the tribe by the spirit and watched anxiously for the time to come, for they saw in the rising waters a sure indication that they had done nothing to displease it. The early white settlers became acquainted with the legend, and the oldest inhabitant is not able to recall a time that the overflow did not take place when expected.—Toledo Blade.

THE LAW IN KOREA.

Queer Ways of Punishing the Relatives of Criminals.

Angus Hamilton in his book on Korea says: "The inhabitants are peculiarly proficient in the art of doing nothing gracefully. There are, therefore, infinite charm and variety in the daily life of Korea. The natives take their pleasures passively, and their constitutional incapacity makes it appear as if there were little to do but to indulge in a gentle stroll in the brilliant sunshine or to sit cross legged within the shades of their houses. Inaction becomes them. Nothing could be more unsuited to the character of their peculiar costume than vigorous movement. The stolid dignity of their appearance and their stately demeanor add vastly to the picturesqueness of the street scenes. The white coated, white trousered, white socked, slowly striding population is irresistibly fascinating to the eye."

Here are some of the punishments prescribed by Korean law: Treason, man—Decapitated, together with male relatives to the fifth degree. Mother, wife and daughter poisoned or reduced to slavery. Treason, woman—Poisoned. Murder, man—Decapitated. Wife poisoned. Murder, woman—Strangled or poisoned. Arson, man—Strangled or poisoned. Wife poisoned. Arson, woman—Poisoned. Theft, man—Strangled, decapitated or banished. Wife reduced to slavery; confiscation of all property. Desecration of graves—Decapitated, together with male relatives to the fifth degree. Mother, wife and daughter poisoned. Counterfeiting—Strangulation or decapitation. Wife poisoned.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

The Famous Case of Lesurques of the Lyons Mail.

The most famous of all cases of mistaken identity is that of Lesurques, charged with the robbery and murder of the courier of the Lyons mail, which has been so vividly brought home to us through the dramatic play based upon it. Lesurques was positively identified as a man who had traveled by the mail coach, and he was in due course convicted. Yet at the eleventh hour a woman came into court and declared his innocence, swearing that the witnesses had mistaken him for another, Duboscq, whom he greatly resembled. She was the confidant of one of the gang who had planned and carried out the robbery. But her testimony, although corroborated by other confederates, was rejected, and Lesurques received sentence of death. Lesurques died protesting his innocence to the last. Four years elapsed before Duboscq was captured. In the interval others of the gang had passed through the hands of the police, but the prime mover was only now taken. Even then he twice escaped from prison. When finally he was put on his trial and the judge ordered a fair wig, such as Lesurques had worn, to be placed on his head, the strange likeness was immediately apparent. He denied his guilt, but was convicted and guillotined. Thus two men suffered for one offense.

One Cent Claims Against Uncle Sam.

There have been several one cent claims against the United States government. One was by the Southern Pacific, which submitted a bill of $5.29 for hauling government freight. It was a bond aided road, only part of its bills against the government being paid in cash, the rest going to the railroad's credit on the bonds. In this case its credit was $5.28 and its cash a cent. Another government obligation of a single cent was in favor of a chemical company which for some unexplained reason agreed in a public competition to supply 16,892 pounds of ethyl ether for a cent. The offer was accepted. There were nine signatures, one that of a rear admiral, on the paper relating to the establishment of this claim, and the warrant for payment had to be signed by several persons.

A Gormandizer.

Some years ago the late Marquis of Queensberry made a bet of 1,000 guineas that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any Sir John Lade could find. The bet being accepted, the time was appointed, but his lordship not being able to attend the exhibition he wrote to his agent to know the result and presently received the following note:

My Lord—I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple pie.

Amending the Notice.

The mistress of a very dirty lodging house posted at the entrance this notice: "Visitors will please wipe their feet." After inspecting the apartment one visitor added to the notice "on going out."—Farm Journal.