

The Siege of Laurel Hall

By Elmore Elliott Peake

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A PARTY of four, two men and two women, stood on a wind swept, hammock hung piazza of the cotton club. On the right, the broad Atlantic, on the left, the narrow channel which separated the island from the Georgia mainland. The party had evidently just descended from the clubhouse, for a moment they halted in a rather awkward silence, the young women hesitating to look at the ocean, the young man hesitating to look at nothing, and in fact looking very closely at the young women. Then by tacit consent they all descended the long flight of steps, part of at the bottom and strode down the gravelled walk to a pier on the channel side. Here they embarked in a rowboat and crossed to the mainland, just below the club stairs.

They climbed the short, steep ascent and were met at the stable door by a negro leading two horses, bridled and fitted with side saddles. The younger man politely took charge of his lady's horse, but before the comparison of the taller young woman could do the same she herself ostentatiously held out her hand for the gridle of her mount, a powerful black fellow with glossy coat and shining eyes, for whose look the dark horse had a most lively respect.

Between the woman and horse there seemed a kind of affinity. Indeed one would have picked just such a horse for such a woman. Her well braced shoulders, sloping back and firmly lifted brows suggested an intense vitality and a never failing flow of spirits. Her brown eyes had a way of seeing themselves upon an object which amused, sometimes fairly provoked, and sometimes fairly terrified the object. Her wavy brown hair hung as closely to her shapely head as if it had been made there. Yet any impression of femininity which one might have got from these physical attributes would have been instantly effaced by the soft droop of her mouth or by a closer look into those same level eyes, in whose depths there lay a wonderful tenderness.

The man opposite her, a man of thirty perhaps, and dark, must have had such a closer look, or else was a man of vision, for he seemed not at all disconcerted by the rather haughty front which the young woman presented to him as they stood a little apart from the other couple. His face was sober enough, but smiling about in his shadow dark eyes was something suspiciously like a twinkling.

"You think you are a man of it, don't you?" he asked, smiling at her. "That doesn't necessarily mean that you know," he added, with perhaps just a touch of irony.

"I don't think you need trouble either of you, Mr. Middleton," she answered, pronouncing the name distinctly.

"It wouldn't be much trouble," he returned, smiling, still stroking Mahomet's nose, but this was too much, declared it was.

"Mr. Middleton," she exclaimed, laughing, "if a gentleman I think you can make the most unpretentious of insinuations of any man in my circle."

"I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of me," answered Middleton gravely, "the more so as I have the greatest respect for your judgment." Had there been the faintest streak of irony in his last remark, it would have been unappreciated. Miss Elphinstone made no answer, there seemed none to make, and she continued, "I suggested getting home with you because I know that your father desires to have you run the country alone since he has withdrawn these engagements."

"My father will appreciate your kindness, Miss Elphinstone," she answered, smiling graciously.

"The other couple who seemed to be part of the same party, were not in the least disconcerted by the conversation between Miss Elphinstone and her companion, and it seemed to them that the conversation was of a most unpretentious nature.

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He was sometimes called since his elevation to the position of the young woman at the steps of the porch, put an arm around each of them, as if both were his daughters, and kissed them in courtly fashion. If there were any misty traces left in May's eyes she called her and Clara on the pleasures of the day at the Cotton club.

"Dan and Jeff are looking after their horses, I suppose," he ran on, still retaining the pretty pair in his arms.

"They didn't come, papa," answered May, stealing an odd glance at Clara and blushing a little.

"Didn't come?" exclaimed the general in surprise. "I thought that was the plan." He passed as Clara dropped one of her dusky lashes at him in what was undoubtedly a wink, explicit and emphatic, though it was. Then his arms perceptibly tightened around them both, and he drew them toward him, as if he were afraid of losing them. "I wish my little girls wouldn't ride around alone until this busy business of the smugglers blows over. I don't really think there is any danger, but you are too precious to be put even to the slightest hazard," he added in lighter vein and smiled.

The young women slept together in a large upper chamber, and it was late before the murmur of their voices was hushed. May had scarcely closed her eyes, she fancied, when she was awakened by a peculiar rattling sound which in her confused state seemed to come from all quarters. Her first thought was of earthquakes, the first of which five years before she remembered vividly, and she was on her feet in an instant, with a dithering heart. The noise quickly repeated itself, and now wide awake, she recognized it as a hurried rapping on her door. Fearfully throwing the door open, she made out in the gloom the half dressed figure of old Pendopole, the cook.

"O' Lawdy, missy!" exclaimed the frightened negro, staring into the room and clapping the airily clad figure of her young mistress to her bosom. "De young men outside and de young women inside and de young men and de young women, lak dey kill de young men and de young women, lak dey kill de young men and de young women."

At this reference to Judge Bird's fate at the hands of a lawless mob May felt a catching chill around her heart, and for a moment she started heavily upon the old man, then, all in an instant and to her own surprise, she found herself perfectly calm. Fearing her seat from Pendopole's desperate grasp, she walked over to a window and looked out. The gloom outside was rendered doubly deep by the tropical abundance of foliage about the house, and at first she could see nothing. But when her eyes had adjusted themselves she made out a dark, scintillating figure against the blue bloom, fifty feet or more away. While she looked this figure was steadily joined by another one, and then the two faded out of sight.

Without waking Clara, May hastily pulled on her shoes and stockings, slipped a loose robe over her nightgown and knotted the silk cord at the waist as she moved swiftly down the hall toward her father's room. The general was evidently already awake, for a single tap brought a response from him, and an instant later he appeared at the door. A few hurried words from May made the situation clear, and in less than a minute the general stepped into the hall in his shirt sleeves.

The man who had lived through Spottsylvania was not to be frightened by a prowling gang of outlaws even though their game was his blood, and the general took himself in spite of his age to the stable door, where he made out a dark, scintillating figure against the blue bloom, fifty feet or more away. While she looked this figure was steadily joined by another one, and then the two faded out of sight.

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THE COCOON CRADLE

MODE OF WRAPPING UP THE LITTLE REDSKIN PAPOOSE.

Read Redeemed Backskin Bag In Which the Indian Baby Bunting Grows and Thrives—Origin of This Cozy Cramped Cradle.

Fancy a tiny copper colored papoose tucked up snugly in a queer backskin bag that resembles nothing in nature so much as the cozy cocoon cradle of a baby butterfly and then draw upon your imagination still further, picturing this odd receptacle swinging from the leafy canopy of an Indian wickiup or brush arbor, and you have before you an Indian baby and his wonderful cradle.

Gorgeous yellow butterflies and brown Kiowa babies are seldom linked together in song or story, yet in real life their wrappings while in the chrysalis state bear a remarkable resemblance to each other.

The cocoon cradle proper and its various modifications as found among the different tribes of North American Indians are constructed from the skins of animals. And right here we may pause and trace the origin of another famous nursery rhyme to the Indian cocoon cradle, for did not the father of Baby Bunting go a-hunting to get a little rabbit's skin to wrap that mythical baby in? All full blood Kiowa babies are born into the pho-lo-yo, or rabbit circle, and are taught to dance in the mysterious circle of rabbits as soon as they learn to toddle, belonging to the rabbit order of the Kiowa society.

Hence a rabbit skin would be a very appropriate wrapping for a Kiowa Baby Bunting, though neither large enough nor strong enough for his arbor. The red deer of the forest, quarry of the redskin hunter, gives of his beautiful covering to make the cradle that is to swing from the tree top, literally tree tops, out from the cotton wool and fluff that fringe the chrysalis, the little streams rippling through the Kiowa reservation and piled high on a framework of poles to serve as a "summer porch" in front of his father's teepee.

The cradle deer hide is carefully dressed by a tedious and secret process known only to the Indians, and when finished is as soft and pliant as the most expensive Chinese silk. Then loving fingers skillfully consider with beautiful beadwork designs upon the delicately tinted deerskin. Kiowa cradles are more ornamental than those of other tribes, and Kiowa squaws excel in that marvelous Indian beadwork now the popular fad of their paleface sisters. Some of this beadwork embroidery is not only very beautiful, but very elaborate. The Sioux squaws, who alone rival their Kiowa sisters, ornament the cradles of their own people with bands of deerskin upon which are wrought in colored beads gorgeous patterns of men, horses, birds, fish and flowers. Instead of a wooden framework they substitute a basket work frame of reeds and sometimes they use seed and grasses instead of beads.

The Cheyenne Apache and Comanche Indians still use cocoon cradles today, but theirs are not ornamented as elaborately as those of the Kiowas. In truth, the grim and warlike Comanche of the plains wastes very little time in decorating the receptacle of his offspring. A stout piece of deerskin, fastened to an equally stout wooden frame and hooped up securely with rawhide thongs, suffices his simple need.

The origin of the cocoon cradle itself, like that of the redskins, seems wrapped in mystery, though we might with some reason trace this primitive cradle back to the Lappas of northern Europe, whose babies sleep in little hollowed out affairs swung down from the lower limbs of trees. They are lined with moss and lined up, and in shape are exactly like the primitive Indian cocoon cradle from which the modern cocoon cradle, beautiful and improved, has been evolved.

After the beadwork embroidery is completed the deerskin pouch or bag is fastened securely upon a strong board whose two upright handles, projecting above the headpiece or hood, are strengthened by crosspieces at the back. These handles are very convenient when the mother is busy about her many tasks, if it be warm weather, baby is swung from the top of the brush arbor, his round, brown face peering steadily from out its trapplings of gauzy beaded deerskin, his bright little eyes blinking at the sunbeams shining through the leafy roof, or the flames of the nightly campfire leaping up to mingle with the moonlight. When "stranding" at the agency stores, the squaw wraps the cradle, "baby and all," against the counter and goes contentedly about the important business of laying in a supply for her family in their tepee far out on the reservation.

Mother love fills the heart of a poor squaw as completely as it does that of her more fortunate paleface sister. Her clumsy fingers fashion playthings of shells, odd shaped bones, carved wooden beads, bright pieces of tin, china or glass, which she tangles about the hood of the cocoon cradle in reach of the chubby brown fists. Baby soon learns to rattle these primitive playthings gleefully.

Strange as it may appear, the redskins and Kiowa babies seem to thrive in their cramped quarters, but they enjoy as a famous treat a change to the blankets upon their mothers' backs, when the tolling squaws are forced to go down to the scant timber agencies about the creek to bring up firewood and water for the camp. —Los Angeles Times.

A Clock Without Works.
In the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand, called L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his demise and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis XIII, and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII, and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Although Called a Tideless Sea, Its Water Rises and Falls.

Why are there no tides in the Mediterranean? asks a reader. As a matter of fact, there are tides in the Mediterranean. The general rise and fall are, however, so insignificant, owing to the comparatively small area and the mass of water involved, as to have escaped detection until scientific methods were brought to bear, and hence the Mediterranean has come popularly to be looked upon as a tideless sea.

A similar want of knowledge and experience of tidal phenomena cost Caesar the loss of most of his fleet on his invasion of Britain in 53 B. C., when his vessels were dashed to pieces upon the coast.

At Algiers a self recording tide gauge was set up by Alme, and from its records he deduced a rise and fall of eighty-eight millimeters, or three and one-half inches, at a spring tide and half that amount at neap tide, a fluctuation which would escape ordinary observation, as it would be masked by the effects of atmospheric disturbance.

At Venice and in the upper reaches of the Adriatic the true insular tide seems to be more accentuated than at other parts, but here also its effects are subordinate to those of the wind. —London Answers.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

In Some Cases It Is Stimulating and In Others Narcotic.

Whether or not tobacco is a stimulant has been a vexed question ever since the time of Oviedo, the first writer to describe it fully, who says that the Indians of Hispaniola used tobacco to produce insensibility, whereas others among the old Spanish discoverers say that the natives smoked to stimulate themselves to fresh exertions.

Men whose business leads to exposure to weather or to violent physical exercise, such as sailors, soldiers, watchmen, navvies and field laborers, all take tobacco as a stimulant and to stimulate themselves to fresh exertions.

Modern experience and observation seem to indicate that tobacco is a stimulant in moderation and a narcotic in excess, in this respect resembling all other intoxicants, using the term in its widest sense, from tea to opium.

These effects are mentioned as specially large consumers of the weed in Dr. Everard's "Panacea," published in 1850. Hobbes and Newton both used tobacco to stimulate, Goethe and Heine hated it. Scott smoked profusely; but, according to Mr. Trelawney, Byron never smoked pipe or cigar.

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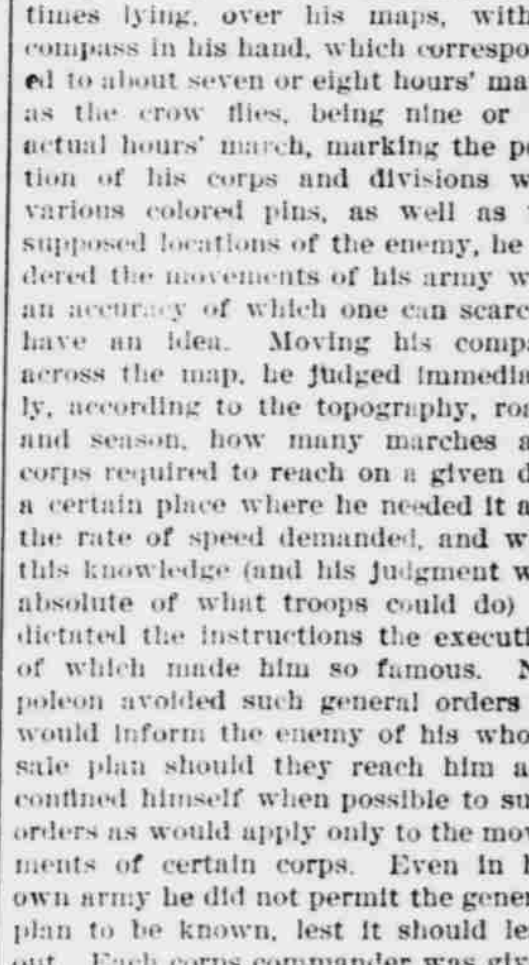
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WOMAN AND FASHION

Four Morning Weave.

House jackets that are loose and comfortable at the same time that they are tasteful and becoming are much worn for the morning hours and all ways find a place. This one is eminently simple and is made from tulle.



Simple House Jacket.

ing which is tucked for a portion of its length, then allowed to fall in soft folds. It can, however, be cut from any plain material that may be preferred, with trimming applied or joined to the lower edges. The coat is made with fronts and back which are joined to a shallow yoke that is entirely concealed by the big collar, and includes wide sleeves.

The Race For Blue Crowns.
The race for blue in millinery waxes rather than wanes with the advancing season. The shaded blue hat is a novelty which must be seen to be really appreciated. The foundation is a cloth in a blue that is neither a navy nor a royal blue, but a cross between the two. The broad sailor shaped brim is untrimmed, and the crown is built of many rows of blue clover blossoms, starting on the edge with the shade of blue that matches the straw and growing lighter on the crown until at the very center they are a pale bluish gray.

The Prevailing Modes.
It can scarcely be said that the prevailing modes are graceful. Drooping shoulder capes, walking length gath-ered skirts, with fussy trimmings and quiltings, make the fashionable belle look as though she had been going through some of her grandmother's trunks to find ideas. Even the old fashioned materials have been rejuvenated, although of course much improved in finish.

Early Autumn Coats.
Autumn coats, like the mantle of charity, are destined to cover a multitude of sins in the way of passe dresses. The new coat will be so handsome that it is destined to be the most ornamental piece of apparel in woman's wardrobe. Indeed it has become quite indispensable to have one of these effective wraps, and it will probably be the first consideration of the autumn wardrobe.

Walking Costume.
Made of a closely woven brown homespun, dark brown velvet, bias strappings and a little Persian braid make harmonious trimming. The coat is of the new fitted variety, the front turned back to show the fitted vest.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.
The Venerable Superstition That Is Associated With July 15.

St. Swithin's day falls on July 15, and in England there is a superstition that if it rains on that date the succeeding forty days will be wet, and, on the contrary, St. Swithin's day be fair then the succeeding twoscore days will likewise be pleasant. The superstition is venerable, for one old historian remarks that "St. Swithin, a holy bishop of Winchester, about the year 800 was called the weeping St. Swithin, for that about his feast Proserpe and Asell, rainy constellations, arise coincidentally and commonly cause rain."

Another version of the story is that the good bishop left orders at his death that he should be buried in the open churchyard and not in the chancel. The monks, however, disobeyed the wishes of their dead and laid him to rest on July 15 within the minster, whereupon rain fell heavily and continually till on the fortieth day the offending priests became alarmed and hastened to fulfill their dead bishop's request.

Statistics furnished by the officials at Greenwich observatory discredit the pennywise of the whole tale. The figures for one period of twenty years go to show that the greater number of rainy days after St. Swithin's day followed a dry July 15.

Appearance a Protection.
"Appearances are deceitful" is an old saying, which was illustrated by an old lady in one of our banks a few days ago.

She drew out a sum very near the \$1,000 mark. The banker kindly asked her if she did not wish an escort for her destination in order to insure protection for the large amount. Looking calmly at the banker, she replied, "Why, nobody would think I had more than \$125." —Rumford Falls Times.

Relative Advantages.
"Which do you think is better," asked the thoughtful girl, "wealth or social position?"

"My dear," answered Miss Cyrenne, "with money to give entertainments you can get into the society column, but aristocratic origin does not necessarily insure mention in the financial news." —Washington Star.

The Record Lunatic.
"Here's a story 'bout a man what been married ten times!"

Brother Williams seemed lost in thought. Then he spoke up: "What mean 'em print sich tales ez dat? W'en a man get into de lunatic asylum dey offer stop talkin' 'bout him?" —Atlanta Constitution.

STARTLED CARLYLE.

How Charles Geoffrey Leland Brought the Guide to His Season.

Charles Geoffrey Leland said that on his first meeting with Carlyle the wise man showed himself in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, from which he was aroused only by a bit of wholesome opposition.

"And what kind of an American may you be—German or Irish or what?" Carlyle asked.

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle," replied Leland, "to know the origin of my family I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, a noted Puritan, who went to America in 1636."

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather," growled Carlyle, and this, combined with some stirring remarks which he had previously thrown out in regard to America and her history, roused Leland's spirit.

"Mr. Carlyle," he said deliberately, "I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors. At least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical."

Carlyle looked utterly amazed and started back a few feet. "What's that ye say?" he cried in broad Scotch.

Mr. Leland repeated the remark. A grim smile of admiration came over the stern old face. It was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch.

"Na, na, I'm nae thot," he said. And he dropped into a milder strain and made the interview an occasion to be treasured long in memory.

AN ELECTION TRICK.
One Sample of the Dodges to Which They Resort in England.

James J. George Tetley tells the following story of the late Justice Denham, who in 1855 ran for election at Tiverton, in England. He was advertised to address the electors on a certain morning. In order to fulfill his engagement it was necessary for him to leave by the 9:15 express. He had taken the precaution of ordering a cab overnight and was quietly eating an early breakfast when attention was called to two or three men who seemed to be hanging about in the neighborhood of his house. He thought little, however, of the matter, but presently saw his servant put his luggage on the cab which was due to arrive. The cab approached the door, but before the portmanteau could be located one of the mysterious strangers jumped in and was driven rapidly away.

And when this happened a second time it became evident that something very definite was intended. So Mr. Tetley consulted his watch, and, directing his luggage to be sent after him, he buttoned his coat and, calling to his aid all his old Cambridge training, took a bee line for the station. He did not once empty his cab till near the terminus to be of any service to him. He dashed through the "booking office" on to the platform, seized the handle of a carriage door as the train was actually starting and flung himself into a compartment.

On arriving at Tiverton he found his committee in a state of extreme anxiety which gave place to astonishment and relief on his appearance, for the walls of the town were covered with placards warning the liberal electors that the candidate would not keep his engagement to address them.

CAT'S CRADLE.
Origin of the Name of the Familiar Stealing and Finger Game.

Cat's cradle has been familiar to most of us from childhood as a game for two players, in which the first winds a looped cord over the fingers of both hands in a symmetrical figure, and the second inserts his fingers and removes it in such a way as to produce a different figure. This they do alternately several times, always changing the formation. The art consists in making the right changes.

The cord forms a rude representation of a manger, and the name originally was "cratch" cradle, cratch being a manger (crèche, French), such as that in which our Saviour was laid. "They layde hym in a cratche," was Wycliff's still used in Roman Catholic countries in that particular sense.

The Abbe Prevost says in his "Manuel Lexique," "cratch is the name given to a manger for cattle and which is consecrated by the birth of Jesus Christ." To the present day the racks which stand in the fields for cattle to eat from are called cratches.

"Yankee Doodle."
As for the origin of the tune of "Yankee Doodle" over which there is much controversy, this can be said that most of the views expressed about its origin are right, but only partly so. It is true the tune is the same as that of "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," "Yankee Doodle (Came to Town)," and that of the Dutch reapers' song, "Yonker Duda, Duda Daun," but it is also identical with the old Biscayan "Danza Esparta" (sword dance) and that of a German song which was published at Cologne in the year that Columbus discovered America.

Sympathy.
"Boss," began the beggar, "won't yer help a poor?"

"See here," interrupted Goodheart. "I gave you some money last week."

"Well, give whiz! Ah! yer earned any more since?" —Philadelphia Ledger.



"All mine in a twinkling."

RELIC FROM THE STONE AGE

A Body From the Prehistoric Burial Place of Fenchurch.

In Somersetshire, England, may be seen many "barrows," burials places of prehistoric man. Long ago, when the elephant and rhinoceros, the lion and bear, the hyena and wolf, the great elk and the reindeer were among the common animals of England, primitive man and savage beasts lived in caves in this region.

At the entrance to these caves the aborigines, wind in skins, kept fires burning for warmth and for protection from the wild beasts. It was here that they made flint hatchets, knives and arrowheads. Not long ago a trench was being dug within the mouth of one of these caves for the purpose of draining it.

It was found necessary to break up a stagnant floor of two thick layers. Between the layers was a deposit of cave earth and stones, in which was discovered the skeleton of a man of very great antiquity in an excellent state of preservation. With it were found several flint knives and flakes. Experts who made a careful examination of the skull, which has projecting brows and receding frontal bone, have decided that it belongs to the stone age and is of a type intermediate between the paleolithic and neolithic ages.

Apparently the body had been placed in a small passage leading off from the great passage to the stable floor, and had been prevented from disturbing any bones piled around it. The stagnant floor had formed over it all, effectively preserving it to the present day. —Harper's Weekly.

ANIMALS IN BATTLE.

The Gorilla's Powerful Arms Make It a Formidable Foe.

Fish fighting is a most popular sport in Siam. The two fish, trained from the age of six months to fight, are placed in a large glass bottle. It is most curious to note each fish's attitude when it becomes aware of its adversary's presence in the bottle. Swivel with rage and pride, they sail around and around the narrow space, pretending not to notice each other until suddenly one fish makes a savage dart at its unwelcome companion, bitting his fins and body. The fight continues until the referee sees that the issue is no longer in doubt, when the contest is stopped.

Horses use either their teeth or their hoofs as a mode of defense. A curious instance of the effectiveness of these weapons once occurred at Sheffield park. A bullock, barking and snarling, chased a horse round and round a meadow, not with angry intent, but purely from excess of high spirits. After galloping around the field several times the horse stopped dead and, turning sharply around, lashed out at the yelping dog, with a fatal result, for its skull was cloven.

The gorilla is its most formidable opponent in battle, its great strength lying in its powerful arms. Few animals of the forest have the slightest chance of overcoming a gorilla. A python has been known to encircle its coils around the gorilla's body, only, however, to find its own body torn open by its adversary's hands.

What They Didn't Know About Air.

Health journals have been in existence time out of mind. One in particular in its day was widely accepted as an authority on all matters of hygiene. An item which appeared in this paper in 1874 says among other things that "It is safer to sleep in a bad air all night—that is, with the windows tightly closed—with a temperature over 60 than in a pure air with a temperature under 40."

"Oh, honey, I earn let you go!"