******** The Siege of Laurel Hall

By Elmore Elliott Peake

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She breathed for the first time, so it seemed, when she reached the orchard. but she did not count herself out of danger until she had crossed the stable yard and gained the buildings. All attention to the house. Mahomet did not whinny at May's approach, as she had feared he might, but only rubbed his soft nose against her face.

Saddling and bridling him was the work of but a minute, and after spread- against the head of the unconscious ing straw upon the floor to deaden his black. Then the latter's head drooped footfalls she led him out. She did not forward again, and May saw Middleton mount for a hundred yards or more, club his gun and lift it in the air. Shudand for half a mile after mounting, or until she had rounded the inlet and her ears with her fingers. left the house behind, she cantered the animal cautiously through the sand. But once safely out of earshot May dexterously straddled the saddle, stretched herself upon Mahomet's with-ers and wound her arms around his ers and wound her arms around his neck. It was an old trick of hers, and sand and turned toward the boat. At Mahomet knew well its meaning. For a moment he snorted and trembled in that moment a volley of shots rang a kind of ecstatic anticipation. Then suddenly lowering his head with what a timid person might have thought a his gun and, seizing May's hand, hurful black body close to the ground and ried her up the slope to the shelter of tribes on the Devil's Lake reservawas off like a bolt.

Riding was the girl's passion, and more than once in the past, along secluded stretches of road, she had put Mahomet's mettle to just such a test as this from pure love of danger and excitement. But tonight great issues hung upon her daring, and as she shot through the night, knowing not what dangers lay ahead in the impenetrable gloom, but blindly trusting in Mahomet's sagacity as they thundered over bridges, plunged down declivities or climbed the steeps beyond; as she clasped the horse's thick neck and felt the play of his great muscles beneath her arms, she pressed her cheek into his flying mane, closed her eyes and abandoned herself to an intoxication of wild delight. And this in spite of, yea, because of, the danger threatening the dear ones behind. Occasionally a low banging bough brushed her back. Once the heavy odor of a flowering magnolia struck her nostrils for an instant, and she was conscious of the altered temperature as she descended into the chily hollow of some creek or mounted the warmer height beyond.

Fifteen minutes had scarcely passed, though May had no idea of the flight of time, when Mahomet turned as by instinct down the lane to the Cotton club stables. Two or three minutes more sufficed to wake the hostler, put him into possession of the facts and send him rowing desperately across the channel to the clubhouse. After that it seemed a dreary lapse of time to the impatient woman before anything further happened. Then she distinctly heard in the still of the night the pounding of the negro upon a door. A light appeared at a window, then another and another. Voices, quick and imperative, next sounded across the water, and then came hurrled steps upon the graveled walk.

When the boat reached the mainland again seven men besides the negro stepped out, and in a brief space of time seven saddle horses were ready. Middleton's demeanor was a sharp disappointment to May, for in her excited fancy she had fondly pictured him as she waited at the stables as keenly remorseful over their estrangement of the day before and as tenderly sympathetic with her in her present trouble. Instead he was as cool as a man organizing a fox hunt, and he inquired for particulars of the attack with a brisk equanimity that seemed positively heartless to May. Yet even while smarting under her disappointment she could not but admire Middleton's promptness and decision and the readiness with which he assumed the captaincy of the expedition.

The ride back was not so rapid, as May, sitting her horse in conventional fashion, could not set such a pace as she had in coming. Moreover, Mahomet was weary. Still they reached the head of the inlet in about twenty minutes. Here they dismounted, tied their animals and went on afoot.

All was quiet at the stables, but two of the party were left behind as sentinels. All was quiet at the house also, and no demonstration had evidently yet been made. The party halted at the boathouse on the inlet a hundred yards from the mansion. Some of the conspirators were doubtless concealed in the shrubbery, and what next to do was the question.

"I am positive that I saw their boat at the mouth of the inlet," whispered May, "and I think we ought to scuttle it and cut off their escape."

In their ignorance of the enemy's strength Middleton was against assum ing the aggressive. But May was insistent and finally volunteered to do the scuttling herself, thus leaving the force of men unimpaired for whatever. other work might befall them. This project Middleton promptly vetoed with all the arbitrariness of a duly commis cloned military officer and decided to do the work himself, but at the last moment consented to accept May's serv ices as a guide. Therefore after settling with his companions upon a rather vague plan of action Middleton secured a large auger from the boathouse and set off with May toward the mouth of the inlet.

After creeping along the shore for some distance they came in sight, sure enough, of a long boat rigged with a Her nose just touched the beach, and she was evidently ready to be pushed off on short notice. At the same instant they also saw by the reflected light of the water another object by no means so pleasing. About ten feet from the water's edge, with his back against a stump and a gun across his knees, sat a gigantic negro. From his attitude he seemed to be sleeping.

The pair paused, and May shivered. This was more than she had bargained for, and she was for giving up the project. But Middleton was now the insistent one, and, motioning his trem-

bling companion into the shelter of ; lump of willows, he stealthily tiptoed toward the sleeping sentinel. He held his shotgun before him, both hammers raised, and had the negro roused certainly would have been only to close his eyes again in a dreamless sleep. But he did not stir, fortunately for all, and Middleton tiptoed slowly on, nearer and nearer, slower and slower, scarcely seeming to move at all, until at last he stood directly behind his un-

suspecting victim. May's heart pounded until she thought it would burst at the dread possibility of a twig or a shell snapping beneath Middleton's feet. Then was still as death there save for the her heart suddenly stood still. The occasional stamp of a horse, and it negro had raised his head in a listening was evident that the marauders were attitude. For a moment it seemed to for the present giving their undivided the girl as though the universe-the whirling earth, the circling stars-had come to a standstill and with it her vital functions. Middleton, ever cool, stood as motionless as the stump before him, the muzzle of his gun almost dering, she closed her eyes and stopped

When she looked again the negro was stretched senseless upon the sand, face downward. Middleton was bending over him, binding his hands beout in the direction of the house. An instant later a return volley was fired. men rushed helter skelter down the slope within fifteen feet of the crouch-

ing pair. . A moment later the keel of the longboat grated on the beach as the desarose. Middleton hastily pulled her smugglers had caught her outline against the sky, and the next moment bushes. Most of it went harmlessly over the couple, and Middleton instantly rose and discharged the contents of both barrels into the longboat, evidently with effect, for an angry, involuntary yelp went up from one of the in mates. Then Middleton turned, just in

For a moment May's head rolled limply, like a mortally wounded bird's, and then fell heavily upon Middleton's bosom. Her waterproof had slipped from her shoulders, and as Middleton, momentarily at fault, looked fixedly down upon the relaxed form he loved so well a slowly widening spot of crimson appeared over her right breast. For an instant a strange coldness around his heart rendered Middleton helpless: then, recovering himself, he swiftly unbuttoned the lounging robe and threw it open, exposing the senseless girl's nightgown beneath. Across that white expanse trickled a dark stream the width of a finger. Pushing the robe still farther back until her shoulder was bare, Middleton saw, with the most profound gratitude, that the wound was safely above the lungs. Slipping his handkerchief under her rm, he drew it over her shoulder across the wound, and tied it tightly.

Next she gave a little gasp, opened a pair of dull, unseeing eyes and murmured faintly, "What is it?" "Lie still?" said Middleton soothingly. "It's only a flesh wound, but you

As he finished May stirred slightly.

are weak yet." "How foolish of me to faint!" she

murmured. Before he could answer they heard footsteps cautiously approaching. Middieton laid his finger on Mayis lip, for in the darkness it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The next moment, though, he called out, "Benny!" in a low tone, and when the figure had come still nearer he added: "Go back to the house and get a shutter and two of the boys. Miss Elphinstone is shot, but not bad; only a flesh

later. As Benny's footsteps died away the wounded girl looked up into Middleton's face with a curious, steadfast gaze-a gaze baffling description, but as if freighted with the essence of the being back of it.

wound in the shoulder. I'll explain

"Dan," she said in a low, quivering voice, "can you hold me in your arms and see me bleed from a bullet wound and call me Miss Elphinstone?" "I dare not call you anything else

after what you said at the clubhouse," he answered.

"Then you are a coward as well as : firt," she said, with a madness she knew she would instantly repent. "Just as much of a coward as a flirt,"

he answered calmly. She looked at him in silence a mo ment, with an irresistible, unconquerable admiration lighting her eyes. why don't you get angry and tell me that I lie?" she exclaimed in a rush of

tenderness. "Because I love you too much even to feign a harshness that I cannot feel," he answered, with a magnani-

The pair gazed for some time into each other's eyes without speaking. Middleton's shrewd dark, face was lighted with an indulgent tenderness, but May's was profoundly serious, and her eyes shone with a significant bril-

"Dan," she said solemnly, "after all my littleness and meanness, all my jealousy and selfishness and bitterness. all my cruel, unwomanly taunts, can you-can you kiss me as honestly as you did that-that first night?"

For answer Middleton lifted her a little and bent his head and laid his lips ·to hers. When he raised his head and again looked down into her face she had dropped her lashes to veil the sacred, liquid light which seemed to be welling up from her soul. A moment later something more material welled

up and sparkled on her lashes. "Dan, if you could not have kissed me, then I think"-she faltered in some mental distress-"I think I should not have been sorry if that shot had

struck my heart? Middleton drew her closer, but said My spark may grow greater by kinnothing. Words would but have jarred | fling my brother's taper .- Jeremy Tayupon the eloquence of that silence.

Benny soon returned with a chutter NEW SHORT STORIES and bearers, but May insisted upon walking and, as usual, had her way. The dooryard, when they reached it, presented a scene of confusion. There was a rushing to and fro with lanterns, a babel of voices and wide eyed groups of blacks. Two prisoners, both slightly wounded, lay on the grass, and to these was soon added the nesro whom Middleton had knocked over and who had either been abandoned or overlooked by his flying comrades. May was the only one of the defenders who

restored to her anxious father's arms before he had learned of her wound. "Blood will tell, Danny, if I do say it myself," said the proud general in the sitting room when quiet had been somewhat restored and old Penelope was dressing May's shoulder in the next room. "That girl risked her life to save those hosses. She knew I was safe enough. If a woman never loved anything more than a hoss, Dan, I should say her heart wasn't far from the right place. Yes, by Jupiter, if she

ever loved anything but a mule!" The general seemed a little mystified at the whimper of laughter which escaped Clara Gaylord at this last remark. But Middleton seemed to understand it well enough, for he gave the roguish young woman a warning glance, to which she paid not the least

PROFESSIONAL EATERS.

Indians Employ Substitutes to Con-

sume Food For Them. One of the most striking customs of the past that are preserved by the Indians of today is found among the some syringas. They had barely time tion in North Dakota." An official of to drop down in these when five or six the Indian service gives the following account of this peculiar practice:

"From time immemorial the Devil's Lake Sigux have adhered to an old custom in regard to the treatment of peradoes shoved off. May impetuously a guest. According to their etiquette, it is the bounden duty of the host to down again, but not before the flying supply his guest with all the food he may desire, and as a rule the apportionment set before the visiting Indian they poured a voiley of shot into the is much in excess of the capacity of a single man.

"But by the same custom the guest obliged to eat all that is placed be fore him, else he grossly insults his entertainer. . It was found that this practice would work a hardship, but instead of dispensing with the custime to catch his companion in his tom the Indian method of reasoning arms as she swayed dizzily toward was applied, and what is known as the professional eater was brought to the

"While the guest is supposed to eat all that is placed before him, it serves the same purpose if his neighbor assists in devouring the bountiful repast, the main object being to have the plate clean when the meal is finished.

"It is not always practicable to depend upon a neighbor at table to assist in getting away with a large dinner, and in order to insure the final Parker interrupted. consumption of the allotted portion visiting Indians call upon these professional eaters, whose duty it is to sit beside them through a meal and eat what the guest leaves. The professional eaters are never looked upon in the light of guests, but more as traveling companions with a particular duty to perform.

"These enters receive from \$1 to \$2 rectly." and even \$3 for each meal where they assist. It is stated by the agent of the Devil's Lake reservation that one of the professional eaters has been known to dispose of seventeen pounds of beef at a sitting. That they are capable of eating an almost fabulous amount I myself can testify."-Hy gienic Gazette.

"SLEEPY" WOODCHUCK.

Little Animals Are For Mot Alert Than They Appear.

If there is any one of our native and mals that looks slow, clumsy, lazy and generally unfit to survive in the struggle for existence it is the wood chuck. After he has built, or rather excavated, his home-which, to tell the truth, he does in a rapid and businesslike way-he does nothing but eat and sleep. Yet any one who sizes him up as an incompetent is likely to get fooled, for he is a source of continual

When your garden is not far from the woods you may be awakened in the middle of the night by a series of most alarming yells and howls, occasioned by some hungry woodchuck that has come for a nocturnal visit to the cabbage patch and met with a warm reception from your dogs. The woodchuck usually gets away apparently unharmed, while the dogs are left to nurse their scratched noses and fore paws. The woodchuck, in fact, has plenty of courage and will always fight

n preference to running away. Throughout the summer this little wood pig" spends most of his time in the vicinity of his burrow, coming out early in the morning to take his breakfast, returning to his nest for a morn ing nap, appearing again at noon and late in the afternoon for his dinner and supper, only to return again for another snooze. Occasionally he makes a visit to some neighboring orchard or garden. By Oct. 1, when he is fat, he retires into his subterranean home for long sleep, until, as we are led to believe, the proverbial "ground hog" day. -County Life In America.

Grant and His Boy Admirer.

An intimate friend of President Grant said to him one day, "General my little boy has heard that all great men write poor hands, but he says he believes you are a great man in spite of the fact that you write your signature so plainly that anybody can read lyle was right when he said that men

The president took a card from his pocket, wrote his name on it and handed it to him.

"Give that to your boy," he said and tell him it is the signature of a man who is not at all great, but that the fact must be kept a secret between him and me."-Boston Christian Regis-

A Surgical Dilemma.

"Did Jones have appendicitis?" "The doctors disagreed. Some thought he had money and some thought he

The late Phil May spent several years when a very young man in Australia. There he not his first success as a comic artist, but not until he had experienced his chare of ups and downs.

Six months after he left England a London friend, who has since achieved fame as a dramatic critic, also went out to Australia to seek his fortune. He, too, soon encountered ups and had lost a drop of blood, and she was downs, and during one of the latter



happened upon a cheap restaurant in an obscure street of Sydney to order a of fare earnestly he looked up at the waiter and was startled to recognize in this person his friend May. "Phil," he said solemnly, "is it pos-

sible that you work here?" "Sir," answered May, drawing himself up with great dignity and throwing his napkin over his arm, "It is possible that I work here. I do work here. But, sir, I'd have you understand that I don't eat here. I'm not down to that yet!"-Saturday Evening Post.

Agreed With Parker.

Parker stories are scarce. There is no public man about whom fewer anecdotes are told. This is due largely to his reserved life and reticence, although no one loves a good joke or story better.

One is related at the judge's expense A very able New York attorney, who was quite deaf and very sensitive, was arguing a case before the court of appeals. He dwelt at length upon a fundamental law principle. Finally Judge "It would seem, Brother -, that you

infer that this court is not well versed in this elementary law point." Now, the attorney didn't catch what was said, but he made it a rule to agree always with what the court said.

So, smiling and bowing, he said: "Precisely, your honor, precisely. You have stated the proposition co-

The court laughed, Judge Parker amiled and the lawve argument.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Mr. Carleton's Own Story.

Will Carleton, the poet and lecturer, was lecturing in a western city several years ago, when on leaving the platform he was accosted by a pleasant, shabby looking old woman "Mr. Carleton," she said, "I want to

ask a great favor. Will you give me ectured this evening?" "Why, what on earth do you want

that for?"

"I am very poor, Mr. Carleton," she said, "and if you give me that handkerchief I think I can live on it a year."

Mr. Carleton stared. "A year! You shall certainly have

handkerchief, profusely thanking him. with the utmost seriousness by an old Later Mr. Carleton learned that she had embroidered his name on it and there a growing there's been a battle "raffled" it so extensively that she did. long ago." make several hundred dollars, enough to keep her for a year.

A Story of Grant.

General Fred D. Grant's favorite story of his father is one that very aptly illustrates that great soldier's faculty of sizing up a situation in a few words.

"We had an old coachman," he says, who was not the brightest man in the world, but what he did not know about horse was not worth knowing. Mother used to call on him to do all sorts of things that were not in his line, and old John; of course, was always making mistakes to annoy her. Once she sent him to the bank to do some business, and he did it wrong. She told father about it and said: "'I guess you'll have to let John go.

He never does as he should anything I want him to do.' "Well, mother, said my father, "If John could do everything you want

him to do and do it right he would not have to be our coachman." -- Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Soutly Fools.

An angry financial colleague, irritated by the incapacity of a subordinate, re marked to Frederic P. Olcott, president of the Central Trust company, "Carwere mostly fools." "If they were not," said Mr. Olcott

sententiously, "you and I could not make a living."—New York Times.

Another Fool Question Nailed. "That policeman at the second cross-

ing is a misplaced humorist." "What makes you think so?" "I asked him today if he wore gloves on Sunday. He said no; he wore 'em on his hands."-Cleveland Plain Deal-

Barber-Does that razor pull, sir? Customer-Yes, but go ahead. I've been pretty hard pushed lately, and the'll even up things a little.-New Yorker.

USE OF PERSONAL PRONOUN WOMAN AND FASHION

Wey the Uncultivated Appear Al wars to Be Talking of Self.

All the uncultivated appear almost always to be talking about themselves, but it is easy for a superficial observer to exaggerate the extent to which this is the case. For instance, if you dis cuss with a cultivated man a question of morals or the wisdom or rectitude of any particular line of conduct, he will tell you what he thinks right or what he thinks wrong or what strikes him as wise or foolish, with very little use of the personal pronoun. He can eco the situation from the outside. But if you discuss it with an uneducated man he is incapable of this detached attitude of mind. The uneducated man can only picture the circumstances to himself by picturing himself in the midst of them. What he thinks right and wise is, no doubt, often a great deal better and wiser than what he would actually have done. "Such and such a thing was wrong; I should not have done it," he says, or: "Such and such was foolish. Now, had it been me, I should have done so and so." To the sophisticated listener he gives an impression of appalling self righteous ness and even perhaps of hyprocrisy, but the impression is a mistaken one He argues in the vocative case, because it is the one in which he can most eas ily express himself. Some people, it must be admitted, at

tract confidences from those who have no weakness for making them. We are not alluding to those persons who by a method of deft cross questioning manage to abstract information with which they have no business. Such information is not confided by its orig inal owner, but stolen from him, or a least wormed out of him. The people we mean have that in their face and bearing which makes all the world at home with them. Whoever meets them may know that they are incapafrugal meal. After studying the bill ble of giving a snub or a rebuff to any one who claims their sympathy, be he never so silly. They go about the world unarmed and unafraid and, to give human nature its due, unhurt. Unconsciously, it is they who make the first confidence, telling those who see them, even for the first time, that they are sympathetic and detached, and as shrewd as they are harmless.-London Spectator.

CHEEK, PUSH AND CASH.

Three Essentials, Says a Cynic, to Success In Life. Fighting for cards to entertainments, ushing up by hook and by crook, givng dinners and dances (typewritten descriptions of which are given to any journalists who wish for them)-these things are essentially opposed to "that repose which stamps the caste of Vere

de Vere." These influences are very wide spread. To "get on" is the great object of every one, and to get on one must drop as many refinements as possible. They "do not pay." This may seem cynical, but it is unfortunately true. Cheek, push and cash are the three essentials to success, and if the last be lacking the two former are nec-

essary for its getting. This is all false, unworthy. It is only the veneer of a butterfly class. The aristocracy is one with the upper middle classes in its rejection of these Sane and serious people are sickened by the frothy life that goes on about them. If it really brought enjoyment to its devotee it would be justified, but that it does not is amply evidenced by the discontented, artificial faces under the horribly pretty hats above the vulgarly elaborate dresses. Better things will come, better things exist low beneath this false surface, but the man who beats the drum can the handkerchief you carried while you drown the strains of the violin. Just now the drum is very loud. Let us lower our voices and wait.-London Outlook.

QUEER ENGLISH BELIEFS.

Superstitions That Still Abide With

the Country Folk. There is a well known weed with dark blotches on it, not unlike blood And the old woman retired with the stains. I have been twice assured woman that "where you find them

The same dame once seemed rather in a hurry when buying a setting of eggs from me about tea time, and I found the reason was that she believed you had no luck with eggs if you did not set them before sundown. This is curious, for, though the modern poultry keeper might make the nest and place the eggs in it during the daytime, he would probably defer putting the "broody" on them till dusk that she might have the best chance of settling down quietly.

The other day in a neighboring cottage I was admiring a fine baby and ventured to suggest that if its nails were left so long it might scratch its face. The mother said she would cut them, but the grandmother burst in with: "You'll do nothing of the sort, my dear, asking your pardon, sir. You don't seem to know, sir, that to cut a child's nails before it's twelve months old makes it light fingered." And 1 am perfectly certain the nails will not be cut. It will be of interest to add that the cottagers I speak of live near enough to London to see its lights in the sky .- London Chronicle.

Heine's Sense of Humor. Heine's sense of humor did not leave him until the last. A few days before his death Hector Berlioz called on him just as a tiresome German professor was leaving after worrying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me very stupid, my dear fellow," he said. "The fact is I have just been exchanging thoughts

with Dr. --. On one occasion when the doctor was examining his chest he asked him, "Can you whistle?" He replied, "Alas, no; not even the pieces of M. Scribe."

Often Reminded.

"How often," said the philosopher man is reminded of his own little stud." ness in this great world?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "es pecially if he has three daughters who have been to boarding school."-Washington Star.

Early Fall Suit.

This is one of the smartest of the early fall suits and will be found an excellent model to follow in making up a traveling suit in heavy linen or



TRAVELING COSTUME.

very stylish and universally becoming. It is fitted by shoulder and underarm the pressure is sufficiently great to seams, and two broad side plaits are blow out the obstructions it naturally arranged at each side of the front and would eject water to a great height. back. The skirt is a particularly at The theory, however, is at best rather tractive model, laid in box plaits that fanciful. are stitched down to about flounce depth. It fits closely over the hips and flares modishly at the lower edge.

Jeweled Buttons.

Some of the new jeweled buttons are elaborate and expensive enough to take the place of jewelry. There are imitation turquoises, amethysts and emeralds set with rhinestones which look like brooches instead of buttons. It is quite a fad to use one of these large buttons on each side of the collar in front to give the little smart touch so much desired. These buttons come in all shapes and sizes, some of which are as large as a silver dollar.

For Autumn Wear.

In Paris the coat sleeved basque coat and plain skirt are among the smartest costumes for traveling wear. They are neither untrimmed nor adorned with braid or the material used in tucks, but plain effects prevail. Rather long fitted coats with matching skirts are being made by fashionable tailors, and walking costumes for winter are to be fur trimmed, the fur being used on the coat rather than on the skirt.

Sensible Little Frocks.

A mother who likes to see her two little daughters dressed in white and pale colors has made some simple but dainty frocks of cotton crape in white, pale blue and pale pink. These must influences. Refinement is not dead not be ironed, but shaken several times among us, but it is overshadowed. during the drying process. If made with shirred, round skirts, they keep other day," writes a Washington autheir shape admirably and with pretty thor who is down on Cape Cod. . "It berthas or 1830 collars make dainty is the log book of the schooner Hera, afternoon frocks.

An Effective Skirt.

The skirt that is snug over the hips, yet provides abundant fullness below, remains a favorite and is promised continued vogue for an indefinite peeminently effective, while it suits the woman of generous proportions as well



BEVEN GORED PLAITED SKIRT WITH STRAP

EFFECT. as her slender sister, a feature by no means always found in full skirts of any sort. The model is made of brown henrietta in the new shade known as onion and is exceptionally smart, the material being one of the latest whim of fashion. It can, however, be reproduced in all seasonable suitings and in all materials in vogue for separate

skirts. The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight and threequarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, five yards forty-four inches wide

or four yards fifty-two inches wide. The Latest Ideas In Sashes.

Sashes of soft ribbons, such as loui sine and liberty taffeta, are shown with the ends knotted at intervals and caught with a small artificial flower in the same tint as the ribbon. Yellow roses, rosebuds and cowslips are used with canary color sashes, forgetmenots with blue, almond blossoms and roses with pink and poppy buds and gerantums with cardinal ribbon.

"Why, Mary," said her mistress, "I

told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disor-

"Yis, mum, and I did," said Mary, "but the master came in to put on a clean collar, mum, and he lost the

In a Bad Way. Doctor-So you think you have insomnia? Spoiled Darling-Sure of it, doctor. I can't sleep after 9 o'clock in the morning!-Betroit Free Press.

NEW ZEALAND GEYSERS.

Among Them Is Said to Be the Big-

gest Spouter In the World. Yellowstone park is reputed to have the most magnificent geysers in the world, but their reputation is based upon the statements of travelers who have never been to New Zealand and who know nothing of its natural won-

Leaving Auckland by a fast express train, a journey of eight hours brings one to Rotorua, where may be seen the most splendid geyser which is probably to be found anywhere in the world. To give one some i...ca of the magnitude of the geyser I need mention only the height of some of the surrounding objects. Over the "Inferno crater." which contains a seething lake of water, is a small shelter shed 450 feet above the plain. The surface of the water in the geyser basin when at rest is about forty feet below this plain. The height of the eruption must often be about 900 feet. This is by no means exceptional. Higher "shots" have been recorded. I have myself seen a shot computed at 1,200 feet. Some months ago the area of the basin was measured in a small boat by a Mr. Buckeridge and a guide. They found that the area is about two and a half acres, from which it may be inferred that this geyser may well be called the largest in the world.

The geyser plays about twenty-two times each month, is very erratic and gives no warning when it is about to erupt. The theory is advanced that the basin is somewhat like a funnel and that when the water and stones are ejected the larger stones return and jam in the neck, thereby choking the outlet, so that an enormous pressure of steam must shift them. When

This geyser is not the only one to be seen in the vicinity. Others may be mentioned, such as the Pohutu, Wairoa, Feather, Papakura and others, besides mud volcanoes.-Scientific American.

ASIATIC TIGER PROVERBS.

A tiger's meal-a gluttonous repast. To face the tiger in his lair-great bravery.

A winged tiger-cunning added to power and ability. After the Chinese the tigers-total

devastation of a country. A tiger of wood-a harmless being with a dangerous exterior.

To bring up a tiger and have him turn upon you-ingratitude.

"Maingoho," a man eater-a person with an ungovernable temper. A tiger with a broken back-rage and fury which are powerless.

To let go the tail of a tiger-to avoid one danger and encounter another. To turn from a deer and meet a tiger-the danger of too much caution. Devoured by a tiger-said of a man

who wishes to be concealed from his creditors. You must enter the tiger's den if you would secure a cub-what is worth having is not procured without risk.

and trouble.-Washington Post. Strange Fate of an English Earl, which sailed from Boston on a day

in the seventies. She sailed with a

new first mate on board. "He seemed an ambitious man, and he understood navigation. The captain suspected him of a desire to be master of a vessel himself some day, riod of time. This one is novel and but there was little about him to suggest that he was anything but a sailor. The third day out he was caught by the down haul of the mizzen and went overboard. His body was never recovered. When the Hera came back from her voyage she was met by two Englishmen. They had crossed the water posthaste to find that first mate. Somebody had died in England, andwell, the man who was lost off that Yankee schooner was the Earl of Aberdeen."-Washington Post.

> Bore on Too Heavily. "This won't go for only one stamp," said the village postmaster to old Uncle Klah as the latter handed him a bulky and much sealed missive.

> "Whuf for? What's de maddah wid dat?" "Too heavy," replied the postmaster,

> balancing it on his hand. "Umph! I tole dat boy so when he was a-writin' of it. I tole him he was writin' too heaby a han', but he kep' on a-bearin' down an' a-bearin' down on de pen, lahk a load o' hay. I'll take it back, sah, an' mek him write wid a pencil. I ain't gwine spen' no mo' 2 centses jes' fer his pigheadedness."

The late Miss Julia Moore, Sir John Moore's niece, like many very old neople, was extremely proud of her age and lost no opportunity of showing it. When she was asked by a friend if she was going to see the coronation of King Edward VII, she answered: "No. I have been out of London for the last three coronations, and I don't care to alter my record." What an exaltation one must feel at being able to say a

Strength. "Some scientist has declared that there is as much strength in three eggs as there is in a pound of beefsteak, said the observer.

"Well," replied the actor, "I met an egg once that would have eliminated the other two eggs from that proposition."-Exchange.

Praying For the Sister.

thing like that!

Mrs. Bitter-I just hate that woman. I hope she'll lose all her money, get some disfiguring illness, be run down by a train- Rev. Goodhart-Sister, sister! We are told to pray for our enemies, Mrs. Bitter-Well, I'm praying for all those things for her.-Philadel phia Press.

Not the Landlord's Fault. A traveling man found a hair in his order of honey at a Muscotah hotel and

complained to the landlord about it. "I can't help it," the landlord replied "I bought it for combed honey."