The Puzzle of a Pistol Shot

By HOWARD FIELDING

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When I had heard this story I was about to enter the house, but at that moment Mrs. Harland and Emily appeared, accompanied by Dr. Burrell. I perceived that there was some difference of opinion between Emily and the physician. The man seemed to have been urging some course of action, to which the girl would not agree. As for Mrs. Harland, she was obviously distressed and nervous to the last limit of her self control.

I was not long in doubt about the subject of discussion in that little group. At the very earliest opportunity Emily Harland disclosed it to me, though, of course, without a hint that it had been in dispute. The point was that she had not been in the kitchen when Eldred was shot, but, according to her own story, on the roof of the veranda, in the chair which I had noticed. She told me plainly that Mr. Sanborn had misstated the facts in his first account of the occurrence because he believe that Miss Harland would be liable to unjust suspicion if it were known that she was not in view of either himself or Mrs. Harland when the crime was committed.

At this Dr. Burrell came forward with his idea of the affair. He began by scouting the notion that the reporters would do Miss Harland any injustice just because she was not with her mother. To all intents and purposes Mr. Eldred was a stranger to Miss Harland, and—

"I beg your pardon," the girl interrupted in a firm tone. "I do not regard Mr. Eldred as a stranger. I prefer to speak of him as my friend."

"Quite so," said the doctor smoothly. "Mr. Eldred was a very fine fellow, I've no doubt. It is the more obligatory upon us all to clear up the puzzle of this assault."

Then he proceeded to tell me a tale which was truly important and interesting. It appeared that an unknown man enveloped in an atmosphere of mystery had called at the house on Thursday afternoon and had inquired for Mr. Eldred. When informed that he was not at home the man had departed hastily without explaining his errand, but Mrs. Harland, who had responded to his ring on the occasion of his call, had seen him hanging about the house on Friday and Saturday afternoons.

Mrs. Harland, now in tears, supported the doctor's story with her faltering testimony. She added that on one of the rare occasions when she had seen Mr. Eldred he had called her to his room and had shown her a scrap of newspaper bearing several portraits of men. He had asked if she recognized any of the pictures, and she had immediately pointed out one of them.

"That's the man who called to see you yesterday afternoon," she had said. Eldred had seemed disappointed and had asked her to look again at the portraits, but she could recognize no other. This occurred on Friday morn-

"BUT WHO IS THAT?"

ing, after she had told Mr. Eldred about the stranger's call.

Mrs. Harland described the visitor as a very handsome dark eyed man of the Italian type, and she mentioned some details of his attire. Suspecting that this person was mythical, I was vastly surprised when the policeman put in his oar to this effect:

"Why, sure. I saw that feller. I saw him around the corner last evening looking up at Eldred's window."

This unquestionable evidence introduced some new theories of this affair. It became necessary to know in what manner this "unknown" could have entered or left the house if he were Eldred's murderer. With Mr. Sanborn on the front stoop and Mrs. Harland in the kitchen (into which the only rear door of the house opened), there seemed to be an element of difficulty. An assassin would hardly have risked coming in under such circumstances upon the chance of shooting Eldred with his own pistol and escaping unobserved. When, however, I ascended to Mr. Eldred's room the case took on a wholly different aspect, for I discovered that a window of an unoccupied house, separated from the Harlands' by only four feet of space, was open and that there was no trouble at all about crossing from one to another.

It became imperative to send out a general alarm for the dark skinned, handsome stranger, and to aid in the search I tried to secure the piece of newspaper upon which the man's portrait appeared. My theory was that the picture had been published at the time when Eldred broke up a very bad gang of counterfeiters in Philadelphia and that the individual whom we now suspected of this crime had been one of them, released from prison recently perhaps and moved to murder by the thirst for vengeance.

After considerable search among Eldred's documents I found the newspaper clipping in a pocket of the coat which he had worn at the time of the conversation with Mrs. Harland. Without hesitation the lady pointed out to me the likeness which she had identified, and I beheld, with great surprise, the pictured visage of a secret service comrade named Antonio Donato. He had been Eldred's chief associate in the Philadelphia case.

"Why, there's Mr. Eldred's picture, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Harland. "I did not see that before."

It had stood at the top of the group and had been folded back, doubtless so that the lady should not see it.

"But who is that?" said Emily, taking the paper out of my hand and scrutinizing a snapshot portrait which was less clear than the others.

"It was a man who was mixed up with this case, but was never caught," I replied. "He was known in it as 'Mr. X.' and was supposed to be the chemist who made the metal which these counterfeiters used. Eldred got this snapshot of him while shadowing the gang, but he was not seen again."

"How strange!" said Emily. "I thought it looked like Mr. Sanford."

"By the way," I asked, "where is Mr. Sanford?"

"He's gone to New York with one of the police detectives," said Dr. Burrell. "They're going to see if they can find any clew in Mr. Eldred's office."

I asked whether Mr. Eldred had a telephone, and the answer was in the affirmative. Miss Emily happened to know.

I went to a drug store near by and called up the proper number. It was the Jersey City detective who responded. I introduced myself to my professional brother and then asked if Mr. Sanford was with him.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, hold him," said I. "He's the man. I've got the case all figured out."

"The deuce you have!" said he, or words to that effect.

"The surest thing you know," I responded. "Eldred is in love with Miss Harland and she with him. Then along comes Sanford, whom he has met in Trenton, where she visits regularly, and to whom she is engaged. Eldred spots Sanford as a man who was mixed up in a counterfeiting case in Philadelphia three years ago and threatens to expose him. Sanford denies it. Eldred isn't quite sure, so he sends for his old comrade in arms, Tony Donato, and tells him to hang around the house and make an identification. Sanford is partly 'on' to this game, and he is desperate. He takes a long chance and shoots Eldred, having fixed up a fake with a window of the next house so that it would seem as if somebody had crawled in that way."

"This looks straight," said the detective. "What shall I do?"

"Pinch him," I replied promptly.

He did it upon my responsibility, which he forgot to mention after my story to him had been verified by careful investigation and by Donato's testimony.

Sanford was convicted and is now in prison. Eldred recovered and has married Miss Harland.

PATRIOTIC OLE BULL.

The Greatest Political Influence in Modern Norway.

What was it that made Ole Bull undeniably the greatest political influence in the history of modern Norway? The riddle is easy to read. Although he voiced the peasants, his own voice was that of no peasant, but one of the most severely learned of European utterances. His instrumental mastery was complete, and the technical difficulties of his compositions have left them for the most part unperformable. But Mozart was his chosen theme, worshiped with such an ardor of consecration that the whole range of his works had for him no secret. His fame, therefore, was of that order that opens all doors. Statesmen and chief captains like Bismarck and Von Moltke were his intimates, and he was their confidant. To world artists like Liszt, Chopin and Mendelssohn he was own brother. Indeed, a curious physical resemblance between Liszt and himself led to many amusing contretemps on this score. And sovereigns, diplomatists and great nobles were all proud to name him among their friends. In him, then, Norway had found one who could stand for her in the highest ranks of the nations, learn for her the secrets of statecraft and recover in her behalf the trick of thinking like a king. For this is one of the losses entailed on a people who are governed by foreigners from a foreign seat—that they forget to think of their country as a whole, the habit that is the secret of rulers.

Yet it was only as a man and not by any means as a politician that an autocrat could claim the friendship of the distinguished artist. His own sovereign felt that he had cause for grave offense when the news reached Stockholm, in 1848, of his heading a procession in Paris to present the Norwegian colors to Lamartine. But even royal anger could not resist the good stories told on the next visit, and the king stood biting his lip at the careless bonhomie of Ole Bull as he turned suddenly and said, "By the way, sire, you should have been with us the other day in Paris when we went to acclaim Lamartine."—Margaret E. Noble in Century.

Chimneys.

Chimneys constructed on modern principles were almost unknown to the ancients, being used only in the large baths, where great quantities of hot water were needed. Chafing dishes, braziers of glowing coals and bottles of hot water were employed by the ladies of the middle ages to keep their rooms warm, and a curious picture is extant of three Norman ladies chatting together, each with a bottle of hot water, placed between her feet. Chimneys are believed to have been unknown in England until the twelfth century, but by the end of the fourteenth were generally employed in domestic architecture. For a long time there was a chimney tax all over England.—London News.

Just a Hint.

Auntie—How smart you look this afternoon, dearie! Dolly (who has been forbidden to ask if she may stay to tea)—Well, you see, I put on this costume so that if anybody did ask me to tea I could stop. (Conscience stricken)—I—I haven't asked, have I?—Punch.

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Minister Couldn't Spare Him.

The late Rev. Elijah Kellogg, it is said, was once fiercely opposed during one of his pastorates by an infidel in the town, who was a leader in all opposition to religion and took much satisfaction in discovering inconsistencies in the lives of church members and in publishing them through the neighborhood.

For some reason he decided to remove to another part of the state. Meeting the pastor one day, he said, "Well, I suppose you know I am going to leave town, and I suppose you will be glad of it."

"Glad of it? Why, no," replied the doctor. "I shall be very sorry to lose

"HOW IS THAT?" ASKED THE MAN.

you. You are so useful to me in my work here I hardly know how I can spare you."

The man was much taken aback and asked, "How is that?"

"Why," rejoined the pastor, "every time a sheep gets its foot out of my fold you bark from one end of the town to the other. You are the most useful watchdog that I ever knew."—Boston Herald.

Anecdote of Senator Elkins.

"There was a time," said Senator Scott of West Virginia, "when my colleague Elkins was a hustling young freight agent in New Mexico. His office was a box car, and his principal troubles were in making his receipts of freight tally with his bills of lading. One day he had a carload of household furniture switched to his siding. The seal of the car door was quickly broken, as young Elkins then, as now, always liked to keep up with his work. He was greeted with the bray of an ass as the door slipped back on its rollers. The bill of lading was at once scanned, but there was nothing to show that the animal should be a passenger on this particular car. The goods were all checked out, and then Elkins wired the general office thus:

"'I'm a bureau short and a jackass long on this carload of furniture.'

"After a little delay the answer came: 'All O. K. The bureau is a burro.'"—Travel.

His Prescription Wasted.

Dr. Clinton Roberts believes that most nervous ills have their origin in the mere conviction of bad health. When victims of this form of hysteria come to him it is his custom to prescribe, instead of medicine, some kind of mental relaxation. Dr. Roberts himself is fond of theater going, and frequently his answer to a professed invalid is the suggestion that he witness one performance or another which the man of pills considers especially good.

Not long ago a dejected looking individual called on the practitioner. "I'm all in," he explained wearily. "Been working through the summer without any rest. Lost interest in life. What would you advise?"

"I'd advise a little amusement," returned the doctor. "Why don't you go and see Jefferson De Angelis in 'Fantana?'"

"Alas," replied the patient, "I am Jefferson De Angelis!"—New York Press.

A Little Aid.

Mayor Kirkendall of Wilkesbarre told at a reception a story about a young Wilkesbarre clergyman.

"He was married a year," the mayor said, "and his wife interested him in a charity for miners' orphans. He advocated this charity often from the pulpit, and when a subscription reached him he would acknowledge it the next Sunday in church.

"It happened that last June there came to this minister on the same day a subscription for $25 and a young son.

"A good deal of laughter was excited the following Sunday when, rising in the pulpit, the minister said that he felt very grateful for the small succor that had arrived last week." — New York Tribune.

Nat Kimball Was Not Afraid.

Among the well known characters in Biddeford twenty years ago was a brick manufacturer named Nat Kimball, who was noted for his witty retorts, says the Boston Herald. One day the old man was taken very ill and seemed very near his end when the minister called. The conversation drifted around to the matter of future existence.

"Mr. Kimball," said the preacher solemnly, "don't you have any dread of meeting the king of terrors?"

"Huh!" grunted the old man. "I don't know why I should. I've lived with the queen more'n forty year."

Photographing Lightning.

An English writer tells how lightning "sits" for its photograph: "Lightning can only be photographed at night. It is also impossible to use any cap or shutter for this work, inasmuch as the eyes do not observe a flash of lightning till at least a tenth of a second after it has passed. So that, having focused your camera beforehand, draw the shutter and hold the camera in the direction you think the flash will take and you must trust to the courtesy of the lightning to be there on time."

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Kleptomaniac M. P.'s.

A mysterious outbreak of kleptomania has invaded the house of commons. The origin of the disease has been traced to a case which happened two or three weeks ago, when six cakes of house of commons soap were found bulging out of a legislator's coat pocket.

Since then the malady has spread with alarming persistency. One member of parliament, who in a fit of mental abstraction took a pair of hairbrushes stamped with the royal arms, was taken before the sergeant at arms and gently admonished, but even then the disease was not exterminated.

Table napkins have been mysteriously spirited away by one overworked legislator, while another unconsciously took somebody else's check book.

Recently the kleptomaniacs have confined their attention to silk hats, and so many have disappeared that some members now think it necessary to put skullcaps in their pockets as a safeguard against going home bareheaded.

Every night now when the cry is raised of "Who goes home?" it is found that there are not enough hats to go around.—London Express.

An Inventor's Discovery.

A Hungarian professor and chemist of the Brunn university claims to have rediscovered the secret of the ancient Greeks by which they were able to render mortar imperishable. The reason for the remarkable preservation and hard texture of the sealing material of the Acropolis at Athens, which is as good today as it was when first laid centuries ago, has always puzzled scientists and archaeologists. This Hungarian some twenty-five years ago procured a piece of this flintlike mortar and ever since has been engaged upon ascertaining the secret of its manufacture. He has invented a chemical compound, liquid in character and yellowish color. The claims of this inventor are that by the application of this compound the density of nearly every description of stone, including granite, is doubled and is rendered absolutely impervious to water. It imparts to all metals the power to resist rust and is a great, powerful germicide. These properties are not transient, but everlasting.

Look Not to the East.

For a long time it has been declared that those whose heads pointed toward the north while they slept enjoyed better rest than those whose feet were pointed in that direction.

Now a savant gravely declares that the position of one's desk largely influences his capability and that to do one's best work the seat must face the west.

It is asserted in all gravity that those who face the south lose at least one-third of their capability, and a seat facing the east is only less hurtful than one which faces the north.

The originator of the theory declares that he stumbled upon the solution by finding himself unable to work in a new library until the position of his desk had been changed and that he has verified the correctness of his claim by experiment with a score of his friends. In the course of time the compass will become as essential to the landsman as to the mariner.

Where Hebrew Is an Innovation.

Yiddish is an archaic and corrupt form of German extensively spoken by Jews in many countries besides Germany itself. A startling instance of its popularity is given by a writer in the Jewish Chronicle. In Jerusalem he met "a worthy man who denounced him for being unable to converse with him in Yiddish. 'You are no Jew,' he protested, 'for you do not know the Jewish language.' I answered that Hebrew was the Jewish language and that I was quite willing to try to speak to him in it. His rejoinder was, 'I have no patience with this newfangled idea of speaking Hebrew in Jerusalem.'"—London Globe.

Swell Russian Burglars.

The arrest of a band of burglars whose operations would have delighted Balzac to celebrate is described by the Sviet of St. Petersburg. Thirteen men and women, the flower of the profession, are under lock and key. They had a town house in Moscow, rent $2,000 a year, furnished at a cost of $10,000. They had a country house near Moscow worthy of a Russian nobleman. They had stables of fine horses and gardens kept by the best gardeners. They never condescended to an operation likely to yield less than $10,000. Their last exploit in May brought in $25,000.

Harmony In the House.

A hundred women thronged the space inside the rail at the west side police court in New York one day recently seeking warrants to arrest husbands who had deserted or refused to support them. Probation Officer Canfield of the court in commenting on the vexed problem of the desertion of wives says that in these cases all nationalities and all occupations figure, but adds that there is one occupation never yet on his list. No musician has ever been haled before his court.—Boston Herald.

Egypt Saved by Her Dam.

The Assouan dam in Egypt has saved the cotton crop this year. The Nile this year is very late and low, the gauge showing three meters below thirty years' average. The stored up water assures the irrigation of the delta and middle Egypt, but large areas in upper Egypt will remain unirrigated. The experience of this year will probably cause the construction of another great reservoir already projected to be expedited.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Missed Her Chance.

May—I believe that Miss Passey had a proposal when she was sixteen, Blanche—Indeed? And the poor thing was so young and thoughtless that she did not accept?

The Real Tests.

"Is he a thoroughly honest man?"

"I don't know," answered the man from Missouri. "I have trusted him with hundreds of thousands of dollars, but I never tried him with a book or an umbrella."—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A True Bear Story.

Stranger (up in Maine)—I presume you have seen a good many bears in your time?

Hunter—'Bout a thousand.

Stranger—I wish you would tell me a bear story—a true one, of course, every detail exactly as it happened.

Hunter—Eh? Want a true bear story? Waal, I swan! All right, I'll give you one, but sho you won't care for it. Back in the sixties, about '69, I think, or mebby it was '70, I was walkin' along, not thinkin' of anything in particular except Josh Peabody's chances of election—Josh and me were great friends—when, all of a sudden, just as I'd crossed a log over a stream and sat down on the further end of the log for a little rest, I felt a jar, and, looking up, there at the other end of the log, with one paw on it, was the biggest, ugliest lookin' bear you ever see. I had my gun, but it was empty, and I hadn't as much as a bird shot to load with—just goin' home, you know. My huntin' knife had got lost somehow that same day, and all I had was an old fashioned barlow pocketknife, a good deal the worse for wear. Well, I looked at that critter and he looked at me for 'bout two minutes, when I sort o' sidled off the log and crept along upstream about twenty feet, meantime openin' the old barlow knife. I couldn't get any farther on account of a high bank, a thicket of laurels and the jagged roots of a big tree that was blown over. Well, there I stood and there that critter stood, me eyin' him and him eyin' me, fer full ten minutes, when all of a sudden—Mighty good cigar this is.

Stranger—Yes, yes. Go on.

Hunter—Oh, yes. All of a sudden that bear crossed over the log and walked away.—New York Weekly.

Putting on a Good Front.

"If you'll give me a finer quality of goods," said the professional window trimmer, "I can make a splendid display."

"If I had the fine goods I could make the display myself," remarked the proprietor of the store. "What I'm paying you for is to make a splendid display with cheap goods."—Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

"I wonder why Caroline is willing to marry that stupid young Sappington?"

"You seem to have forgotten that Caroline is thirty-two."

Her Sure Accomplishment.

Her Rival—What a color Miss Love has tonight! I wonder if she paints.

Her Adorer (turning wistful eyes toward the central figure of an admiring circle)—I don't know. She certainly draws well.—Brooklyn Life.

Every One Knew It.

Hicks—Miss Lowd was in your box at the horse show the other day, I heard.

Wicks—Yes, and everybody else within fifty feet of the box heard too.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kind Hearted Lady.

Mr. Brown—Well, I guess I'll turn off that electric fan downstairs.

Mrs. Brown—Oh, David, don't! If some poor burglar got in he would simply stifle.—Indianapolis Journal.

The True Poets Are All Dead.

"A true poet writes poetry because he can't help it."

"Oh, no; a true poet writes poetry because nobody can stop him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Appetizer.

Towne—So you went home with Stingiman for luncheon today, eh? What did you get?

Brown—An appetite for dinner.—Philadelphia Press.

How Did She Know?

He—Funny thing about surf bathing. It makes my mustache smell so salty for a whole day afterward.

She—It does so. That's a fact.—Boston Transcript.

A Serious Matter.

Tee—A Scotchman can't see a joke, they say, and yet he originated golf.

Putt—Well, golf is no joke.—Detroit Free Press.

To an Invalid Typewriter.

My oLd typewrixter! y earrs have gon,
But you ar justi thE samje
No bad effect has TiMe XXX upon
Alignment
key or xxx frame.

Why, I reMeMber year rs ago
When i, new in the gaMe,
Would maK mistakes ((no longer so((
& let youxx taK the blaMe

But youx weretrue & didnot k ick
A n d neverdoso n o w,
& that is Why I fain muST stick
Th se laureis on yourrr brow$

My old typewrixter! Donšt get ill!
We y e t may maK thing shum,—
If girl s t e n ographers don't fill
?Thy joints wit h Chewing guM!$
—Peter Pry Shevlin in New York Herald.

Bespoken.

"I can attend to that divorce case for you, if you like," suggested his friend, the lawyer.

"I'm sorry, old man," replied the western Benedict, "but the fact is I promised the case to a friend of mine before I was married."—New York Press.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature. —Montaigne.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

Harking back to the days of their grandmothers, women prominent in Washington have taken up the weaving of rag carpets. Of course the products don't bear the ugly old name. They are called "souvenir rugs." Nor are they made of bits of all sorts of cloth, as in the old days. They are woven from fragments of modern gowns. The pretty daughters of Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island started the fad in Washington, and many girls have succumbed to it, not only daughters of resident families, but some who are only temporarily in the national capital. It is said the craze is strongest among aristocratic old Washingtonians, who look down from immeasurable heights upon the passing throng brought thither by politics and who turn a cold shoulder on the newly rich. Their mansions are rich in relics and poor in modern carpets and the wherewithal to buy them.

Visit of the Rechabites.

A meeting of the Washington members of the Independent Order of Rechabites was recently held here and arrangements were made for the reception of visiting delegates and past representatives to the forty-ninth annual session of the high tent, to be held in this city commencing Oct. 10. The high chief ruler of the order, John C. Moore, is a resident of the capital.

Waste of City Water.

The city has a new filtration plant in operation which has been several years in building. Water from it is turned into the mains, but not enough greatly to influence the supply. It has been discovered that the very day the plant is finally completed it will not handle so much water as the city with its natural growth of population and business is then likely to want and that the clean water will have to be supplemented all the time by a certain amount which has not been run through the filtration plant. This is very disappointing. The trouble here lies in the frightful waste of water through lack of meters.

A strong opposition against the measuring of water always shows itself in congress, even though the plan proposed be to give at the regular minimum charge a quantity sufficient for all ordinary household uses and needs and to let the extra cost dependent on the measuring begin only after that limit has been passed. But for the activity of those who had meters to sell this sentiment would have been irresistible. A small appropriation is now available for the introduction of meters, but the movement must proceed quietly. The privilege of letting water pipes leak year in and year out and of tolerating defective plumbing many people regard as among the inalienable rights of an American citizen, with which the law should not try to interfere. But unless there is some such interference the filtration plant, completed at a huge cost, will perform but slight service.

Progress of Union Station Work.

It will be eighteen months, if not two years, Engineer Hunt predicts, before the union station is ready for occupancy, although steady progress is being made. Foundations for the station are nearly all completed and a large amount of the steel framing and granite and brick work of the superstructure is in place.

The Surgeon General's Library.

The government printing office is completing the tenth volume of an index catalogue for the office of the surgeon general, this being the second series of the same import. An idea of the size and complexity of the library of the surgeon general is derived from the statement that there have been twenty-six large volumes of index catalogues published, and it is said that by the time the present series is completed there will be sufficient material on hand for a third series.

Speaking of the character and scope of the surgeon general's library, L. C. Ferrell, superintendent of public documents, said that this collection of books was undoubtedly the largest and most complete of its kind in the United States and probably the most up to date, if not the largest, in the world. The medical museum is not only the home of this wonderful medical library, but the depository of a great number of specimens of interest to the medical fraternity, said to be the largest collection in this country.

New Rifle Range.

The range of the National Capital Rifle and Revolver club, an organization that was chartered early in the spring, is now ready for business. It is located at Congress heights.

It is the club's purpose to revive the interest in rifle work, which has long been dormant here for lack of proper facilities, especially 200 yard schuetzen work and revolver shooting at fifty yards. Trap shooting will also be a feature if the members desire it. It is purely a civilian club, open to all, and has already on its rolls the names of a number of prominent business and professional men, as well as many of the best shots of the national guard and metropolitan police force. Any rifle or revolver may be used, as with such a club there is no ground for restriction, as only the pleasure of its members is to be served.

Naval Vessel to Be Wrecked.

The hull of the old naval steamboat Phlox, which has been lying at Dean's boat yard, a short distance north of Alexandria, Va., ever since she was dismantled about two years ago, has been taken to a point on the Maryland side of the river opposite Alexandria, where she will be wrecked to obtain the metal in her timbers. The Phlox for many years ran on a route between the Naval academy at Annapolis and Baltimore and was a very handsome craft.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

Building Rome.

Teacher—Tommy, when was Rome built? Tommy—In the night. Teacher—How came you to make such a mistake? Tommy—You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day.—School Board Journal.

Questioners.

Tommy—Oh, my pa says you're a blamed nuisance, teacher. Teacher—What? Tommy—Well, that's what he says I am when I ask questions, and that's what you're always a-doin'.—Philadelphia Press.

FLED FROM TEMPTATION.

A Briber Was Getting Close to This Honest Man's Price.

Several secret service men were lunching in a downtown cafe the other day when the talk turned to the general subject of graft and bribery.

"I am reminded," said one of them, "of the story of an individual who was well known in the west about a decade ago as a man of unimpeachable honesty and sterling integrity. And it wasn't just a belief or a general impression, but a matter of cold, hard fact, as the circumstances had proved more than once.

"It happened that about the time I mention a big eastern corporation which handled millions of dollars' worth of goods annually wanted a man for a position of the highest trust and after searching the country over lighted on the gentleman in question. He accepted the position, delighted with the honor done him, but only held it for a month, when he handed in his resignation. As he had given splendid satisfaction in the short time, he was pressed by his employers for an explanation. This he finally gave, as follows:

"'I had held this place only three days when a well known individual came to see me and, after pledging my honor to secrecy, offered me a bribe of $10,000 to do a certain thing that would have been faithless to my trust. I had him shown out of the office. The next day a representative of his raised the tendered bribe to $20,000. I refused indignantly. Several days later the offer was raised to $50,000, and some time after it was increased to $75,000. Still I refused with scorn.

"'Last week the well known individual himself again came to see me and offered to make the bribe $100,000 in cash and $100,000 in stock, and I refused the offer and resigned.'

"'And why did you resign?' asked his former employers, gazing at him in admiration.

"'Gentlemen,' said the man of unimpeachable honesty and sterling integrity, 'my reputation is all I have. There has never been a spot on my name, and bribery and graft and I have been strangers all my life. Such will continue to be the case. Gentlemen, I resigned because that last offer was simply near my price.'"—Washington Star.

WILD BABOONS.

An Incident Which Illustrates the Caution of the Animals.

One of the farm boys drew our attention to what seemed little more than a couple of dark specks on the slope of the hills to the right, but we could soon see that they were moving, and when they came within half a mile of us we could distinctly recognize them as a herd of baboons.

The boy said that he was quite sure they were on their way to the water; but, to our surprise, they did not make any advance. A quarter of an hour elapsed, half an hour; still no sign of their approach. All at once, as if they had started from the earth by magic, at the open end of the pond, not sixty yards from our place of ambush, stood two huge males.

When or how they got there no one could tell. Probably they had come by a circuitous way through the valley, or it might be that they had crept straight down through the grass. They had certainly eluded our observation.

Being anxious to watch the movements of the animals and to ascertain whether they belonged to the herd playing under the mimosas, I refrained from firing and determined to see what would follow next. Both baboons sprang toward the water, and, leaning down, they drank till they were satisfied. Then, having gravely stretched themselves, they solemnly stalked away on all fours in the direction of the herd. There was little doubt, therefore, that they belonged to the herd and had been sent forward to reconnoiter, for as soon as they got back the entire herd put itself in motion toward the pond.

There were mothers taking care of their little ones; there were half grown animals, the boys and girls of the company. At first only one baboon at a time came to the water's edge and, having taken its draft, retired to the rest, but when about ten had thus ventured separately they began to come in small groups, leaving the others rolling and jumping on the sand.—Youth's Companion.

ODD FACTS ABOUT DEER.

Wonderful Jumpers, With a Marvelous Sense of Smell.

"Deer are wonderful jumpers, as may be imagined," says a writer. "I have seen a hind clear fifteen feet or so and buck as high as a tall man merely to avoid a small drain, and also, at a drive, I have seen a stag jump clear over one of the beaters, taking a fence at the same time. There is still extant the record of a famous leap made by a stag down on the borders of Ettick during a hunt by one of the old Scottish kings. The place is known as 'the Hart's Leap,' and is commemorated by two stones, which the monarch had erected to mark the spot. They measure twenty-eight feet apart.

"Deer have a marvelous sense of smell. With a strong wind blowing they will scent a man a mile off. Yet, though their powers of scent are marvelous, I confess to having had one illusion quickly dispelled. From reading various old books on the subject I had come to regard their sight as something quite abnormal and fondly imagined that, on spying deer, say, a mile or so away, a cautious advance was necessitated, after the manner of our ancient enemy, the serpent.

"Now, though deer do have good sight, they are certainly inferior in this respect to the roe, and so long as you keep perfectly still, will have great difficulty in detecting you. I proved this again and again one July when trying to obtain photographs of wild deer. I did not get any photographs, though plenty of experience, but I was often lying within fifteen yards of deer without their being conscious of my presence."

A Bad Habit.

The Heiress—Papa, I am considerably embarrassed to discover that I am engaged to marry both the duke and the count.

"How like your mother, to jump in and buy more than she wants, just because it is cheap!"—Life.