

Pastor Marvin's Conversion

By WINTEROP ALLEN

Copyright, 1906, by Winterop Allen

CHURCHGOING was good enough for women, argued the sturdy miners of the Crossett Coal company. It kept their tongues wagging on other themes than the shortcomings of their husbands. But for men! Well, why should they on this one day in seven, when they might bask in sunshine and breathe air unpolluted by noxious gas and fire-damp, shut themselves within the narrow walls of Zion church?

Yet, strangely enough, on this particular Sunday in May every one of them manifested a surprising determination to be numbered in Parson Marvin's flock, and loud and earnest were the demands for shoe brushes and "boiled shirts."

It was old Tom Caughey, boss of No. 7 shaft, who told Father Feeley the reason, as he stood, hat in hand, when his spiritual adviser came out from early mass.

"It's no hard penance you'll put on me, father, for goin' to Pastor Marvin's church the day? Sure, it's little Arthur that'll be preachin' to the people of Wynore Gap for the first time. He's been away to college these three years, an' they do say he's a smart man—him that took many a ride down in the carriage with me an' has played roun' the breakers ever since me own Tim."

He paused, and Father Feeley grasped the thin, muscular hand.

"With the saints by now, Caughey, never fear. Yes, you go and hear young Marvin. I mind him myself, a likely spoken and civil mannered lad, who seemed always to love our mines and men."

Three hours later Arthur Marvin stood with tightly folded arms gazing at his window across the square to the church which had been his father's charge and which, according to the rules and regulations of the denomination he represented, might now become his.

Eagerly he watched for each familiar face in that slow gathering congregation. There was Mary MacNeal, whose husband and son had been killed in the explosion of 1897. She still wore black, and she had company in plenty, for there were pretty Bessie Maguire, whose Dick had been caught in a premature blast, and Lizzie Dugan, whose husband of three happy months had gone down with the last nasty cave-in, and—yes, there was dear old Caughey. A band of rusty black still clung round his Sunday hat, though to Arthur it seemed years since he and Tim—square shouldered, light hearted, honest intentioned Tim—had chased round the breakers together. Then one day Tim had gone to work in his father's shaft—and had never come up again. Just one day! Arthur felt a strange grip on his throat. He turned abruptly from the window as Caughey, with uncertain steps, entered the unaccustomed place of worship.

They crossed the little square together—Pastor Marvin, tall, stalwart and proud despite his threescore years; Arthur, a trifle shorter, slighter and fairer than his father, but with the same determination in his bearing, and Lucy. No one in all Wynore Gap knew Lucy's history. Pastor Marvin had one day been called suddenly to the pulpit, and when he had come back Lucy had come too. Some said she was the daughter of a boyhood friend who in dying had bequeathed the child to the Marvins. Another popular tale held that she was the orphan of a repentant parishioner. Be that as it might, the gossip united in declaring that Lucy had developed in the placid life of Zion, personage like a rare mountain flower, and that if she did not in due time accept the heart and hand of Arthur Marvin, then truly would every tradition of poetic and romantic justice be shattered.

Side by side walked father and son down the center aisle and up the steps to the haircloth sofa behind the gaunt, unlovely pulpit. Side by side they sank on their knees, and old Caughey, nervously fidgeting the crape band on his old fashioned derby, murmured an "Ave," unconscious of its incongruity in this church, where there were neither altars nor candles nor sad eyed madonnas.

When the simple introductory service was finished Arthur rose, unfolded his manuscript and announced his text. Then he paused and looked almost wistfully into the uplifted faces. By some chance coincidence Mary MacNeal, Bessie Maguire, Lizzie Dugan and old Caughey sat close together on the right hand aisle. His glance rested as if hypnotized on that blur of black; then, with shaking hands, he turned the first page of his sermon.

It was a dissertation on the resurrection of Lazarus, and the people listened wonderingly to his vivid word pictures of the scene, his sonorous periods, the inflections of his rich, well trained voice. For twenty minutes he read on, yet each word seemed to strike against a sounding board and come back to him with a mocking metallic ring. Yes; Arthur Marvin, their Arthur, whom they had known and loved as babe, lad and youth, had come back to them knowing many wonderful things, and yet—

They did not understand, but he did. It pierced his very soul. Their disappointment was pitiful. In some way he had fallen them—how they could not say.

He reached his peroration. What was he to tell them? The men no longer needed miracles to convince them of the love and tenderness of God? Suddenly before his eyes rose a grayish mist, and in the center of it stood out the black robed group on the right hand aisle. He faltered, stammered a few words and abruptly folded his manuscript.

The prayer which followed was more lifeless, more cold, than the sermon. Lucy, listening as one frozen in shock of surprise, forgot to bow her head, and with wide open eyes watched the face of the young preacher, now almost harsh in its sternness. She slipped out the side door, and

when father and son still erect, still proud, still silent, entered the parsonage dining room, a bouquet of fresh spring flowers graced the table. They seemed almost a mute, gentle prayer for tolerance, for patience, but the eyes of the elder man never strayed their way. Finally he dropped his fork, his napkin slipped to the floor, and one strongly veined hand fell upon the tablecloth with an almost despairing crash.

"The first Marvin in four generations to fall! Preachers before you, every one of us—father, grandfather and great-grandfather, and you, my only son, fail me—utterly."

There was no appeal in that voice, only harsh, accusing pride. Arthur squared his shoulders, and his voice rang out more convincingly than from the pulpit:

"It is not my fault, father. If you had spent one-half the money you put into my theological course on making an engineer of me I would have been a credit to you. But now—well, I did my best to please you, but the work is not for me nor in me."

His father stepped to the study and returned with a letter bearing the note head of the seminary from which Arthur had just been graduated. Arthur read it and handed it back to his father, his face turning ashy gray.

"I will not call Dr. Crawford a spy or an informer. It was probably his duty, as part of it, to keep you informed as to my movements, but he might have gone further. He might have said that every recitation I missed was made up—that every absence could have been accounted for in the office of an expert engineer—that my visits in the slums were for the purpose of studying the real condition of the poorest and most slavish working classes. As for heretical speeches—I wish I had made more of them. I wish I could have dragged every one of those students away from their books to men, to the lives into which they were expected to bring relief and comfort."

Pastor Marvin stood with livid face, the letter crumpled and moist in his hand, and the voice of his son swept on.

"Now that we are at the root of this matter, let me speak the truth. I'd rather give men a chance to live here to assure them of safety in the life to come. How can they prepare for a future existence amid conditions so degrading? How can they serve the God I preach when they are starving and some one man may accumulate wealth?"

"Perhaps in the tone was just a suggestion that men who were above their work were given to taking frequent lay-offs. Arthur made no reply to the thrust, but plunged at once into the object of his call.

"This is a nasty bit of fire damp in No. 7, and the fans don't seem to carry it off."

"Most miners expect to contend with fire damp. They don't anticipate a picnic down there."

Arthur flushed, but his voice was respectful.

"This is not an ordinary amount or an ordinary kind. It means—trouble."

Seeger whirled round in his chair impatiently.

"Our foremen are supposed to look after these matters, Mr. Marvin, and I believe Standish, our inside man, is perfectly competent."

Arthur did not mention that Standish had been too intoxicated for three days to distinguish between fire damp and illuminating gas. He lowered his voice to a trifle.

"Mr. Seeger, unless something is done there'll be an explosion within five hours."

future was left to his own determination. He went down into the bowels of the earth day after day not only to dig, but to study. By and by he changed



"Our foremen are supposed to look after these matters."

to other workings. He wanted to know something of other veins, drifts and formations, and far into the night he talked with Tom Caughey, who knew the Crossett property as a good Mohammedan knows his Koran. Every Sunday morning Arthur went to Zion church to study something else—the unyielding features of his father and the pathetic little lines which were beginning to show in Lucy's face.

He worked on day shifts and on night shifts, but it was always night down there. The summer waxed stifling hot, and autumn swept on, cool and refreshing, but the temperature in the mines did not vary. Then one day when the first snow was on the ground, and the men, coming from below, looked like gnomes against the glistening hillside, Arthur Marvin again presented himself before Superintendent Seeger. The latter looked up impatiently. What did this son of a preacher want now—promotion before his turn?

"Well, Marvin, you must be taking a day off."

"Perhaps in the tone was just a suggestion that men who were above their work were given to taking frequent lay-offs. Arthur made no reply to the thrust, but plunged at once into the object of his call.

"This is a nasty bit of fire damp in No. 7, and the fans don't seem to carry it off."

"Most miners expect to contend with fire damp. They don't anticipate a picnic down there."

Arthur flushed, but his voice was respectful.

"This is not an ordinary amount or an ordinary kind. It means—trouble."

Seeger whirled round in his chair impatiently.

"Our foremen are supposed to look after these matters, Mr. Marvin, and I believe Standish, our inside man, is perfectly competent."

Arthur did not mention that Standish had been too intoxicated for three days to distinguish between fire damp and illuminating gas. He lowered his voice to a trifle.

"Mr. Seeger, unless something is done there'll be an explosion within five hours."

The superintendent rose, flushing angrily.

"Permit me to remind you, Marvin, that you asked me for a job in the mines, not as my adviser."

His next words were lost in a deep, reverberating detonation, which shook the very foundations of the long, narrow office building.

The two men looked each other silently in the face. No need for explanations now. From adjacent rooms peered frightened faces, and the next instant from the distance came the sound of many feet hurrying toward the top of the shaft. White to the lips, but with a great determination burning in his eyes, Marvin reached the place even before the startled superintendent. Yes, it was No. 7, and Caughey was down there.

The old heartrending scenes were reenacted. Arthur had witnessed them before. The anguished faces of women hovering near the shaft and about the carriage, the waiting stretchers, that first awful load of maimed and blackened forms, the instant of horrible uncertainty, then the cry of—"Fire!"

"Yes, I'm going to break through into No. 7, or— He bent over and kissed her. "Send some men here. I'll need them—after the explosion."

She would have held him, but already he had stepped on the carriage, and with the rattling clank of cable drums he shot out of sight. When Seeger came back from the telephone, with determination written on his face, he met an equally determined but pale faced girl. When he heard her story he exclaimed:

"He'll never come up alive!"

"Yes, he will," affirmed Lucy, her faith in her lover paramount to her discretion. "He knows the mines better than you do. He'll never try it unless there's a chance. And you'll give him that chance, won't you?"

Seeger paused and looked into the pleading, uplifted face. It meant a delay of a few minutes only. The flames could gain little headway in that time. He strode to No. 7 and detailed a rescue party for No. 7. The news spread like the scorching flames far beneath their feet. Arthur Marvin had gone down No. 6 shaft to save the entombed men. No one knew just how far he had gone, but it was a ray of hope, and heartless women joined with willing men in the rush to the head of No. 6 just as a second deep toned boom fell upon their ears.

Lucy leaned faintly against Pastor Marvin, who had been passing from group to group, praying and administering words of comfort, but who now stood silent and haggard, with his eyes straining toward the shaft. Was Arthur alive, or had that blast been his deathknell? The silence which followed was the silence of death. From the top of No. 6 came no sound. Women looked into each other's eyes, and hope died down again. A young girl whose lover was with the ill fitted group underground fell unconscious at Pastor Marvin's feet, but he did not see her.

Hark! Yes; the clang of the engineer's bell. Some one was alive and signaling. Men fought for the right to answer that call, but Seeger's hand was first. Up—up—slowly—slowly came the carriage. What would it bring to the waiting women—life or death? Now it reached the head of the shaft, and a signal, puffed, but living face appeared above its rim. What mattered it that several fingers were gone; that the flesh quivered and stung? Here were life and air—and mother. A woman sprang forward with a great cry of joy and knelt beside the bruised form. Seeger was stepping up on the carriage at the door of the rescue party when he felt a light pressure on his arm. Lucy spoke in low tones.

"His father—he wishes to go down. Perhaps Arthur?"

Seeger put the other men aside. Pastor Marvin walked silently on the carriage; then Seeger motioned Lucy to follow. Down, down to that awful uncertainty they dropped. The air was still thick with smoke and dust. After signaling the engineer above to stop the carriage Seeger led them along the gangway toward the No. 7 workings. They could see dimly the great gap in the earth, through which Arthur and Caughey, the latter bruised and bleeding, but still staunch and strong, were drawing a limp figure.

By the flickering lamps of the rescue party Arthur's face looked discolored and drawn. He did not see Lucy, and she sprang forward with a glad cry. Then she stopped suddenly. After today her love would come first, always, always, but this she recognized as the appointed hour for another.

She drew back. A tall, erect figure strode through the uncertain light, a trembling hand on the shoulder of the engineer, and a voice shaken with feeling exclaimed:

"Arthur, my son, my son—greater love hath no man than this! But I—I did not understand. You must forgive."

He looked at her with a look of astonishment. However, I picked him up, took him home and tethered him in the garden with a strap to one leg. The first night he ate a good meal of liver, and after that he took almost any kind of meat given him by one wing. I let him have carrion whenever it was convenient, but at other times he ate freshly killed frogs, fresh beef, opossum and even fish.

One night soon after I had brought him home I went out to see how he looked when he was asleep. It was so dark that his black plumage was not visible against the grass. All I could see of him was a white spot, his head, as it hung near the ground.

I approached very quietly and was within five feet when something happened. Out of the darkness there came a flash of white straight toward me with a speed which caused me to step quickly backward, and at the same instant there was a startling, rattling sound, accompanied by a guttural growl, which for a moment I did not recognize as the voice of the young vulture.

Altogether it was a most startling phenomenon, and, although I realized in a moment that the bird was in some way the cause of it, I do not know even yet just what happened. This much I know, however, that the bird rushed at me, growling with all his might, and that the flash of white was the white down of the body uncovered by the opening of the black wings.

The rushing sound was, I think, caused in some way by the wing feathers or tail feathers, or both, but whether by dragging them along the ground or otherwise I cannot tell. I tried on several occasions to find this out by approaching the young vulture when there was just light enough for me to see what happened, but he would never act in just the same way unless it was quite dark.

No doubt this is some provision of nature to protect the bird when it is young and helpless, and I can testify that it is a good one, for I am sure that few night prowling animals would care to pursue their investigations after being given so startling a reception.

The Proper Case. Teacher—Sammy, in the sentence, "I have a book," what is the case of the pronoun "I"? Sammy (promptly). Nominative case. Teacher—Next boy, tell me in what case to put the noun "book"? Next Boy (thoughtfully). Bookcase.

Mean. Miss Mugley—I always try to retire before midnight. I don't like to miss my beauty sleep. Miss Peppery—You really should try harder. You certainly don't get enough of it.—Exchange.

Necessity Drove. He—I don't understand your extravagance! Before we were married you had the reputation of being very economical. She (sweetly)—But you forgot, dear, that before we were married I didn't have the money.—Detroit Free Press.

The Koto and Samisen. Japanese girls of the upper and middle classes learn to play the "koto," while those of the lower orders usually learn the "samisen." The "koto" is a narrow horizontal instrument about five feet long with a sounding board upon which are stretched strings supported by ivory bridges. It is played by means of ivory finger tips. The player sits before the instrument on the floor in the ordinary posture, and when she touches the strings she often sings a soft accompaniment. The "samisen" is a kind of banjo and is often played during theatrical performances and recitations. It gives forth dull and monotonous tones.

The Young Vulture. HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO FLY. The Fledgling Has Wonderful Strength of Bill, is Courageous and Aggressive and is as Quick Almost as a Flash of Lightning. In the south there is one bird which everybody knows whether he is a nature student or not. I refer to the turkey vulture, or turkey buzzard, as most people call him. This bird seems to be an ever present feature of the southern landscape, for look upward when you will you may see him sweeping the sky with outspread wings, wheeling in broad circles or soaring in graceful spirals, with seeming never a stroke of the mighty pinions for hours at a time.

THE YOUNG VULTURE

HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO FLY. The Fledgling Has Wonderful Strength of Bill, is Courageous and Aggressive and is as Quick Almost as a Flash of Lightning.

In the south there is one bird which everybody knows whether he is a nature student or not. I refer to the turkey vulture, or turkey buzzard, as most people call him. This bird seems to be an ever present feature of the southern landscape, for look upward when you will you may see him sweeping the sky with outspread wings, wheeling in broad circles or soaring in graceful spirals, with seeming never a stroke of the mighty pinions for hours at a time.

One day I saw a vulture sailing thus, says Ernest Harold Saines in the Boston Herald, and I carefully marked his flight until he descended from the white clouds and disappeared near the edge of a distant wood. Supposing that he had come down to feed on some carrion—a dead horse perhaps, which had been dragged just outside of the woods and left—I made the best of my way to the spot where I lost sight of the bird, that I might be a witness to the feast.

I arrived at the wood, but neither bird nor carcass could I see. Then I betought me that this was the month of May, and that perhaps the buzzard had a nest thereabout. I hunted under the bushes, along the side of fallen trees and in some old stumps which were standing near, but not a feather was to be seen.

Presently I spied a log which lay somewhat apart in the shadow of some shrubs, and as I approached it out from somewhere came a big turkey buzzard, which quickly disappeared behind the trees. On coming up to the log, which was a large one, I found that it was hollow, and in the cavity there were two eggs, which doubtless belonged to the vulture which had just departed. They were considerably larger than the eggs of a domestic hen, and in color they were dirty white, heavily spotted with chocolate brown. I left them that I might have an opportunity to study the young.

The next time I visited the hollow log the parent birds were not in sight, but in the nest I found two downy fledglings, which could scarcely be called pretty. They were in every way less attractive than young hawks of the same age. They expressed their disapproval of my presence by a weak growling sound.

I could not visit the spot again for some weeks, and when I did one of them had disappeared. The other was no longer in the hollow log, but standing on the ground. I was interested to see the change in his appearance. In the first place, he had grown tremendously; the down which had formerly covered the whole body was now confined chiefly to the head, neck and under parts, and the rest of the bird was clothed with firm black feathers. He looked fat and well fed.

I reached out my hand and caught him by one wing. But here he had a surprise for me, for he seized my finger in his hooked bill and with a turn of his head twisted off a bit of the flesh before I had time even to object. After hurriedly cleansing the wound I again advanced on the enemy, who was game enough to satisfy any one and came to the attack with open bill. Of course he was not dangerous in the least, for he was very young and could not even fly, but for a fledgling the grip he could give with his bill was astonishing.

However, I picked him up, took him home and tethered him in the garden with a strap to one leg. The first night he ate a good meal of liver, and after that he took almost any kind of meat given him by one wing. I let him have carrion whenever it was convenient, but at other times he ate freshly killed frogs, fresh beef, opossum and even fish.

One night soon after I had brought him home I went out to see how he looked when he was asleep. It was so dark that his black plumage was not visible against the grass. All I could see of him was a white spot, his head, as it hung near the ground.

I approached very quietly and was within five feet when something happened. Out of the darkness there came a flash of white straight toward me with a speed which caused me to step quickly backward, and at the same instant there was a startling, rattling sound, accompanied by a guttural growl, which for a moment I did not recognize as the voice of the young vulture.

Altogether it was a most startling phenomenon, and, although I realized in a moment that the bird was in some way the cause of it, I do not know even yet just what happened. This much I know, however, that the bird rushed at me, growling with all his might, and that the flash of white was the white down of the body uncovered by the opening of the black wings.

The rushing sound was, I think, caused in some way by the wing feathers or tail feathers, or both, but whether by dragging them along the ground or otherwise I cannot tell. I tried on several occasions to find this out by approaching the young vulture when there was just light enough for me to see what happened, but he would never act in just the same way unless it was quite dark.

No doubt this is some provision of nature to protect the bird when it is young and helpless, and I can testify that it is a good one, for I am sure that few night prowling animals would care to pursue their investigations after being given so startling a reception.

The Proper Case. Teacher—Sammy, in the sentence, "I have a book," what is the case of the pronoun "I"? Sammy (promptly). Nominative case. Teacher—Next boy, tell me in what case to put the noun "book"? Next Boy (thoughtfully). Bookcase.

Mean. Miss Mugley—I always try to retire before midnight. I don't like to miss my beauty sleep. Miss Peppery—You really should try harder. You certainly don't get enough of it.—Exchange.

The Koto and Samisen. Japanese girls of the upper and middle classes learn to play the "koto," while those of the lower orders usually learn the "samisen." The "koto" is a narrow horizontal instrument about five feet long with a sounding board upon which are stretched strings supported by ivory bridges. It is played by means of ivory finger tips. The player sits before the instrument on the floor in the ordinary posture, and when she touches the strings she often sings a soft accompaniment. The "samisen" is a kind of banjo and is often played during theatrical performances and recitations. It gives forth dull and monotonous tones.

The Young Vulture. HE IS WILLING TO FIGHT BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO FLY. The Fledgling Has Wonderful Strength of Bill, is Courageous and Aggressive and is as Quick Almost as a Flash of Lightning.

In the south there is one bird which everybody knows whether he is a nature student or not. I refer to the turkey vulture, or turkey buzzard, as most people call him. This bird seems to be an ever present feature of the southern landscape, for look upward when you will you may see him sweeping the sky with outspread wings, wheeling in broad circles or soaring in graceful spirals, with seeming never a stroke of the mighty pinions for hours at a time.

One day I saw a vulture sailing thus, says Ernest Harold Saines in the Boston Herald, and I carefully marked his flight until he descended from the white clouds and disappeared near the edge of a distant wood. Supposing that he had come down to feed on some carrion—a dead horse perhaps, which had been dragged just outside of the woods and left—I made the best of my way to the spot where I lost sight of the bird, that I might be a witness to the feast.

I arrived at the wood, but neither bird nor carcass could I see. Then I betought me that this was the month of May, and that perhaps the buzzard had a nest thereabout. I hunted under the bushes, along the side of fallen trees and in some old stumps which were standing near, but not a feather was to be seen.

Presently I spied a log which lay somewhat apart in the shadow of some shrubs, and as I approached it out from somewhere came a big turkey buzzard, which quickly disappeared behind the trees. On coming up to the log, which was a large one, I found that it was hollow, and in the cavity there were two eggs, which doubtless belonged to the vulture which had just departed. They were considerably larger than the eggs of a domestic hen, and in color they were dirty white, heavily spotted with chocolate brown. I left them that I might have an opportunity to study the young.

WOMAN AND FASHION

The Fashionable Mohairs. No material makes more satisfactory suits for traveling and general wear than does Stilian mohair in the new and fashionable designs. This one shows a small green and blue plaid and is exceedingly smart as well as serviceable, the trimming being bands of plain colored taffeta piped and stitched. The jacket is one of the new



MOHAIR TRAVELING SUIT.

ones that are quite collarless and allow a choice between the mandolin and plain coat sleeves. Its many seams mean slender lines as well as perfect fit, and the closing can be made with loops and buttons, as shown, or invisibly by means of a fly, as may be preferred. The skirt is cut in nine gores, each alternate one being stitched and trimmed to give a panel effect. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted plaits, and the skirt fits smoothly and snugly over the hips, while it flares freely about the feet. To make the suit for a woman of medium size will be required for the jacket 4 yards of material 27, 24 yards 44 or 1 1/2 yards 54 inches wide; for skirt, 7 yards 27, 4 yards 44 or 3 1/2 yards 54 inches wide.

The New Belts. The newest belts are charming, the loveliest being made of rich black satin, cut on the bias and lined with black china silk. These are folded, are wide at the back and graduated narrow at the front, where they are hooked underneath and confined by a horse shoe, a heart or golf stick of fine rhinestones. These ornaments are large, the sparkling stones mounted on a dainty rim of French gilt. In the center of the back the fullness or folds are drawn through a rhinestone and gilt buckle about two inches wide by six inches long. These buckles are set upright, and two long loops of the satin rise above the upper end, while two sash ends about a quarter of a yard long fall below. Buckles in modish designs are also in old silver, gun metal and Roman gold finish, but nothing can be more charming than those of rhinestones, glittering against the lustrous black satin.

Handy For Warm Mornings. This is the season when the wise woman makes ready her clothes that will be needed during the warm weather. Among the most necessary of these are

the dressing sacks, which are so inexpensive, easy to make and, oh, so comfortable to slip into early in the morning! In the model shown here we have a design that is both pretty and yet very easy of home manufacture. The front has a prettily shaped collar, the back is fitted, and the sleeve may be in flowing or bishop style. It is charmingly developed in figured lawn, using plain color for the collar and facings.



LAWN DRESSING SACK.

Among the multiplicity of volles in every weight and color there is a tartan plaid which is really newer than anything yet produced in this material. The plaid is a very small green and blue check representing the only combination of the kind so far attempted. The fact that this new volle is not cheap obviates, for the summer at least, any chance of its being too much worn to be desirable. A stunning gown of this material is made with a three tiered skirt and trimmed with little killed frills of blue taffeta, the bodice becomingly arranged with trimmings of the knitting.

Popular Hat Flowers. Hydrangeas are as popular for summer hats as wistaria and lilacs and make a most effective decoration.

Whistling Women. "It's a peculiar fact," remarked the observing youth, "that only one woman in a thousand can whistle."

"Nothing peculiar about that," replied the man with the absent hair, "as long as a woman can talk she doesn't care to whistle."—Illustrated Bits.

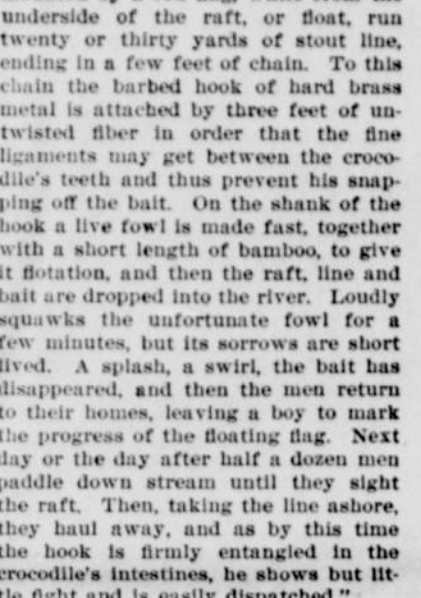
The Happy Part. She—Did your uncle die happy? He—Well, to tell you the truth, I didn't notice him, but everybody else seemed very happy.—Boston Transcript.

Medical Advice. "What prompted you to rob this man's bill?" asked the judge of the prisoner.

"My family physician, sir," was the reply. "He told me it was absolutely necessary that I should have a little change."—A Suggestion.

CROCODILE FISHING.

Ingenuous Method of Catching the Beasts Used in India. A correspondent of the London Field, writing on the pursuit of the crocodile in the Malacca strait, describes the ingenious method of catching the beast adopted by the natives of the Kedah river. He says: "A small bamboo raft some two feet square is constructed, and on it is erected a flag post surmounted by a red flag, while from the underside of the raft, or float, run twenty or thirty yards of stout line, ending in a few feet of chain. To this chain the barbed hook of hard brass metal is attached by three feet of un-twisted fiber in order that the crocodile's teeth and thus prevent his snapping off the barbed hook. On the shaft of the hook a live fowl is made fast, together with a short length of bamboo, to give it flotation, and then the raft, line and bait are dropped into the river. Loudly squawks the unfortunate fowl for a few minutes, but its sorrows are short lived. A splash, a swirl, the bait has disappeared, and then the men return to their homes, leaving a boy to mark the progress of the floating flag. Next day or the day after half a dozen men paddle down stream until they sight the raft. Then, taking the line ashore, they haul away, and as by this time the hook is firmly entangled in the crocodile's intestines, he shows but little fight and is easily dispatched."



THE HALIFAX GIBBET.

A Sort of Gallows That Was Once Used in England. An ancient law of Hardwick forest, a tract coextensive with Halifax parish, is traced by Taylor, the water poet: At Halifax the law so sharp doth deal That who more than thirteen pence doth steal They have a jin that wondrous quick and well Sends thieves all headless into heaven or hell.

This "jin" resembled the guillotine in construction and stood on a stone scaffold, unearthed when Gibbet Hill was leveled. The ax is preserved. This, the only guillotine used in England, was the forerunner of the "maiden," introduced into Scotland by Regent Morton and now in the Edinburgh Antiquarian museum. The "Halifax gibbet" was last used in 1650 and the "maiden" for Lord Argyll in 1661 and his son in 1685, who spoke of it as the sweetest maiden he ever kissed.

Dr. Guillotine did not invent the machine. Dr. Louis constructed one in 1791, the "Louisson," but the name "guillotine" became general from the burst of surgical enthusiasm in which Dr. Guillotine, in 1789, after deploring the tedious torture of hanging, exclaimed, "With my machine I strike off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you never feel it!"—London Globe.

SECOND WIND.

It Comes When All the Lung Cells Are in Full Play. The following is a popular explanation of what is known as second wind. In ordinary breathing we use only a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play. This is the reason why those who are not in training when they try to run for any distance soon begin to gasp and unless they are resolute enough to persevere in spite of this choking sensation are forced to stop, but if they persevere the choking goes off, and they acquire what is known as second wind.

When this second wind is fully established the runner does not again lose his breath, but can run in comfort as long as his legs will carry him. The fact is that on starting the farthest portions of the lungs are choked with air and the remainder do not supply enough to meet the increased circulation induced by exercise.

By degrees, however, the neglected cells come into play, so that when the entire lung is in full working order the circulation and respiration again balance each other, and second wind is the result.

In the Rat Pit. The ordinary house rat will not fight if he can find his way into a hole. Enclosed in the pit, with no chance of escape, the case is different. The rat will not only fight its enemy, but will turn on those of its kind with which it is bunched. The trained rat dog will jump backward and forward, often times entirely over the rat, in avoiding its bite, and, watching its opportunity, will catch the rat by the back, give one crunch and break its spinal column. Then it throws the rat, dead or dying, aside and like a flash leaps into place for seizing and killing the next rat.

A Pillar in Norway