

BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

A merry widower, Imogene, is one who does not have to pay for a Merry Widow hat.

Even if they were to live 120 years, some men wouldn't succeed in getting out of debt.

Alfred, it will be remembered, is the Vanderbilt whom Cornelius II. selected as the head of the family.

Japan may be able to get just as much excitement out of Korea as Uncle Sam ever got in the Philippines.

Love may laugh at locksmiths before marriage, but it never even giggles at plumbers after starting housekeeping.

Some of the conspicuous members of New York City's smart set have curious ideas of what constitutes comfort in life.

We never hear persons who have to celebrate their golden wedding saying that they have had enough of married life.

Another English war ship has been sunk during maneuvers. It is reported that Emperor William intends to try to prove an alibi.

"Single women should pray for husbands," says the bishop of Buffalo. And wouldn't it be well, also, for married women to pray for their husbands?

A poet was beheaded in Hayti a few days ago. It should be explained, however, that he was executed on account of his political affiliations and not because of his poetry.

A Texas woman has forfeited an estate worth \$800,000 in order to marry the man she loves. And he will probably be reminded of the fact for the rest of his life.

A man of the name of Scarlet is acting as prosecutor of the Pennsylvania statehouse grafters. It is, perhaps, only natural that he should catch some of them red-handed.

A number of Chinese experts are coming to the United States to study the financial system. When they find out all about it they might enlighten the people of this country.

A burglar who "masqueraded as a yachtman" has been sentenced to twenty-seven years in the penitentiary. If the "masquerade" included the wearing of a yachting cap the sentence was too light.

A New York policeman explains that anyone can stop a runaway horse by pinching his nose. Perhaps this policeman is the promulgator of the theory that one may capture a bird by sprinkling salt on its tail.

Rather a cheerful outlook, that of a Boston social reformer and settlement house worker! "I believe," he said, recently, "that I shall live to see five hours a day's work, five days a week's work, and five dollars a day's pay." The attractiveness of the prospect depends, however, upon whether one is employer or employed.

Objections to the long cruise of the battleship fleet have never been numerous, but if any patriot needs to hear ardent applause of it he should consult the parents who have been accustomed to help the children at their home lessons. Thanks to the voyage and the consequent publicity, these fathers and mothers now know almost as much about geography as their boys and girls do.

The Cotton Chapel, connected with St. Botolph's Church, in the little old Lincolnshire town of Boston, England, was restored some years ago, largely through subscriptions from members of the Episcopal church in Boston, Mass. It is now in need of some further repairs, and the mayor of the town has written to the mayor of Boston to call attention to the matter and solicit aid. There is something very human in the relationship of such places, one the aged mother in the old country, the other the strong, prosperous daughter in the new. Certainly the form of address was beyond reproach. It was: "To the Right Worshipful, the Mayor of Boston."

Though it is being done quietly, so quietly that few people who are in the immediate vicinity where it is going on do not realize it, Cuba is losing a great wealth of valuable timber lands, says the Havana (Cuba) Post, and no measures whatever are taken to prevent the impoverishing of the island in this respect. This matter has become of such importance in the United States that a conference of governors is to be held to consider the matter. In Europe forestry has become a science. Many centuries ago these countries were menaced by just what Cuba is menaced by today. A Northern colleague says that as a result of the protection of the woodlands and the planting of trees have become as much a governmental activity as the levying of taxes or the carrying of the mails. All nonflammable areas are set out in forests, care is exercised in the cutting of timber and as far as possible waste is eliminated. America has now reached the point where similar measures must be adopted, and that

speedily. This is necessary, not only to avert a lumber famine in the near future, but for its effects on the climate.

A routine news item recently recorded the appointment of Thomas E. McDonnell to succeed the late Alonzo Wygant as general superintendent of the fifth division of the United States Express company. That is, Mr. McDonnell has charge of the company's large business in and about Chicago and on all the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The fact is also noted that the man who has reached this important and responsible post at the age of 35 entered the same service twenty years ago as a wagon boy who was paid a few dollars a week to carry parcels in and out of houses and stores and run other little errands. He has been promoted gradually to his present place simply because he did his work faithfully and well in every position. The case of Mr. McDonnell is cited simply as an illustration of the folly of the assumption, somewhat general of late in "sociological" treatises, that the conditions of American life have somehow so changed that the boy who must begin life at the bottom of the ladder has not the "chance" he once had of material success. There never was a sillier assumption than this or one so contrary to the visible facts. There is not a business house of any size in any of our cities where there are not men in the highest and most responsible positions, or plainly progressing toward them, who began at the very bottom and have risen by their industry and fidelity to economic independence and conspicuous success. The "chance" of the poor boy is so large and numerous and frequent that he does not need to look for it as a "chance" at all. In every line of endeavor the "chance" is looking for him. There is not a head of a business house in this or any other community who is not compelled to spend a large share of his time in looking for assistants, and whose days are not a constant effort to find or make helpers who can be relied on to do their work with intelligence and fidelity. If this were not so the conduct of any business would be a mere pastime, a happy dream, instead of the hard and continuous work that it is. Industry, frugality, fidelity, zeal to understand what is to be done, readiness to do it, patience to wait the call to the larger task, cultivation of knowledge how to deal rightly with emergencies, and courage in dealing with them when they arise—these are the qualities that give the poor boy his "chance" to-day as in the past—these are the qualities that win material success. And because the tasks are larger and the wealth to be won or lost in them greater than ever before, the poor boy's chance was never bigger than it is to-day. All he has to do is to be worthy of it and take it when it comes.

Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the few priests to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statiro and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them, and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

Then occurred a five days' festival, which for grandeur and magnificence never has since been equaled.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)
It was Saturday—the third Saturday since Girdlestone and his ward had disappeared. Dinsdale had fully made up his mind that, go where he would, Ezra should not escape him this time. On two consecutive Saturdays the young merchant had managed to get away from him, and had been absent each time until the Monday morning. Tom knew, and the thought was a bitter one, that these days were spent in some unknown retreat in the company of Kate and of her guardian. This time at least he should not get away without revealing his destination.

The two young men remained in the office until two o'clock. Then Ezra put on his hat and overcoat, buttoning it up close, for the weather was bitterly cold. Tom at once picked up his wide-awake and followed him out into Fenchurch street, so close to his heels that the swinging door had not shut on the one before the other passed through. Ezra glanced round at him when he heard the footsteps. There was no longer any pretense of civility between the two, and whenever their eyes met it was only to exchange glances of hatred and defiance.

A hansom was passing down the street, and Ezra, with a few muttered words to the driver, sprang in. Fortunately another had just discharged its fare, and was still waiting by the curb. Tom ran up to it. "Keep that red cab in sight," he said. "Whatever you do, don't let it get away from you." The driver, who was a man of few words, nodded, and whipped up his horse.

It chanced that this same horse was either a faster or a fresher one than that which bore the young merchant. The red cab rattled down Fleet street, then doubled on its tracks, and coming back by St. Paul's plunged into a labyrinth of side streets from which it eventually emerged upon the Thames embankment. In spite of all its efforts, however, it was unable to shake off its pursuer. The red cab journeyed on down the Embankment, and across one of the bridges, Tom's able charioteer still keeping only a few yards behind it. Among the narrow streets on the Surrey side Ezra's vehicle pulled up at a public house. Tom waited patiently outside until he should reappear.

In a very few minutes young Girdlestone came out again, accompanied by a tall, burly man, with a bushy red beard, who was miserably dressed. He was helped into the cab by Ezra, and the pair drove off together. Tom was more bewildered than ever. Who was this fellow, and what connection had he with the matter on hand? Like a sleuth hound the pursuing hansom threaded its way through the torrent of vehicles which pour down the London streets, never for a moment losing sight of its quarry. Presently they wheeled into the Waterloo road, close to the Waterloo station. The red cab turned sharp round and rattled up the incline which leads to the main line. Tom sprang out, tossed a sovereign to the driver, and followed on foot at the top of his speed.

As he ran into the station Ezra Girdlestone and the red-bearded stranger were immediately in front of him. There was a great swarm of people all around, for as it was Saturday there were special trains to the country. Tom was afraid of losing sight of the two men in the crowd, so he elbowed his way through as quickly as he could, and got immediately behind them—so close that he could have touched them with his hand. They were approaching the booking office when Ezra glanced round and saw his rival standing behind him. He whispered something to his half-drunken companion. The latter turned, and with an inarticulate cry, like a wild beast, rushed at the young man, and seized him by the throat with his brawny hands.

It is one thing, however, to catch a man by the throat, and another to retain that grip, especially when your antagonist happens to be an international football player. To Tom this red-bearded fellow, who charged him so furiously, was nothing more than the thousands of bull-headed forwards who had come upon him like thunderbolts in the days of old. With the ease begotten by practice he circled his assailant with his long muscular arms, and gave a quick convulsive jerk in which every sinew of his body participated. The red-bearded man's stumpy legs described a half-circle in the air, and he came down on the stone pavement with a sounding crash which shook every particle of breath from his enormous body.

Tom's fighting blood was all aflame now, and his grey eyes glittered with joy as he made at Ezra. All the cautions of his father and the exhortations of his mother were cast to the winds as he saw his enemy standing before him. To do him justice Ezra was nothing loth, but sprang forward to meet him, hitting with both hands. They were well matched, for both were trained boxers and exceptionally powerful men. Ezra was perhaps the stronger, but Tom was in better condition. There was a short, eager rally—blow and guard and counter so quick and hard that the eye could hardly follow it. Then a rush of railway servants and bystanders tore them asunder. Tom had a red flush on his forehead where a blow had fallen. Ezra was spitting out the fragments of a broken tooth, and bleeding profusely. Each struggled furiously to get at the other, with the result that they were dragged further apart. Eventually a burly policeman seized Tom by the collar, and held him as in a vice.

"Where is he?" Tom cried, craning his neck to catch a glimpse of his enemy. "He'll get away after all."

"Can't let that," said the guardian of the peace phlegmatically. "A gentleman like you ought to be ashamed. Keep

THE GREATEST WEDDING.

Over Twenty Thousand Persons Were Married in One Ceremony.
The biggest wedding ever known to history was when Alexander the Great and over 10,000 of his soldiers took part in a wedding in the court of Darius, king of Persia, after the latter's conquest by Alexander. Twenty thousand two hundred and two persons were made husbands and wives in one ceremony.

The facts are these: After conquering King Darius, Alexander determined to wed Statiro, daughter of the conquered king, and issued a decree that on that occasion 100 of his chief officers should marry 100 women from the noblest Persian and Median families. He further stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should take to wife 10,000 Asiatic women.

For this purpose a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars being sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 soldiers an outer court was inclosed. Outside of this tables were spread for the multitude.

Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the few priests to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statiro and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them, and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

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Legal Information

The United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in *Hillhouse v. United States*, 152 Federal Reporter, 163, holds that automobiles come within the classification of "household effects," under the tariff act of July 24, 1897. This decision is largely based on the case of *Arthur v. Morgan*, 112 U. S. 495, 5 Supreme Court Reporter, 241, 28 Lawyers' Edition, 825, wherein the United States Supreme Court held that carriages were properly classified as "household effects."

If the conductor of a street car, while engaged in the prosecution and within the scope of his business in collecting fares, falls and refuses to give a passenger correct change, and upon request therefor draws a pistol and fires at the passenger, but the ball misses the passenger and strikes a woman passing on the public street through which the car is running, causing her death, the street car company is liable, according to the decision of the Georgia Supreme Court in *Savannah Electric Company v. Wheeler*, 58 Southeastern Reporter, 38.

A person may be guilty of smuggling even before he has passed the custom lines on the docks of an incoming steamer, according to the decision of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York in *United States v. 218 1/2 Carats Loose Emeralds*, 153 Federal Reporter, 643. When the proper customs officer examines an incoming passenger's baggage, and questions him whether he has any personal property which he has not declared, such passenger is obliged to state the truth, and when the examination is finished, and the passenger still has precious stones in his possession without having admitted it, the act of smuggling is complete.

A number of southeastern railroads gave notice of an increase of rates on lumber in 1903. Before the rate became effective, a bill was filed in the United States Circuit Court to restrain the establishment of the new rate as being unreasonable. A temporary injunction was granted, but later dissolved, on the condition that the reasonableness of the rate should be passed upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The commission found the rates to be unreasonable. A supplemental bill was then filed to obtain restitution of the excess of rates charged in accordance with a prior stipulation that, if complainants prevail, a decree of restitution might be made. A decree was so rendered and affirmed by the Circuit Court of Appeals. Upon appeal to the Supreme Court it was again affirmed. *Railway Co. v. Tift*, 27 Supreme Court Reporter, 709, 206 U. S. 428.

A Domestic Breakdown.
A well-known lord discovered a thief in his London house. Aided by the butler, he secured the man and then rang the bell. A servant appeared, whom the peer requested to "go into the kitchen and bring up a policeman or two." The domestic returned and said there were no policemen on the premises. "What!" exclaimed his master in incredulous tones. "Do you mean to tell me that with a cook, two scullery maids, a kitchen maid and three housemaids in my employ there is no policeman in the kitchen? It is indeed a miracle, and our prisoner shall reap the benefit. Turner, let the man go instantly!"—*London Standard*.

There should be some title placed before a man's name to show that he is married. His face never tells whether he is or not. A woman is labeled with "Mrs." Why should not a man be?

The Firm of Girdlestone

A. CONAN DOYLE

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"Can't let that," said the guardian of the peace phlegmatically. "A gentleman like you ought to be ashamed. Keep

quiet now! Would yer then?" This last is some specially energetic effort on the part of the prisoner to recover his freedom.

"They'll get away! I know they will!" Tom cried in despair, for both Ezra and his companion, who was none other than Burt, of African notoriety, had disappeared from his sight.

His fears proved to be only too well founded, for when at last he succeeded in wresting himself from the constable's clutches he could find no trace of his enemies. A dozen bystanders gave a dozen different accounts of their movements. He rushed from one platform to another over all the great station. He could have torn his hair at the thought of the way in which he had allowed them to slip through his fingers. It was fully an hour before he finally abandoned the search, and acknowledged to himself that he had been hoodwinked for the third time, and that a long week would elapse before he could have another chance of solving the mystery.

He turned at last sadly and reluctantly away from the station and walked across to Waterloo bridge. It was some consolation, however, that he had had one fair crack at Ezra Girdlestone. He glared down at his knuckles, which were raw and bleeding, with a mixture of satisfaction and disgust. With a half smile he put his injured hand in his pocket, and looking up once more became aware that a red-faced gentleman was approaching him in a highly excited manner.

It could not be said that the red-faced gentleman walked, neither could it be said that the red-faced gentleman ran. His made of progression might best be described as a succession of short and unwieldy jumps, which, as he was a rather stout gentleman, appeared to indicate some very urgent and pressing need for hurry. His face was bathed in perspiration, and his collar had become flaccid and shapeless from the same cause. It appeared to Tom, as he gazed at those rubicund, though anxious, features, that they should be well known to him. That glossy hair, those speckled gaiters, and the long frock coat, surely they could belong to no one other than the gallant Major Tobias Clutterbuck, late of Her Majesty's 119th of the Line.

As the old soldier approached Tom he quickened his pace, so that when he eventually came up with him he could only pull and pant and hold out a soiled letter.

"Here," he managed to ejaculate. Tom opened the letter and glanced his eye over the contents, with a face which had turned as pale as the major's was red. When he finished it he turned without a word and began to run in the direction from which he had come, the major following as quickly as his breath would permit.

CHAPTER XVII.
Kate had come out with some vague idea of making a last struggle for her life and freedom. With the courage of despair, she came straight down to the avenue to the sole spot where escape seemed possible.

"Good-mornin', missy," cried Stevens, as she approached. "You don't look after bright this mornin', but you ain't as bad as your good guardian made me think. You don't seem to feel no difficulty in gettin' about."

"There is nothing the matter with me," the girl answered earnestly. "I assure you there is not. My mind is as sound as yours."

"That's what they all says," said the ex-warder with a chuckle. "But it is so. I cannot stay in that house longer. I cannot, Mr. Stevens, I cannot! My guardian will murder me. He means to. I read it in his eyes. He as good as tried this morning. To die without one word to those I love—without any explanation of what has passed—that would give a sting to death."

"Well, if this ain't outrageous!" cried the one-eyed man, "perfectly outrageous! Going to murder you, says you! What's he a-goin' to do that for?"

"He hates me for some reason. I have never gone against his wishes, save in one respect, and in that I can never obey him, for it is a matter in which he has no right to command."

"Quite so," said Stevens, winking his one eye. "I knows the feeling myself."

"Why won't you let me pass?" pleaded Kate. "You may have had daughters of your own. What would you do if they were treated as I have been? If I had money you should have it, but I have none. Do, do let me go! Perhaps when you are on your last bed of sickness the memory of this one good deed may outweigh all the evil that you have done. See, I have my watch and my chain. You shall have that if you will let me through."

"Let's see it!" He opened it and examined it critically. "Eighteen carat—it's only a Geneva though. What can you expect for a Geneva?"

"And you shall have fifty pounds when I get back to my friends. Do let me pass, good Mr. Stevens, for my guardian may return at any moment."

"See here, missy," Stevens said solemnly, "dooty is dooty, and I wouldn't let you through that gate. As to this 'ere watch, if so be as you would like to write a line to your friends, I'll post it for you at Bedworth in exchange for it, though it be only a Geneva."

"You good, kind man," cried Kate, all excitement and delight. "I have a pencil in my pocket. What shall I do for paper?" She looked eagerly round and spied a small piece which lay among the brushwood. With a cry of joy she picked it out. It was very coarse and very dirty, but she managed to scrawl a few lines upon it, describing her situation and asking for aid. "I will write the address upon the back," she said. "When you get to Bedworth you must buy an envelope and ask the postoffice people to copy the address on it."

"I bargained to post it for the Geneva," he said. "I didn't bargain to buy envelopes and copy addresses. That's a nice pencil case of yours. Now I'll make a clean job of it if you'll throw that in."

Kate handed it over without a murmur. At last a small ray of light seemed to be finding its way through the darkness which had so long surrounded her. Stevens put the watch and pencil case in his pocket, and took the little scrap of paper on which so much depended. As Kate handed it to him she saw over his shoulder that coming up the lane was a small pony carriage, in which sat a burxom lady and a very small page. The sleek little brown pony which drew it ambled along at a methodical pace which showed that it was entirely master of the situation,

while the whole turnout had an indescribable air of comfort and good nature. Poor Kate had been so separated from her kind that the sight of people who, if not friendly, were at least not hostile to her, sent a thrill of pleasure into her heart. There was something wholesome and prosaic, too, about this homely equipage, which was inexpressibly soothing to a mind so worn by successive terrors.

"Here's some one a-comin'," cried Stevens. "Clear out from here—it's the governor's orders."

"Oh, do let me stay and say one word to the lady!"

Stevens seized his great stick savagely. "Clear out!" he cried in a hoarse, angry voice, and made a step towards her as if he would strike her. She shrank away from him, and then a sudden thought seized her, she turned and ran through the woods as fast as her feeble strength would allow. The instant that she was out of sight, Stevens very deliberately and carefully tore up the little slip of paper with which she had entrusted him, and scattered the pieces to the wind.

Kate Harston fled as quickly as she could through the wood, stumbling over the brambles and crashing through the briars, regardless of pain or scratches or anything else which could stand between her and the possibility of safety. She soon gained the shed and managed to mount on the top of it by the aid of the barrel. Craning her neck, she could see the long dusty lane, with the bare, withered hedges upon either side, and the dreary line of the railway embankment beyond. There was no pony carriage in sight.

She hardly expected that there would be, for she had taken a short cut, and the carriage would have to go some distance round. The road along which it was traveling ran at right angles to the one which she was now overlooking, and the chances were equal as to whether the lady would turn round or go straight on. In the latter case, it would not be possible for her to attract her attention. Her heart seemed to stand still with anxiety as she peered over the high wall at the spot where the two roads crossed.

Presently she heard the rattle of wheels, and the brown pony trotted round the corner. The carriage drew up at the end of the lane, and the driver seemed to be uncertain how to proceed. Then she took the reins, and the pony lumbered on along the road. Kate gave a cry of despair, and the last ray of hope died away from her heart.

It chanced, however, that the page in the carriage was just at that happy age when the senses are keen and on the alert. He heard the cry, and glancing round he saw through a break in the hedge that a lady was looking over the wall which skirted the lane they had passed. He mentioned the fact to his mistress. "Maybe we'd better go back, ma'am," he said.

"Maybe we'd better not, John," said the burxom lady. "People can look over their garden walls without our interfering with them, can't they?"

"Yes, ma'am, but she was a-hollerin' at us."

"No, John, was she though? Maybe this is a private road and we have no right to be on it."

"She gave a holler as if some one was a-hurtin' of her," said John with decision.

"Then we'll go back," said the lady, and turned the pony round.

Hence it came about that just as Kate was descending with a sad heart from her post of observation, she was electrified to see the brown pony reappear, and come trotting round the curve of the lane with a rapidity which was altogether foreign to that quadruped's usual habits. Indeed, the girl turned so very white at the sight, and her face assumed such an expression of relief and delight, that the lady, who was approaching saw at once that it was no common matter which had caused her to summon them.

"What is it, my dear?" she cried, pulling up when she came abreast of the place. Her good, kind heart was touched already by the pleading expression upon the girl's sweet face.

"Oh, madam," said Kate, in a low, rapid voice. "I am shut up in these grounds, and shall be murdered unless help comes."

"Be murdered!" cried the lady in the pony carriage, dropping back in her seat and raising her hands in astonishment.

"It is only too true," Kate said, trying to speak concisely and clearly so as to enforce conviction, but feeling a choking sensation about her throat, as though an hysterical attack were impending. "My guardian has shut me up here for some weeks, and I firmly believe that he will never let me out alive. Oh, don't pray don't think me mad! I am as sane as you are." (To be continued.)

So Far, So Good.
William H. Crane, the actor, tells of two impetuous players who, during the period of enforced "liberty," were compelled to dine at cheap table d'hote restaurants on the east side. One evening during each course of such a dinner one of the actors kept saying:

"Honest, Frank, isn't this a good dinner? Isn't it good? Did you ever eat a better dinner in your life for 35 cents?"

Frank was silent until the end of the fifth course, when his friend repeated his formula. Then, with a commendable affectation of enthusiasm, Frank answered:

"A splendid dinner, old man! A splendid dinner! Let's have another."—*Lippincott's*.

Innocence.
She—Are so many of the congressmen named William?
He—Why do you ask such a question?
She—Because I noticed that about all they did when the session opened was to introduce Bills.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Satisfaction.
"Well, my poor man, I hope I've satisfied your hunger," said the good housewife after handing out a liberal supply of "victuals" to Mr. William Wraggles, Esq., tramp, etc.

"Yes, mum," returned that worthy, "I must confess that as a provider you've filled the bill."—*Toledo Blade*.