BANDON RECORDER

Issued Each Week

BANDON.....OREGON

Will Mr. Burbank kindly invent a frost-proof peach crop?

A Chicago elevated road motorman has confessed to bigamy. Another of the evils of high life.

Grave apprehensions exist that the New Yorkers intend to call their new tunnels "tubes" or "bores."

The President of the United States to the assembled governors: "It's a long time between forests."

A Minnesota woman has been awarded $4,750 for a stolen kiss. It is never possible to tell what a jury will do.

A few "bumps," properly placed, might effect a cure also in the case of the idiot who throws the pop bottle.

If it is love altogether, why is it that none of those titled foreigners ever fall in love with American girls that do not have plenty of money?

The Emperor of Austria has been on the throne for sixty years, thus showing that a man with a rugged constitution can hardly be killed by worry.

"One way to trim a hat," says the Toledo Blade, "would be to cut off about a foot all around." Sounds like the cynical remark of a sad widower.

Some of the men who answered Mrs. Guinness' matrimonial advertisement are simply going to congratulate themselves on their escape and keep quiet about the matter.

An Indiana man recently died from the effects of a penny swallowed sixty-seven years ago. And during that time he doubtless often told his friends that he didn't have a red cent.

One curious thing in connection with the career of "Fighting Bob" Evans is that no New York life insurance company has ever offered him $200,000 a year to become its president.

Some day, of course, the earth's supply of petroleum will be exhausted, and the historian of the future will refer glibly to the Standard Oil Company as "the glory that was grease."

Visitors who were invited to inspect a fine new hotel in Kalamazoo, Mich., carried away nearly all the portable property in the building as souvenirs. "Are we a nation of thieves?"

Harry Thaw says he will work if they will let him out of the lunatic asylum. Some of the other young men who have inherited fortunes will at once decide that he is really insane.

There is in Ohio a woman who claims to have baked 481,000 pies during the past sixty-three years. We are not so much surprised at the number of pies as at the length of time which she confesses it took her to bake them.

The Chicago woman who got a divorce on the ground that her husband had been drunk 3,000 times in ten years was well within her rights. No woman should feel in duty bound to live with a man who gets drunk oftener than every other day.

Chancellor Day can see no reason why there should be any complaint as long as rich men have foolish sons and daughters who, by indulging in idiotic extravagance, return the money to the people. There may be some good points about the scheme, but isn't it rather rough on the rich men?

Memphis has decided, through its park commissioners, to restore to the monument of Andrew Jackson the inscription, "Our Federal Union: It must be preserved." The phrase was a toast given by Jackson in 1830, on the anniversary of Jefferson's birthday. When the civil war broke out the idea was not popular in Tennessee, and the inscription was removed. The restoration of it is a sign of the passing of old feelings and the growth of the new national unity.

Concrete houses are becoming common, and concrete ships seem to be on the way. Italian engineers have been working in this direction for ten years or more. One of them recently proposed the use of concrete armor on warships, and the Italian government has agreed to tests. That government already owns and employs several concrete steamships of about one hundred tons' capacity, and has found, it is said, that they originally cost only about half as much as iron vessels, and that the maintenance cost is little or nothing. In these novel craft the frames and beams are made of concrete, reinforced with round bars of iron, and the skin consists of a single or double layer of concrete strengthened with wire netting and covered with an outside coat of clear cement. For the purpose of experiment, such vessels have been rammed by larger ships, and "no impression was produced." But a carefully planned experiment in time of peace and a rude and unmannerly shell or torpedo in war time might yield very different results.

Opportunities of To-day, a new railway magazine, publishes an interesting list of 109 important railway officials with the present office of each and the post from which he started. More than half of the list are presidents, vice presidents, and general managers. Where did these men start? Not one of them bears a name of any particular note in business history for wealth or high station. Over thirty of them started as just "boys"—office boys, water boys, messengers, shop apprentices, and the like. Among these were F. A. Delano, president of the Wabash; George B. Harris, president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and P. S. Eustis, its passenger traffic manager; George L. Peck, general manager of the Pennsylvania lines, and E. T. Jeffery, president of the Denver and Rio Grande. Nearly thirty started as brakemen, survey helpers, switchmen, section hands, and the like. Among these were Charles E. Schaff, vice president of the New York Central Lines West; W. C. Brown, senior vice president of the New York Central; James J. Turner, vice president of the Pennsylvania lines, and James McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania. About twenty-five were "clerks" of one kind or another—always at some minor post in the start. Among these were J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific; John Sebastian, passenger traffic manager of the Rock Island system; William H. Truesdale, president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and C. S. Mellen, president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and the foremost figure in New England railroading. Sixteen started as telegraph operators. Among these were Marvin Hughitt, president, and M. M. Kirkman, vice president, of the Chicago and Northwestern; A. J. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and Sir William C. Van Horne, chairman of the Canadian Pacific board of directors. He began as a telegraph operator on the Illinois Central. Only about seven began at posts of any sort of authority. These started as "agents" of one kind or another. The most conspicuous of this group is James J. Hill, who entered the service as "local agent" of a little road only legally remembered now. There is a great deal of talk about what "pull" and "influence" do to get a young man ahead in the world. There is a certain amount of truth in that theory, though not the kind which those who advance it believe. The "pull" that counts is that which the youngster makes for himself by his energy and sound judgment. We see the truth of this when we look over this list of railway officials of high place and great power, and think where they started. They took the "chance" that every boy may take who has the eyes to see it and the will to grasp it. And that "chance" exists and is just as wide open everywhere to-day as it was when these men started.

THE PYGMY EARTH.

Vast Dimensions of the Sun as Compared with the World.

A dime held at arm's length from the eye will much more than cover the entire disk of the sun. If it were placed at the exact point of coincidence and its diameter and distance from the eye accurately measured, it might be used as a means of determining the sun's diameter, his distance being known. The foremost philosophers of long ago would have been appalled at the true statement of both the sun's distance and its size.

The sun's diameter is about 866,000 miles. It is bewildering to be assured that it would take 1,300,000 earths to equal the sun in volume. If the interior of that truly gigantic globe were hollow and the earth were placed at its center with the moon revolving about it at its usual mean distance of nearly 240,000 miles, there would still exist a vacuity between the moon and the inclosing shell of the sun of nearly 200,000 miles. This is perhaps the most graphic and impressive illustration possible of the sun's colossal bulk. We must note, however, that the density of the sun is only about one-quarter that of the earth, so that it would weigh only as much as 330,000 earths. In very round numbers the sun's weight may be stated at two octillion tons, which if expressed in figures would require almost as many ciphers as a newspaper line can accommodate.

A very comprehensive illustration of the pygmean dimensions of the earth as compared with the sun is to represent the latter by a globe two feet in diameter and the earth by a dainty pea. And yet the little pea weighs more than six quintillion tons. As to the solar surface, it is some 12,000 times that of our planet. Yet the sun when compared with its true peers, the stars, is not only not of extraordinary size, but in all probability is only to be ranked among the medium self luminous bodies which sparkle in "heaven's ebon vault." And because of its spottedness it has a place, although a humble one, among the "variable" stars.

No Place to Die.

The soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers.

A committee of citizens who wanted to boom Algiers as a health resort waited upon him.

"We want you to change your headquarters," announced they. "You're hurting business here."—Pittsburg Post.

The Difference of One Word.

"He used to be in the newspaper business, but he's studying for the ministry now. He says he decided he couldn't be a reporter and save his soul."

"Huh! His old city editor says he couldn't be a reporter to save his soul."—Philadelphia Press.

The Firm of Girdlestone

BY

A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

By evening the gale was at its height. The Black Eagle was running under maintopsail and foretopmast staysail. The sea had risen very quickly, as it will when the wind comes upon a swell. As far as the eye could see from the summit of a wave there was a vista of dark towering ridges with their threatening crests of foam. When the barque sank in the hollow these gleaming summits rose as high as her mainyard, and the two fugitives, clinging to the weather-shrouds, looked up in terror and amazement at the masses of water which hung above them. Once or twice waves actually broke over the vessel, crashing and roaring down the deck, and washing hither and thither until gradually absorbed between the planks or drained away through the scupper holes. On each of these occasions the poor rotten vessel would lurch and shiver in every plank, as if with a foreknowledge of its fate.

The carpenter came aft, balancing himself as best he could, for the deck was only a few degrees off the perpendicular.

"The leak is gainin' fast," he said. "The hands are clean done up. There's land on the starboard bow."

"Keep your heart up!" Miggs shouted, and then crawled along to the Girdlestones. "There's no hope for the ship, but we may save ourselves," he said. "You'll have to take your turn at the pumps."

"He's not fit to command," said Ezra to the mate. "What would you advise?"

"We'll bring her round and lower the boats on the lee side. They may live or no, but it's the only chance for us. Them two boats will hold us a' easy."

The ship was settling down in the water so fast that it was no difficult matter to let the boats down. They only hung a few feet above the surface. The majority of the crew got safely into the long boat, and the two Girdlestones with Miggs and four seamen, occupied the gig. The sun was shining on the rugged precipices, showing out the green turf upon their summit and a little dark group of peasants, who were watching the scene from above, but making no effort to assist the castaways. There was no alternative but to row straight in for the nearest point of land, for the boats were filling, and might go down at any moment.

"The ship's gone!" Ezra said, as they rose on the summit of a wave. When they came up again all looked round, but there was no sign of the ill-fated Black Eagle.

As he spoke a great wave hurled the boat in upon its broad bosom, and flung it down upon the cruel jagged rocks, which bristled from the base of the cliff. There was a horrible rending crash, and the stout keel snapped asunder, while a second wave swept over it, tearing out the struggling occupants, and bearing them on, only to hurl them upon a second ridge beyond. The peasants upon the cliff gave piteous cries of grief and pity, which blended with the agonized groans and screams of drowning men and the thunder of the pitiless surf. Looking down they could see the black dots, which indicated the heads of the poor wretches below, diminishing one by one as they were hurled upon the rocks or dragged down by the undercurrent.

Ezra was a strong swimmer, but when he had shaken himself free of the boat, and kicked away a seaman who clung to him, he made no attempt to strike out. He knew that the waves would bear him quickly enough on to the rocks, and he reserved himself for the struggle with them. A great roller came surging over the outlying reef. It carried him in like a feather and hurled him up against the face of the cliff. As he struggled upon its crest, he mechanically put out his hands and seized a projecting portion of the rock. The shock of the contact was tremendous, but he retained his grasp and found himself, when the wave receded, standing battered and breathless upon a small niche in the front of the rock which just gave him foothold. It was a marvelous escape, for looking on either side he could not see any break in the sheer declivity.

He was by no means safe as yet. If a wave had landed him there, another might come as high and drag him away. Looking down, he saw one or two smaller ones break into spray far below him, and then a second great green billow came rolling majestically towards him. He eyed it as it came foaming in, and calculated that it would come at least as high as his knees. Would it drag him back with it, or could he hold his own? He braced himself as firmly as he could, placing his feet apart, and digging his nails into the inequalities of the rock until the blood gushed from them. The water surged up upon him, and he felt it tugging like some murderous demon at his legs, but he held on bravely until the pressure decreased. Looking below he saw the wave sinking down the face of the cliff. Another wave overtook and welled it up again, and then [illegible] of the green waters Ezra [illegible] white arm shoot up, and grasp the edge of the ledge upon which he stood.

Even before the face appeared the young man knew that the hand was his father's. A second followed the first, and then the old merchant's face was uplifted from the waves. He was cruelly bruised and battered, and his clothes had been partly torn away. He recognized his son, however, and looked up at him beseechingly, while he held on with all his strength to the ledge of rock. So small was the space that his clinging fingers touched Ezra's toes.

"There's no room here," the young man said, brutally. "Hardly room for one"

The merchant was hanging with the lower portion of his body in the water. It was but a few instants, but the old man had time to think of many an incident in his past life. He looked up appealingly at his son. Ezra saw that the next wave would lift him right up on to the ledge. In that case he might be hustled off.

"Leave go!" he cried.

"Help me, Ezra!"

His son brought down his heavy heel upon the bloodless hands. The old African trader gave a wild shriek and fell back into the sea. Looking down, Ezra saw his despairing face gazing at him through the water. Slowly it sank until it was but a flickering white patch far down in the green depths. At the same instant a thick rope came dangling down the face of the cliff, and the young man knew that he was saved.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Great was the excitement of the worthy couple at Phillimore Gardens when Kate Harston was brought back to them. Good Mrs. Dimsdale pressed her to her bosom and kissed her and scolded her and wept over her, while the doctor was so moved that it was only by assuming an expression of portentous severity and by bellowing and stamping about that he was able to keep himself in decent control.

"And you really thought we had forgotten you because we were insane enough to stop writing at that villain's request?" he said, patting Kate's pale cheeks tenderly, and kissing her.

"I was very foolish," she said, blushing prettily and rearranging her hair, which had been somewhat tumbled by her numerous caresses.

"Oh, that scoundrel—that pair of scoundrels!" roared the doctor, shaking his fist and dancing about on the hearthrug. "Pray heaven they may catch 'em before the trial comes off!"

The good physician's prayer was not answered in this case, for Burt was the only criminal who appeared in the dock. Our friends all went down to the Winchester Assizes to give evidence, and the navvy was duly convicted of the death of Rebecca Taylforth and condemned to death. He was executed some three weeks afterwards, dying as he had lived, stolid and unrepenting.

There is a little unpretending church not far from Phillimore Gardens, in which a little unpretending clergyman preaches every Sunday out of a very shabby pulpit. It lies in Castle lane, which is a narrow by-way, and the great crowd of church goers ebbs and flows within a hundred yards of it, but none know of its existence, for it has never risen to the dignity of a spire, and the bell is so very diminutive that the average muffin man produces quite as much noise. Hence, with the exception of some few families who have chanced to find their way there, and have been so pleased with their spiritual welcome that they have returned, there is a poor and fluctuating congregation. So scanty is it that the struggling incumbent could very well weep when he has spent the week in polishing and strengthening his sermon, and then finds upon the Sunday how very scanty is the audience to whom it is to be addressed.

Imagine, then, this good man's surprise when asked to publish the bands of marriage of two couples simultaneously, each of whom he knew to be in the upper circles of life, and when informed at the same time that the said marriages were actually to be celebrated under his own auspices and in his own church. In the fullness of his heart he at once bought a most unwearable black bonnet with lilac flowers and red berries, which he brought in triumph to his wife, who, good woman, affected extreme delight, and afterwards cut away all the obnoxious finery and replaced it to her own taste. The scanty congregation was no less surprised when they heard that Tobias Clutterbuck, bachelor, was about to marry Lavinia Scully, widow, and that Thomas Dimsdale was to do as much to Catherine Harston, spinster. They communicated the tidings to their friends, and the result was a great advertisement to the little church, so that the incumbent preached his favorite sermon upon barren fig trees to a crowded audience, and received such an offertory as had never entered into his wildest dreams.

And if this was an advertisement to the Castle lane church, how much more so was it when the very pompous carriages came rolling up with their very pompous drivers, all of whom, being married men, had a depreciatory and weary expression upon their faces, to show that they had done it all before and that it was nothing new to them. Out of one carriage there jumped a very jaunty gentleman, somewhat past the middle age and a little inclined to stoutness, but looking very healthy and rosy nevertheless. Beside him there walked a tall, tawny-bearded man, who glanced solicitously every now and again at his companion, as though he were the bottle-holder at a prize fight, and feared that his man might collapse at a moment's notice. From a second carriage there emerged an athletic, brown-faced young fellow accompanied by a small wizened gentleman in spotless attire, who was in such a state of nervousness that he dropped his lavender glove twice on his way up the aisle. These gentlemen grouped themselves at the end of the church conversing in low whispers and looking exceedingly uncomfortable, as is the prerogative of the sterner sex under such circumstances. Mr. Gilray, who was Tom's best man, was introduced to Herr Von Baumser, and everyone was very affable and nervous.

Now there comes a rustling of drapery, and every one turns their heads as the brides sweep up to the altar. Here is Mrs. Scully, looking quite as charming as she did fifteen years ago on the last occasion when she performed the ceremony. She was dressed in a French-grey gown with bonnet to match, and the neatest little bouquet in the world, for which the major had ransacked Covent Garden. Behind her came bonny Kate, a very vision of loveliness in her fairy-like lace and beautiful ivory satin. Her dark lashes drooped over her violet eyes and a slight flush tinged her cheeks, but she glided steadily into her place and did her share in the responses when the earnest little clergyman appeared upon the scene. There was Dr. Dimsdale, too, with the brightest of smiles and snowiest of waistcoats, giving away the brides in the most open-handed fashion. His wife, too, was by his side in tears and purple velvet, and many other friends and relations, including the two socialists, who came at the major's invitation, and beamed on every one out of a side pew.

Then there was the signing of the registers, and such a kissing and a weeping and a distributing of fees as never was seen in Castle-lane church before. And Mrs. Dimsdale, as one of the witnesses, would insist upon writing her name in the space reserved for the bride, on which there were many small jokes passed, and much laughter. Then the wheezy old organ struck up Mendelssohn's wedding march, and the major puffed out his chest and stumped down the aisle with his bride, while Tom followed with his, looking round with proud and happy eyes. The carriages rolled up, there was a slamming of doors and a cracking of whips, and two more couples had started hand in hand down the long road of life which leads—who shall say whither?

The breakfast was at Phillimore Gardens, and a very glorious breakfast it was. Those who were present still talk of the manner in which the health of the brides was proposed by Dr. Dimsdale, and of the enthusiasm with which the toast was received by the company. Also of the flowery address in which the major returned thanks for the said toast, and the manly demeanor of the younger man as he followed suit. They speak, too, of many other pleasant things said and done upon that occasion. How Von Baumser proposed the health of the little incumbent, and the little incumbent that of Dr. Dimsdale, and the doctor drank to the unpronounceable Russian, who, being unable to reply, sang a revolutionary song which no one could understand. Very happy and very hearty was everyone by the time that the hour came at which the carriages were ordered, when, amid a pattering of rice and a chorus of heartfelt good wishes, the happy couples drove off upon their travels.

The liabilities of the firm of Girdlestone proved to be less serious than was at first imagined. After the catastrophe which had befallen the founder of the business, there was almost a panic in Fenchurch street, but on examination it proved that though the books had been deliberately falsified for some time, yet trade had been so brisk of late that, with a little help, the firm could continue to exist. Dimsdale threw all his money and his energy into the matter, and took Gilray into partnership, which proved to be an excellent thing for both of them. The firm of Dimsdale & Gilray is now among the most successful and popular of all the English firms connected with the African trade. Of their captains there is none upon whom they place greater reliance than upon McPherson, whose boat was providentially saved from the danger which destroyed his former captain and his employer.

What became of Ezra Girdlestone was never known. Some years after Tom heard from a commercial traveler of a melancholy, broken man who haunted the low betting houses of San Francisco, and who met his death eventually in some drunken fracas. There was much about this desperado which tallied with the description of young Girdlestone, but nothing certain was ever known about the matter.

And now I must bid adieu to the company with whom I have walked so long. I see them going on down the vista of the future, gathering wisdom and happiness as they go. There is the major, as stubby-toed and pigeon-breasted as ever, broken from many of his Bohemian ways, but still full of anecdote and of kindliness. There is his henchman, Von Baumser, too, who is a constant diner at his hospitable board, and who conveys so many sweets to a young Clutterbuck who has made his appearance, that one might suspect him of receiving a commission from the family doctor. Mrs. Clutterbuck, as buxom and pleasant as ever, makes noble efforts at stopping these contraband supplies, but the wily Teuton still manages to smuggle them through in the face of every obstacle. I see Kate and her husband, chastened by their many troubles, and making the road to the grave pleasant to the good old couple who are so proud of their son. All these I watch as they pass away into the dim coming time, and I know as I shut the book that, whatever may be in store for us there, they, at least, can never in the eternal justice of things, come to aught but good.

(THE END.)

Premature Obituaries.

One of the traditions of the office of the New York Herald has to do with an editor who was a great upholder of the infallibility of his paper. It simply couldn't make a mistake.

A flustered citizen once burst into his office and bustled up to the editorial desk. "See here!" he demanded. "This obituary notice. It's all wrong!"

"What's wrong about it?" asked the editor in calm confidence.

"Why, it's about me. I'm not dead!"

"If the Herald says you're dead," sternly replied the editor, "you're dead. But," he added magnanimously, "if you don't like being dead, we'll print your birth notice."

His attitude was rather different from that of another editor, who, on being shown by the man most interested that the death of the complainant was falsely reported, apologized profusely and offered to make it all right.

"We'll print a correction at once," he said.

"Well," said the man who wasn't dead, "perhaps it would be better to let it stand. I'll show it to my friends when they want to borrow money."—Woman's Home Companion.

Always Getting Stuck.

Stubb—What is Coggwood doing since he bought his new automobile?

Penn—Following the horses.

Stubb—Ah, playing the races, eh?

Penn—No, following the farm horses that tow his machine to town every time it breaks down.

The Virtue of Brevity.

Kwoter—Too many words, of course, are wearisome. Brevity is the soul of wit.

Wise (with a yawn)—Not always, but in any event it is always commendable.—Philadelphia Press.

Those who jump at conclusions often take a tumble.

1539—De Soto landed in Florida in search of gold.

1720—The plague made its appearance at Marseilles, resulting in the death of 50,000 persons in a few months.

1755—Tench Coxe, the father of the cotton industry in the United States, born in Philadelphia.

1802—Martha Washington, wife of George Washington, died at Mount Vernon.

1805—Napoleon crowned himself king of Italy at Milan.

1813—Marshal Duroc, one of Napoleon's most celebrated officers, killed at Reichenbach.....Fort George taken by Americans.

1830—President Jackson vetoed the Maysville road bill

1838—Gov. Durham arrived at Quebec.

1839—British merchants left Canton, China, because of the opium riots.

1845—Sir John Franklin sailed on his last expedition to the Arctic region.

1846—Louis Napoleon escaped from the fortress of Ham.

1848—French government decreed the perpetual banishment of Louis Philippe and his family.

1854—French squadron arrived at Cuba under Admiral Duquesne....Buildings in Boston draped on the return of a fugitive slave to the South.

1856—British envoy to the United States ordered to quit Washington.

1857—British troops under Gen. Anson advanced on Delhi, India.

1864—Gen. Richard Oglesby nominated for Governor of Illinois.

1867—Princess of Wales born....Queen Victoria issued a proclamation for uniting the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into one dominion.

1871—Fall of the Paris Commune.... Bank Holiday act passed by the British Parliament.

1874—National civil rights bill passed by the United States Senate.

1877—Don Carlos, pretender to the Spanish throne, expelled from France.

1894—Illinois militia called out to suppress riots of striking coal miners at Minonk.

1896—Emperor Nicholas II. of Russia crowned at Moscow.

1898—William E. Gladstone buried in Westminster Abbey....Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," died.

1899—Rosa Bonheur, celebrated French painter, died.

1905—C. C. Magoon inaugurated as governor of the Panama canal zone.... Baron Alphonse de Rothschild died ....Mary A. Livermore, American author, lecturer and advocate of woman suffrage, died.

Robert Harcourt, Liberal, son of the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt by his second wife, who was the daughter of J. L. Motley, the historian, has been elected to the British House of Commons from the district of Montrose, in place of John Morley, recently elevated to the peerage.

The Congress of the Argentine Republic assembled at Buenos Ayres just as it was reported that various groups of insurgents throughout the country had been defeated. President Al Corta, in his message, said he had never intended ignoring the right of Congress to deal with the budget and promised to adhere to the constitution.

Winston Churchill, president of the British Board of Trade in the new cabinet, who recently was defeated in Northwest Manchester, has obtained a decisive victory in the Dundee constituency by a plurality of 2,709, although his vote was 2,197 less than the Liberal total two years ago. The Laborite candidate came out third in the race.

Prince Zu Eulenburg, the former friend and confidant of Emperor William, knight of the Black Eagle and member of the Prussian House of Lords, has been brought to Berlin under arrest under a charge of perjury and on the plea of illness has been taken to a charity hospital. The charge is made in connection with the trial of Editor Harden for libel.

W. H. Leavitt, a son-in-law of William Jennings Bryan, had a dangerous encounter in Paris with an Italian named Cana, who had been sitting for Mr. Leavitt as a model in connection with a picture which the American artist is painting for the city hall at Denver, Colo. After being released from his engagement Cana returned repeatedly to Mr. Leavitt's studio and demanded extra compensation. This was refused him. The model finally struck Mr. Leavitt a blow on the head with a bludgeon. The artist was knocked down, but he jumped up at once and defended himself with a knife.