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WOULD BE KILLED.

CHAPTER I.

"Sweetheart!"
"My love!"
"Why do you tremble?"
"From fear."

"Pet, fear not! I have braved the lion's rage a thousand times, yet I have not a scar. The thousand and first time will leave me as I am now."

And Signor Foscarelli, the great lion-tamer, placed his arm around the girl's waist. I do not know that it is strange a lion-tamer should make love in a manner just like any one else. Be that as it may, Signor Foscarelli drew the girl that he loved toward him, and kissed her just as any other lover might have done.

"And, as I have escaped a thousand times," he added, "I take it for granted that I can venture as many more times, and still not be maimed or slain."

The woman that Foscarelli loved spoke with a tremor in her voice. "I cannot view it so," she said. "Your profession seems to me like drawing at a lottery. There are many blanks, but somewhere in the wheel there is a fatal number. You have performed a thousand times. As yet you have not drawn the fatal number, yet your chances of doing so are fearfully increased; there may be but one more ticket in the wheel; there may be a hundred. Grant that there is a thousand. A thousand against a thousand is one against one. Now do you not see how strong the possibility of that fatal number being near you is?"

Signor Foscarelli coughed and stammered. The argument that he had been offered was conclusive. He could not convert it. But when the woman he loved burst into tears he found his tongue.

"Darling," he whispered soothingly, "I have faith to believe that in my case the fatal number is beyond two thousand. I shall cease to be a lion-tamer before it is reached. And for you and me there shall be long years of love and happiness."

"Would that I could believe it," she murmured.

"You may believe it, my love. And in that time, I shall remind you that I was no false prophet."

She dried her tears; she became more cheerful; she seized Signor Foscarelli's hand; she smiled in his face.

"Promise me," she cried, "that when this year is ended you will be no more a lion-tamer. Promise me that, and I shall live in hope. Refuse me that promise and—"

"Let me see," interrupted Signor Foscarelli. "I think with what I can save this year that I will be worth \$10,000 at the end of it. With that we can try love in a cottage, my pet."

"And whether we are worth it or not we can," cried the woman Signor Foscarelli loved. "There are a thousand vocations for you, in none of which you need peril your life. Refuse me that promise, I repeat, my darling, and you break my heart."

"I promise," said Signor Foscarelli, gravely.

Yes a lion tamer makes love like other people.

CHAPTER II.

Only on the bills was the lion-tamer's name Foscarelli. It was, in fact, plain John Foster. He was not ashamed of his name, but "Signor Foscarelli" suited the proprietors of the establishments that he was wont to travel with better than the simple patronymic. As for John Foster himself, it was a matter of indifference to him. He was just as willing to be known to the great crowd that clapped its hands and yelled itself deaf in admiration for him, as Signor Foscarelli was by another title.

It was on a dark night early in the traveling season that John Foster was walking rapidly along the street of a town, a hundred of which would not make Boston, for instance. The streets were very quiet and unlighted, save by an occasional lamp at a corner, the rays of which would only extend for a short distance. Not long before, however, the streets had echoed to the tread of a multitude of people for "Lipman's Great Eastern" upon second thought I beg to state that "Oriental" was the word used instead of "Esquimaux."

But all the multitude had vanished, and John Foster's tread was the only sound that disturbed the quiet of the street. The other performers had proceeded to their hotel, but he, for some reason, had lingered where the pavilion, that had fallen as by the hand of magic, had stood. John Foster had remained for a time by the ring of saw dust that on the morrow would be all that was left to remind the boys thronging around it that Lipman's G. E. O. had come and gone, and then started to walk to his hotel.

As he was walking hastily along, and while he was near a lamp-post, a man, a stranger to him. The man stopped square before him.

"Are you Signor Foscarelli?" he inquired.

"I am sometimes known by that title," John Foster said.

"Yes," said the stranger. "Hum! I have been to your hotel inquiring for you. I was told that you had not yet come. I started in this direction knowing that I would meet you. I have just a few words to say to you."

He paused for a moment and then added:

"My name is Peter Gwyn, of the State of New York, and am of sound mind."

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Gwyn," said John Foster.

Again there was a moment's pause, broken by the lion-tamer saying:

"If you have anything to say, Mr. Gwyn, pray proceed."

"Hum, yes," said the stranger. Signor Foscarelli, you are a brave man. You see I saw you perform to-night. Is that all you wish to say?" said John Foster, coolly.

"No, I repeat, Signor Foscarelli, you are a brave man, but you will be killed, and I will see your death. I feel that I will. I do not feel that I can be deceived in my sensations. Mark my prophecy. I have nothing against you, Signor Foscarelli, but if you are to be killed by your lions I desire to see it. Pray don't think hard of me. If it is to be there will be no harm in my seeing it."

The man vanished in the darkness. To John Foster there came in his dreams that night a face with dark eyes; thin lips and white teeth, the face of the stranger, and a voice rang in his ears, saying:

"You will be killed, and I will see your death."

CHAPTER III.

It was a month later. During the passing month John Foster had periled his life a hundred times, coming out unscathed.

A tremendous audience was gathered in the pavilion of Lipman's Oriental Esquimaux, drawn there principally by the fame of Signor Foscarelli's performance. The jests of the clown, the vaulting of the acrobat, the contortions of the boneless man, the antics of the trick horse, all became things of the past for that occasion. Last of all was to come the entrance of the lion-tamer into the cage of monsters.

Signor Foscarelli appeared. He bowed to the audience, smiled, and then entered the place where no other man of all that throng could have gone and lived to tell of his daring.

The nineteenth century boasts of its civilization. But some way or other I am reminded of the gladiatorial days of Rome as I write of John Foster. The blood of the sacrifice seems as sweet to the people now as it was then. O tempora! O mores!

The man went through with his performance successfully, the audience hanging breathlessly upon his actions. His beasts obeyed him as well as usual. Signor Foscarelli, as I have said, went through his performance successfully; he was about ready to retire from the cage. Slowly he stepped backward. Suddenly there was a suppressed roar. In an instant the man was in peril. The eyes of the largest animal were flashing fire, and his great red tongue had dropped out. There was a spring, and simultaneously a cry of fear from the audience.

But the lion-tamer was not slain. He had kept his presence of mind, and his motions were quicker than those of the angry beast. The great iron door of the cage closed with a crash between him and the lion, and he was safe. Still he had left his sleeve inside, and there was an ugly scratch on his arm—an ugly scratch, no more.

John Foster bowed and smiled again. Then in a moment his tall, athletic figure had disappeared from the sight of the multitude.

His escape had occurred during the afternoon performance. That evening, after he had eaten his supper, he came out of the dining room into the office of the hotel. Standing by the desk of the clerk was the man with dark eyes, closely shaven face, white teeth, and thin lips. John Foster recognized him immediately.

"Good evening, Signor Foscarelli," he said.

"Good evening," said John Foster, coldly.

"I understand that you have had a narrow escape," said Peter Gwyn.

"Now, if I had been in the pavilion this afternoon, you would have been killed, no doubt. I am to be in at the death, however, so you were spared. Are you aware that I have seen you perform several times during the last month?"

"You see, I am a man of means, and it's my whim to follow you around in this way."

"I don't know anything about your movements, sir," said John Foster, angrily. "Neither do I care to. You are too cold-blooded to suit me."

"I shall see you perform again to-night," said Peter Gwyn, displaying no least whatever.

John Foster turned on his heel and walked away. His countenance betrayed nothing, but he felt his heart sink. He had expected, at any rate, that the lions would be harder to manage than usual. He felt that the presence of this man would unnerve him. Before his vision rose the face of the woman he loved, and she was weeping. Was his doom staring him in the face? The thought suggested itself to him that he might refuse to appear. But he shut his teeth hard and drove it away.

"I am no coward, Mr. Peter Gwyn," he muttered, as though speaking to the man who seemed to be his foe. "Your silly twaddle shall not frighten me from my business."

But that very thought was proof that John Foster was affected. And he, brave man as ever lived, was strangely so.

However, for some reason, why, John Foster never knew, Peter Gwyn was present that night, and the animals were as docile and obedient as he had ever known them.

CHAPTER IV.

And still the man continued to peril his life for the amusement of the public. He did not inform the woman he loved of the destiny that had been tracking him in the shape of Peter Gwyn. The most frequent advice, by far, that she sent was to be very careful. And he, for her sake, was so.

But the end of trouble had not yet

come. One balmy night in June that largest brute took a notion to once more display his temper. In the bills he was advertised as the "Emperor Nero," but John Foster called him "Jim-jams," which shows the difference in the tastes of a manager and lion-tamer, in the selection of names for animals.

John Foster saw the indications of the brute's rising anger sooner this time than before, but he was not so close to the door of the cage. He fixed his eyes on Jim-jams, and, without the tremor of a nerve, began slowly to retreat, ever keeping his back to the door. Slowly, slowly he moved. Still he held the animal beneath his will. A moment more!

But, inexplicably, he will lost its influence on the beast. Again the suppressed roar; again the spring. At the same instant there was a sharp, quick report. The remaining lions roared in wild rage, but Jim-jams fell in the agonies of death. Again, however, the iron door closed between John Foster and danger. He had been prepared and had saved himself.

Yet afterward the fact was realized by him that had the lion sprung with as little warning as previously he must have been slain. Circumstances had favored him, and he had made two narrow escapes.

As John Foster left the pavilion he encountered Peter Gwyn.

"Hum, Signor Foscarelli," said that person, his white teeth glowing between his thin lips, "I intended to be here sooner, but I was delayed. You have had another—"

"Thank heaven that you were," cried John Foster. "Fiend, devil, you need not hunt me to the death."

Probably John Foster would not have said so much, had he not been excited by his encounter.

CHAPTER V.

The lion-tamer knew that Peter Gwyn was in the audience. He had seen the man enter, as it chanced, and it had seemed to him then an ominous token. But there would be no failure to fill out the programme of the evening on that account.

Peter Gwyn got a seat as close to the cage of performing lions as possible, and, while the clown jested, the acrobat tumbled, and the knights of the sawdust galloped around, he sat still, evidently uninterested. At last, however, the performance of the evening was at hand. There was a flourish of the orchestra, some lively strains, and then all was silent as the watch of death. John Foster was in the lion's cage.

The proprietor of the "Grand Oriental Esquimaux" had considered himself especially lucky that on the very day succeeding that on which "Emperor Nero" perished he had received notice from his agent in New York of the reception of a lion of unusual strength and size. He ordered the animal sent to him immediately. John Foster had been training him for a few weeks, and now he had been performing for one. He was known to the gaping crowd as "Cesar, the Conqueror;" to John Foster as "Jim-jams."

To the lion-tamer, as he entered that cage of dangerous beasts, all things about him seemed unreal. The bright blaze of the lamps might be the weird light of an enchanted world, so unreal did it appear; the lions, huge monsters; Mr. Peter Gwyn, Satan himself.

This part of my story is soon told. John Foster was in no mood to handle lions. From the very first the tide was against him. The latest addition became unruly. John Foster's state of apathy continued. Once more the spring of the lion was made.

This time John Foster fell through the door held open for his lion, and rolled underneath the cage. It was not closed quickly enough, and the huge form of the beast of prey forced itself through.

Meantime Mr. Peter Gwyn had moved closer to the cage. At the moment of the catastrophe he was near at hand, looking in with eager eyes. With a loud roar the raging beast sprang upon him.

John Foster became free from his apathetic condition. He leaped to his feet, and seized a whip from the hand of a paralyzed attendant close at hand. With fierce courage he attacked the lion. He struck terrific blows on the head of the beast. Caesar the Conqueror crouched. More and more fiercely John Foster struck.

Well, there are inexplicable things all around us. In two minutes Caesar was conquered and caged. I cannot explain how, nor why the indomitable will of John Foster tamed a monster whose tongue was wet with blood.

And Peter Gwyn was dead. The most singular part of my story, perhaps, is to come. Peter Gwyn left a will, and in that will he bequeathed all his wealth, he having no known relatives, to Signor Foscarelli, the great lion-tamer, provided he should survive him.

John Foster went no more into deadly peril.

I dare say he and the woman whom he loved are as happy as the majority of such mortals.

Anxious to explain the meaning of the hyperbole, a Presbyterian minister said: "Perhaps you do not understand the meaning of the word, hyperbole. This word, my friends, increases or diminishes a thing beyond the exact truth. Suppose I should say the whole of this congregation is fast asleep. That would be hyperbole, for there is not above one-half of you sleeping."

A crazy man created a sensation in a Montreal church by undressing himself in the pew. When taken out he was in a state of nudity and fought like a demon.

The Hair.

Dr. Wilder, in a recent article, says: Whether the hair should be cut I never could quite satisfy myself. As a physiological practice, I seriously doubt the propriety. Every cutting is a wounding, and there is some sort of bleeding in consequence, and a waste of vital force. I think it will be found that long-lived persons most frequently wear the hair long.

The cutting of the hair stimulates to a new growth, to supply the waste. Thus the energy required to maintain the vigor of the body is drawn off to make good the wanton destruction. It is said, I know, that after the hair has grown to a certain length it loses its vitality at the extremity, and splits or "breaks up." Whether this would be the case if the hair should never be cut I would like to know. When it is cut a fluid exudes, and forms a scab or cicatrix at each wounded extremity, indicating that there has been injury.

Women and priests have generally worn long hair. I never could imagine why this distinction was made. The ancient priest was very often devoted to a vow of celibacy, but I cannot surmise whether that had anything to do with it. Kings wore their hair long, in imitation of Sampson and the golden Sun God Mithras. I suspect from this that the first men shorn were slaves and laborers; that freemen wore their hair uncut as the crown of a perfect manhood and manliness. It is this correct, the new era of freedom, when it ever shall dawn, will be characterized by men unshorn as well as women unperverted.

I wish that our science and our civilization had better devices for preserving the integrity of the hair. Baldness is a deformity, and premature whiteness a defect. If the head were in health and the body in proper vigor I am confident it would not be. I am apprehensive that our dietetic habits occasion the bleaching of the hair; the stiff, arsenic prepared hat is responsible for much of the baldness. Our hats are unhealthful from the tricks of the hatters. I suppose there are other causes, however.

Hereditarily has its influence. Certain diseases wither the hair at its roots; others lower the vitality of the skin, and so debilitate the body. I acknowledge that the shingled head disgusts me. It cannot be wholesome. The most sensible part of the head is at the back, where the neck joins. That place exposed to unusual cold or heat is liable to receive an injury that will be permanent, if not fatal, in a short period. The whole head wants protection, and the hair affords this as no other protection can. Men have beards because they need them, and it is wicked to cut them off. No growth or part of the body is superfluous, and we ought, as candidates for health and long life, to preserve ourselves from violence or mutilation. Integrity is the true manly standard.

Not in the Ranks.

The old army overcoat that used to be such a familiar sight on our streets is one of the rarest now; indeed, it is so seldom seen that we involuntarily turn and gaze after it, as something that brings sad and often cruel memories. The other day an old man wearing a coat of this kind, which reached to his heels, stopped at a cottage a little way out of the parish, and asked leave to rest awhile on the porch.

"I'm a bit tired," he said to the woman who opened the door, "and if you don't mind I'll sit here and rest myself for a spell."

"You're welcome," said the woman kindly, with a glance at the martial blue. Then she left him alone, but after a little while returned with a bowl of coffee and a plate of white biscuit.

"Eat," she said, gently; "I had a boy who was a soldier."

"But I'm not a soldier," answered the old man. "I never was a soldier; my boy went to war and was killed. He was all I had, too. This coat was his; seems like his near me when I have it on. I gave him to his country; the handsomest and bravest boy he was, too, in the whole regiment. God bless him. He did his duty, died on the field, and this coat was all that came back to his poor old dad. No; I never was a soldier."

The woman went in and brought out some cake and the whitest honey, and added it to the coffee and biscuit.

"Are you alone in the world?" she asked.

"Oh, no," answered the old man, cheerfully; "I've got a sister, but she's old and lame, and she has a daughter that is sickly and ailing. You see I have them to work for, and they are a sight of comfort to me. Many's the time I'd have broken down since Mary died but for them poor critters. Mary was my wife, ma'am; she was a master hand to nurse sick folks, and she thought after Tim died as it were her duty to go into the hospital service and nurse the soldiers, and she died these sixteen years ago; but she did a heap of good work first. Many a soldier has kissed her shadow on the wall. Mary, darlin', God wanted her to be a nurse, and she often wished that I had been a soldier, if only to be fit for the little mother and Tim; but I never was."

He drank the coffee, ate the food thankfully, and offered to pay for it with some carefully hoarded pieces of old worn silver; but the woman shook her head.

"Put back your money. My son was a soldier," she said.

"But I am not a soldier. Well—well" (as he looked into her face)—"I thank you, and I take it for his sake."

He wished good-night to his kind entertainer, and turned away. As he walked off slowly and limping, bent by infirmity, the long skirt of his army over-

coat struck bright and blue against the splendor of the sunset; he shaded his eyes with one trembling hand and looked wistfully up at the rose and amethyst door that seemed to open in the west. What saw he there? A little, round-shouldered woman with a small, homely face; a lank, overgrown boy, with sparse red hair. Aye, and of such as these are angels are made. So, watching, he passed down into the shadows and disappeared.

The woman at the gate looked after him.

"No soldier!" she said, gently, "but I wonder if the boy who died on his first battle-field ever fought as he has, or sacrificed as much to his country? All the soldiers didn't go into the war with flying flags and rolling drums. Some of them stayed at home and fought harder battles. I'm glad I gave him a bite and a sup. He is a soldier, and a brave one, too, and one day he will know it!" And I think she was right.—[Detroit Free Press.

Barnes on Ingersoll and Talmage.

The evangelist then took up the subject of atheism. He said that Colonel Ingersoll has a closer grip on the thought of the people than any fifty men in the nation. "I respect his talent," the speaker said, "his beautiful private life, his control over his own temper. He has certainly kept his temper better than any one who has been in controversy with him. I wish I could convert him, and I think I could if I had a chance. He owes his influence over the people to the fact that he is attacking a false God. There is no man in the world who can answer him from the standpoint from which the replies to him have been made. Ingersoll is making infidels faster than Moody is making Christians, and Moody is making Christians faster than any other man in the world. The best men in the country are running to atheism. Don't be afraid of Romanism; the danger lies in the direction of atheism. But Ingersoll has never attacked my God. The devil himself hasn't brass and cheek enough to attack the God who is love and nothing but love. I believe Ingersoll is an honest infidel. I could not defend the God he attacks. If I had no other God to believe in than a God who kills half the human race in infancy, brings misery to the other half and sits clipping off the lives of human beings, as with shears, with every tick of the clock, I tell you, my friends, I'd be an atheist too. I am glad our instincts override our theories, so that we may make a hop, skip and a jump over all such theories and land in the bosom of the God of love."

Mr. Barnes spoke of Mr. Talmage as the "great Dr. Talmage, who has professed to lead Ingersoll all to pieces, but has never knocked a feather out of him." The stately preachers in stately pulpits, he said, are asking what is to become of the masses.

"The masses," shouted the evangelist, leaning forward with outstretched fingers, "are going to hell! What the masses want is somebody who will preach a Gospel that will draw sinners as molasses draws flies. The preachers say, 'we preach the Gospel,' but I say 'you don't, and the proof is that you don't draw sinners.' It has come to this—a demand for an announcement that the Gospel is to be preached is enough to drive sinners away."—[N. Y. Tribune.

Gaelic Proverbs.

We naturally expect to find a strong flavor of the sea derived from the Hebrides and the adjacent shores of the mainland, and the proverbs which come to us from this source are among the most rustic and original of all. "No wind ever blew that did not fill some sail" in an improved form of "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." Making needless difficulties is happily described as "Making a great ocean of a narrow strait." For a man who prides himself on being always wiser than his neighbors, it is said: "He knows where the whales breed." For one who seems fated never to be in luck: "When the herring is in the north, Red Malcolm is in the south."

Here is a brave and cheery utterance, peculiarly suggestive of the narrow seas, where the tide is a power not to be lightly set at naught: "None ever got tied with him that did not get it against him." Nor is the wind forgotten: "I shall go to-morrow, said the king. You shall wait for me, said the wind." What a world of suggestive tenderness and pathos lies in the following: "There is hope of the man at sea, but none of the man in the churchyard!" To these may be added the following graphic little story: The small Hebridean islands of Ulva and Gometra are divided by a narrow channel, which is passable at low water. On one occasion, when the minister, who had gone over to Gometra to preach, intending afterwards to return to Mull—was in the midst of his sermon, he was summarily interrupted by the Beadle with the warning: "Get on, Master John—the channel is filling!"

The Duke of Newcastle was at Washington last Sunday, and attended a fashionable church. When he asked for a seat the sexton told him to wait in the vestibule and he would attend to him soon. The Duke waited as long as he thought was proper, and then returned to his hotel, disgusted with the way churches were run in this blasted country. He related the incident to some acquaintances, and it got into the newspapers. The trustees of the church were very much excited about it and sent him an apology. This raises the question whether he would have received an apology if he had not been a duke. Probably not, and it is quite as probable that if the sexton told him where he was he wouldn't have been invited to wait awhile in the vestibule.

Claiming Her Rights.

A girl walked into an elevated railroad train last night at about 6 o'clock, while I was going up town (says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle), and went from one end of the car to the other glancing sharply at the faces of the men who monopolized all the seats. She was evidently a factory or shop girl, and looked weary. She had a clear-cut and resolute face, and was dressed prettily. The men stared at her as she walked down the car, and watched her covertly when she turned around and started back. She stopped in front of an elderly man with rather a good-natured face, and said to him clearly and with quiet firmness: "That seat was intended for a woman. Give it to me."

He looked into her clear, if somewhat tired eyes, and said as he moved slightly: "I don't see—er—how you—"

"Give me that seat," she said quietly, and he rose and gave it to her with some embarrassment. She sat down and began to read a book she carried with her in a basket, and paid not the least attention to anyone in the car. The little incident created the greatest sensation imaginable, and men talked of it to each other so long that a woman with a baby stood awkwardly holding on by the strap for some time and no one offered her a seat. Then the girl with the clear-cut and resolute face called her, and compelled the woman to take her seat. The man in the car gazed steadfastly out of the windows, and tried to look unconcerned. I've don't doubt whatever that they were willing to give up their seats to her. I know that I was, but somehow I felt that I would look rather foolish if I did, so I sat still in selfish stolidity. The girl glanced about once more, crossed the car, touched a small man on the shoulder, and said in the same low tone of voice:

"I'll trouble you for that seat, please."

"Oh, certainly, madam," cried the little man, nervously, and sprang away. All of which strikes me as being decidedly droll now, though it was quite serious then. It suggests an idea. Why don't women form themselves into a seat-seeking protective union and carry the war into every car?

Siren and Sucker.

"But papa—"

"Not another word," said the person thus addressed, a tall, handsome man, in whose deep brown hair a tinge of gray was just beginning to show. "You know, my child," he continued, "that nothing could give me more pain than refusing any wish of yours, and that I am never so happy and free from care as when some act of mine has made your life brighter. But this request I cannot grant. A sea-skin saque with fur trimmings! By my halidom, you jest bravely!" and turning hastily away, Dunstan Perkins stepped hastily to the side-board and took a drink.

For an instant Lillian stood in the observatory looking steadily down at the heavy velvet carpet in which her shapely feet sank deeply, but presently the spirit of desolate loneliness seemed to leave her, and going quietly into an adjoining room she began eating some pie.

In a few moments her father came into the apartment. "Perhaps I was rather harsh with you Lillian," he began.

But the girl interrupted him. "Don't speak of it again, dear papa," she said, "because I know that you really have no money to spare. While I was mending your overcoat last evening, I saw that note from 'Daisy,' and I would not."

"You saw the note?" asked Mr. Perkins in hoarse, agonized tones.

"Yes, papa, but you know I never—"

"How much will a sea-skin saque cost?"

"Three hundred dollars," and as the girl spoke these words a baleful light shot from her eyes.

"You can have the money to-morrow," he said and went slowly out of the room.

"I thought my darling papa would weaken," said the girl, and lifting the fork slowly to her lips, the last of the pie was gone.

"Thank the Lord She's Lit"

A passenger over the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad relates the following:

The cars were passing over a trestle, and just in front of me sat an old colored woman who showed great alarm, and, as it afterwards turned out, imagined that the whole train of cars was flying through the air. It was not many minutes, however, before the cars passed safely over the trestle and as soon as they struck terra firma, the old woman drew a sigh of relief and exclaimed in a Te Deum tone of voice:

"Thank the Lord she's lit."

That reminds us of a very neat pun by a country gentleman on a similar occasion as above. When the trestle had been crossed some lady remarked:

"Well, we've struck terra firma."

"Yes, madam," said the old gentleman in his brusque way, "less terror and more firm."

The intrinsic value of a Kansas City bar-tender has been made known. One of them kicked a dog belonging to another, and was killed for his temerity. And the dog was a small poodle, too.

The only way burglars could compel a Minnetonka woman to tell where her husband's money lay hidden was by placing a pistol against the temple of her sleeping babe and threatening to blow its brains out.