

In Spite of His Grace.

By GRACE HENDRICK.

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"The special car for New York?" demanded Margaret.
"Track 12" came the response.
"Hurry up! They're just closing the gates."
With a little shriek of excitement Margaret dashed down the concourse and slipped through the gate just in time. She paused uncertainly, looking for the private car. A brakeman darted forward, half pushed her upon the rear platform and the train began to move. There was a clamor at the gate, evidently from the people who had missed the train, and Margaret smiled contentedly as she realized by how narrow a margin she had caught the train herself.

The friendly brakeman looked puzzled when she spoke of a special car, but at last a light dawned upon his face.
"That was to be attached to the Washington express," he explained. "The train is twenty minutes late."
"And I'm on the wrong train," she cried.

"It's all right if you want to go to New York. We'll get there about the time they do."
"Then I may as well stay on," Margaret moved forward to the Pullmans still attended by the brakeman. She had just entered the first of the parlor cars when she felt a tug at her sleeve. "Jimmy," she cried in astonishment. "What are you doing here?"

"Bearing defeat back to New York," he explained. "I got the license, and tried to get word to you, but it seems that your father took the precaution to put a couple of private detectives on guard. One of them had me arrested for disturbing the peace when I tried



"JIMMY," SHE CRIED IN ASTONISHMENT. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"
"To see you. I just got out in time to learn that you were on your way back home."
"That was horrid," she said. "It was not like father."
"But you see he's worked so hard that he wants to land the match."

Meg frowned as she always did when reminded of her approaching marriage. An English duke with vast estates and an infinitesimal income had asked her hand in marriage, and her father had given assent in her name.

Francis Cadmus had been ambitious for his daughter. He had always frowned upon Jimmy Dorval's suit, even while admitting that he was a fine young fellow and bound to make his way in the world.

Ben Tibbetsson's daughter had married a baronet. Here was a chance to administer a final coup to Tibbetsson, who had boasted of his titled son in law ever since. So when young Dorval began to show signs of insubordination Cadmus had hired private detectives. The events in Philadelphia had proved the value of this move, for Dorval and Margaret had planned an elopement.

Meg's mother came from one of the old Philadelphia families, and her aunts had insisted upon a visit that they might shine in reflected glory of her engagement to the duke. Cadmus had sent her over in a private car and had arranged that she should come back the same way. The gate-man had not caught her reference to the private car when she came back from the telegraph office, and by mistake had directed her to the regular train just pulling out.

"It's a dispensation of Providence," declared Dorval when she had explained the situation. "There are his duketlets, the detectives and your respected parent cooped up, waiting for the other train, and here we are, together, and with a Pennsylvania license in my pocket. If we can be married before we cross the state line—will you, dear?"

"Of course I will," she declared briskly. "I don't want to marry the duke, and I do want to marry you. Is there a clergyman on board?"

"I'll get you one," offered the brakeman, who had been standing at hand in expectation of a tip. "There's an old guy with white whiskers two cars back."
He darted out while Jimmy gave Meg his seat and stood beside her. The

train slowed up for West Philadelphia, and a boy in blue and brass came through the car calling her name. She held out her hand for the telegram.
"Father says to wait here," she smiled as she read it through. Dorval fished out a bill and handed it to the boy, together with the message.
"You could not find the lady, understand?"

"I'm wise," agreed the boy. "Mebbe the lady didn't hear me."
He passed out, and just as the train began to move Meg saw him going leisurely across the platform, the envelope still in his hand.

"The old guy was a drummer," explained the brakeman, returning with a young and very nervous person with a flushed face. "He says he's a minister."
"I have just begun my pastorate," explained the nervous man, "but am a regularly ordained clergyman. I leave the train shortly. If you can satisfy me that there is no legal impediment, I should advise celerity."

Rapidly Dorval explained the situation. The drawing rooms were all engaged, but there was a cafe car on the train, and the tiny pantry was empty. The porter mounted guard to keep out the curious; the simple ceremony was concluded and a certificate made out long before the minister reached his stopping place.

"It was my first marriage," he said nervously as his slender fingers closed over the yellow backed bill. "I am sure that I wish you all happiness." He pecked Meg's cheek much as a bachelor kisses a baby and returned to his own car to hide his confusion.

The passenger in the seat adjoining Dorval's, who had been impressed as a witness, expressed an overwhelming desire for a smoke and went forward that the young couple might not be separated.

"Are you sorry now that it's over, dear?" he asked as he leaned forward and placed his hand over hers.

"I shall never be sorry," she said bravely. "I was only afraid that you would not be able to rescue me from the duke."
"I bet he drops his eyeglass when we tell him," said Jimmy with a wicked smile. "He'll drop his eyeglass and say, 'My word! See if he doesn't.'"

"I'm thinking of what father will say," she answered, trying to smile. "It will be a great disappointment to him."
"Then he shouldn't sell his daughter," explained Jimmy. "I guess that's him now."

He pointed out of the window as another train went rushing by. On the platform of the rear car, made into an observation balcony, they could see the duke.

The special had been sent through on another track, and Mr. Cadmus' temper was not improved by a half hour wait in the Jersey City station for the slower train with Margaret aboard. The entire party were lined up at the gate as the passengers of the regular train poured through.

"I made a mistake," explained Meg as she held up her face to be kissed.
"So the gateman said," her father returned. "It was very good of Mr. Dorval to take care of you. We will relieve him of any further responsibility."

"I say," broke in Jimmy, "you can't very well do that. I've arranged to take care of Meg for the rest of her life. We were married on the train coming over."
The duke's jaw dropped and the duke's eyebrows raised while the monocle dropped from the duke's eye.

"My word!" said his grace. "How very extraordinary, you know!"
"I told you so," said Jimmy, breaking a tense situation with a laugh.

Before There Were Naval Uniforms.
A little prior to the Revolutionary war, says the Newport Bluejacket, there was no such thing as a naval uniform. The officers wore civilian clothes or some sort of an adaptation of an army uniform as suited their fancies, and the men dressed any how, though they generally agreed in wearing their hair long and done up in a cue, or pigtail, and with a love-lock or two straggling down either side of the face. The sailor seems always to have been given to wide trousers, experience having taught him that his nether garments must be so constructed that they could be easily rolled above the knees when washing down decks. Sometimes the old time sailor did not wear trousers at all, but a sort of kilt like a highlander's. Look at any old print showing a man-of-war's crew as late as 1818 and see what a motley lot of garments are shown on the men. Some of them even wore stovepipe hats upon their heads.

The Twinkling of a Star.
The twinkling of a star has never been explained to the satisfaction of all investigators, but it is generally believed to be due to controlling causes within the earth's atmosphere. That the cause may be looked for within the belt of air that surrounds our planet (to particles of vapor, dust, etc.) may be inferred from the fact that the planets never exhibit the characteristic twinkling so noticeable in the star. One reason for this is the size (apparent) of the planets, each of which shows a sensible disk, even to the naked eye, while the strongest instrument in the world only shows the stars as being mere points of light. This being the case, any foreign substance in the atmosphere would momentarily hide the light and make the star appear to twinkle.

Just a Taste.
Missionary—And do you know nothing whatever of religion? Cannibal—Well, we got a taste of it when the last missionary was here.—Cleveland Leader.

YOUNG FISHHAWKS.

The Way These Ravenous Feeders Attack Their Food.

The appetites of the young hawks increased rapidly, and in a few days they easily managed three and a half and four pounds of solid fish a day between them. At first we used to cut the meat in cubes and feed the birds by hand, but it was not long before they were able to tear up a whole fish by themselves. They often began by picking out the eyes, perhaps because those organs were conspicuous and easily removed. They held their food in their claws and usually before seizing any part of it they would finger, so to speak, with their bills, as though feeling for a good hold. When very hungry they would pounce upon the fish, raise their crests and lower their wings and tail to the ground, as though to protect themselves against possible robbery, often screaming lustily between the mouthfuls. They would tear off large pieces, jerk them backward into the throat and swallow them. They ate every part of a fish except the harder bones. Tough pieces were removed by a steady upward pull, and the ends of bones were twisted off with a pivotal movement such as a man would use to draw a nail with a pair of pinches. When they had finished a meal they cleaned their bills by thrusting them into the nesting material and turning them from side to side as one would force an awl into wood. Later they ejected the bones and other indigestible particles in the form of pellets.

As they grew stronger they became able to hold their long wings in place at their sides. They also began to exercise their wings by flapping them steadily in front of their bodies for several seconds at a time, meanwhile rising on their toes. Later when performing this wing exercise they would keep jumping up and down as though testing the strength of their pinions. During a rainstorm also they would flap their wings violently at frequent intervals and thus keep their plumage comparatively dry.—Ernest Harold Baynes in Scribner's.

Spectacles.
It is hard to realize what our ancestors did without the help of spectacles. The first mention of them seems to be toward the end of the thirteenth century, when convex spectacles were invented, it is supposed, by Roger Bacon. Concave glasses were introduced soon afterward, but the Spectacle Makers' company of London was not incorporated until 1630. It seems that the ancients knew nothing of these aids to vision, and it is more than likely that Homer and even Milton might have been spared their blindness had they understood the use of powerful lenses. Eyeglasses came in much later, when the spectacles were considered too cumbersome for fashionable wear, and lorgnettes came ever later, when the great ladies wished an ornamental case for their eye glasses. The eyeglasses of today fit on the nose with a spring. Formerly they were held in place with the hand.

Finished the Job.
Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was very severe against all forms of superstition. One day when he and his wife had some friends to lunch the servant dropped a priceless Sevres cup, which fell in a thousand pieces on the floor.

"Oh, how unfortunate!" said Mme. de Lesseps, who, unlike her husband, was rather superstitious. "Two more of them are certain to get broken now. It always happens so."
"If you are so sure of that," replied Count de Lesseps, who had often tried to cure his wife of this fault, "we had better get all your misfortunes over together." Saying which he seized two cups and flung them to the ground.—Bon Vivant.

An eloquent barrister was called upon to defend a burglar at the assizes. He did so with great success and obtained the triumphant acquittal of his client. On going into his office one morning a little later he found the safe open and empty, while lying on the desk was a note: "Dear Sir—I looked in this morning to thank you for kindly getting me off the other day. As you wasn't in, I ventured to take two or three little things as a souvenir of the occasion. Yours affectionately, William Sikes."—London Express.

Novel Way of Fishing.
A curious mode of catching turtles is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish, which is then thrown overboard and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged at the top of his head. The fisherman then hauls both turtle and sucking fish in.

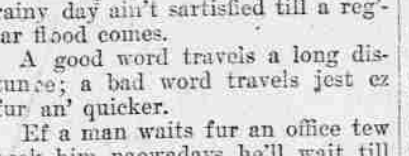
A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Oh! Nutmeg's" Saying as a Cure For What Ails You.

The idle man is no man's idol. A man kin still hev hoss sense an' own an automobile.
Some people envy a hen on aig 'cuz it's a settin' daown job.
They is one man we kin allus look in the eye—the man who owes us money.
Ev'rybuddy b'lieves that a snorer snores 'cept the snorer who does the snoring.
It's all right tew take the bull by the horns, but remember it's dangerous lettin' go.
Some people who lay up fur a rainy day ain't satisfied till a regular flood comes.
A good word travels a long distance; a bad word travels jest ez fur an' quicker.
If a man waits for an office tew seek him noawadays he'll wait till it's ben peddled all araround town.
It hez ben said that a man who kin successfully beat his fare on a railroad noawadays would make a good presudent uv the same.
Sometimes the foot that rocks the cradle is the same foot that sends the young man off'n the front doorsteps who hez come araround tew rob the cradle.
In speakin' uv Washington, the Father uv His Country, it is allus said that he "couldn't" tell a lie. Naow, mebbie arter all he's like the rest uv us—mebbie he would hev told one of he could hev.—Judge.

Accustomed to it.
"Yes," said Rivetts, "I went to a 5 o'clock tea with my wife yesterday."
"Gracious!" exclaimed Chumley. "Didn't it nearly drive you crazy?"
"Oh, no. I didn't mind it. I own a boiler shop, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Foxy.
The animal was fast gaining on his new prey.



to swing up and find a crotch well above the reach of those lowering horns.
The bull looked about puzzledly for a moment, then he caught sight of the giant of red in the branches and charged again. His impact shook the tree, but it did not dislodge the girl, for she clung with her arms about the trunk.
Being a patient animal, the bull waited, and Dora was so much occupied with the unpleasantness of the situation that she never noticed the approach of a man in a red golf coat until he was midway across the lot.
"Look out," she shrieked, "it's a bull. Run!"
The newcomer obeyed both injunctions, but the cry had attracted the bull's attention, and the animal was fast gaining on his new prey when suddenly the man leaped to one side, and the bull plowed on. By the time it had turned the man was running for the tree and swung himself up just as the bull reached him.
"Narrow squeak that," he chuckled. "I felt like Don Jose in 'Carmen.' Is it you, Dora?"
"I should think you could tell the difference between a bull and a cow," she said severely. "The idea of walking right into a field with that coat."
"I was all right," was the easy response. "King Champion belongs in the next lot. He must have broken the fence. I was talking to a short cut to the lunks. Glad I left my clubs there last night or I should have lost them. How did you get here?"
"I was going after arbutus," she explained. "I was wearing Ted's coat and that horrid creature broke down the fence to get after it."
"Amiable animal," commented Frazer. "I'd like to get down and pat him on the head—with an ax."
"We're trespassers. He's on his owner's property," she reminded.
"That's so," he agreed, "but that does not affect my desire in the least."
"And Ted has some friends to supper," she was led, "and there won't be any arbutus."
"He'll have supper, anyway," reminded Frazer. "That's more than we are likely to get."
"Don't you think the creature will go away?" pleaded Dora.
"I'll ask him if you like," he offered, "but he doesn't look as though he ever would." Frazer let him stay out all night. Dissipated sort of creature, King Champion is.
"Do you suppose they would hear if we called?"
"We would hurt our voices to no avail. The only thing to do is to wait until it gets so dark that he can't see the red. Then maybe he'll forget us."
"Throw him your coat," commanded Dora. "Maybe that will satisfy him and he'll go away."
Frazer dropped his coat directly in front of King Champion's nose. Directly the bull reduced it to ribbons and worked himself up to a fresh fury.
"He isn't even happy when he gets it," commented Frazer. "Stubborn sort of brute."
His choice of word had been unfortunate. Dora froze up. She had forgotten in the excitement that she and Frazer had solemnly ruptured their friendship because she had refused to give up Benning as her partner in the double match game. He had called

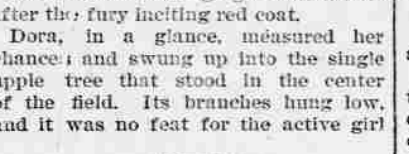
Two In a Tree

By LULU JOHNSON.

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For a moment Dora searched the rack, then she remembered that her jacket was up stairs, and she caught up her brother's golf coat. She could slip crescents to the woods and be back in no time at all. She must have some arbutus for the supper table.
As she was crossing the Benton farm, she heard an angry bellow and smelt Benton's prize bull was confined in the next lot. He could not bother her. Then with a crashing crash, the mad-dened animal broke down the flimsy fence and came charging across the lot after the fury inciting red coat.
Dora, in a glance, measured her chances, and swung up into the single apple tree that stood in the center of the field. Its branches hung low, and it was no feat for the active girl

ber stubborn. She had declared that she always kept her promise, and when he reminded her of an earlier and forgotten promise the adjective had been revived.
Frazer saw his mistake in an instant. "I didn't mean that, Dodo," he pleaded. She held up her head.
"Won't you be nice?" he begged. "You can play golf with any one you want, only don't be angry."
"It was not nice to reopen the argument when you knew I couldn't escape it," she decreed.
"I didn't mean to," he declared. "I wasn't even thinking of that row."
"You were," she said very positively. "It is useless as to deny it, either, for I shall not argue."
He made several efforts to convince her, but to no use, and at last he sank into a shivering silence. The sun had set, and the air was growing chill. He missed his coat sadly, but Dora did not notice his plight until his teeth chattered so that she heard the sound.
"You are cold, and I made you throw down your golf ball," she cried penitently. "It's all right, it's," he protested.
"It's not," she contradicted. "It's all my fault, too."
"The coat was sacrificed in the interest of scientific experiment," he declared. "It shows that a blooded bull can at least count up to two. He's waiting for the other one, and then he probably won't be satisfied."
"You'd be warmer if you sat next the trunk on this side, away from the wind," she suggested. "I could keep off the cold on the other side."
"You'd fall off," he objected wistfully, "for, of course, since you hate me, you wouldn't let me hold you on."
There was no answer to this and Frazer deliberately opened his mouth that the sound of his clacking teeth might be more plainly heard. Dora stood it for ten minutes, then:
"Fred."
"What is it?" he asked.
"Please come over," she pleaded. "I don't—have you?"
In a minute he was beside her, holding her steadily on the limb. The teeth stopped chattering and Dora nestled close.
"I shall not play with Mr. Benning's," she said timidly. "I would rather play with you."
"What reason can you give him now?" he demanded.
"For instance you might think of one," she suggested.
"We could tell him that we were engaged."
"It'd it wouldn't be true."
"I can't make it true," he reminded. "Will you, Dodo?"
It was twenty minutes afterward that the two came back to earth again. Beneath the tree all was quiet. "Where's King Champion?" she asked. "Frazer glanced down.
"I do believe he has gone," he cried. "I suppose he got thirsty. The creek runs through the other field."
"I think he's an awfully nice bull," she said irreverently, as he helped her down. A nod Fred agreed with her.



WAGONS IN AMERICA.
They Were First Used Some Four Centuries Ago in Mexico.

To its northerly neighbors Mexico seems a land of contradiction. It was exploited by the Spanish conquerors a hundred years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and yet the American from the United States finds it a comparatively primitive and undeveloped country. In some respects it has gone back, losing the splendor of its early times, yet it is a land now stirring with youth and growth.

The carriage of goods affords an instance of these paradoxical conditions, for in Mexico, on the first soil of the new world to be traveled by wheels, burdens are today largely borne on human backs. Says the New York Post: "There was never a wheel turned on the western hemisphere until about the year 1523 or 1524, when Sebastian de Aparicio brought some ox carts over from Spain and began hauling freight and passengers between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. He grew wealthy, moved to Puebla, became a lay brother of the Franciscans and died full of years, piety and honors in 1630, ninety-eight years of age. He was canonized by the pope and later was adopted as patron saint of Puebla."

"Among the mountain and plateau tribes of Mexico, Central America and a large part of South America transportation methods are precisely the same today as they were in the days of Cortes, Alvarado and Pizarro. The cargados (loaders) and the aguderos (water carriers) are still omnipresent. The size of their self imposed burdens compels notice from the least observant traveler."

"Mexico has been called the land of the patient laborer. It is a good name. The Indians, who form nearly half of her population, seem to be enmeshed in their burden. The load is they carry would be far too much for the average white man."

Crocodiles of Old.
The galaxy of lies about crocodiles found in old books divides the understanding even of the experienced reader of mediæval natural history. He is a great worm. He is afraid of saffron. He eats honey. The crocodile runneth away from a man if he win't with his left eye and look steadfastly upon him with his right eye. He carries water in his mouth to make the road slippery and so catches people alive. There is an amity and natural concord between swine and crocodiles and a much more of the same kind. Herodotus' little plover, which walks into the crocodile's mouth and picks off the leech, is changed by Bartholomew into the lizard, with crests like saws, and a fowl and a serpent, all of which walk about inside the crocodile's stomach as if it were a parlor and find him "right neat and full tender."—London Spectator.

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"Gracious!" exclaimed Chumley. "Didn't it nearly drive you crazy?"
"Oh, no. I didn't mind it. I own a boiler shop, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

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The bull looked about puzzledly for a moment, then he caught sight of the giant of red in the branches and charged again. His impact shook the tree, but it did not dislodge the girl, for she clung with her arms about the trunk.
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"Look out," she shrieked, "it's a bull. Run!"
The newcomer obeyed both injunctions, but the cry had attracted the bull's attention, and the animal was fast gaining on his new prey when suddenly the man leaped to one side, and the bull plowed on. By the time it had turned the man was running for the tree and swung himself up just as the bull reached him.
"Narrow squeak that," he chuckled. "I felt like Don Jose in 'Carmen.' Is it you, Dora?"
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"I was all right," was the easy response. "King Champion belongs in the next lot. He must have broken the fence. I was talking to a short cut to the lunks. Glad I left my clubs there last night or I should have lost them. How did you get here?"
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"I was all right," was the easy response. "King Champion belongs in the next lot. He must have broken the fence. I was talking to a short cut to the lunks. Glad I left my clubs there last night or I should have lost them. How did you get here?"
"I was going after arbutus," she explained. "I was wearing Ted's coat and that horrid creature broke down the fence to get after it."
"Amiable animal," commented Frazer. "I'd like to get down and pat him on the head—with an ax."
"We're trespassers. He's on his owner's property," she reminded.
"That's so," he agreed, "but that does not affect my desire in the least."
"And Ted has some friends to supper," she was led, "and there won't be any arbutus."
"He'll have supper, anyway," reminded Frazer. "That's more than we are likely to get."
"Don't you think the creature will go away?" pleaded Dora.
"I'll ask him if you like," he offered, "but he doesn't look as though he ever would." Frazer let him stay out all night. Dissipated sort of creature, King Champion is.
"Do you suppose they would hear if we called?"
"We would hurt our voices to no avail. The only thing to do is to wait until it gets so dark that he can't see the red. Then maybe he'll forget us."
"Throw him your coat," commanded Dora. "Maybe that will satisfy him and he'll go away."
Frazer dropped his coat directly in front of King Champion's nose. Directly the bull reduced it to ribbons and worked himself up to a fresh fury.
"He isn't even happy when he gets it," commented Frazer. "Stubborn sort of brute."
His choice of word had been unfortunate. Dora froze up. She had forgotten in the excitement that she and Frazer had solemnly ruptured their friendship because she had refused to give up Benning as her partner in the double match game. He had called

Accustomed to it.
"Yes," said Rivetts, "I went to a 5 o'clock tea with my wife yesterday."
"Gracious!" exclaimed Chumley. "Didn't it nearly drive you crazy?"
"Oh, no. I didn't mind it. I own a boiler shop, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Foxy.
The animal was fast gaining on his new prey.

to swing up and find a crotch well above the reach of those lowering horns.
The bull looked about puzzledly for a moment, then he caught sight of the giant of red in the branches and charged again. His impact shook the tree, but it did not dislodge the girl, for she clung with her arms about the trunk.
Being a patient animal, the bull waited, and Dora was so much occupied with the unpleasantness of the situation that she never noticed the approach of a man in a red golf coat until he was midway across the lot.
"Look out," she shrieked, "it's a bull. Run!"
The newcomer obeyed both injunctions, but the cry had attracted the bull's attention, and the animal was fast gaining on his new prey when suddenly the man leaped to one side, and the bull plowed on. By the time it had turned the man was running for the tree and swung himself up just as the bull reached him.
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