IN TIME OF WINDS.

The gale is sweeping and sighing
  Through deeps where the wood is bare,
And brown, dead masses are lying,
  Where the spring-time flowers were fair;
And desolate meadows and dreary,
  Whence the sunlight long has fled,
Are loud with the dirges dreary,
  That moan for the grasses dead.

And there, by the sad sea beaches,
  The white waves fretfully surge,
And up from the wreck-filled reaches,
  They force the sand and the spurge;
And wide through the sombre gloaming
  Flies the salt and bitter spray,
As the wild storm-wind goes roaming,
  Through the snow mist, wan and gray.

The ships bend down to the rushing
  Of gusts that are keen and cold,
The foam-capped rollers are gushing
  Through the chain-plates, downward rolled;
The bell-buoys clamor and jangle,
  As the short waves fret and toss,
And gurrulous sea-gulls wrangle,
  As they wing the bar across.

Far north, like a sombre curtain,
  The billowing cloud-wracks mass,
And shadows vague and uncertain
  Before them fitfully pass,
The shadows of forests, heaving
  In throes of the mighty blast,
Whose grotesque branches are weaving
  The giants that change so fast.

And so, through the hours that lengthen,
  The wind in its might grows loud,
And its hoarse notes roll and strengthen
  As down from the hills they crowd:
And on, while the night grows deeper
  They rise, till their echoes seem
The turmoil a weary sleeper
  Hears in a chaotic dream.

When the winds from slumber waken,
  The oceans obey their might,
The forests are rent and shaken,
  There is no silence in night;
And ever their restless sweeping,
  Shows like the swarth of a sword,
Yet one hand holds them in keeping,
  The strong, sure hand of the Lord.

—Thos. S. Collier, in the Current.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF ANI DOCTOR ANTEKIRTT.

By Jules Verne,

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

"But then before the pilot came on board, when we were about a mile from the land, after making a parcel of my clothes and tying them to my neck, I slipped off the rudder-chain into the sea.

"A minute afterwards I had lost sight of the steamer, whose steam-whistle then began its shrieking. In half an hour I had reached the shore, hidden among the rocks, resumed my clothes, and on a bed of seaweed had fallen asleep. In the morning I entered Brindisi, found one of the humblest hotels in the place, and there awaited events before settling on the plan of an entirely new life.

"Two days afterwards, Pierre, the newspapers informed me that the conspiracy of Trieste was at an end. They said that the search for Count Sandorf's body had been fruitless. I was held to be dead—as dead as if I had fallen with my two companions Ladislas Zathmar and your father Stephen Bathory in the donjon of Pisino.

"I, dead!—No, Pierre—and they shall see that I am living!"

Pierre had listened greedily to the Doctor's story. He was as deeply moved by it as if the story had been told him from the tomb. Yes! It was the Count Mathias Sandorf who had spoken. In the presence of him, the living portrait of his father, his habitual coldness had gradually abandoned him, he had revealed his real character, he had shown himself as he really was, after years of disguise. What he had said about his audacious voyage across the Adriatic was true in the minutest details. It was thus that he arrived at Brindisi, where Mathias Sandorf remained dead to the world.

But he had to leave Brindisi without delay. The town is only a transfer station. People come to it merely to embark for India or land for Europe. It is generally empty except on the two days of the week when the P. and O. boats come in.

If the Doctor had no further fear for his life it was important that his death should be believed in. Thus he thought on the morning after his arrival as he was walking at the foot of the terrace which overlooks the column of Cleopatra at the very spot where the old Appian Way begins. Already he had formed his plans. He would go to the East in search of wealth and power. But to embark on one of the steamboats trading to Asia Minor among a crowd of passengers of all nations was not what he wanted. He wanted some more secret means of transport than he could find at Brindisi. And that evening he took the train for Otranto.

In an hour and a half the train reached this town situated almost at the end of the heel of the Italian boot. There in this almost abandoned port the Doctor agreed with the captain of a xebec departing for Smyrna. In the morning the xebec sailed and the Doctor saw the lighthouse of Punta di Luca, the extreme point of Italy, sink beneath the horizon, while on the opposite coast the Acroceraunian mountains were hidden in the mist. A few days afterwards, after a voyage without incident, Cape Matifou at the extremity of Southern Greece was doubled and Smyrna safely reached.

The Doctor had succinctly related to Pierre this part of his voyage and also how he had learnt from the newspapers of the unexpected death of his daughter that had left him alone in the world.

"At last," he said, "I was in the land of Asia Minor, where for so many years I was to live unknown. It was in studies of medicine, chemistry, natural science that I had delighted during my youth at the schools and universities of Hungary—where your father gained his renown—and it was to these studies that I was to trust to gain the means of livelihood.

"I was fortunate enough to succeed, and more promptly than I had hoped, first at Smyrna, where for seven or eight years I obtained great reputation as a physician. Some unexpected cures brought me into connection with the richest people of those countries in which the medical art is still in a rudimentary state. I then made up my mind to leave the town. And like the doctors of the days gone by, healing at the same time as I taught the art of healing, studying the almost unknown therapeutics of the talebs of Asia Minor, the pundits of India, I traveled through the whole of those provinces, stopping here a few weeks, there a few months, called for and asked for at Karabissar, Binder, Adana, Haleb, Tripoli, Damas, always preceded by a renown which increased without ceasing and brought me a fortune that increased with my renown.

"But that was not enough. What I wanted was unbounded power, such as that possessed by the wealthy rajahs of India, whose knowledge is equal to their wealth.

"My opportunity came.

"There was at Hans in Northern Syria a man dying of a slow disease. No physician had been able to tell what was the matter with him. Hence none of them knew how to treat him. The man was Faz-Rhat, and he had occupied very high posts in the Turkish Empire. He was then forty-five years of age and an immense fortune allowed him to enjoy all pleasures of life.

"Faz-Rhat had heard of me, for at the time my reputation was at its height. He invited me to Hans and I accepted the invitation.

"'Doctor,' said he, 'the half of my fortune is yours if you will give me back my life!'

"'Keep the half of your fortune,' I said, 'I will take care of you and cure you if Heaven permits,'

"I carefully studied the malady the physicians had abandoned. A few months at the outside was all they had given him to live. But I was lucky enough to diagnoze him unmistakably. For three weeks I remained with Faz-Rhat so as to follow the effects of the treatment I had prescribed. His cure was complete. When he wished to pay me I would accept only what seemed to me to be reasonable. And then I left Hans.

"Three years later by an accident when hunting Faz-Rhat lost his life. He had no relatives whatever and his will made me the sole heir of all his possessions. Their value was certainly not less than fifty millions of florins.

"Thirteen years had then elapsed since the fugitive of Pisino had taken refuge in Asia Minor. The name of Doctor Antekirtt, although somewhat legendary, was known throughout Europe. I have obtained the result I wished. And now I was ready to set to work at the object of my life."

CHAPTER III.

THE PRESENT.

"I had resolved to return to Europe, or at least to some point of the Mediterranean. I visited the african coast and for a considerable sum I became the owner of an important island, rich, fertile and suitable in every way for a small colony—this Isle of Antekirtta. Here, Pierre, I am sovereign, absolute master, king without subjects, but with a people devoted to me body and soul, with means of defence that will be very formidable when I have finished them, with means of communication that link me to different points of the Mediterranean border, with a flotilla of such speed that I may almost say that I have made this sea my dominion!"

"Where is Antekirtta situated?" asked Pierre.

"In the neighborhood of the Syrtis Major, which has had an evil reputation from the remotest antiquity, in the south of the sea which the north wind makes so dangerous even to modern ships, in the deepest bend of the Gulf of Sidra which cuts back into the African coast between Tripoli and Barca."

There at the north of the group of the Syrtic Islands is the island of Antekirtta. A few years before the Doctor had traveled through the Tripolitan coasts, and visited Souza, the old port of Cyrene, the Barca country, the towns that have replaced the old Ptolemais, Berenice, Adrianopolis, and in a word that old Pentapolis, formerly Greek, Macedonian, Roman, Persian, Saracenic, and now Arabic and belonging to the Pachalik of Tripoli. The chances of his voyage—for he went to a certain extent where he was called—took him among the archipelagoes off the Lybian sea-board, Pharos and Anthiroda, the Plinthine twins, Eucripte, and the Tyndaric rocks, Pyrgos, Platea, Ilos, the Hyphales, the Pontiaris, the White Islands, and last of all the Syrtics.

In the Gulf of Sidra, about thirty miles south-west of the vilayet of Ben Ghazi, the nearest point on the mainland, he found the Isle of Antekirtta. It was large enough—eighteen miles in circumference—to accommodate all those he thought necessary for his plans; sufficiently elevated, consisting chiefly of a conical hill, towering up some eight hundred feet from the sea, and commanding the whole sweep of the gulf; and sufficiently varied in its productions, and watered by its streams, to satisfy the wants of several thousand inhabitants. Besides it was in that sea, terrible on account of its storms, which in prehistoric times had been fatal to the Argonauts, whose perils were sung by Apollonius of Rhodes, Horace, Virgil, Propertius, Valerius, Flaccus, Lucan, and so many others who were more geographers than poets, such as Polybius, Sallust, Strabo, Mela, Pliny and Procopius.

The Doctor was the island's absolute owner. He had obtained the freehold for a considerable sum, clear of every feudal and other obligation, and the deed of cession which made him sovereign proprietor had been fully ratified by the Sultan.

For three years the Doctor had lived on this island. About 300 European and Arabic families attracted by his offers and the guarantee of a happy life formed a small colony of some 2000 souls. They were not slaves, nor were they subjects; they were companions devoted to their chief, and none the less so because that small corner of the terrestrial globe had become their new home.

Gradually a regular administration had been organized, with a militia for the defence of the island, and a magistrate chosen from among the notables, who very seldom found his services required. Then according to plans sent by the Doctor to the leading builders of England, France and America, he had had constructed his wonderful fleet of steamers, steam yachts, schooners, and "Electrics" for his rapid passage across the Mediterranean. At the same time fortifications began to be thrown up round Antekirtta, but they were not yet finished, although the Doctor for serious reasons was urging on the works.

Had then Antekirtta some enemy to fear in the vicinity of the Gulf of Sidra? Yes. A formidable sect, or rather a society of pirates, who had not seen without envy and hatred a foreigner founding a colony off the Lybian coast.

This sect was the Mussulman Brotherhood of Sidi Mohammed Ben Ali Es Senoussi. In this year (1300 of the Hegira) it had become much more menacing than formerly, and its geographical dominion embraced some 3,000,000 of adherents. His zaouiyas, his vilayets, his centres of activity established in Egypt, in the Turkish Empire, in Europe and Asia, in Eastern Nigritia, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco and the independent Sahara up to the frontiers of Western Nigritia, existed in still greater numbers in Barca and Tripoli. This was a source of serious danger to the European establishments of Northern Africa, including Algeria, destined to become hereafter the richest country in the world, and especially to Antekirtta, and hence the Doctor was only acting with ordinary prudence in availing himself of every modern means of protection and defence.

So Pierre learnt from the conversation which followed and which taught him many other things as well. It was to the isle of Antekirtta that he had been brought, to the midst of the Syrit Sea, as to one of the most forsaken corners of the Ancient World, many miles from Ragusa, where he had left behind two whose memory would never leave him—his mother and Sava Toronthal.

In a few words the Doctor completed the details concerning the second half of his existence. While he was making his arrangements for assuring the security of his island, while he was developing the riches of the soil, and providing for the material and mental wants of the little colony, he had kept himself acquainted with all that was going on respecting his former friends of whom he had never lost sight and among whom were Madame Bathory, her son and Borik.

Pierre then learnt why the Savarena had arrived at Gravosa under conditions that so greatly excited the curiosity of the public, why the Doctor had visited Madame Bathory, how and why her son had not been informed of his visit, how the money put at his mother's disposal had been refused by her, and how the Doctor had arrived in time to snatch Pierre from the tomb to which he had been carried when in his magnetic sleep.

"You, my son," he added. "Yes! You lost your head entirely and did not recoil from suicide—"

"Suicide!" he exclaimed. "Do you then think I stabbed myself?"

"Pierre—in a moment of despair—"

"Despair? Yes! I was! I thought I had been abandoned even by you, my father's friend, after the promises you had made! In despair? Yes? and I am now! But Heaven does not give death to those in despair! It says live—and be avenged!"

"No—punish!" answered the Doctor. "But, Pierre, who stabbed you then?"

"A man that I hate," replied Pierre, "a man that on that night I met by chance in a deserted road by the side of the walls of Ragusa! Perhaps he thought I was going to quarrel with him! But he prevented me! He stabbed me! This man, this Sarcany is—"

Pierre could not finish the sentence. At the thought of the wretch in whom he saw the husband of Sava, his brain seemed to fail him, his eyes closed and life seemed to leave him as if his wound had been reopened.

In a moment the Doctor had restored him to consciousness and looking at him fixedly—

"Sarcany! Sarcany!" he whispered to himself.

It was advisable for Pierre to take some rest after the shock he had just received. He declined to do so.

"No," said he. "You told me to begin with—and now for the story of Doctor Antekirtt from the moment when Count Mathias Sandorf precipitated himself into the waves of the Adriatic—"

"Yes, Pierre."

"Then there is something else I ought to know about Count Mathias Sandorf."

"Are you strong enough to hear it?"

"Speak."

"Be it so," replied the Doctor. "It is better to finish with the secrets that you have a right to know, with all the terrible past that will never return. Pierre, you thought I had abandoned you because I had left Gravosa! Listen then and judge for yourself.

"You know, Pierre, that on the evening of the day fixed for your execution my companions and I attempted to escape from the fortress of Pisino. But Ladislas Zathmar was caught by the warders just as he was going to join us at the foot of the donjon. Your father and I swept away by the torrent of the Buco were already out of their reach.

"After miraculously escaping from the whirlpools of the Foiba, when we set foot on the Leme Canal, we were perceived by a scoundrel who did not hesitate to sell our heads to the government who had just put a price on them. Discovered in the house of a Rovigno fisherman who was just about to take us across the Adriatic, your father was arrested and returned to Pisino. I was most fortunate and escaped! You know that? But this you do not know.

"Before the information given to the police by this Spaniard named Carpena—information which cost Ferrato the fisherman his liberty and, a few months afterwards, his life—two men had sold the secret of the conspirators of Trieste—"

"Their names?" interrupted Pierre.

"First of all ask me how their treachery was discovered," said the Doctor.

And he hurriedly told what had passed in the cell of the donjon, and explained the acoustic phenomenon which had revealed the names of the traitors.

"Their names, Doctor!" exclaimed Pierre. "You will not refuse to give me their names?"

"I will tell you."

"Who are they?"

"One of them was the accountant who had introduced himself as a spy into Zathmar's house! The man who tried to assassinate you—Sarcany!"

"Sarcany!" exclaimed Pierre, who found sufficient strength to rise and walk towards the Doctor. "Sarcany! That scoundrel! And you knew it! And you, the companion of Stephen Bathory, you who offered his son protection, you to whom I have entrusted the secret of my love, you who had encouraged me, you allowed him to introduce himself into Silas Toronthal's house, when you could have kept him out with a word! And by your silence you have authorized this crime—yes! this crime—which has delivered over that unfortunate girl to Sarcany!"

"Yes, Pierre, I did all that!"

"And why?"

"Because she can never be your wife!"

"She can never be my wife!"

"Because if Pierre Bathory marries Miss Toronthal he will be guilty of a still more abominable crime!"

"But why? Why?" asked Pierre, in a paroxysm of anguish.

"Because Sarcany had an accomplice! Yes, an accomplice in the horrible scheme which sent your father to his death! And that accomplice—it is necessary that you should know it—was the banker of Trieste, Silas Toronthal!"

Pierre heard and understood! He could make no reply. A spasm contracted his lips. He sank, crushed to the earth, and horror completely paralyzed him. His pupils dilated and his look seemed to be plunged into unfathomable darkness.

The paroxysm lasted for a few seconds, during which the doctor asked himself if the patient were about to succumb under the dreadful operation to which he had submitted him.

But Pierre's nature was as energetic as his own. He gained the mastery over his tortured feelings. Tears welled up into his eyes. Then he fell back into his chair and held out his hand to the Doctor.

"Pierre," said he to him in a gentle serious voice, "to the whole world you and I are dead! Now I am alone in the world, with no friend, no child! Will you be my son?"

"Yes! Father!" answered Pierre.

And the father and son sat clasped in each other's arms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For Telling Horses' Ages.

The full-grown horse possesses twenty-four back teeth, that is, six in each side of each jaw; these are called molars or grinders. He has twelve front teeth, that is, six in each jaw. Mares have no tushes. The foal has either at its birth or shortly afterward eight milk teeth, that is, four in each jaw; at about 12 months two more milk teeth come in each jaw. These remain unchanged until he is 3 years old. The mouth of the yearling and 2-year-old cannot be confounded. The yearling mouth shows no signs of use, and the corner teeth are shells only; at 2 years old these teeth are strong and well-grown, and the corner teeth filled up. A little before 3 years the two center teeth of each jaw fall out and are replaced by permanent ones. A little before 4 the two teeth on each side of the center teeth are replaced by permanent ones. A little before 5 the two remaining teeth are shed, and in their place come permanent ones. The upper milk teeth usually fall out first.

Thus the mouth is completed as to its front teeth; the corner tooth, however, is but imperfectly developed, being at present a shell only; this shell at 6 years old has filled up and is a complete tooth. This is the difference between a 5 and a 6 year old. The tushes appear between 3½ and 4 years old, and they take nearly two years to arrive at their full growth. These teeth, as the horse grows older, get blunter and shorter, and so to an experienced judge are a sure indication of age. Up to 6 years old the mouth is in a distinct and periodical state of structional change. There is no difficulty in determining the age up to that date. After that the age must be judged by the shape of the mouth and the appearance of the teeth called the mark. At 6 years of age the cups leave two center teeth above, at 7 the next two above, at 8 the outer or corner teeth above.

At nine the two center teeth below lose the cuts, at 10 the next two below, and at 11 the outer or corner teeth below. After a little practice the close observer can scarcely make a mistake. The changes that occur are the same in all horses, or nearly so.—*The Sportsman.*

Evangelist Small has discovered that whenever he talks about Jack Pott the Chicago people are on to him. He is a well-known character.—*St. Paul Globe*

SUCCESS.

How John Hammond Achieved Success—A Story for Boys.

From Gracious Words.

"Come, John, do put those old drawings out of sight and come with us. There never was better skating, and the moon is at its full. If I was poetical, I should say that the entire landscape has been touched by a fairy's wand; but as I am a prosaic sort of a fellow, I can only tell you that it is a most delightful evening."

John Hammond laid down his compasses, and looking up with a smile, said:

"I know it is a delightful evening, and if I could afford the time, I should enjoy skating as much as you can; but I have a certain amount of work to do before I sleep."

"Then do it later," responded his class-mate.

"I should be in no mood for it, and besides late work always gives me the headache. When I am through with drawing I have a lesson to learn, so there is not a minute to spare."

"I have two lessons to learn, but they must wait my pleasure. Then I will hurry up and overtake you if I can."

With these words Mark Lester left the room, and John Hammond turned again to draughting square and compasses.

Various comments were made upon his refusal to come out; some praising him for his industry, and others ridiculing him as "too stupid for anything."

"I can go by him when I am ready to do my best, and he knows it!" said Lester, with an air of conscious power. "I can learn a lesson in half the time he would spend on it; and as for drawing that is mere play for me."

No one disputed this. The speaker was a lad of wonderful ability, while everybody knew that Hammond studied and plodded hour after hour to accomplish his tasks. But they were always accomplished. So now, as he heard the shouts of his returning schoolmates, he had the satisfaction of knowing that what was set for him to do had all been done. The next day his recitations were perfect. His teacher in drawing complimented him upon the accuracy of his work, and he was thus more than repaid for the self-denial he had practiced the previous evening.

Mark Lester, on the contrary, was in disgrace, receiving a severe reprimand for neglect of duties. The fact that he might have performed them with so little effort, only aggravated his offense. "This is the last time," he said to himself, and for the next few weeks he quite eclipsed any previous record he had made. His recitations were perfect, and his drawings sometimes lacked the exactness desired, but there was so much of merit that this hardly counted against him.

Meanwhile John Hammond kept on in his chosen way; painstaking and conscientious, true to his purpose to make the best of his opportunities.

"Hammond would think it a sin not to do his level best every day," remarked one who knew him intimately. "He says, as he has but one life to live here, he cannot afford to waste any part of it."

"He makes too serious business of living," replied another. Anybody would think he was 50 instead of 16."

"For all that, he is the happiest fellow I know. He never seems troubled about anything, although I imagine he has not much but his hands to depend upon. You know he is to be here only a year longer."

"Do you suppose his religion has anything to do with his manner of working?"

"I think it has. His religion is the genuine article. He has told me that, if he feels tired or discouraged, he prays for new strength and courage, and it is always given him."

"If Lester had that sort of principle, you wouldn't see him up to-day and down to-morrow, although it looks now as if he would stay up."

But the reaction came. The brilliant scholar was indolent and careless, and again John Hammond distanced him. The failure of his father obliged him to leave school, and thrust upon him the necessity of self-support. No one doubted his ability to do this. Indeed his friends expected much more from him.

He was however, unaccustomed to patient, persistent effort of any kind. He preferred ease to hard work, even when hard work was the price of independence and competency. His failure to meet the requirements of those who employed him resulted in the loss of a position every way desirable. Meeting an old schoolmate who sympathized with him in his misfortune, he asked abruptly:

"Do you know anything of Hammond?"

"Yes," was replied. He is doing splendidly. He went West with his father about a year ago, and since then he has drawn the plans for a church and helped to build it."

"An architect is he?"

"He must be, you know he was always exact in everything like mechanical or architectural drawing. He has gone where he has plenty of room, and I shall expect to hear of him as a man whom others will be pleased to honor."

"So that is what comes of his plodding! Well, the secret of his success was constancy to one purpose, that is sure."

A girl in Burmah is affianced early to one of her cousins, but the match may be broken off. In such a case the defaulter, if the man, has to give the girl five pots of khoung (a fermented drink), a bullock worth 30 rupees, a pig three feet in girth, a spear, a fork, a bag and a piece of ornamental cloth. If the girl breaks off the match, she has to give the man a brass dish worth 15 rupees, a silk cloth and belt, each worth 5 rupees, and a silk turban worth about 8 annas.

ABOUT BOODLE.

New Jersey Legislators Tell Some Stories About Sharp Young Men And The Boodle.

From the New York Mail and Express.

A group of Jersey legislators were gathered in the bar-room of one of the hotels here the other evening. They were discussing boodle in all its phases and varieties. They were figuring up how much the railroads were spending this session and how much more they could be persuaded to spend. One of the group, a state senator, was discoursing on the corrupting influence of the legislature and of boodle upon new and apparently stainless members. "Why, there's one of the rural assemblymen from my county," he said. "I don't think he knew enough to tell what boodle was. I've been voting him all this session, and assessing the corporations in lieu of his boodle. The other day when an important measure was up he voted dead against my instructions. Somebody rushed over to the Senate and told me about it. I went for him at once and asked him what he meant? What do you suppose the old chap told me? He said he hadn't been seen yet! Just think of it. It took my breath way to find he had jumped clean through the alphabet of boodle and reached one of the higher branches of the science. I controlled myself, however, and told him with a smile that he musn't make a fool of himself and it would come out all right. So he changed his vote while the clerk was calling the absentees, and I got credit for it. But the story isn't ended yet. He came to my room that night just as I was getting ready for bed. He glanced around in a queer sort of way, peering into the closets and behind the doors. Then all of a sudden he dropped on all fours and looked under the bed."

"'What do you want?' I shouted.

"'I want to make sure there was no one around,' he said. Then he sat on the edge of the bed and proceeded to business. He remarked that all the fellows were getting money for their votes on a certain measure, and he wanted some, too. I told him it was dangerous to fool with boodle, and he might get in state prison for it. But it was no use. He was more than up to snuff, and had calculated just how much he wanted. It was a modest enough sum, but I told him he never could get it. So I finally got him several hundred dollars lower. The next day I had to shell out part of what I got for voting him. The worst of it is he'll be wanting boodle for every bill that comes up. Why, what do you think he did? He came to me this morning and wanted fifty dollars for voting to change the corporate bill of a small church in Hudson county. Ain't he getting in deep?"

After the laughter ceased a shrewd member who had been sending up wreaths of smoke from his cigar, said he had a good story to tell.

"When I ran last fall I expected to be beaten sure. My opponent was popular, especially with all the church people and had the inside track. I knew only boodle could beat him, so I raised all I could. When I heard, however, that the other side had raised a campaign fund, I thought the jig was up. But it wasn't and I was elected, although I knew if the other side had spent a hundred dollars at the polls, they could have beaten me. From my opponent I learned how I happened to win. It seems his friends raised $157.50 to use 'judiciously' on election day. The money was put in the hands of the two hardest workers, a farmer and a Sunday school superintendent. It was supposed they knew how to use it. The day after election they were all feeling blue. Finally, the superintendent said to my opponent: 'There's some money left over, and Farmer Briggs and I don't know whether we'd better pay it back to those who gave it, or keep it for next fall's campaign.'"

"'How much is there left?' said the defeated candidate.

"'Why it's all left, all the $157.50 that was contributed.'

"'The deuce you say,' shouted the disappointed candidate. 'Why, don't you know, half of that would have elected me. Why didn't you use it?'

"'Cause we didn't know how,' was the response. 'Farmer and I talked it over, and we couldn't see but that everything had been paid for.'

"'Oh, of course,' yelled my opponent, 'everything was paid for but the votes, and they were just what counted. Don't you know you ought to have bought some of the boys with it, instead of letting the other side capture 'em with a dollar bill and a drink of cheap rum?'"

"But they didn't know."

Widows With Great Pensions

The mother of Gen. McPherson receives $50 a month, and that amount is also paid to the widows of twenty-six deceased Generals of the late war—Hackleman, Richardson, Wallace, Plumer, Stevens, Baker, Whipple, Summer, Bedwell, Harris, Berry, Lovell, Anderson, Canby, Thomas, Heintzleman, Stanley, Mitchell, Casey, Taylor, Rosseau, Custer, French, Ramsey and Warren. The widows of Admirals Wood, Reynolds, Hooffe, Bell, Davis, Winslow, Paulding, Rodgers, Spotts and Goldboro, and of Commodores Gallagher, Frailey, McCaulley, McCaver and Quest, of the navy, receive a similar amount, as do the widows of Cols. Harris, Delaney and Twiggs, of the marine corps. The only widow of a civilian drawing a pension is Mrs. A. B. Meacham, whose husband was a chief of the Modoc Peace Commission, and was crippled for life in the massacre of 1873, when Gen. Canby was killed. She receives a pension of $30 a month, granted by Congress in 1883. The pension of $2,000 a year that has been voted to Mrs. Hancock is the largest paid to the widow of any soldier except Mrs. Grant, who receives the $5,000 a year granted to the widows of Presidents, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Garfield. The widow of Gen. and ex-Senator Shields receives the next largest sum, $1,200 a year, granted to her by a special act of Congress in 1879.