

A STRANGE DREAM

By ELLEN HUMPHREY.

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Mrs. Hill had been alone all day. Even her hired maid was gone, as it was her day off. She was very lonely. It was her seventy-third birthday and she had not even received a card. Had they all forgotten her? All she had, of her very own, were her three granddaughters, Laura, Bertha and Marion. They were all married and had homes of their own, so why should they think of her, although she had loved them all.

A sadness had come over her today that she had never felt so strongly before, if some of them were only near her.

Jane came in and called to her a cheerful goodnight. Jane was a good girl and Mrs. Hill liked her, but she was young and had friends of her own.

"I will go to bed and forget," sighed Mrs. Hill.

That night she dreamt she was on the street of the town in which she lived and there was great excitement; people were hurrying in one direction, so she asked a man what the trouble was. He told her that the Leslie & Marsh banking corporation had failed. Why, that was the bank where she kept her money. The excitement awoke her and she was very glad to find it had been only a dream. After a while she went to sleep again and had the same dream, only it was more real this time. When she awoke the second time she could not quiet herself enough to sleep any more that night.

The next day Mrs. Hill decided to draw her money out of the bank and keep it in her safe at home.

Weeks passed, nothing had happened in the bank and she told herself she was a "superstitious old silly." She had about made up her mind to deposit her money in the bank again, when one morning, after breakfast, Jane came running in from her shopping trip all excited.

"Oh, Mrs. Hill, there's great excitement downtown. The Leslie and something bank has failed!"

"What bank?" exclaimed Mrs. Hill.

"The Leslie and some other name I didn't quite get—why, did you have any money in it?"

"No," answered Mrs. Hill quietly, "but it is strange."

Three days later she received three letters from her three granddaughters. They all knew her money had been in the bank that had failed. She opened Bertha's letter first and it read:

"Dear Grandmother—I have just heard the awful news about the bank failure. What are you going to do? I would ask you to come and stay with us for a while, but we are going away for the summer and could not leave you alone very well. Please write and let me know what you are going to do, as I am very anxious about you."

"Lovingly,
BERTHA."

Mrs. Hill took up the next one and read:

"Dear Grandmother—I was shocked when I heard of the bank's failure where you kept your money. What will you do? Can't you let your house and keep a room in it? It would seem more like home than anywhere else. I will go to see you as soon as I can."

"Yours, with love,
LAURA."

"Well," said Mrs. Hill, and she took off her glasses to wipe the tears out of her eyes, "I wonder what Marion will want me to do?" and she opened the third letter with trembling fingers and quivering lips.

"Dearest Grandmother," wrote Marion.

"I was very sorry to hear that the bank where you kept your money had failed, but that isn't nearly as bad as if something had happened to you. Now, grandma, dear, George and I want you to come and live with us; we have a nice room and you can bring some of your things if you want to. It is beautiful here on the farm now, so don't hesitate, but write as soon as you can after you get this letter and tell us what day you will come. Hoping to see you soon; lots of love from Marion and George."

Grandmother read Marion's letter twice and decided she would go.

Two weeks later found Mrs. Hill in Marion's home; she was made very welcome. Marion and her husband seemed to be very happy. After she had been there some weeks she overheard them anxiously talking about a debt. They did not know that she could hear them. Then evening came.

"Now is the time," she said, and as they sat in the sitting room that evening she arose and started to go upstairs.

"You're not going to bed so early, are you, grandma?" inquired Marion. "I was going to read you a story from the new magazine that came today."

"I will be back in a few minutes," replied grandma, and when she did come back she was carrying a large safety box. She sat down by the table near Marion and opened it.

"Why, Grandma Hill, where did you get all of that money?" exclaimed Marion.

"Count it," answered grandma.

"Four thousand dollars!" cried Marion. "Why, grandma, didn't you lose your money when the bank failed?"

"No," replied grandma, rather happily, "and it is all yours now. You have given me love in place of it, and perhaps I would have not had either had I not had such a strange dream."

Then she told them of her dream and they both assured her she would never be lonely again and that wretched debt was paid too.

Wild Animal Shipments.

Yellowstone National park is growing in importance as a propagating and distributing center for certain kinds of wild animals. During February last 55 elk, 13 of which were bulls, were shipped to points in four states—Idaho, Illinois, Texas and Minnesota. The Yellowstone contains more wild animals in a state of nature than any other preserve in the world. It is the policy of the department of the interior to part with superfluous elk, male buffalo, beaver and bear to federal, state, county and municipal authorities, for exhibition and propagation, where laws exist which will properly protect them.



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SHARK FIT FOR HUMAN FOOD

Flesh of Man-Eater Tastes Like Shad—Skin Makes Leather and Liver Furnishes Oil.

Russel J. Coles of Danville, Va., who is co-operating with the department of fishes of the American Museum of Natural History in popularizing unutilized food fishes, has established at Cape Lookout, N. C., a plant for fringing sharks to food, leather and oil.

Mr. Coles is a well-known hunter of big fish. He has hunted devilfish with Colonel Roosevelt, and caught the splendid specimen of devilfish from which was cast the life-size model now to be seen in the American museum. He has just sent to the museum an interesting report of his work in the shark industry in North Carolina:

"You are delaying a surprising treat by not soaking the salt out of that whilpray and eating it. I have found 'whip-tail shark' one of the best that I have eaten, and monkfish excellent.

"But the very finest shark, or in fact fish of any kind that I have ever eaten was a young man-eater. Its flavor is quite similar to that of a big fat white shad. I made an entire meal off of the man-eater shark.

"The same day I had made a breakfast of monkfish and porpoise milk, as I had just caught a cow porpoise with a very small calf. Porpoise milk may be all right for those who like it, but I did not much care for it."

In describing the flesh of the man-eating shark on which he dined as noted above, Mr. Coles said:

"In color the flesh was a distinct rich light pink salmon. There was an almost round strip of nearly black extending along in the pink flesh on each side of the back. I ate both the pink and black flesh and found both excellent.

"I got the shark from the net while it was still alive. A native fisherman and his mate reported to me that as they hauled up their sink net while I was taking the sharks from my big shark net near them, and about the moment that the young one was caught, they brought up a monstrous shark having a similar tail, which was as long as their 25-foot launch, and that it fought so violently that they quickly cut loose a large piece of their net in which it was entangled and let it escape.

"Although these two fishermen are men of good standing and well known to me, I hesitate to accept statements of this kind, which involve the size of a fighting shark, from any but a few of the best-trained observers.

"I have prepared the meat of the man-eater for smoking, its hide for the tanner and have made oil of its liver."

Although at first shark meat for food was viewed with prejudice by the general public, it has sold in no small quantities, even in New York city, where the price a short time ago was 14 cents per pound. As leather, shark has been fairly tested, and found to be satisfactory in all points, and especially durable.

Telephone Message Cost \$12.

"Hello, is this Camp Dick? Chicago is calling."

This message came to Lieut. W. H. Hine, adjutant of the camp, late the other afternoon. Answering the telephone, Lieutenant Hine found that he was connected with Lieut. Jack Leonard of Chicago, who is at home on furlough on account of the illness of his wife.

"I wired you for an extension of my furlough today because complications have set in," Lieutenant Leonard said, "but I am calling you to make sure that you received the telegram. I didn't want to take any chances and I must stay here a while longer."

Lieutenant Hine told him that an extension of five days had been granted him and that a telegram to this effect had been sent the day previous.

"That message cost him \$12," Lieutenant Hine said after ringing off.—Dallas News.

A Near Miss.

A British airman was flying alone over the Bulgar lines, busily using his camera. A whistle of machine-gun bullets disturbed him. He just saw an Albatross swooping down upon him from above and then he knew no more. When he recovered consciousness he found that he had dropped all the way from 8,000 feet to 2,000 feet, and that a bullet had passed through his neck—fortunately missing his vertebrae. He regained control of his machine and looked about for the Albatross. She was nowhere in sight, and evidently had prematurely decided that she had finally polished off the Englishman.

Saved From Deadly Cobra.

A seven-foot cobra interrupted a game of golf between two military officers at Nungaladon, India, a few days ago.

The big snake attacked Maj. Williams of the Rangoon battalion military police, its fangs entering the leg of his trousers but fortunately not touching his skin.

Lieutenant Colonel Obhard, commis-

sioner of Pegu, ran to his friend's assistance, and before the snake could strike again he killed it with his machete.



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