

DESTROY BIG TREES.

CALIFORNIA GIANTS ARE RUTHLESSLY CUT DOWN.

Necessary Waste of Lumbering Mammoths Over Fifty Per Cent—Forestry Department Demands That Efforts Be Made to Save Few Remaining Groves.

Gifford Pinchot, United States forester, has issued a pamphlet concerning the big trees of California which has created no little comment through its endeavors to state clearly and emphatically the necessity for the preservation of the California mammoths. The writer protests against the rate at which the big trees are being destroyed by private owners, pointing out clearly that the chances of a renewal of the wonder growths are to be little considered.

"Most of the scattered groves of big trees are privately owned and, therefore, in danger of destruction," he writes. "Lumbering is rapidly sweeping them off; forty mills and logging companies are now at work wholly or in part upon big tree timber. The southern groves show some reproduction."



FELLING A BIG TREE.

tion, through which there is hope of perpetuating these groves. In the northern groves the species hardly holds its own."

In introducing a history of the big trees, with facts concerning each of the groves now existing, the writer says: "At the present time the only grove thoroughly safe from destruction is the Mariposa and this is far from being the most interesting. Most of the other groves are either in process of or in danger of being logged. The very finest of all, the Calaveras grove, with the biggest and tallest trees, the most uncontaminated surroundings and practically all the literary and scientific associations of the species connected with it, has been purchased recently by a lumberman, who came into full possession on the 1st of April, 1900."

"The Sequoia and General Grant National parks, which are supposed to embrace and give security to a large part of the remaining big trees, are eaten into by a sawmill each and by private timbering claims amounting to a total of 1,172,870 acres. The rest of the scanty patches of big trees are in a fair way to disappear—in Calaveras, Tuolumne, Fresno and Tulare counties, they are now disappearing by the ax. In brief, the majority of the big trees of California, certainly the best of



LOGGING RAILROAD IN A BIG TREE FOREST.

them, are owned by people who have every right and in many cases every intention, to cut them into lumber."

Scientific Value of Big Trees. Further along these same lines the value of the big tree is thus considered: "The big trees are unique in the world—the grandest, the oldest, the most majestic graceful trees—and if it were not enough to be all this, they are among the scarcest of known tree species and have the extreme scientific value of being the best living representatives of a former geologic age. They are trees which have come down to us through the vicissitudes of many centuries solely because of their superb qualifications. The bark of the big tree is often two feet thick and almost non-combustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at the heart and fungus is an enemy unknown to it. Yet with all these means of maintenance the big trees have apparently not increased their range since the glacial epoch. They have only just managed to hold their own on a little strip of country where the climate is locally favorable."

Everyone who is interested in the big trees, as everyone must be either from curiosity, a natural love of the forest or for scientific reasons, must deplore the destruction of these forests. Every one who has visited a forest in any part of the world will regret the destruction of these jungles of beauty. Every thoughtful American is waking to a realization of the criminal carelessness with which the forests of this country have been wiped out. The lumbering of the big tree, with its accompanying waste and devastation, seems a particularly unnecessary and almost immoral proceeding.

Forester Pinchot says of it: "The lumbering of the big tree is destructive to a most unusual degree. In the first place, the enormous size and weight of the trees necessarily entails very considerable breakage when one of them falls. Such a tree strikes the ground with a force of many hundreds or even thousands of tons, so that even slight inequalities are sufficient to smash the brittle trunk at its upper extremity into almost useless fragments. The loss from this cause is great, but it is only one of the sources of waste. The great diameter of the logs, and in spite of the lightness of the wood, their enormous weight make it impossible to handle them without breaking them up. For the purpose gunpowder is the most

available means. The fragments of logs blown apart in this way are not only often of wasteful shapes, but unless very nice judgment is exercised in preparing the blast a great deal of wood itself is scattered in useless splinters."

"At the mill, where waste is the rule in the manufacture of lumber in the United States, the big tree makes no exception. This waste, added as it is to the other sources of loss already mentioned, makes a total probably often considerably in excess of half the total volume of the standing tree, and this is only one side of the matter."

"The big tree stands as a rule in a mixed forest, composed of many species. The result of sequoia lumbering upon this forest is almost ruinous. The destruction caused by the fall of enormous trees is in itself great, but the principal source of damage is the immense amount of debris left on the ground—the certain source of future fires. This mass of broken branches, trunks and bark, is often five or six or more feet in thickness and necessarily gives rise to fires of great destructive power, even though the big tree wood is not especially inflammable. The devastation which follows this lumbering is as complete and deplorable as the untouched forest is unparalleled, beautiful and worthy of preservation. As a rule it has not even had the advantage of being profitable. Very much of this appalling destruction has been done without leaving the owners of the big tree as well off as they were before it began."

Series of Pamphlets to Be Issued. The pamphlet which was published by the forestry division of the Department of Agriculture is one of a series which will be issued in behalf of the big trees. The report was prepared for the information of the Senate Committee on Public Lands, which was at the time considering the preservation of the Calaveras and Stanislaus big tree groves. It is the first document on the subject which has ever been published by the government, strange as the fact may seem. Prof. W. R. Dudley, of Stanford University, who aided with the work, is now preparing a more detailed account of the big trees and the big tree groves, which will be published by the government forestry office. The pamphlet now out contains an excellent map of the forests of California, containing big trees, together with a detailed account of each of the larger groves.

MISSING OF GREAT THINGS.

People Who Have Stuffed Their Trees Against Big Fortunes Unaware.

"I dare say every great invention, before it is finally hit upon," remarked a New Orleans lawyer to a Times-Democrat man, "has been within a hand's reach of dozens of men who were unaware how near they stood to fortune. There is nothing more singular in fact than the way people can skate around some huge idea without seeing it."

"I had an experience of that kind once myself. It occurred to me that a revolving bookcase would be a handy thing for office use, and I had one built to order. It proved a success, and on several occasions I thought vaguely of having the device patented, but I dismissed the scheme as 'not worth while.' Nearly two years afterward a more intelligent gentleman up in New England did what I wouldn't do, and to-day he is rolling in riches. I have been obliged to buy one of his cases since, and I never hated to give up money so badly in my life. Several other instances in the same line have come under my personal observation."

"I have a friend, for instance, who stumbled upon the principle of the Bell telephone long before the war. He was at college at the time, and he and a fellow student actually went so far as to construct an experimental line, over half a mile long. They had it in successful operation for several weeks, when it was discovered and destroyed by a cantankerous professor, and thus vanished what might have been one of the biggest fortunes in the world. The incident had almost faded from my friend's mind when Prof. Bell launched his invention on the public."

"Another gentleman, who was formerly a client of mine, anticipated the pneumatic tire years before somebody else patented it. He is fond of horses, and away back in the 70's he had a light road cart made that was almost the exact counterpart of the modern pneumatic sulky. The big, clumsy-looking tree excited great admiration among his friends. They dubbed them 'sausage wheels,' and he has told me more than once that that foolish joke was the thing that caused him to abandon the experiment. Pneumatic tires have since made half a dozen big syndicates rich."

"Still another acquaintance figured out the exact mechanism of the self-binding reaper nearly ten years before the machine was covered by patents. Not being a farmer, he failed to appreciate the importance of the thing. It impressed him as being chimerical, and he pigeon-holed his drawings to gather dust until he was awakened to the fact that he had fortune by the throat, only to let go again. His comments on the incident wouldn't sound well at a prayer meeting."

In the Darkest South. "But there was no evidence against the man who was lynched," protested the stranger. "No evidence," said the citizen. "Why, he was as black as the ace of spades."—Puck.

CHINESE WAR IN 1860.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ALLIES OCCUPIED PEKIN.

Treachery of the Celestials in Dealing with Foreigners in the Troubles of Forty Years Ago Was as Marked as It Is To-Day.

At the present time it is interesting to recall the circumstances and some of the incidents of the entry of an allied force into Peking forty years ago. After a long period of friction between Great Britain and China Mr. Edward Bruce was, early in 1859, appointed special envoy to Peking to formally ratify the treaty of Tientsin. Admiral Hope, in command of the China squadron, made special arrangements with a view to protecting the envoy, having been warned of a threatened anti-foreign demonstration—and not without reason. Mr. Bruce was stopped on his way to Peking, near Tientsin, and the Admiral attempted to force a passage up the river past the Taku forts to provide him with an escort, but met with stronger opposition than he expected, and was repulsed with a loss of eighty-one killed and 300 wounded.

Stronger measures were necessary, and France agreed to join Great Britain in a military expedition. The British troops, 13,000 in all, drawn mainly from India, were commanded by Gen. Sir Hope Grant (with Col. Wolseley, now Lord Wolseley, as deputy assistant quartermaster general), and the French by Gen. Montauban. On Aug. 21, 1860, the British and French forces captured the Taku forts, losing 500 killed and wounded, and then marched toward the capital. The Emperor, seeing that the allies were in great force, as well as in earnest, declared that he was ready to conclude the treaty, but the generals insisted that it could only be done after they had reached Tung-Chow. Consul Parkes, accompanied by Henry Loch, Mr. de Norman and Mr. Bowlin, the Times correspondent, and an escort of twenty-six sailors under Lieutenant Anderson, started ahead of the army to Tung-Chow to make arrangements for a meeting. These arrangements having apparently been successfully concluded, Mr. Parkes and his party, on their return to meet the allied forces, found themselves hemmed in by the Chinese, and were eventually taken as prisoners to Peking, and Captain Brabazon, who had just joined the party from the British column, was beheaded.

The allied generals ordered their batteries to attack the Chinese, and a hot engagement ensued, in which the Sikhs especially distinguished themselves, and both parties held their ground. Attempts at negotiation were followed by other engagements, and the British and French gained the outskirts of Peking and captured the Emperor's summer palace, from which an enormous amount of prize property was secured and divided among the troops. Again the Chinese professed themselves willing to treat, and as a preliminary Mr. Parkes and Mr. Loch were released, after having suffered many indignities; Lieut. Anderson and Mr. de Norman were never seen alive again, having succumbed to the effects of the cruellest forms of torture. Lord Elgin then refused to negotiate until this barbarous crime had been purged by prompt punishment. Sir Hope Grant destroyed the summer palace by fire, and £100,000 was demanded and subsequently paid as compensation to the relatives of the murdered men. It had been outside the summer palace where the British prisoners had been most barbarously treated for the edification of the Emperor, who watched the proceedings from his window.

Negotiations then followed, and on Oct. 12 the allies, without firing a shot, occupied Peking, the palace of Prince Tsal, who had instigated the anti-foreign movement, being appropriated by Lord Elgin as his official residence. The treaty was signed on Oct. 24, and on Nov. 9 the last of the allied forces marched out of Peking—London Chronicle.

TRIED TO STEAL A CHILD.

For This Offense an Eagle Is Imprisoned for Life in Denver.

Imprisonment for life was the sentence passed upon an eagle which visited Denver recently. The offense was attempted child stealing, and the prisoner is already biting at the bars of the old Highlands town jail, which now does duty as an eagle cage in the city park menagerie.

Two wires which are strung across the lawn at the courthouse saved a 4-year-old boy from feeling the talons of the eagle in his tender flesh. That it was the intention of the bird when it swooped down to carry off the child there can be little doubt, but that it could have done so is doubtful. The child was leaning over the coping of the fountain on the lawn of the courthouse playing with a ship "boat" in the placid water. John Stoddard, a clerk in the county treasurer's office, was in the store room, which is in the basement, and he happened to look up in the sky and saw an eagle soaring at the height of several hundred feet. The great bird swung in a circle high over the house tops and then began to swoop lower and lower. It came down to about the height of the courthouse tower, then folded its wings and dropped straight for the unsuspecting child. It was done before Mr. Stoddard could shout a warning, and the bird had landed directly on the child's head. The force of the blow was such that the wires were torn from their fastenings at one end and the bird fell with a mighty splash into the water of the fountain.

The little boy screamed and ran for home, while Mr. Stoddard ran out to find a spread of black wings which almost filled the space in the basin. The eagle apparently was dead, but after being taken from the water it revived and fought viciously with wings, beak and talons. It was put in a box and the park commissioner notified. Later in the day it was taken to the city park and put in the cage—Denver Republic.

He Drank Alone. In the early days of Ventura, Cal., Dr. Bard established such a reputation for willingness to fight that few presumed to provoke his anger. He was

once informed that the lawyer he had engaged to represent him in a certain case had sold out to the opposite side. "I'll cut his heart out," said Bard when he heard the news to him. Shortly after that, walking with one of his friends, Dr. Bard met the lawyer on the street.

"Come in and have a drink," said that worthy, and the three men, entering the barroom, ordered three glasses of whiskey, which were put before them.

"Drink," said Dr. Bard to the lawyer. "Not until you are ready," the lawyer politely replied.

"No, not with me," said Bard; "you drink now."

"Not until you drink," insisted the legal light.

Dr. Bard's pistol was out in a moment and pointed between the eyes of the man who had betrayed him.

"Drink," said he in a voice of thunder; "drink, I tell you!"

The lawyer drank with avidity, and when he was through Bard and his friend threw their full glasses on the floor.

"We don't drink with curs," said they, and, turning their backs, walked out of the room.

ANECDOTE INCIDENT

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was one day gambling at the Doberan tables, and was betting on the same numbers as a rich master-potter who stood next to him. Both having lost their money, the Grand Duke inquired: "Well, potter, what shall we do now?"

"Oh," replied the master-potter, "your highness will screw up the taxes and I shall make pots!"

One day, while Millais was painting his famous picture, "Christ Offending," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, a man came up behind him and stood looking first at the picture, then at the surrounding landscape. Finally he asked in broad Scotch dialect: "Man, did ye never try photography?"

"No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the man. "Yes, I suppose so." Another pause; then the Scotchman added, thoughtfully: "An' it's mair like the place!"

Gen. John M. Palmer, the "grand old man of Illinois," who died last week at Springfield, Ill., was fond of telling the amusing circumstances under which he first met Stephen A. Douglas. During the summer of 1838, with a desire to see more of the world, he started out to peddle clocks in Western Illinois. One evening Palmer and a friend stopped at a little inn at Carthage, and were awakened at night with the explanation that they would have to take two men into their beds. One of the new-comers asked the politics of Palmer and his companion.

"My friend is a Whig," said Palmer, "and I am a Democrat." "Well, you take the Whig," said the stranger to his companion, "and I'll turn in with the Democrat." In the morning Palmer learned that his bed fellow was Douglas.

John G. Saxe, the poet-wit, attended a dog-raising at Greenbush, a little place across the river from Albany, during the Civil War, and made an eloquent speech, in which he praised the young men of Greenbush for showing their patriotism by exerting themselves to procure the star-spangled banner. This did not altogether please the chairman, who whispered to him that the young ladies of Greenbush had also been instrumental in raising funds for the purchase of the flag. Thereupon Saxe, addressing the young ladies, made them a graceful and gallant apology for not including them in his praise. "I don't know how I came to make such a mistake," he explained, "save as I may have been laboring under the impression that the young men of Greenbush embraced the young ladies of Greenbush."

On one occasion, while addressing a meeting, Mr. Gladstone was repeatedly interrupted by an individual who alternated loud guffaws with the imitation of a dog's howls. The speaker inquired the name of this fellow, and was told that he was a certain John Larf. "Mr. Larf," he said, raising his voice, "our friend Goldsmith clearly had you in view when he said:

"The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud Larf that spoke the vacant mind."

"He said that, did he?" cried Larf, as he turned round and struck a little man who was in the crowd a severe blow over the head. And it was only after a violent rough-and-tumble, and much vituperative language, that Mr. Larf was convinced that the man he had assaulted, and whose name was Goldsmith, was not the gentleman referred to by Mr. Gladstone.

One of Them Might. A certain doctor, when only a beginner in practice, had occasion to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel in cross-examining the young doctor made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand the profession.

"Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," was the reply.—San Francisco Wave.

Sport for Kings. The first yacht race ever recorded was that sailed in 1652, when Charles II. matched a yacht of twenty-five tons called the Jamie against a small Dutch yacht, under the duke of York, from Greenwich to Gravesend, when the king in his capacity of amateur helmsman was successful in beating the boat steered by his brother, says a London newspaper. The first yacht known was the Mary, which was presented to Charles II. by the Dutch. Hitherto the name had been unknown in England, and it is only during the last 100 years that yacht racing has become at all general.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"I shouldn't be surprised if I done sold dat mule aftah all," remarked Uncle Rastbery.

"Is you got any others?"

"No. But I's gwinter git one purty soon. Deacon Thompson stops hyuh every yuthuh day an' waxes half an hour tellin' me 'bout what a 'count animal it is. An' de deacon doesn't put in his time wifout he's got an object."—Washington Star.

The Other Parent. "Now, tell me," said the kind-hearted woman, "you're a runaway, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am, ma'am, but tell the truth," replied the young tramp. "Mother died not long ago, and after that things didn't go right, and one day I lit out and I run till I was dead tuckered out."

"Poor boy! Couldn't you stop farther, eh?"

"Oh! no. It was 'cause I couldn't go a stepmother."—Philadelphia Press.

Caught. "Soak—I took first prize at de county fair."

Farmer—What did ye do with it?

Soak—Police made me put it back.

The Significance. Visitor—Ahl, what a picture of innocence that child is!

Mother—Dear me! I hadn't noticed! Gertrude, what have you been doing?—Puck.

Choice of Superlatives. "Little Jim has curious ideas about being dressed up."

Cholly—Oh, the boast! It's twice he wumped my ewawat dreadfully, but when it was all ovah his collar was twigthtly wilted.—Philadelphia Press.

The Prospect. Tailor—I wish you would let me take your measure for a new suit of clothes. Young man—I have no objections, but that's all you will ever get for them.—Detroit Free Press.

Geographical Notes. The Coast of Ireland.

He Had Been Caught. Willie (glancing up from his book)—Pa, what is a "man trap"?

Pa—Well, my son, the most effective man trap I know of is an old-fashioned rocking-chair in a dark room.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Finish Is in Sight. Towson—Is your daughter a finished musician?

Yorkrode—Not yet, but the neighbors are making threats.—Baltimore American.

In the Uncongested District. Towne—Now that I'm out this far I may as well call on Brown also. He's your next-door neighbor, isn't he?

Subbubs—Yes; wait a moment and I'll megaphone and see if he's at home.—Puck.

A Difference. Askington—Who was your friend whom I saw walking with this afternoon?

Teller—Hoh! He wasn't a friend; that's my brother-in-law.—Harper's Bazar.

But Not Ornamental. The nervous young man backed into the nearest chair. The fair girl glared at him.

"You're a bird," she cried, sarcastically.

"Why—er—what?" he gasped.

"You're on my list!" she fairly screamed.—Philadelphia Press.

Just for a Starter. Sillicus—I was awfully downhearted before I got engaged. I married for sympathy.

Cynicus—Well, you've got mine.—Philadelphia Record.

Always on Hand. "I suppose you know the type of man who is always looking for trouble?" remarked the philosopher.

"No," answered Colonel Stillwell; "you see, I'm from Kentucky. Down where I live nobody has to look for trouble."—Washington Star.

ONLY ONE LIKE IT EXTANT.

Omaha Man Greatly Prizes a Sixty-Dollar Bill He Owns.

The most unique piece of legal tender in the city, outside of the Byron Reed collection, is a \$60 bill, in the possession of A. K. Rhoades, 282 Spaulding street, says the Omaha Bee. Mr. Rhoades brought the bill with him when he left Maine for the West in his early youth and it has been treasured among the family archives for forty-three years. It would probably have remained far from the public eye had it not been for the boast of a Spokane paper that a resident of that city possessed the only \$60 bill in existence. Mr. Rhoades wishes Omaha to have the credit of a similar possession.

The bill was issued during the first session of the Continental Congress in 1776, and is a document of peculiar appearance. The paper is of a faded yellow material and is coarse and heavy. It is cut almost square, four inches by three. The promise to pay is worded as follows: "The bearer is entitled to receive sixty Spanish milled dollars or an equal sum in gold or silver, according to a resolution of Congress of the 14th of January, 1779." At one side is an engraving of the earth, with the motto "Deus regnat, Exultet Terra" ("The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice"). On the obverse of the bill are sketches of two leaves, resembling a mint leaf and a sprig of pine, with the printers' signature, "Hall & Sellers, 1776."

The Byron Reed collection contains an \$80 bill and several samples of continental currency of other denominations, but has no duplicate of Mr. Rhoades' treasure. Neither does the rich library on numismatics in the collection have anything to say regarding the history or value of the document. The bill bears every evidence of being genuine, however, and is undoubtedly worth far more than its face value. Mr. Rhoades values the bit of paper very highly, both as a curio and as a keepsake, and has never made any effort to ascertain its commercial worth.

Otto Flecht, of the Coeur d'Alene, is said to have been offered \$1,000 for his specimen spoken of by the Spokane paper, but preferred not to part with it. He submitted the currency to the Treasury Department and after an examination it was reported that the bill was legal; such an issue is known to have been made in the year mentioned. The official signature inscribed in ink is that of George Bond.

Robbers. Mrs. Hingso awoke suddenly.

"John?"

"Whashyowant?" sleepily.

"There's burglars in the house."

"Let 'em burglar."

"You're a coward. They'll steal all the silver."

"Um-um."

"They'll take my jewels."

"All right."

"Silence for a moment."

"John."

"Can't you let me sleep?"

"They aren't in the dining room," in an awful voice; "they are in the cellar, stealing the coal."

"What?" leaping out of bed. "The scoundrels! Where's my revolver?"—Syracuse Herald.

Edition de Sucre. "What a beautiful volume of Emerson's 'Essays' you have, Miss Madge."

"Yes, isn't it lovely? It's a candy box."—Indianapolis Journal.

Haunted Him. Miss Sue Perditions—Do you take any stock in dreams, Mr. Ledger?

Mr. Ledger—Do I? Why, sometimes after we've been taking stock at the store I don't dream of anything else for weeks.

A Little Late. "I've come to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory. Why, my husband looks like an ape!"

"Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."—Tit-Bits.

Was Suspicious. "Now, Willie," said Mrs. Towne on the day they moved into their new suburban home, "why don't you go over and play in that big field?"

"I guess it ain't very nice there," replied the little city boy. "I don't see any 'keep off the grass' signs."—Philadelphia Press.

Making a Date. Master of the Hounds—At 9 o'clock the hunt will begin—do you carry a watch?

Assistant—No, sir.

Master of the Hounds—Well, it doesn't matter. At 9:30 the factory whistle in the village will blow, and half an hour before that you may let the dogs out.—Fligende Blaetter.

Suspicious. Mrs. Leo Hunter—Why are you suspicious of Count von Squint? He can't help being cross-eyed.

Mr. Hunter—I know it; but he looks crooked.—Smart Set.

New View of It. "Your friend Groomie boasts that his wife is college bred. What's meant by college bred, anyway?"

"Mebbe it's the stuff they learn to make at cooking school."—Philadelphia Press.

Kept Him in Min'. "Pauline has one side of her bonnet devoted to photographs of her lost beau."

"So many dead?"

"No; married."—Exchange.

Clever Lad. He—Just as I was leaving your house last night your father met me face to face.

She—Did you bow?

He—No, I ducked.—The King.

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