

THE IRON PIRATE

A Plain Tale of Strange
Happenings on the Sea

By MAX PEMBERTON

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"We must act now," said Rodrick, "before they miss their man. They're stopped the engines, and we shall drop behind the others. There's only one chance, and that is to surprise them. Let's rush it, and take the odds."

"If I went," said Mary, "what could they do to me? I'm going now; while I'm talking to them they won't be looking for you."

"She ran up the companion-way, standing at the top; while we cocked our pistols and crept after her. Then we lay flat to the deck, as she ran noiselessly amidships, and into the very center of the five men. To our astonishment, they gave a great howl of terror at the sight of her—she seemed just a thing of shadow hovering upon the ship—and bolted headlong forward; while we rushed in a body to the hurricane deck and faced Paolo. He turned very white. Dan served him as the others did, and hit him with his pistol, so that he rolled senseless off his feet against the iron of the engine room hatch. He had scarce fallen when Mary, with the laugh still upon her lips, reeled at the sight of him, and fell fainting in my arms."

The skipper got the whole situation at the first look. "But that's the beginning of it! I'm going to blow that shanty to pieces, and you with it."

He raised his rifle at the word, and let go straight at the corner of the light house. A dull groan followed, and by the shadow on the deck I saw one man fall forward; his blood ran in a thick stream out to the top of the hatchway, and then ran back as the ship heaved to the sea."

"There's one down amongst you," said the skipper; "but that's the beginning of it! I'm going to blow that shanty to pieces, and you with it."

He raised his rifle but as he did so one of them answered for the first time with his revolver, and the bullet sang above our heads. The skipper's shot was quick in reply; and the wood of the shanty flew in splinters as the bullet shivered it. A second man sprang to his feet with a shout, and then fell across the deck, lying full to be seen in the moonlight."

"That's two of you," continued the skipper, as calm as ever he was in Portmouth harbor; "we'll make it three for luck." But at the suggestion they all made a run forward, and lay flat right out by the cable. There we could hear their blubbering like children."

They fired three shots as we rushed on them; but the butt ends of the two muskets did the rest. Three of them went down straight as felled poplars. The others fell upon their knees and implored mercy; and they got it, but not the mercy of the skipper, who seemed to all the fury of great anger, set to kicking them lustily, and with no discrimination."

We had the other hands up by this time. They got them below at the first break of dawn, and the dead they covered; while Paolo, who lay groaning, we carried to a cabin in the saloon, and did for his broken head that which our elementary knowledge of surgery permitted us."

As the day brought light upon the rising sea, I looked to the far horizon, but the rolling crests of an empty waste met my gaze. Again we were alone. The night's work had lost us the welcome company."

CHAPTER XI.

It was near noon when we had buried the two stokers shot by the skipper, and more on in the afternoon before the deck was made straight, and the traces of the scuffle quite obliterated. But Paolo lay all day in a delirium, and Mary went in and out, bearing a gentle hand to the wounded, who alternately cried with the pain of it, and begged grace for their iniquity. After the hour of lunch the skipper called Rodrick and me into the cabin."

"One thing is clear," he said; "you've brought me on more than a pleasure trip, and while I don't complain, it will be necessary for New York for me to know something more—about the ship, and the crew. Last night's work must be made plain, of course; and this second officer of yours must stand to his trial. The men I would willingly let go, for they're no more than tubberly fools whose heads have been turned. But one thing I now make bold to claim—I take this yacht straight from now to Sandy Hook; and we poke our noses into no business on the way."

"That's quite right," I said; "there's no reason why we shouldn't go straight on—if we don't mind with anyone to ask questions on the way."

"We'll wait out on deck after we had agreed to let him have his will. We found the first officer on the bridge, looking away to the southeast, at the black hull of a steamer. I noticed that she seemed at a fearful speed, and she showed no smoke from her funnels."

"Skipper," I said, "will you look at that hull? Isn't the boat making uncommon headway?"

"You're right. She's going more than twenty knots. I've seen that ship before," he said.

"Where?" asked Rodrick laconically.

"Five days ago, when she fired a shell into the Ocean King."

"In that case," I said, "there isn't much doubt about her intentions; she's chasing us."

"That may or may not be," he replied, as he raised his glass again, "but she's the same ship. I'll wager my life. Look at the rake of her—and the lubbers, they've left some of their bright metal showing amidships."

He indicated the deck house by the bridge, where my glass showed a shining spot in the cloak of black, for the sun fell upon the place, and reflected from it as from a mirror of gold. There was no longer any doubt; we were pursued by the nameless ship."

"What are you going to do, skipper?" asked Rodrick, as gloom fell upon the three of us; and we stood together, each man afraid to tell the others all he thought.

"What am I going to do?" said he. "I'm going to see the boats cleared, and all hands in the stoke-hole that have the right there; and then he sang out, 'Stand by!' and the men swarmed up

from below, and heard the order to clear the boats."

They had all the grit of the old sea-dogs in them. The thought of a brush-up put dash and daring into them; they had the boats cleared, the water barrels filled, and the life-belts free, with an activity that was remarkable. Then they stood to watch the oncoming of the nameless ship; and when we hoisted our ensign they burst again into a hoarse roar of applause which rolled across the water waste, and must have sounded as a vaunting mockery to the men behind the walls of metal. But they answered us in turn, running up an ensign, and a cry came from all of us, and we saw its color, for it was the blue ensign on a white ground."

"Russian, or I'm blind," said the skipper, for the nameless ship, which five days ago showed her heels under the Chilean mask, now made straight towards us in Russian guise."

I turned my eyes away to the crimson arch which marked the sun's decline; I looked again to the east, whence black harbingers of night hung low upon the darkened sea; I searched the horizon in every quarter, but it lay barren of ships, and the last light would leave us, and with the ebb of day there was no security against an enemy whose intentions were no longer disguised. I say no longer disguised. The skipper pointed to the mast on the nameless ship, where the Russian ensign had hung ten minutes before. It was no longer; the black flag took its place."

"Pirates!" said the skipper; and then he whistled long and loud and shrilly as a man who has solved a sum. "Gentlemen, I said I could resign this ship at New York; with your permission I will withdraw that. I will sail with you wherever you go."

He shook his hands heartily, as though the discovery of our purpose had unclouded his mind. But we had no time for fuller understanding, for at that moment the air itself seemed torn apart by a great concussion, and a shell burst in the water no more than fifty yards ahead of us. Old Dan fired his gun into the air with a great shout. Yet we knew that all this was the cheapest bravado; and when the skipper touched the bell to stop our engines, I was sure that he was wise."

The great vessel rode still some quarter of a mile away from us; but the glass showed me the men upon her decks, and conspicuous amongst them I saw the form of Captain Black standing by the steam steering gear. Soon their launch was making for us. The boat came so near that I could see the faces in it; and three of the five I recognized, for I had seen them in Paris. The man who was in command was the fellow "Roaring John"; and when he was within hail he stood and waved."

"What ship?" roared back the skipper, again looking at the mist-clouds, and my heart gave a bound when I read his purpose; we were drifting into them."

"And who may you be?" howled with every advance."

"I'm one that'll give you the best hiding you ever had, if you'll step up here a minute!" yelled the skipper. "You're coming aboard, are you? And which of you shall I have the pleasure of kicking first?"

"Oh, you're funny, ain't you, and pretty with your jaw. But it's me that you'll have the pleasure of speaking to, and right quick, my mate, oh, you bet!" said Roaring John."

"In that case," said the skipper, with his calmness well at zero; "in that case—no, Dan! Introduce yourself to the gentleman."

Dan's reply was instantaneous. He had up with his shot gun, and the long ruffian, who had reached forward with his boat hook, got the dose full in his face. At the same moment the skipper called "Fire!" and the heavy crash of the rifles and the sharp report of the pistols rang out together. The very launch itself seemed to reel under the volley."

"Full steam ahead!" roared Captain York, the nameless ship replied with a shout that grazed our chart room. Then, shaking his fist to the warship, he almost screamed: "Beated for a parcel of cut-throats!"

There was no doubt about it at all. The moment the yacht answered to the screw the fog rolled round us like a sheet. In thick wet clouds, steaming damp on the decks; and twenty yards ahead of us we could not see the long waves themselves. Shot after shot hissed and splashed ahead of us, behind us; now dull, heavy, yet penetrating, and we knew that the ship lay close on our track; then farther off and deadened, and we hoped that she had lost us."

When I left the bridge it was midnight. I was soaked to the skin and high frozen, and the water ran even from my hair; but a hot hand was put into mine as I entered the cabin, and then a thousand questions rained upon me."

"I'll tell you by-and-by, Mary. Were you very much afraid?"

"I was a bit afraid, Mark—a—little bit!—I—oh, I named Paolo—he's dying!"

The man truly lay almost at death's door; but his delirium had passed; and he slept, muttering in his dream, "I can't go to the city—Black; you know it—let me get aboard. Hands off! I told you the job was risky," and he tossed and turned, and fell into troubled slumber. And I could not help a thought of sorrow, for I feared that he would hang if ever we set foot ashore."

"Gentlemen," said the skipper later, "you owe your lives to the Banks; and, as I've been here, I'll see you all in New York before three days."

And he kept his word; for we sighted Sandy Hook, and harm had come to no man that fought the unequal fight."

CHAPTER XII.

It was about a clock in the evening when we brought the Celeia through the Narrows. Then the greater harbor before the city itself rolled out upon our view; and as we steamed slowly into it the customs took possession of us, and made their search. It was a short trial, for we were welcomed there that Paolo suffered from no malignant disease."

For ourselves we went off to dine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When dinner was done I suggested that Rodrick should take Mary through the city awhile, and that I should get back to the Celeia, there to secure what papers were left for me, and to arrange, after thought, what my next step in the following of Captain Black should be."

I was driven to the wharf very quickly,

and got aboard the yacht with no trouble. There was a man keeping watch upon her decks. I went to my own cabin, getting my papers, my revolver and other things that I might have need of ashore. As I was ready to go back to the others I looked in Paolo's cabin, and, somewhat to my surprise, I saw that he was dressed, and seemingly about to quit the yacht. This discovery set me aglow with expectation. If the man were going ashore, whither could he go except to the very clue I had been hoping to get? This thought sent me forward into the fo'castle, where Dan was."

"Hist, Dan!" said I, "give me a man's rig-out—a jersey and some breeches and a cap—quick," and, while the old fellow stared and whistled softly, I helped to ransack his box; and in a trice I had dressed myself, putting my pistols, my papers, and my money in my new clothes; but leaving everything else in a heap on the floor. As I came on deck, I saw a shadow on the gangway. The man was leaving the yacht at that moment, and I followed him."

Once out into the city, and having turned two or three times to satisfy himself that he had no one after him, Paolo struck for Broadway, and thence to Bowery. At last, after a long walk, and when the man himself was almost falling from the exertion of it, he stopped before an open door in the dirtiest of the streets through which we had come, and disappeared instantly. I came up to the door almost as he had passed through, and found myself before a steep flight of steps, at the bottom of which through a glass partition I could see men smoking and hear them bawling uncouth songs."

It was a fearful hole, peopled by fearful men; all nations and all sects of evil men were represented there—low English, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, even Chinamen; yet into that hole must I go. If I would follow Paolo to the end, I pulled my cap right over my face and passed through the swinging door."

The room was long and narrow; banked its whole length by benches that had once been covered with red velvet, but now showed torn patches and the protruding wool of the stuffing. I passed quickly to a bench near the door, and there sat wedged against a fair-haired seaman, whose look stamped him to be a Russian."

(To be continued.)

THE SELFISH COUPLE.

Husbands and Wives Who Refuse to Mingle in Society.

Selfishness is the bane of all life. It cannot enter into life—individual, family or social—without cursing it. Therefore if any married pair find themselves inclined to confine themselves to one another's society, indispensed to go abroad and mingle with the life around them, disturbed and irritated by the collection of friends in their own dwelling or in any way moved to regard their social duties as disagreeable, let them be alarmed at once."

It is a bad symptom—an essentially morbid symptom. They should institute means at once for removing this feeling, and they can only remove it by persistently going into society, persistently gathering it into their own dwelling and persistently endeavoring to learn to love and feel an interest in all with whom they meet. The process of regeneration will not be a tedious one, for the rewards of social life are immediate."

The heart enlarges quickly with the practice of hospitality. The sympathies run and take root from point to point, each root throwing up leaves and bearing flowers and fruit like strawberry vines if they are only allowed to do so."

It is only sympathies and strawberries that are cultivated in hills which do otherwise. The human face is a thing which should be able to bring the heart into blossom with a moment's shining, and will be such with you if you will meet it properly."

The penalties of family isolation will not, unhappily, fall entirely upon yourself. They will be visited with double force upon your children. Children reared in the home with few or no associations will grow up either boorish or sensitively timid."

It is a cruel wrong to children to rear them without bringing them into continued contact with polite social life. The ordeal through which children thus reared are obliged to pass in gaining the ease and assurance which will make them at home everywhere than under the parental roof is one of the severest, while those who are constantly accustomed to a social life from their youth are educated in all its forms and graces without knowing it."

Great multitudes of men and women all over the country are now living secluded from social contact simply from their sensitive consciousness of ignorance of the forms of graceful intercourse."

They feel that they cannot break through their reserve. There is, doubtless, much that is morbid in this feeling, and yet it is mainly natural. From all this mortification and this deprivation every soul might have been saved by education in a home where social life was properly lived. It is cruel to deny the children the opportunity not only to become accustomed from their first consciousness to the forms of society, but to enjoy its influence upon their developing life."

Society is food for children. Contact with other minds is the means by which they are educated, and the difference in families of children will show at once to the accustomed eye the different social character of their parents. But I have no space to follow this subject further, and I leave it with you, with the earnest wish that you will consider it and profit by the suggestions I have given you.—"Timothy Titcomb's Letters" in Boston Globe.

Unmentionable.

"Let me see," said she. "What is it you call these men who run automobiles?"

"Pardon me," replied the gallant man, "I'm too much of a gentleman to tell you what I call them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fallacy Explained.

"Talk is cheap," remarked the man with the quotation habit.

"Not always," rejoined the practical man. "My wife talked me into buying her a \$50 gown this morning."

If men were relatively as strong as beetles they could juggle with weights of several tons."



WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Evidence in the use of the general public is making of the great Library of Congress is to be found in the record of visitors to the building during the last fiscal year. The visitors numbered about 812,000. This was a daily average of 2,241 in the 362 days on which the library was open to the public. The only days in which the great bronze doors were closed throughout the twenty-four hours were July 5, the funeral day of John Hay, July 4 and Christmas. Almost a double force is required for the building, which is open virtually day and evening the year around."

The largest number of visitors in any one day was 5,284, in April, and the smallest 444, on one of the hottest days in July. An idea of the size of this library may be obtained from the statistics for last year, which showed a gain in the number of volumes of 34,626, bringing the number of books on the racks up to 1,292,244. This total of books, pamphlets, maps and charts and pieces of music added last year was \$1,385."

Some of the postal improvements advocated in Cortelyou's annual report are the parcel post, postal savings bank, postal telegraph and telephone, abolition of railway speed subsidies, additional subsidies to South American and Australian steamers, low-rate postal notes and the creation of a new office, that of deputy postmaster general, with permanent tenure, who would act as a sort of business manager for the entire service and accounts. The Postmaster General should not be appointed as rewards for political activity. As to the deficit, he says he is less concerned about that than about efficiency of administration and thinks it unreasonable to charge any one branch of the service with responsibility for the deficit."

A plan for holding and developing coal lands in the Indian Territory belonging to the government has been made public by Secretary Hitchcock. A large corporation is to be formed, in which the Indian tribes and the government are to control the stock, the mines to be operated by employees or leased on a royalty. It will be the first time in our history that the government becomes a stockholder in a private corporation. The life of the company is to be twenty-five years with option of continuance or sale at the end of that period, the director to be the President of the United States, Secretaries of the Interior, Treasury and Commerce and Labor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs and a member of each of the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes."

Senator Hale of Maine made the declaration that two-thirds of the revenues of the government are now devoted to the payment of inheritances from past wars and expenditures for future wars. He called attention to the arguments of the army promoters that it was wise to have an army unless you have guns and fortifications, and now that \$100,000,000 had been appropriated in sea coast fortifications, the argument was, "what is the use of having guns and fortifications unless you have men?" Thus, he said, it was the constant pressure of the army to aggrandise itself first for men, then for guns and then guns and then men. On account of this vast expense, Senator Hale said it was impossible to get appropriations for the marine, for river and harbor improvements and for public buildings."

Secretary of War Taft in his report on the Philippines asks Congress to support an agricultural bank by authorizing the Philippine government to guarantee a dividend of 4 per cent on \$10,000,000, this being the plan which proved so successful under Lord Cromer in Egypt. He says the business conditions in the islands, especially in the sugar and tobacco industries, continue, and that the end of last year's crop, worth \$4,000,000 of the hemp crop, was proceeding on a system of water supply for Manila and on the sewerage system. The complete pacification of the island of Luzon is reported with the capture or surrender of the ladrones leaders, the only disorder now being in Leyte and Samar."

The House adopted a resolution indorsed by Miller of Kansas, directing the bureau of corporations to investigate the causes of the high price of lumber, and particularly whether this is due to the influence of a combination in the form of a trust or otherwise. The house also called upon the Secretary of the Interior to give an account of all public lands withdrawn or reserved from entry."

In a recent report of the bureau of investigation it is shown that 68 per cent of the enlisted men in the navy are native-born Americans, and that during the year forty-three per cent of the men qualified for re-enlistment did re-enlist. It is highly desirable that the man behind the gun be a man of experience, and it is best that the man who may be called upon to fight should be born under the flag that floats above his ship."

Although more than two hundred thousand applications for pensions were received during the past year, Commissioner Wadler reduced the expense of the Pension Office by about \$200,000. At the same time the number of pending claims were largely reduced."

The Interstate Commerce Commission has completed plans for the most comprehensive and far-reaching investigation of railroad management that has ever been undertaken, beginning with the new year."

THE BRAZILIAN JANGADA.

Queer Craft Which Will Ride the Billows Like a Cork.

To any one but a sailor it would seem as though one type of sailing craft would suit all seas and all conditions of navigation. Our trim yacht, or its practical cousin the fishing smack of the New England fisherman, appear capable of sailing in any water or weathering any storm, yet every country has some peculiar species of vessel, which differs widely in design and construction from our own type of ships. For example, it seems stupid in the Hollanders, with such excellent models at hand as our own ships present, to persist in building the bulky, slow-moving sloops in which they venture out to sea; but, no doubt, these apparently clumsy craft exactly suit the peculiar conditions of those waters and the calling of their owners."

At first sight, the boat shown in the picture might also meet the disapproval of the inexperienced landsman as a most unseaworthy makeshift, yet no craft has been devised that so well meets the conditions of the rough waters in which it is employed. It is the Jangada, used by the boatmen of Pernambuco, Brazil. The hull, if so it may be called, is constructed of light logs 15 to 18 feet in length, snugly lashed together. The triangular sail is bent to a bamboo mast, which on account of its pliability and toughness can withstand the pressure of the heavy winds that frequently blow on that coast better than a wooden spar. The helmsman guides the raft with the aid of the long oar projecting over the stern."

When the heavy seas roll over the coral reef enclosing the harbor of Pernambuco no small craft, with exception of this awkward raft, dare venture out to meet the incoming steamers. Its buoyancy and small resistance to the wind and waves cause it to ride the billows like a cork. Frequently when a steamer is unable to make the harbor on account of the high seas, a Jangada is sent out to take off the mail and such of the passengers who have the hardihood to risk the trip on a raft which seems to promise a spill overboard if nothing worse."

Breaking of the Colt.

Only Three Commands, with Kindness and Patience, are Required.

First, to halter-break the baby he is from birth pushed about with the attendant's hand under his neck and behind his quarters, for a few minutes every time one goes near the dam. As you push him ahead always say "Whoa, sharp and loud; as you push him back say 'Back!' at each stop. He associates the words with the action; what seems to him play is really a lesson; he takes the idea at once and like all first impressions it is indelible."

At about three weeks put on him a little halter of soft leather, fitting snugly about the nose and under the throat. He may not catch a hind or fore foot in it and for a few days push him about just a step or two by this; then run a cord through the jawpiece (better than a snaphook, as it can be at once released), and as you lead the mare use this also on him, but never let him fight it or make it irksome to him. At about this time really halter-train him to lead and to do this have someone hold the mare; put the rope through his chinstrap, start to lead him, and when he hangs back, as he will, brace yourself and let him "pull it out."

At his age you can easily handle him; never snatch or jerk him; never look at him (this is very important, as the fixed gaze of the human eye is terrifying and disconcerting to all animals); just let him "pull it out," convince himself that he can not get away and sooner or later he will come to you with a rush. Pat him now over the forehead where his brain is (always across the parts or members involved; indiscriminate caress is worse than none; "If your son learns his lesson don't reward your daughter," as a well-known teacher once said); let him stand a few minutes, have the mare led and lead him with her, behind, beside, and lead him from back again and in two days you have a baby you can tie up with a string."

Be careful to hold his head up if he throws himself, and if he does it sever-

men or ex-newspaper men who have sat down at the council table of Presidents.—Leslie's Weekly.

Strength in Lion's Claw.

One of Many Superstitions Entertained in Regard to Animals.

It is believed that wearing a lion's claw will bring strength to the wearer. This is why the paws of the lions are used so extensively for the carvings of the logs of chairs and tables as being emblems of strength and stability."

Nearly all show people believe that when lions get restless and uneasy either ill luck or extremely bad weather is at hand, and that when they continually wash their faces in catlike fashion they are likely to have fits of ill temper in the near future. Much the same belief is that when a donkey brays it is going to rain."

There are numberless superstitions associated with the tiger. The natives of India believe that its whiskers are a deadly poison and that when finely chopped and secretly introduced into a person's food they will assuredly cause death. They also believe that unless every whisker, however small, is completely singed off a dead tiger its ghost will haunt the neighborhood forever after. There was one case where this had been forgotten until the skin had been sold to some European trader, and when the native remembered it he was afraid to go out at night and died from terror in the belief that he had seen the ghost of the tiger look in at the opening of his tent."

There is a great dread in India of what is termed the "evil eye," and to avert this parents hang the claws of tigers around the necks of the children. Yet another belief is that tiger's fat, either boiled down or raw, is a sure cure for rheumatism and many other diseases, while the tongue if given to an elephant gives him invincible courage."

Monkeys are credited with having the devil's own spirit in them, or, as it is graphically expressed, "the devil's own temper." From this came the expression, "To get one's monkey up," meaning to get into a temper."

To see a wolf is supposed to be a good sign, but if a man sees a wolf before the wolf sees him then he will either become dumb for the time or lose his voice.—New York Times.

If you think a man's children are intelligent, you ought to get him to tell you about his bird dog."

What is needed to-day in America is another Webster whose voice can echo from ocean to ocean; "And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

eral times hold him down a little while and let him think it over. Remember his mind contains but one idea at a time and give him ample opportunity to get an indelible mental impression of every step you take, especially when the times come for punishment drill.—Outing Magazine.

EDITORS IN THE CABINET.

Presidents from Jackson's Day Inclined to Newspaper Men as Advisers.

They are calling Premier Clemenceau's accession to power in France the "apotheosis of journalism." Eight editors are in his cabinet. Distinction of this sort is rarer for newspaper men in the United States, although several Presidents in recent times have had more than one journalist in their councils."

Jackson had Duff Green of the United States Telegraph and Francis P. Blair and John C. Rives of the Globe in his "kitchen cabinet," these papers, successively, being his Washington organs. He selected Amos Kendall for one of his official advisers, Kendall holding the office of postmaster general. Measured by the scale of the times, "Old Hickory" had even more of a liking for newspaper men than has the "Young Hickory" of to-day. The New State of Oklahoma. In these Rooseveltian days, will start out with nearly as many newspapers as the entire United States had when Jackson entered the presidency in 1829."

Simon Cameron in Lincoln's cabinet, Carl Schurz in Hayes', James G. Blaine in Garfield's, in Arthur's and in Harrison's; Frank Hatton and William E. Chandler in Arthur's; Daniel Manning, Daniel S. Lamont, J. Sterling Morton, Hoke Smith and Norman J. Colman in Cleveland's; John Hay and Charles Emory Smith in McKinley's and also in Roosevelt's, and Robert J. Wynne in Roosevelt's are among the newspaper

men or ex-newspaper men who have sat down at the council table of Presidents.—Leslie's Weekly.

Justice doesn't travel on leaden heels in Center, Texas, where a criminal was arrested, tried, convicted and executed within the space of two hours.—New York Herald.

The undertakers at Butte have formed a combination and advanced the price of funerals. That is running the trust business into the ground.—Washington Times.

A couple of hundred French Deputies left the Chamber when Boni de Castellane came in. It would seem much simpler to put Boni out.—New York American.

Boni de Castellane says his "matrimonial entanglement" has not lost him a single friend. Of course, to lose anything one must first have had it.—New York American.

Andrew Dippel, the tenor, has been robbed of \$3,000 worth of jewels. With this and the Caruso episode the opera season may consider itself launched.—New York Mail.

Life seems to be made up of mowing the lawn when there is no furnace to be stoked, and when there is no mowing to be done of stoking the furnace.—New York Press.

President Roosevelt has nominated a manufacturer of tobacco sauce for Civil Service Commissioner. Going to make it hot for the spoolmen!—Philadelphia North American.

Secretary Bonaparte says that the annual cost of the navy represents only \$1.33 per capita. By that method of calculation a 23,000-word presidential message divided among 83,000,000 men, women and children looks like too short an allowance.—New York World.

It now transpires that Senator-elect Davis' name is not Jefferson, but Jeffries. Perhaps that accounts for his pugilistic proclivities, conversational as well as otherwise.—Washington Herald.

The war in Brooklyn over the extortions of the Beef Trust takes a queer form. The mob smashes the butcher's windows and then throws kerosene on his meat. You can't seem to bust one trust without boosting another.—New York World.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup of the United States Court of Appeals for Northern Illinois, heartily agrees with the view that judges should not be above criticism. There are few more constant all-around critics.—New York Sun.

What is needed to-day in America is another Webster whose voice can echo from ocean to ocean; "And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts!"—Philadelphia Ledger.



Fear of a Japanese-American war pervades all the nations except America and Japan.—New York Mail.

The names of the new Spanish Cabinet are familiar to those who buy the two-for-a-quarter brands.—Washington Times.

If men spent half as much money on philanthropy as they do on politics, this would be a pretty nice world.—New York Press.

What's the matter with Kansas? This time it is that the ears of corn are too long to go into the sheath.—New York Tribune.

President Roosevelt said that if the simplified spelling did not prove acceptable he would abandon it. Well?—Chicago Tribune.

When there is an appetite there is a way. In prohibition Kansas, it is said, they sell beer in plugs, like tobacco.—New York Tribune.

It's astonishing what a lot of money a man could have made if he had trusted to luck instead of relying on judgment.—New York Press.

They are arresting Councilmen in Pittsburgh for bribery. Well, if that's going to spread what a time there will be!—Philadelphia Press.

Eight McCarthy's ran for office in Boston, but only three were elected. The Hub should create more offices at once!—New York Herald.

There is no question of race suicide with the head of the Mormon Church, with his five wives and forty-five children.—Philadelphia Record.

Marie Core