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FEAR

The Chief a Victim of His Own Brutality

By
ALFRED DAMON RUNYON
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"I don't like to hit you, John," said the chief, fondling a piece of thick, solid rubber tire and glancing down at the man who cowered at his feet. "I don't like to hit you at all. You come in like a good fellow, and it will be all right."

"I ain't got nothin' to come in wit', chief," whined the man. "I'm tellin' you true. I wasn't there. I couldn't 'a' been there. I hadn't got in town."

The chief, a huge fellow, who seemed about ready to burst out of his gold bedecked uniform, reached down and picked the man up by the collar.

"I gave you a chance, John," he said his voice almost soothing.

He raised his free arm and snapped it sharply in the air. The piece of tire swished forward like a buggy whip and struck the man in the face with a brisk slap.

The chief released his grasp, and the man dropped to the floor and rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. It was not a hard blow; it was a blow struck with the knowledge of long experience.

The man was "out."

The chief sat down at his desk and glared at the silent form. A firm believer in the efficacy of physical punishment to break a man's nerve, he took a savage delight in such scenes as this. And yet they afforded him a problem that he had puzzled over many times.

"Why should a man be afraid of a little beating?" he had often remarked. "The average criminal has a good deal of courage; there is no doubt about that. They are certainly not afraid of death, because they face it in a hundred different forms every time they undertake a crime.

"Then why is it that the toughest, most hardened criminal cannot take a little physical punishment? I've seen men who had reputations from coast to coast as man killers and daring crooks break down the moment they get a slap in the face. And ten minutes before, or ten minutes afterward, they would go out and kill an innocent person with no more thought of it than eating their dinner.

"They're not afraid of death in here. They know we won't go so far as to kill them. They know—or they ought to know—that if they took their beating and kept their mouths shut we couldn't, in nine cases out of ten, convict them."

The chief was a brave man, too—physically, at least. He had won promotion through personal daring. He had jeopardized his life a score of times in the performance of his duty.

He was becoming a trifle angry, for the prisoner was unusually obdurate.

"Now, John," he said, his voice a little harder than before, "I don't want to hurt you, but you've got to come in. That's all."

He rose and dealt the man a kick.

"Oh, don't, chief!" whined the man, his voice rising. "Please don't, chief!"

Slowly the chief twisted the wrist, and the man's face grew purple. His voice rose to a scream.

"Oh, please don't, chief!" he shrieked.

He tried to fall to the floor, but the chief held him upright. Suddenly the officer's left hand shot out, and there was a sharp smack as it came in contact with the man's jaw. Again the man dropped to the floor, unconscious, and the chief sat down.

"Faking it, eh?" growled the chief, jumping to his feet.

The chief seized the limp form in both hands and commenced pounding

"I'LL COME IN, CHIEF!" HE YELLED.

it up and down on the floor, kicking at it when it rebounded. The man screamed in agony.

"I'll come in, chief!" he yelled dismally. "Oh, please don't; please, please stop!"

Breathing somewhat heavily, the chief sat down again and touched a bell. A uniformed sergeant appeared at the door.

"Send in a stenographer," said the chief. "John's decided to make a confession."

* * * * * * *

The warden of the state penitentiary was an earnest man and an honest man. He made a long trip to see the chief.

"I tell you, Sullivan, Kinzie must have had wings to get here in time to turn that trick. I didn't spring him till the day before the murder. You know it's hardly probable, even if it is possible, for a man to make that trip under forty-eight hours."

"Well, he says he did. You can't go back of that," replied the chief.

"Was he drunk?" asked the warden.

"Well, he'd been drinking a little," said the chief. "He wasn't drunk when he came through."

"There's something strange about it," remarked the warden. "If he says he did, I guess he did, but"—

The warden took his departure, not so much puzzled as annoyed, because the warden had talked with many prisoners who had been through the chief's "sweating" process and had dropped a good many pounds in weight at it too. The warden had his suspicions, but it wouldn't do to express them.

In the meantime the newspapers were paying much attention to John Kinzie, former convict, who had confessed to the murder of a prominent citizen, shot down in cold blood because he resisted a holdup.

"Huh!" remarked big "Red" Simmons, after he had laboriously read an account of the confession. "If it was raining money that guy Kinzie'd be under a shed somewhere. He's the unluckiest stiff I ever see."

"Small" Gordon wrinkled his fox terrier nose into an appreciative grin.

"He fell for the third degree fine," continued Simmons.

"How do you s'pose they come to light on him?" asked Gordon.

"How? W'y, the chief gets his little list of guys released from the big skookum every day, don't he?" said Simmons. "Kinzie happened to be the only one sprung just before this job, and so the chief tells his elbows to fetch in Kinzie the moment he lands in town."

"Too bad you had to croak that guy," said Gordon.

"Too bad for Kinzie," answered Simmons briefly.

Simmons, a giant fellow, with a strong, massive face and fierce eyes, rolled a cigarette with calm fingers, and Gordon, little and rat eyed, ate in businesslike fashion.

"Wot'll they do to Kinzie?" asked Gordon between mouthfuls.

"Oh, they'll only swing him up a little," replied Simmons sarcastically. Gordon shivered.

"They can't prove he did it," he suggested.

"And he can't prove he didn't," said Simmons.

They walked out into the brilliantly lighted street and were sauntering slowly along, when Gordon nervously clutched at the arm of his companion.

"Nix! Nix!" said Simmons between his teeth. "I saw him. Wot's the matter with you, anyhow?"

The chief of police, in civilian clothing, passed them with a number of women and a couple of children. The chief was carrying a big suit case in either hand, and the women bore grips and bundles.

"Going to the depot," remarked Simmons, after the party passed. "That woman in black is the big guy's wife. Saw her at headquarters once when I was in explaining."

The two turned into a saloon, rather notorious for the class to which it catered, and ordered drinks. As they were standing at the bar a flashily dressed individual approached them. He was known as "Boston Carey" and was a pickpocket of some renown among his kind, but an object of some contempt to Simmons and Kinzie, who dealt in more hazardous enterprises.

"Just in time," said Simmons. Carey ordered beer.

"See they picked up John Kinzie for that hill job," he remarked casually. Simmons merely nodded.

"I used to know him in the east," continued the garrulous Carey, not noticing Simmons' frown. "He was going back there and be decent, I heard, but I guess his foot slipped."

Still Simmons and Gordon remained silent.

"He's got a wife and kid here," said Carey.

"What?" demanded Simmons and Gordon together.

"A wife and kid," repeated Carey, pleased at having roused some interest. "They came on here to meet him. Kinzie made a little money peddling these horsehair bridles while he was up yonder, and they were all going back together."

"Where are they now?" demanded Simmons.

"Oh, somewhere round town," said Carey carelessly. "I guess it's all off with Kinzie, ain't it? Wot'd the stiff want to give up for, anyway?"

Simmons finished his liquor and nodded to Gordon.

"See you later," he said to Carey, and Gordon followed him out into the street.

"Jemmy," said Simmons, linking arms with his little partner, "if we was like these guys you read about we'd go to the chief and tell him the low down on this business."

Gordon looked alarmed.

"Let's don't," he said.

Simmons laughed so loudly that passersby turned to look at the pair.

"Don't get scared," he said reassuringly. "But if we was story book crooks we'd do something grand and noble for Kinzie and his wife and kid."

"Wot could we do, anyhow?" asked Gordon.

"Well, we could go see the chief," said Simmons.

Simmons and Gordon had decided on the City of Mexico as their next stopping place. Red looked at his undersized partner in amused fashion and changed the subject.

Along toward midnight frequent libations had put them both in a very amiable mood. Gordon, the cautious, reverted to the proposal which Simmons had forgotten.

"Let's go see the chief, Red," he suggested finally. "We've got an hour and a half yet to make a little call—and I owe him one."

Without reply Simmons turned and led the way up a side street.

* * * * * * *

The chief in a huddle of bedclothing awoke to the grip of a strong hand clutching the neck of his pajamas.

"What—what!" he gurgled sleepily, opening his eyes.

"Keep still," commanded Simmons, taking an extra twist.

"What the"— growled the chief.

"Shut up!" said Simmons, slapping him again. "And get up," he added, hauling the big man out of the covers as a boy jerks a ground squirrel from its hole.

The chief knew both Simmons and Gordon. He knew them as desperate crooks. He knew that human life was one of the things they held very cheaply indeed. And yet they were the very type he held in contempt because he knew their weak points.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he asked quietly.

"We come to tell you Kinzie didn't do that hill job," said Red.

"I know it," replied the chief. "But that's no skin off you, is it? I don't doubt you guys know something about it, but I didn't have nothing on you."

"Remember the time you dumped me for the Carson robbery that I didn't do?" demanded Simmons. "Beat me up a little, too, if you recollect."

"Now, Red"— began the chief in a conciliatory tone.

Red slapped him so viciously that the big man almost fell over.

"We're going away, chief," said Simmons. "We're going away for good,

THE CHIEF STOOD TRANSFIXED.

but we thought we'd pay you a final call just to tell you that you've got the wrong man in Kinzie."

He was lashing himself into a rage, and the chief trembled, but it was from the chill of the room.

These men were displaying something entirely foreign to all his years of criminal observation. He did not fear them personally, but the new and unknown element in their composition disturbed him.

The chief did not fear death. He did not believe the men intended killing him. In fact, he felt certain they did not.

What was it, then, that he feared?

He did not know it, but in his eyes was the same expression that had been in the eyes of the man on the floor of his office that morning.

Simmons suddenly began moving toward the chief, his great hands working like claws and his lips parted in a vast snarl. No word was spoken. The chief stood transfixed, unable to utter a sound. He felt himself wondering what the big man intended doing.

A great fear stirred within him. He wasn't afraid of Simmons; that was certain. He was simply afraid because he did not know what the man meant to do. Something seemed to suddenly give way inside the chief's breast as Simmons moved toward him. Expression dropped from his face like a mask, and he backed up, laughing hideously.

Simmons stopped. Gordon peered around his leg like a little dog.

"Let's get out of here!" yelled the small man, with a backward leap. "Look at that face!"

Squealing in terror, he fled, and Simmons lumbered after him, while behind them they heard the horrible chattering laugh of the chief.

* * * * * * *

In a cafe in Mexico City Red Simmons and Small Gordon sat at a table piled high with American newspapers.

"Here you are!" announced Red after another silence broken only by the rattling of the papers. He read:

"John Kinzie, who once confessed to the murder of John Moore, a prominent citizen, and afterward repudiated the confession, claiming it was obtained under duress, was today acquitted by a jury in the criminal court after a short trial. The inability of former Chief of Police Sullivan to testify is declared by the district attorney to be the principal reason why he could not produce evidence sufficient to convict Kinzie, but the prisoner proved a complete alibi through the testimony of Warden Pierce of the state penitentiary."

"Yes, but listen here," said Gordon so excitedly that Simmons gave him a warning look:

"Former Chief of Police Sullivan, whose unfortunate and very mysterious case has roused great sympathy, was last night removed to the state insane asylum at Corbin. The physicians declare his reason has gone forever."

World's Future Fish Supply.

The sea beats upon 26,000 miles of Alaska shore line, a distance greater than the circumference of the earth. All of that vast stretch of waters is teeming with the most edible fish on earth. Every bay is a harbor where these fish can be prepared for the markets of the world, and the greatest ships afloat can anchor in safety while taking on their cargo of food for the hungry of all climes. In a few years Alaskan fish will be famous wherever ships sail and men exchange the products of their toil. This is but one of Alaska's sources of wealth. — Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Relativity of Space.

It so happened that a new professor of music had just been installed in a certain college for women. Naturally he was the subject of a heated discussion among his pupils to be. Said one: "Handsome! Why, his nose and the point of his chin nearly meet."

"My dear," cautioned his champion, with dignity, "why do you exaggerate so? You know as well as I that they're miles apart."—New York Post.

THE TRAMP'S SIDE OF IT

He Laments the Wickedness of the World

By M. QUAD

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"Oh, yes; I see a good deal of human nature as I travel about," replied the tramp as he put his wet shoes against the hot stove, "and the more I see of it the more I wish I was a hermit in a cave up in the mountains."

"Do you find it growing worse?" was asked.

"Preachers tell us that the world is growing better," continued Willie, "but if one day's travel in the country wouldn't prove to the contrary I'd give my old hat. I began touring sixteen years ago, and I give you my word that there is at least twice the wickedness now that there was then, and it is growing mighty fast. Yes; I'll give you some illustrations.

"I meet so many liars that I have come to believe that not one man in a hundred has any respect for truth. I get two or three days' work with a farmer. After the day's work is done the family looks for me to sit down and relate my adventures. They encourage me to lie. They want me to tell about the robberies and thefts I have committed and the prisons I have been in and escaped from. If I don't lie outrageously they think I am a villain who will not give himself away; if I do lie the chances are that they will give some constable the tip and he will arrest me for the crimes I have confessed.

"I have heard husbands lie to wives and wives to husbands. I have, in fact, heard so much lying as to disgust me, and I am only a tramp. There are hypocrisy and deceit everywhere. There are swindling and graft everywhere. A country constable who arrests me on the highway as I am plodding along will swear before the justice of the peace that I was just entering or leaving a farmer's barn. The owner of that barn can be induced to go into court and perjure himself, and the justice who tries me will remark that I look like a murderer.

"I very seldom ever heard one family speak well of another in the country, but when they met they were always very effusive. One afternoon a farmer's wife had me in the house scrubbing floors and washing windows and moving furniture about. In three hours' time she blasted the character of every family for five miles around. She had just finished her tirade when a woman that she had accused most bitterly happened to drop in. The accuser rushed for her with open arms and kissed her half a dozen times before she stopped.

"I have read and heard about savagery of war—the submarines, the poisonous gases, the starvation of prisoners—but let me tell you that there is savagery elsewhere than in war. Man was born a savage.

"Let me give you an incident. I was plodding along the highway one summer morning about half-past 8 o'clock. I passed a country schoolhouse. Thirty rods beyond the house I met the schoolma'am on her way to open school. I had not quite forgotten the manners of other days, and I raised my cap and bade her a good morning. She passed on without a word in reply, and a short quarter of a mile beyond I met three children going to school. I gave them a smile and a word, and they laughed in reply. That was the whole thing, sir—the whole thing. I knew that the children stopped and looked after me, but I stepped along without turning my head.

"At a farmhouse a mile further on I got work hoeing corn. I worked so hard during the day that the farmer complimented me at night, and I heard his wife whisper to him that they had found a tramp at last who seemed willing to sweat a little to earn his way. I was to sleep in the barn, and soon after 9 o'clock and when I was getting ready to go out to my roost there arrived at the house, headed by the schoolma'am, a gang of five or six farmers. Three among them had guns, two had clubs, and one had a coil of rope in his hand.

"'There is the villain—that's the man!' exclaimed the woman as she caught sight of me.

"'What is the trouble?' I asked.

"'You ran after me this morning!' she cried. 'You would have caught hold of me if I had not picked up a stone and threatened to throw it in your face!'

"Well, that was a nice fix I was in," said the tramp. "Nothing of the kind had taken place, and for a minute I was dumb with surprise. Then I denied it, but it was no go.

"In a moment or two more something would have happened to me if I had not thought of the three children I met. I asked that some one might go for them, and my employer was good enough to hasten on that errand. He said that I should have a fair show. The children and their father came, and it put a different light on the story at once. When the young woman was asked why she told such a yarn, which might have brought about the death of a man, she carelessly replied:

"'Oh, I was so scared that I really don't know just what did happen.'

"My employer said to me:

"'You are an innocent man, but a marked man. You will have to go. You can't stay in this neighborhood!'

"And Weary Willie moved on," was the conclusion of the story. "He was threatened with lynching because he had raised his cap and given good cheer to a woman on the highway! Don't say we have returned to savagery. Say, rather, we have never lost it."

Two Sentiments.

A young lady one day requested Moltke and Bismarck to write a few lines in her album. The marshal took up the pen first and wrote: "Falsehood passes away; truth remains.—Von Moltke, Field Marshal." After reading what Moltke had to say Bismarck took the pen and added the following: "I know very well that truth will prevail in the next world, but in the meantime a field marshal himself would be powerless against falsehood in this world.—Von Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire."

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FUTURE OF ALASKA.

A Comparison of Our Territory With the Scandinavian Countries.

Alaska has the same latitude as Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland and similar climatic conditions. The same development may be expected in Alaska that has obtained in those Scandinavian countries, increased and intensified by her enormously great latent resources.

The Scandinavian countries have 16,000 square miles under cultivation and 75,000 square miles in grazing. Our department of agriculture has classified 60,000 square miles in Alaska as suitable for cultivation, located mostly in the Susitwa, Tanana and Kuskokwim valleys, with an additional 100,000 suitable for hay and grazing, and another 100,000 square miles of reindeer range. This estimate makes available for agricultural purposes 260,000 square miles of the 566,446 square miles which constitute Alaska's total area.

Alaska's annual output of gold is $20,000,000. Fisheries produce nearly as much; it has the richest and largest copper deposits in the world; it has coal deposits equaling those of Pennsylvania and West Virginia in quality and surpassing them in volume.

The Scandinavian countries have 12,000,000 population and 14,000,000 head of live stock. Applying the same ratio to the available lands of Alaska would give her a population of 30,000,000, with 50,000,000 live stock.—Hon. A. Barton Hepburn in Leslie's.

SHAPE OF THE SHOE.

It Is Radically Wrong, and All on Account of the Last.

In the American Magazine Dr. Arthur R. Reynolds, former health commissioner of Chicago, tells of the many troubles that can make life miserable and that come from feet that were neglected in childhood. Among other things he says:

"Children should go barefooted at all times while indoors and through the summer. They should never wear any foot covering at any time that in any way distorts the toes or any part of the foot or that interferes in any way with its normal growth and development. The same may be said of adults.

"Any reform in the shape of shoes must begin with the shoemaker's last. Shoemakers do not seem to be able to get away from form and beauty in shaping it. It is shaped largely by guess and is pointed and turned up at the toe. No normal foot is so shaped.

"The only rational last is made from a plaster cast of the foot while bearing weight, and the mold can be made only of some semi-solid material that hardens when cool or dry. There is little hope of getting a rationally shaped shoe until the wooden last is totally discarded. It is safe to assert that good looking and nondeforming shoes can be made without it."

The Magic Shave.

The man with a retreating chin may grow a beard, and hide it, or he may frankly shave the exiguous offender, careless whether it recedes or not. The utmost candor may be seen in a shaven chin, and of all the manly, valorous qualities that of candor, downrightness, may be ranked first. The weakness attributed to a retreating chin may be canceled by shaving it. The man who accepts his face as nature gave it to him, braving it to the world without concealment or decoration, must be classed among those with the manly quality. Cartoonists and novelists have waived the weak chin to the limbo of the inefficient and inept. Let the man without the masterful jaw take heart; he has but to shave to show the qualities desired.—Atlantic.

Natural Result.

"What happened when her father put his foot down on the match?"

"Why, what always happens when you put your foot down on a match? There was an explosion."—Kansas City Journal.

ORIGIN OF "BUNCOMBE."

How a Colonel's Name Came to Be a Term of Reproach.

Whenever I pick up a copy of the Congressional Record and numerous other publications and read the irrelevant speeches therein reported I sigh for the memory of Colonel Edward Buncombe, "Girard" writes in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Through no fault of the gallant gentleman himself, there clings to his name an unpleasant significance which many of our brave public men do naught to mitigate. Indeed, if there be such a thing as one shade's taking vengeance upon another in the future world Colonel Buncombe will at least pull out Felix Walker's tongue.

It was all Walker's fault that "buncombe" became a term of reproach, and the incident which made it so happened a century ago.

Walker represented in congress a district of North Carolina of which Buncombe county was a part. The county had been named away back in 1791 in honor of Colonel Buncombe.

Walker was one of those long distance orators who without half trying could empty the halls of congress and put them in a condition beside which the dead streets of Pompeii appear great white ways. When upbraided one day for talking about everything except the question at issue Walker used this immortal phrase:

"I am only talking for Buncombe," meaning his home county.

And so "buncombe" became a new word in our language, which has been conveniently shortened into the colloquial "bunk."

Too Sensitive.

It was the first night after the show. The leading woman's mother was downcast.

"What's the trouble, dear?" asked the leading woman in surprise. "I made a brilliant hit tonight."

The old lady was surprised.

"Did you, Sophie? I heard the audience shouting 'Play right! Play right!' and I thought you had failed."

And the leading woman laughed in amusement.

"Why, my dear, they were shouting 'Playwright! Playwright!'"—Chicago Tribune.

Oil Wells in the Ocean.

One of the most novel and interesting sights along the California coast, especially to tourists, are the oil wells in the ocean at Summerfield, southern Santa Barbara county. Long wharfs carry the scores of derricks which mark the location of these unique wells. The field is small, covering about 125 acres.—Argonaut.

No Game.

Pat and I were watching a game of chess. Suddenly I turned to him.

"Have you the time?" I asked, glancing at his watch pocket.

"Sure," replied Pat, "I have the time, but not the inclination."—Princeton Tiger.

Sometimes.

Willis—What is it called when two people are thinking of the same thing at the same time—mental telepathy? Gillis—Sometimes; other times just plain embarrassment.—Judge.

How It Was.

Landlady (sympathetically)—Why, how did you fall downstairs, Mr. Lanks? Boarder (with dignity)—Unexpectedly, ma'am.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Fine.

"Telephone girls are not allowed to talk back."

"What a field from which to select a wife."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"MERCY.

To show mercy is nothing; thy soul must be full of mercy. To be pure is nothing; thou shalt be pure in heart also.—Ruskin.

AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

They May Be In Captivity, but They Are Never In Subjection.

For many reasons the chase of the elephant stands at the apex of sport. As a man killer in open combat he ranks with the lion and the African buffalo. He is the only beast that fears no other. While he will almost invariably run from the scent of man he is as invariably ready to attack on the slightest provocation. Fear does not exist for him. His overwhelming bulk, power, speed and intelligence make him supreme beyond the range of rivalry.

As though this were not enough to establish his pre-eminence, he alone carries a trophy which is one of the staple products of the industrial world. The value of ivory rises. It never fluctuates. Nor is this all. In the mind of the east the elephant is intimately associated with dignity, pomp, pageantry and kingship. But in the mind of the native African he is king—a king in his own right.

In this regard let it be affirmed that no elephant born in Africa has ever docilely paced a hippodromed stage, trundled a circus wagon or taken children for a ride in the park. Those sleep-walking cattle known to the American public as elephants come from India and are mere distant cousins to the king. You may have seen the African elephant in captivity, but never in subjection. Chain him to the floor behind iron bars, and after ten years he is still quick to throw muck in the face of the man that jeers at him.—George Agnew Chamberlin in Century.

CHLOROFORM IN SURGERY.

The Horrors That Were Stopped by Its Use as an Anaesthetic.

Sir James Simpson, who was connected with the medical department of Edinburgh university, if not actually the discoverer of chloroform, was at any rate the first to introduce its employment as an anaesthetic into surgical practice. This was in 1848.

Previously all operations were performed without anaesthetics, the patient being drugged with whisky and held down by strong men while the operation was performed. No medical discovery ever did more to alleviate human suffering.

Sir James is generally given credit for the actual discovery of chloroform, but it is stated in some works that it was discovered some years previous to his first experiments by an American doctor named Guthrie and by a French physician named Souberian. In any case, it was Dr. Simpson who proved its great value as an anaesthetic, and the room in which he made his first experiments still exists in Edinburgh.

The story goes that he tried the chloroform on himself and two medical friends. They proved its efficacy by simultaneously falling beneath the table. Sir James had considerable prejudice to overcome before chloroform was adopted generally by the medical profession, it being denounced at one time as dangerous to health, morals and religion. — Pearson's Weekly.

Henry James' Style.

Stevenson spotted the unconscionable repetition of certain adjectives in "Roderick Hudson," but probably the most marked characteristic of Henry James' style was his passion for adverbs and adverbial clauses. He was the most adverbial of English writers. You will find more adverbs to the page than even in Meredith. And he had a quaint habit of putting the adverb before the verb when most writers would put it after. One of his ladies (the examples are taken at random) "thankfully felt," another "quite beautifully and tenderly smiled." And "after all" crops up all over the place. But one would not have these things altered; they were part of the man. One does object to them, however, in his imitators, who have learned the trick, but missed the spirit behind it.—London Chronicle.