

IN THE NATIONAL HALLS OF CONGRESS

Tuesday, April 17.
Washington, April 17.—To clear the legislative decks for pending money bills for the support of the government, the house today worked uninterruptedly from 11:30 to 5 o'clock. In that time 11 general bills were passed under suspension of the rules.

The bill to provide for entry of agricultural land within forest reserves was taken up on motion of Dixon, Montana. Mondell, Wyoming, thought if the bill passed it would bring vast areas directly under the bureau of Forestry that did not have a tree or bush. So far as these areas are concerned, it would repeal the timber and stone section of the present law and the commutation clause.

The bill was passed with one amendment, striking out the paragraph giving the secretary of agriculture the right to set aside such forest reserve land as was not occupied by a bona fide settler January 1, 1906.

Washington, April 17.—Proceeding the taking up of the railroad rate bill in the senate today, Tillman called up his resolution directing the senate committee on finance to enter upon an investigation of the question of campaign contributions by the national banks and the resolution was referred to the finance committee. Tillman said that he would not confine the inquiry to the Republican committee, but would extend it to the Democratic committee. Foster spoke for almost three hours on the rate bill, contending for the validity of the proposed legislation.

Monday, April 16.
Washington, April 16.—It took the house of representatives just one minute to pass Representative Jones' bill appropriating \$400,000 to continue work on the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia river. In accordance with his promise, Speaker Cannon this afternoon recognized Mr. Jones to call up the bill reported by the river and harbor committee last Friday.

The bill was read, and without a single word being said in its favor or its opposition, the speaker announced that the bill "would be considered as read a third time, engrossed and passed." This was all there was to it. It happened so quickly that few members present knew that nearly \$500,000 was being appropriated.

Crumpacker, of Indiana, called up house bill extending until April 11, 1909, the date for applying the coastwise laws of the United States to the Philippines. Under the present conditions, these laws will apply July 1 next.

Opposition to the bill was made by Humphrey, of Washington, who said there was ample American shipping on the Pacific coast to take care of the commerce between the United States and the Philippines, and, if the time was not extended, these American ships would get the business.

The bill was passed by a vote of 217 to 27.

Washington, April 16.—A speech on the railroad rate bill by Heyburn, of Idaho, in advocacy of his court review amendment, led to more than two hours' technical debate in the senate today. The Indian appropriation bill was taken up for committee amendments, but was not completed, and consideration will be resumed tomorrow. Tillman, of South Carolina, after the opening of the session, offered a resolution providing for an inquiry by the committee on finance into contributions by national banks to campaign committees and why facts concerning them had not been disclosed by the comptroller of the currency.

Friday, April 13.
Washington, April 13.—Owing to the fact that none of its members were prepared to speak on the railroad rate bill, that measure was temporarily laid aside today in the senate, permitting the devotion of the entire time to the consideration of other bills on the calendar. Of these more than 300 were passed, most of them being private pension bills.

Among the general bills passed was one increasing the pensions of ex-soldiers who lost limbs in the service; another retiring and pensioning petty officers and men of the army, navy and marine corps after 30 years of service at three-fourths their regular pay; and a third bill increasing the pensions of ex-Mexican war soldiers to \$20 per month and making the attainment of 75 years of age evidence of disability.

Washington, April 13.—After spending

Progress of Reclamation.
Washington, April 17.—The third annual general inquiry of the house committee on irrigation regarding the operation of the national reclamation act was begun today. Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock stated that, including the irrigation projects under construction, those which are contemplated and those approved but not begun, there will have been spent on June 30, 1908, \$37,000,000, and that the estimated receipts from the operation of the law up to that time will be \$500,000 more than that amount.

Heyburn Talks to Decks.
Washington, April 17.—Twice during his rate speech yesterday Senator Heyburn practically emptied the senate. When he began, senators gradually left, and in the middle of his speech he called for a quorum, so that he would not talk to empty desks, but no sooner had the senators answered to their names than they again retired. At the conclusion of his speech there was but a mere handful of senators present.

ing much time in useless debate and wrangling, the house took up the post-office appropriation bill.

The bill was finally perfected at 5:45 o'clock, when Moon, of Tennessee, entered a motion to recommit to the post-office committee with instructions to report the bill to the house immediately with the Southern railway mail subsidy stricken out. On this motion Crumpacker, of Indiana, demanded a rollcall, which was ordered. Moon's motion was lost, 96 to 99. This retained the subsidy in the bill, and without further objection the bill was passed.

Thursday, April 12.
Washington, April 12.—The feature of today's proceedings in the house of representatives was the speech made by Cochran, of New York, who, under an agreement made on a previous day, was given an hour to elucidate the subject of "general debate" on appropriation bills. In view of the announcement that Cochran would speak, the galleries were crowded and a very large proportion of the members were in attendance.

Cochran, after a short discussion of the fiction of "general debate" and the failure of members to attend the sittings of the house while subjects covering the widest possible latitude were being illuminated, launched into a defense of the Hepburn rate bill and the high position taken by the house, not only in the exceptional character of the legislation, but in the dignified way in which the bill passed the lower branch of congress. In this connection he ridiculed the constitutional debaters in the senate.

Washington, April 19.—After a brief speech by Lattimer on in support of the house railroad rate bill, Foraker today took the floor on that measure and consumed practically all of the remainder of the day's session of the senate. He spent some time in the discussion of some of the amendments he has suggested, and then entered upon the consideration of the entire question of railroad rate regulation, arguing against the constitutionality of the pending bill from various points of view. He was frequently interrupted by other senators. Lodge spoke briefly in support of the practice of granting lower rates on goods intended for export than on those used in domestic consumption.

Wednesday, April 11.
Washington, April 11.—Among the many bills passed by the senate today was one granting land on Morton island, in Snake river, Oregon, to that state as a fish hatchery. Other bills passed follow:

Authorizing the allotment of land to natives of Alaska; prohibiting the use of diving apparatus in the taking of sponges; authorizing the state of Montana to select lieu lands; prohibiting aliens from gathering sponges in American waters.

In response to a request by Tillman to fix a time for taking a vote on the rate bill, Aldrich expressed the opinion that before the end of the week the speeches would be so far disposed of as to enable the senate to foresee the end of general discussion.

Washington, April 11.—When Speaker Cannon called the house to order today, a senate bill ratifying an agreement with the Lower Brule band of the Sioux tribe of Indians, in South Dakota, was passed. The postoffice appropriation bill was then taken up.

The military record of General Jacob H. Smith was the subject of a speech by Banon, Ohio, who defended the actions of General Smith, in the Philippines, stating that General Wood's achievements were a complete vindication of the case of General Smith. Hayes, Cal., spoke in favor of an increased salary for postal clerks.

Cannon Gives Aid.
Washington, April 14.—Speaker Cannon today assured Representative Jones, of Washington, and Chairman Barton, of the river and harbor committee, that he will permit them to call up the Columbia river bill on Monday under suspension of the rules. This is the most satisfactory arrangement that could be brought about, for it means that the bill must be considered solely on its own merits, and can under no circumstances be confused or associated with any other river or harbor or appropriation bill. The merits of the bill are so apparent that it cannot be assailed.

Quick to Protest.
Washington, April 16.—Since the debate on the railroad rate bill warmed up, certain senators have grown very sensitive about allusions to "railroad senators" and "friends of the railroads," and have lost no opportunity to deny that they themselves are unduly friendly to the great transportation corporations. Up to the present session, whenever there was talk of "corporate senators," these men were not so sensitive; they did not jump to their feet then to continually disclaim any particular friendliness for corporations.

More Talk Coming.
Washington, April 16.—Speeches on the railroad rate bill will be the feature in the United States senate the present week. Notwithstanding the assurances to the contrary which were given by senators last week, there is no immediate prospect for securing an agreement upon a time for voting upon the bill. No one has at any time counted upon getting such an agreement until the general speeches shall have been exhausted.

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LAVA COOLS AND ASHES FALL.

Naples Recovers From Panic and is Cheered by King and Queen.

Naples, April 13.—Frequent detonations are still heard on Mount Vesuvius, but faintly. The main crater is gradually enlarging. The most consoling news is that the lava is cooling on all sides.

Ashes are falling everywhere, houses are collapsing and burying their occupants. Roads near the volcano are no longer open than they are closed again. The heaviest fall is now over Somma, Santa Anastasia, Ponticelli and other villages in a section opposite and distant from the city.

The people have recovered from the panic of yesterday, are less sullen and downhearted. It is largely due to the presence of the king and queen. They are mingling freely with the populace, doing everything in their power to alleviate the condition of the injured and mingling their tears with those who have lost friends or relatives.

The inhabitants of this city are enduring the yellow gray atmosphere of yesterday, which is even more oppressive than before. The popular costume of those who can afford it consists of an automobile coat, cap and goggles, which enables the wearer to maintain a semblance of cleanliness, but the people generally have to be contented with paper masks and raised umbrellas. The drivers of trolley cars are wearing masks of some transparent material under the visors of their caps. More shops were opened today and the city is slowly resuming its normal life.

The latest reports say that 243 houses have been damaged at Portici, 195 at San Giovanni and Teduccio, 432 at Keelina and 1,000 at Torre del Greco.

It is impossible to determine the exact number of buildings demolished at Torre Annunziata. It is estimated that about 5,000 houses in all have been partly or entirely destroyed.

In villages on the Ottaviano side of the mountain all the houses are damaged. At Nola desolation reigns, the place having been almost entirely abandoned.

A committee has been formed to collect funds and organize assistance for sufferers. It is presided over by the Duke of Aceta. The government heads the subscription list with \$100,000. The amount collected up to the present time is \$300,000.

Firemen have been sent from Palermo, Sicily, and other places to the villages in this vicinity which have suffered the most from the fall of ashes, to assist in removing the ashes from the roofs and relieve the exhausted soldiers.

Camp kitchens have been established and free meals are being served.

COAL TRAFFIC IS POOLED.

Eastern Roads Admit They Have an Agreement as to Rates.

Philadelphia, April 13.—That rates are fixed by the Traffic association composed of various coal carrying roads was the admission drawn from railroad officials at the final hearing of the Interstate Commerce commission investigation into the affairs and abuses of the coal trade. Through Joseph G. Searles, coal traffic manager of the Pennsylvania railroad company, who is also chairman of the All-Rail Traffic association, it was learned that this organization not only fixes the percentage of tonnage allotted to each road, but also establishes the rates.

Counsel for the commission produced the minutes of the meeting of the Tidewater Bituminous Steam Coal Traffic association, held on September 19, 1900. The records showed that a resolution offered by the Norfolk & Western company permitting that company and the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad to carry tide-water coal at the rate of \$1.25 a ton was voted down and that the rate was fixed at \$1.40 a ton. Mr. Searles admitted that there had been an agreement as to the tonnage to be allowed each road, and that, if one road shipped more and another less, a settlement was made. He added that there had been no settlement since 1896. Mr. Searles denied that there was an understanding to maintain rates between all rail and all water associations for the purpose of preventing competition.

Wild Stampede for Gold.

Carson, Nev., April 13.—The reported strike of gold in Churchill county has stampeded Carson. Early this morning there was a string of vehicles and automobiles heading for Churchill county to reach the Cooney Springs strike. The town seems to have been almost deserted today in the pell mell rush. News comes from Virginia City and other towns that the stampede has affected them in the same manner. Tonight there are rumors of another strike within 20 or 30 miles of this city.

Makes Troops Work Hard.

Manila, April 13.—Major General Wood has had the troops constantly engaged in maneuvering and practice marching. The officers and men complained that they are being worked excessively in this severe climate. General Wood has since directed that the company drills in front of the barracks be abandoned. At present, battalion, regimental and brigade drills cover miles of territory, officers and men carrying heavy field equipment.

Castro Quits Temporarily.

New York, April 13.—General Cipriano Castro has retired temporarily from the presidency of Venezuela. General Juan Vicente Gomez, first vice president of the republic, is the present executive. This information was contained in an official cable dispatch received today from Caracas by Carlos Benito Figueroa, vice consul general in this city.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XII.

"The old dodge," said Frere again. "Of course, I couldn't let him go; but I took him out of the chain gang, and put him on the Osprey. You saw her in the dock as you came in. He worked for some time very well, and then tried to bolt again."

"The old trick. Ha; ha! don't I know it?" says Mr. Frere. "Well, we caught him and gave him fifty. Then he was sent to the chain gang, cutting timber. Then we put him into the boats, but he quarreled with the coxswain, and then we took him back to the timber rafts. About six weeks ago he made another attempt—together with Gabbett, the man who nearly killed you—but his leg was chafed with the iron, and we took him. Gabbett and three more, however, got away."

Just then some one came up the garden path and saluted. "What is it, Troke?" "Prisoner given himself up, sir. Gabbett. He came back to-night. He's down at the sheds. You can see him at once, gentlemen, if you like."

It was not far to the sheds, and after a few minutes' walk through the wooden pilades they reached a long stone building, two stories high, from which issued a horrible growling pierced with shrill screams. At the sound of the musket butts clashing on the pine wood flagging, the noises ceased, and a silence more sinister than sound fell on the place.

Passing between two rows of warders, the two officers reached a sort of ante-room to the jail, containing a pine-log stretcher, on which a mass of some thing was lying. On a roughly made stool, by the side of this stretcher sat a man in the gray dress of "good conduct" prisoners. This man held between his knees a basin containing gruel and was anxiously endeavoring to feed the mass on the pine logs.

"Gabbett?" The intelligent Troke, considerably alive to the wishes of his superior officers, dragged the mass into a sitting posture, and awoke it.

Gabbett—for it was he—passed one great hand over his face, and, leaning exactly in the position in which Troke had placed him, scowled, bewildered, at his visitors.

"Well, Gabbett," says Vickers, "you've come back again, you see. When will you learn sense, eh? Where are your mates?"

"Dead," says Gabbett. "Why don't you eat your gruel?" "I have eaten it. Ain't yer got nuffin' better nor that to fog a man on? Ugh! yer a mean lot! Wot's it to be this time, major? Fifty?"

"A nice specimen," said Vickers, with a hopeless smile. "What can one do with such a fellow?" "I'd fog his soul out of his body," said Frere, "if he spoke to me like that."

The giant raised his great head and looked at the speaker, but did not recognize him. He saw only a strange face—a visitor, perhaps. "You may fog, and welcome, mister," said he. "You'll give me a flog of thibackey." Frere laughed. The brutal indifference of the rejoinder suited his humor, and, with a glance at Vickers, he took a small piece of candlestick from the pocket of his pea jacket, and gave to the recaptured convict. Gabbett snatched it as a cur snatches at a bone, and thrust it whole into his mouth.

"How many mates had he?" asked Maurice, watching the champing jaws as one looks at a strange animal, and asking the question as though a "mate" was something a convict was born with—like a mole, for instance.

"Three, sir."

"Three, eh? Well, give him thirty lashes, Vickers."

"And if I ha' had three more," growled Gabbett, mumbling at his tobacco, "you wouldn't ha' had the chance."

As he sat there gloomily chewing, he was a spectacle to shudder at. Not so much on account of his natural hideousness, increased a thousandfold by the tattered and filthy rags which barely covered him. Not so much on account of his unshaven jaws, his bare lips, his torn and bleeding feet, his haggard cheeks, and his huge, wasted frame. Not only because, looking at the animal, as he crouched, with one foot curled round the other, and one hairy arm pendent between his knees, he was so horribly unhuman, that one shuddered to think that tender women and fair children must, of necessity, confess to fellowship of kind with such a monster. But also because, in his slavering mouth, his slowly grinding jaws, his restless fingers, and his bloodshot, wandering eyes, there lurked a hint of some terror more awful than the terror of starvation—a memory of a tragedy played out in the gloomy depths of that forest which had vomited him forth again—and the shadow of this unknown horror, clinging to him, repelled, as though he bore about with him the reek of the shambles.

"Come," said Vickers, "let us go back. I shall have to fog him again, I suppose. Oh, this place! No wonder they call it 'Hell's Gates.'"

"Halloo! what's that red light there?" "Dawes' fire on Grummett Rock," says Vickers, going in; "the man I told you about."

Two or three mornings after the arrival of the Ladybird, the solitary prisoner of the Grummett Rock noticed mysterious movements along the shore of the island settlement. The building of a pier, or breakwater, running from the western point of the settlement, was discontinued; and all hands appeared to be occupied with the newly built Osprey, which was lying on the slips. Parties of soldiers also daily left the Ladybird, and assisted at the mysterious work in progress.

A fortnight after this, about the 15th of December, he observed another curious fact. All the boats on the island put off one morning to the opposite side of the harbor, and in the course of the day a great smoke arose along the side of the hills. The next day the same

was repeated; and on the fourth day the boats returned, towing behind them a huge raft. This raft, made fast to the side of the Ladybird, proved to be composed of planks, beams and joists, all of which were duly hoisted up and stowed in the hold of the brig.

This set Rufus Dawes thinking. Could it possibly be that the timber cutting was to be abandoned, and that the government had hit upon some other method of utilizing its convict labor? He had hewn timber and built boats, and tanned hides and made shoes. Was it possible that some new trade was to be initiated? Before he had settled this point to his satisfaction, he was startled by another boat expedition. Three boats' crews went down the bay, and returned, after a day's absence, with an addition to their number in the shape of four strangers and a quantity of stores and farming implements. Rufus Dawes, catching sight of these last, came to the conclusion that the boats had been to Phillip Island, where the "garden" was established, and had taken off the gardeners and garden produce. Rufus Dawes decided that the Ladybird had brought a new commandment—his eight, trained by his half-savage life, had already distinguished Mr. Maurice Frere—and that these mysteries were "improvements" under the new rule. When he arrived at this point of reasoning, another conjecture, assuming his first to have been correct, followed as a natural consequence. Lieutenant Frere would be a more severe commandment than Major Vickers. Now, severity had already reached its height, so far as he was concerned; so the unhappy man took a final resolution—he would kill himself.

Ignorant that the sights and sounds about him were symptoms of the final abandonment of the settlement, and that the Ladybird was sent down to bring away the prisoners, Rufus Dawes decided upon getting rid of that burden of life which pressed upon him so heavily. For six years he had hewed wood and drawn water; for six years he had hoped against hope; for six years he had lived in the valley of the shadow of death. He dared not recapitulate to himself what he had suffered. Indeed, his senses were deadened and dulled by torture. He cared to remember only one thing—that he was a prisoner for life. In vain had been his first dream of freedom. He had done his best, by good conduct, to win release; but the villainy of Vetch and Rex had deprived him of the fruit of his labor. Instead of gaining credit by his exposure of the plot on board the Malabar, he was himself deemed guilty and condemned, in spite of his assertions of innocence. The knowledge of his "treachery," while it gained for him no credit with the authorities, procured for him the detestation and ill-will of the monsters among whom he found himself. On his arrival at Hell's Gates he was a marked man, a pariah among those beings who were pariahs to all the world besides.

In the meantime, the settlement was in a fever of excitement. In less than three weeks from the announcement made by Vickers, all had been got ready. The commandant had finally arranged with Frere as to his course of action. He himself would accompany the Ladybird with the main body. His wife and daughter were to remain until the sailing of the Osprey, which Mr. Frere was to bring up as soon as possible. "I will leave you a corporal's guard, and ten prisoners as a crew," Vickers said. "You can work her easily with that number."

To what Frere had replied that he could do with five prisoners if necessary, for he knew how to get double work out of the lazy dogs.

Near Phillip's Island, on the north side of the harbor, is situated Coal Head, where a party had been lately at work. This party, hastily withdrawn by Vickers to assist in the business of devastation, had left behind it some tools and timber, and at the eleventh hour a boat's crew was sent to bring away the debris. The tools were duly collected, and the pine logs—worth twenty-five shillings apiece in Hobart Town—duly rafted and chained. The timber was secured, and the convicts, towing it after them, pulled for the ship just as the sun sank.

In the general relaxation of discipline and haste the raft had not been made with as much care as usual, and the strong current against which the boat was laboring assisted the negligence of the convicts. The logs began to loosen, and though the onward motion of the boat kept the chain taut, when the rowers slackened their exertions the mass parted, and Mr. Troke, hooking himself on to the side of the Ladybird, saw a huge log slip out from its fellows, and disappear into the darkness. Gazing after it with an indignant and disgusted stare, as though it had been a refractory prisoner who merited two days' "solitary," he thought he heard a cry from the direction in which it had been borne. He would have paused to listen, but all his attention was needed to save the timber, and to prevent the boat from being swamped by the struggling mass at her stern.

The cry had proceeded from Rufus Dawes. From his solitary rock he had watched the boat pass him and make for the Ladybird in-channel, and he had decided that the moment when the gathering gloom swallowed her up should be the moment when he would plunge into the surge below him. The heavily laboring boat grew dimmer and dimmer, as each tug of the oars took her further from him. Presently, only the figure of Mr. Troke in the stern sheets was visible; then that also disappeared, and as the nose of the timber raft rose on the swell of the next wave, Rufus Dawes flung himself into the sea.

He was heavily ironed, and he sunk like a stone. He had resolved not to attempt to swim, and for the first moment kept his arms raised above his head in order to sink the quicker. But as the short, sharp agony of suffocation caught him, and the shock of the icy water dispelled the mental intoxication under which he was laboring, he desperately struck out, and despite the weight of his irons, gained the surface for an instant. As he did so, all bewildered, and with the one savage instinct of self-

preservation predominant over all other thoughts, he became conscious of a huge black mass surging upon him out of the darkness. An instant's buffet with the current, an ineffectual attempt to dive beneath it, a horrible sense that the weight at his feet was dragging him down—and the huge log, loosened from the raft, was upon him, crushing him beneath its rough and ragged sides. The log passed completely over him, thrusting him beneath the water, but his hand, scyoping along the splintered side, came in contact with the loop of hide rope that yet hung round the mass, and he clutched it with the tenacity of a death-grip. In another instant he got his head above water, and, making good his hold, twisted himself, by a violent effort, across the log.

For a moment he saw the lights from the stern windows of the anchored vessel low in the distance; Grummett Rock disappeared on his left; then, exhausted, breathless, and bruised, he closed his eyes, and the drifting log bore him swiftly and silently away into the darkness. At daylight the next morning, Mr. Troke, landing on the prison rock, found it deserted. The prisoner's cap was lying on the edge of the little cliff, but the prisoner himself had disappeared. Pulling back to the Ladybird, the intelligent Troke pondered on the circumstance, and in delivering his report to Vickers mentioned the strange cry he had heard the night before. "It's my belief, sir," that he was trying to swim the bay," he said. "He must ha' gone to the bottom anyhow, for he couldn't swim five yards with them irons."

Vickers, busily engaged in getting under way, accepted this very natural supposition without question. The prisoner had met his death either by his own act or by accident. It was either a suicide or attempt to escape, and the former conduct of Rufus Dawes rendered the latter explanation a more probable one. In any case, he was dead. As Mr. Troke rightly surmised, no man could swim the bay in irons; and when the Ladybird, an hour later, passed the Grummett Rock, all on board her believed that the corpse of its late occupant was lying beneath the waves that seethed at its base.

The drifting log that had so strangely served as a means of saving Rufus Dawes swam with the current that was running out of the bay. For some time the burden that it bore was an insensible one. Exhausted with his desperate struggle for life, the convict lay along the rough bark of this heavenly raft without motion, almost without breath. At length a violent shock awoke him to consciousness, and he perceived that the log had become stranded on a sandy point, the extremity of which was lost in darkness. Painfully raising himself from his uncomfortable position, he staggered to his feet, and, crawling a few paces up the beach, flung himself upon the ground and slept.

When he woke up it was past mid-day, and the sun poured its full rays upon him. His clothes were dry in all places, save the side on which he had been lying, and he rose to his feet refreshed by his long sleep. He scarcely comprehended, as yet, his true position. He had escaped, it was true, but not for long. He was versed in the history of escapes, and knew that a man alone on that barren coast was face to face with starvation or recapture. Glancing up at the sun, he wondered, indeed, how it was that he had been free so long. Then the coal sheds caught his eye, and he understood that they were untenanted. This astonished him, and he began to tremble with vague apprehension. Entering, he looked around, expecting every moment to see some lurking constable or armed soldier. Suddenly his glance fell upon the loaves which lay in the corner where the departing convicts had flung them the night before. At such a moment, this discovery seemed like a direct revelation from heaven. He would not have been surprised had they disappeared. Had he lived in another age, he would have looked round for the angel who had brought them.

(To be continued.)

Rattled.
Miss Deery's mother came into the room rather suddenly, and Mr. Spooner endeavored to cover his embarrassment.

"As I was just saying," he began in a formally conversational tone. "Why, no you weren't, George!" interrupted Miss Deery, hastily. "You were speaking of football—don't you remember?"—Cleveland Leader.

Unwelcome Contents.
"I see you carry a heavy stock of eggs," remarked the caller. "Is there anything in eggs?" "Well," replied the truthful grocer, "there was something in the consignment that came in last week." "Indeed! What?" "Chickens."

At Bacon Bridge.
Drummer—Why are all the natives of this village out this morning? Uncle Silas—Why, by heck, they heard an automobile with one of those new calliope whistles coming down the road and thought a circus parade was on the way.

One Woman's Wisdom.
"But," queried the visitor, "what was your object in putting a stove in this room when it is steam-heated?" "Oh," replied the hostess. "I did that so the baby wouldn't catch cold if it accidentally touches the steam pipes."

After the Breakdown.
Prudent Pa—Yes, my son, every lad should let the word "push" be his watchword.

Modern Son—I agree with you, pa. He may some day grow up and own an automobile.

In a Nutshell.
Tess—Count Brokelegh seems to be paying Miss Mona Toburn marked attention. Jess—Yes, dollar-marked attention. —Philadelphia Press.

"Seeing Gotham."
Gunner—So you went to New York on pleasure bent, eh? Did you get bent? Guyer—Worse than bent. I got broke.