A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter IV—Continued.

One fine morning John Ferrier was about to set out for his wheat fields, when he heard the click of the latch, and, looking through the window, saw a stout, sandy-haired, middle-aged man coming up the pathway.

His heart leaped to his mouth, for this was none other than the great Brigham Young himself. Full of trepidation—for he knew that such a visit boded him little good—Ferrier ran to the door to greet the Mormon chief. This latter, however, received his salutation coldly, and followed him with a stern face into the sitting room.

"Brother Ferrier," he said, taking a seat, and eyeing the farmer keenly from under his light-colored eyelashes, "the true believers have been good friends to you. We picked you up when you were starving in the desert, we shared our food with you, led you safe to the chosen valley, gave you a goodly share of land, and allowed you to wax rich under our protection. Is not this so?"

"It is so," answered John Ferrier.

"In return for all this, we asked but one condition; that was, that you should embrace the true faith, and conform in every way to its usages. This you promised to do; and this, if common report says truly, you have neglected."

"And how have I neglected it?" asked Ferrier, throwing out his hands in expostulation. "Have I not given to the common fund? Have I not attended at the temple? Have I not—"

"Where are your wives?" asked Young, looking round him. "Call them in, that I may greet them."

"It is true that I have not married," Ferrier answered. "But women were few, and there were many who had better claims than I, I was not a lonely man; I had my daughter to attend my wants."

"It is of that daughter that I would speak to you," said the leader of the Mormons. "She has grown to be the flower of Utah, and has found favor in the eyes of many who are high in the land."

John Ferrier groaned internally.

"There are stories of her which I would fain disbelieve—stories that she is sealed to some gentile. This must be the gossip of idle tongues. What is the thirteenth role in the code of the sainted John Smith? 'Let every maiden of the true faith marry one of the elect, for if she wed a gentile she commits a grievous sin.' This being so, it is impossible that you, who profess the holy creed, should suffer your daughter to violate it."

John Ferrier made no answer, but he played nervously with his riding whip.

"Upon this one point your whole faith should be tested—so it has been decided in the Sacred Council of Four. The girl is young and we would not have her wed gray hairs, neither would we deprive her of all choice. We elders have many wives, but our children must also be provided. Stangerson has a son and Drebber has a son, and either of them would gladly welcome your daughter to their house. Let her choose between them. They are young and rich and of the true faith. What say you to that?"

Ferrier remained silent for some little time with his brows knitted.

"You will give us time," he said at last. "My daughter is very young—she is scarcely of an age to marry."

"She shall have a month to choose," said Young, rising from his seat. "At the end of that time she shall give her answer."

He was passing through the door when he turned with flushed face and flashing eyes.

"It were better for you, John Ferrier," he thundered, "that you and she were now lying blanched skeletons upon the Sierra Blanco than that you should put your weak wills against the orders of the Holy Four!"

With a threatening gesture of his hand, he turned from the door, and Ferrier heard his heavy step scrunching along the shingly path.

He was still sitting with his elbows upon his knees, considering how he should broach the matter to his daughter, when a soft hand was laid upon his, and, looking up, saw her standing beside him.

One glance at her pale, frightened face showed him that she had heard what had passed.

"I could not help it," she said in answer to his look. "His voice rang through the house. Oh, father—father! What shall we do?"

"Don't you scare yourself," he answered, drawing her to him and passing his broad, rough hand caressingly over her chestnut hair. "We'll fix it up somehow or another. You don't find your fancy kind o' lessening for this chap, do you?"

A sob and a squeeze of his hand was her only answer.

"No, of course not. I shouldn't care to hear you say you did. He's a likely lad, and he's a Christian, which is more than these folk here, in spite o' all their praying and preaching. There's a party starting for Nevada tomorrow, and I'll manage to send him a message letting him know the hole we are in. If I know anything o' that young man he'll be back here with a speed that would whip electro-telegraphs."

Lucy laughed through her tears at her father's description.

"When he comes he will advise us for the best. But it is for you that I am frightened, dear. One hears—one hears such dreadful stories about those who oppose the prophet; something terrible always happens to them."

"But we havn't opposed him yet," her father answered. "It will be time to look out for squalls when we do. We have a clear month before us; at the end of that, I guess we had best shin out of Utah."

"Leave Utah?"

"That's about the size of it."

"But the farm?"

"We will raise as much as we can in money, and let the rest go. To tell the truth, Lucy, it isn't the first time I have thought of doing it. I don't care about knocking under to any man, as these folk do to their darned prophet. I'm a free-born American, and it's all new to me. Guess I'm too old to learn. If he comes browsing about his farm, he might chance to run up against a charge of buckshot traveling in the opposite direction."

"But they won't let us leave," his daughter objected.

"Wait till Jefferson comes, and we'll soon manage that. In the meantime, don't you fret yourself, my dearie, and don't get your eyes swelled up, else he'll be walking into me when he sees you. There's nothing to be afeared about, and there's no danger at all."

John Ferrier uttered these consoling remarks in a very confident tone, but she could not help observing that he paid unusual care to the fastening of the doors that night, and that he carefully cleaned and loaded the rusty old shotgun which hung upon the wall of his bedroom.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning which followed his interview with the Mormon prophet, John Ferrier went in to Salt Lake City, and, having found his acquaintance who was bound for the Nevada Mountains, he intrusted him with his message to Jefferson Hope.

In it he told the young man of the imminent danger which threatened them, and how necessary it was that he should return.

Having done this, he felt easier in his mind, and returned home with a lighter heart.

As he approached his farm he was surprised to see a horse hitched to each of the posts of the gate. Still more surprised was he on entering to find two young men in possession of his sitting room.

Both of them nodded to Ferrier as he entered, and the one in the rocking chair commenced the conversation.

"Maybe you don't know us," he said. "This here is the son of Elder Drebber, and I'm Joseph Stangerson, who traveled with you in the desert when the Lord stretched out His hand and gathered you into the true fold."

"As He will all the nations, in His own good time," said the other, in a nasal voice; "He grindeth slowly but exceedingly small."

"We have come," continued Stangerson, "at the advice of our fathers, to solicit the hand of your daughter for which ever of us may seem good to you and to her. As I have but four wives and Brother Drebber here has seven, it appears to me that my claim is the stronger one."

"Nay, nay, Brother Stangerson," cried the other; "the question it not how many wives we have, but how many we can keep. My father has now given over his mills to me, and I am the richer man."

"But my prospects are better," said the other, warmly. "When the Lord removes my father I shall have his tanning yard and his leather factory. Then I am your elder, and am higher in the church."

"It will be for the maiden to decide," rejoined young Drebber, smirking at his own reflection in the glass. "We will leave it all to her decision."

During this dialogue John Ferrier had stood fuming in the doorway, hardly able to keep his riding whip from the backs of his two visitors.

"Look here," he said, at last, striding up to them, "when my daughter summons you, you can come; but until then, I don't want to see your faces again."

The two young Mormons stared at him in amazement. In their eyes this competition between them for the maiden's hand was the highest of honors both to her and her father.

"There are two ways out of the room," cried Ferrier; "there is the door, and there is the window. Which do you care to use?"

His brown face looked so savage, and his gaunt hands so threatening, that his visitors sprang to their feet and beat a hurried retreat.

The old farmer followed them to the door.

"Let me know when you have settled which it is to be," he said, sardonically.

"You shall smart for this!" Stangerson cried, white with rage. "You have defied the prophet and the Council of Four. You shall rue it to the end of your days."

"The hand of the Lord shall be heavy upon you," cried young Drebber. "He will arise and smite you."

"Then I'll start the smiting," exclaimed Ferrier, furiously, and he would have rushed upstairs for his gun had not Lucy seized him by the arm and restrained him.

"The young, canting rascals!" he exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "I would sooner see you in your grave, my girl, than the wife of either of them."

"And so should I, father," she answered, with spirit, "but Jefferson will soon be here."

"Yes. It will not be long before he comes. The sooner the better, for we do not know what their next move may be."

It was indeed high time that some one capable of giving advice and help should come to the aid of the sturdy old farmer and his adopted daughter.

In the whole history of the settlement there had never been such a case of rank disobedience to the authority of the elders. If minor errors were punished so sternly, what would be the fate of this arch-rebel?

Ferrier knew that his wealth and position would be of no avail to him. Others as well known and as rich as himself had been spirited away before now, and their goods given over to the church.

He was a brave man, but he trembled at the vague, shadowy terrors which hung over him. Any known danger he could face with a firm lip, but this suspense was unnerving.

He concealed his fears from his daughter, however, and affected to make light of the whole matter, though she, with the keen eye of love, saw plainly that he was ill at ease.

Upon rising next morning he found to his surprise a small square of paper pinned on to the coverlet of his bed, just over his chest. On it was printed, in bold, straggling letters:

"Twenty-nine days are given you for amendment and then——"

The dash was more fear-inspiring than any threat could have been. How this warning came into his room puzzled John Ferrier sorely, for his servants slept in an out-house, and the doors and windows had all been secured.

He crumpled the paper up and said nothing to his daughter, but the incident struck a chill to his heart.

The twenty-nine days were evidently the balance of the month which Young had promised.

What strength or courage could avail against an enemy armed with such mysterious powers?

The hand which fastened that pin might have struck him to the heart, and he could never have known who had slain him.

Still more shaken was he next morning. They had sat down to breakfast when Lucy, with a cry of surprise, pointed upward.

In the center of the ceiling was scrawled, with a burnt stick, apparently, the number 28. To his daughter it was unintelligible, and he did enlighten her.

That night he sat up with his gun and kept watch and ward. He saw and heard nothing, and yet in the morning a great 27 had been painted upon the outside of his door.

Thus day followed day and as sure as morning came he found that his unseen enemies had kept their register, and had marked up in some conspicuous position how many days were still left to him out of the month of grace. Sometimes the fatal number appeared upon the walls, sometimes upon the floors; occasionally they were on small placards stuck upon the garden gate or the railings.

With all his vigilance John Ferrier could not discover whence these daily warnings proceeded.

A horror, which was almost superstitious, came upon him at sight of them. He became haggard and restless, and his eyes had the troubled look of some hunted creature.

He had but one hope in life now, and that was for the arrival of the young hunter from Nevada.

Twenty had changed to fifteen, and fifteen to ten, but there was no news of the absentee. One by one the number dwindled down, and still there came no sign of him.

Whenever a horseman clattered down the road or a driver shouted at his team, the old farmer hurried to the gate, thinking that help had arrived at last.

At last, when he saw five give way to four and that again to three, he lost heart, and abandoned all hope of escape. Single-handed, and with his limited knowledge of the mountains which surrounded the settlement, he knew that he was powerless.

The more frequented roads were strictly watched and guarded, and none could pass along them without an order from the council. Turn which way he would, there appeared to be no avoiding the blow which hung over him.

Yet the old man never wavered in his resolution to part with life itself before he consented to what he regarded as his daughter's dishonor.

He was sitting alone one evening pondering deeply over his troubles, and searching vainly for some way out of them.

That morning had shown the figure two upon the wall of his house, and the next day would be the last of the allotted time. What was to happen then?

All manner of vague and terrible fancies filled his imagination.

And his daughter—what was to become of her after he was gone? Was there no escape from the invisible network which was drawn all around them?

He sunk his head upon the table and sobbed at the thought of his own impotence.

What was that? In the silence he heard a gentle scratchingg sound—low, but very distinct, in the quiet of the night. It came from the door of the house.

(To be Continued.)

Amusing Errors of Speech.

Bridget, who came to this country last year, has a limited vocabulary, and while she is learning fast, some of the words and expressions she has acquired do not always fit, her ear not having been accurate in getting the rigat term. Thus the other day she said to her mistress:

"Shall I fix that Kansas back duck for dinner?"

Again, Bridget was telling a tale of a missing friend in this city, when she exclaimed:

"Do you know, I believe when Katie turns up she'll be found in the Potash field!"

While at work on Friday a tremendous blast near by in the subway rattled the dishes in the kitchen and the girl cried out:

"There goes that rapid transom again!"

Courtroom Repartee.

An expert does not always relish being tackled by an oversharp lawyer. Yet in such verbal duels the former frequently scores. A mining expert was giving evidence in connection with an important mining case, and he was being exposed to a galling fire of cross-examination. The questions related to the form that the ore was found in, generally described as "kidney lumps."

"Now," said the sharp lawyer, "how large are these lumps—are they as long as my head?"

"Yes," was the ready reply," "as long, but not nearly so thick."

The court roared, and a beautiful smile shone upon the face of the expert.

Bear More of an Attraction.

Parson (who has just arrived for the first time at his new country living)—I say, porter, my arrival seems to have caused a great deal of excitement in the village.

Porter—Yes, sir; but it's nowt to when the dancing bear was here yesterday.—London Tit-Bits.

Logical.

Bridget—Oi can't stay, ma'am, on less you give me more wages.

Mrs. Hiram Often—What! Why, you don't know how to cook or do house work at all.

Bridget—That's jist it, ma'am, an' not knowin' how, sure the work is all the harder for me, ma'am.

The Selfishness of Men.

He—Darling, what do you suppose I have done today?

She—I couldn't guess in a hundred years.

He—I have had my life insured.

She—That's just like you, John Mann. All you seem to think of is yourself.—Boston Transcript.

Analysis.

She—After all, what is the difference between illusion and delusion.

He—Illusions are the lovely fancies we have about ourselves, and delusions are the foolish fancies other people have about themselves.—Life.

The Old Story.

Harold — And so their marriage turned out unhappily?

Mildred—Yes; she was a hard ice cream soda drinker, and he married her to reform her.

OLD FAVORITES

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart, and chippy, and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck horses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft, white mound,
Upset, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critter's aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow and prayed.

* * * * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm, and sleepy, and white,
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm,
They jest stooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.
—John Hay.

FOR A HUDSON BAY RAILWAY.

Dream of Canadians Now Likely to Become a Reality.

The statement a few days ago that the Canadian government has equipped a party which will begin at once the exploration of the vast wilderness lying north of the Great Lakes seems to indicate that the project for a Hudson Bay railway, which has been a dream for many years, may become a reality in the near future. Little is known of the character of the country between the lakes and James' bay, but what has been heard from hunters and Indian guides leads to the belief that the section is wealthy, with deposits of coal and ore, with great forests, and with land suitable for agriculture.

The task of surveying these extensive tracts will be a stupendous one, and the Canadian government does not expect that the labors of the surveying party will be completed within two years.

Although Canadians realized the wealth of the Hudson Bay country, and talked about a railroad for it for more than twenty years, they finally were forced to stand aside and watch American capital do the business. The first step was taken something over a year ago, when a road was built north from Sault Ste. Marie into the forests in the Moose River country, chiefly to carry pulp to the mills at the "Soo." While it is by no means certain that this road will ever get as far north as James' Bay, it is headed that way.

From the "Soo" to Moose Factory, the southernmost point of James' Bay, is a distance of about 500 miles. The Moose river, from its headwaters at Brunswick Post, seventy miles north of the Canadian Pacific line, is 425 miles long, and the road would follow its course for the most part, not much allowance being made for deviations. The upper stretches of the river run for considerable distances through muskeg, or swampy land, and for a long stretch the surrounding country, though heavily timbered, is comparatively level.

It would not offer any more difficult problems of engineering in railroad building than have been solved satisfactorily in the pineries and swamp lands in northern Minnesota and Wisconsin.

It is not certain that the stories of the vast mineral wealth of the Moose river country are justified, for little prospecting has been done. But aside from the timber, a rich farming country undoubtedly could be opened along the valley of that river by a railroad. Men who have traveled through from the American line to James' Bay report abundant evidence of the rich fertility of the soil.

With a railroad, that section, now a desolate waste, would become one of the richest agricultural sections of Canada. The argument made against its agricultural development is that short seasons would make diversified agriculture impossible and that grain would not thrive.

Those familiar with the country, however, report that the season along the Moose river is not so much shorter than that of Manitoba, one of the greatest wheat belts of the world. Fifty miles south of James' Bay the climate is not affected by the changes of the sea. Every Hudson Bay post has its garden patch, where all kinds of vegetables are raised.

The development of these rich farming lands would, it is thought, be a big investment for any road. The Moose river drops 1,000 feet in 425 miles, and, being a constant succession of rapids, offers wonderful opportunities for manufacturing through the development of its water power.

FUNERALS IN OLD MEXICO.

Street Cars for Hearses, and Coffins Peddled from Door to Door.

"Did you ever see a 'street car funeral?'" The questioner was a drummer for a large Eastern house, and had just returned from an extensive trip throughout Mexico.

"A street car funeral?" the reporter repeated.

"Yes, sir! One meets with odd sights the moment he crosses the Mexican border, but he reaches the climax in the City of Mexico itself, and from what I can learn it is the only town in the world where 'street car funerals' are an everyday occurrence. Funerals, like all other things Mexican, are divided into two classes. Those who can afford luxuries procure the hearse drawn by four black horses, with a coachman and a footman, and ornamented with gold and silver trappings of every description. But the poorer element must be content with just a plain, ordinary street car, with the seats removed, a few pieces of cheap black cloth tacked here and there to lend a somber effect, and drawn by a pair of sunburned but energetic mules.

"When a Mexican dies the street car company is immediately notified to have a hearse and the required number of coaches at a certain point on their track as near as possible to the late residence of the deceased. The coffin is then placed upon the shoulders of four friends and carried from the house to the street car pageant in waiting. The remains are carefully deposited on the platform of the first car, the gaudily attired mourners climb in the remaining coaches, and the funeral proceeds, in more or less state, to the cemetery. Cigarettes are very much in evidence, and a casual observer might well suppose from the ascending smoke that the remains were being cremated en route.

"If the mourners are extremely sorrowful they may pull down the blinds and close the doors, thus enjoying complete privacy. The great objection, however, to the street car funeral is the degree of speed that must be maintained in order to keep the tracks cleared for regular traffic. In fact, on one occasion just before I left the capital I saw the little mules attached to the second-class hearse coming down the street at a full gallop, affording us an astonishing combination of 'the quick and the dead.'

"And speaking of funerals reminds me of a little incident which occurred up in Queretaro, a town some miles north of the city. I was sitting out in front of the adobe hotel one evening when I noticed an old man going from door to door with a plain pine coffin on his back. He was what is termed a 'coffin peddler,' and was trying to induce the residents to lay in a supply of coffins for the approaching winter. The principal argument used in disposing of his grewsome wares was that all are bound to die sooner or later, and one might as well be supplied with all the necessary requisites to a funeral."—Washington Post.

Birth of London Bridge.

On Aug. 1, 1831, William IV. and Queen Adelaide formally opened with much ceremony the famous London bridge, so that the structure now is a little over seventy-one years old. Their majesties went in grand procession from Buckingham palace to Somerset house, and thence by barge to the bridge. The awnings of the royal barge were removed, that a full view of the royal pair could be had along the whole line. At London bridge a grand pavilion had been set up close to the site of Old Fishmongers' Hall. It was constructed of standards captured in a hundred fights, canopied in crimson and decorated with massive shields. When the King stepped ashore he said to two members of the London bridge committee: "Mr. Jones and Mr. Routh, I am very glad to see you on London bridge. It is certainly a most beautiful edifice and the spectacle is the grandest and the most delightful in every respect that I ever had the pleasure to witness." This, of course, says the London News, was before any one thought of building an annex to Westminster Abbey.

Reported Him Literally.

Fault was found with the way in which the shorthand writers reported the speeches in a legislative body. They retaliated by giving the speech of one of the members exactly as he made it, with the following result:

"The reporters—ought not to—the reporters ought not to be the ones to judge what is important—not to say what should be left out—but—the member can only judge of what is important. As I—as my speeches—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—nobody can understand from the reports—what it is—what I mean. So—it strikes me—it has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance—are sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—points are reported—I mean—to make a brief statement—what the paper thinks of interest—is reported."—Cleveland Leader.

All Sirloin.

Holman F. Day's "Pine Tree Ballads" tells in verse a number of stories that actually happened "down in Maine," and are remembered there today by old narrators. One relates to Barney McGauldric, a landlord of that State, at whose house famous men liked to stay, that they might enjoy a merry joke.

Barney was always loyal to his friends. At one time a new meat dealer came to town, and tried to secure the landlord's trade.

"I have always bought meat of Jed Haskell," said Barney, "and I guess I won't change."

"But," said the other, "old Haskell doesn't know his business. He doesn't even know how to cut meat."

"Well," drawled Barney, "I've always found that he knows enough about it to cut sirloin steak clear to the horn, and that's good enough for me."

Sound Sleep.

We sleep the soundest between three and five o'clock in the morning. An hour or two after going to bed you sleep very soundly; then your slumber grows gradually lighter, and it is easy enough to waken you at one or two o'clock. But when four o'clock comes you are in such a state of somnolence that it would take a great deal to waken you.

PAGAN RITES IN SCOTIA.

Many Scottish Customs that Originated in Superstition.

Nearly all travelers in central Africa have referred to the curious customs prevalent among all pagan native tribes of driving quantities of nails into sacred trees and other objects that have been adjudged worthy of veneration, and this not in malice, but as a religious rite, the nails in question being intended as votive offerings. Exactly the same thing may be witnessed to-day at the sacred well of St. Maelruba, in Loch Maree, Rossshire, where is an ancient oak tree studded with countless nails of all sizes, the offerings of invalid pilgrims who came to worship and be cured, says a writer in Stray Stories.

Pennies and half-pennies also are to be seen in enormous quantities driven edgewise in the tough bark, and a friend of the writer's who visited the spot some little time back discovered in a cleft high up in the trunk what he took to be a shilling. On being extracted, however, it proved to be counterfeit. Probably the donor, finding that he could get no value for his coin in the natural world, concluded he might as well try, as a last resort, what effect it might have on the spiritual.

Of course, the poor cottars and others who flock to St. Maelruba with their nails and their pence do not for a moment admit that they are assisting at a pagan ceremony. But they most undoubtedly are. Well worship has always occupied an important place in paganism, and the sacred oak, before which each pilgrim must thrice kneel ere humbly presenting his offering—what is it but an obvious survival of the sacred groves of Druidical times?

THE FUN OF CAMPING OUT.

More and more popular is camp life becoming each year, says Country Life in America. With those who go into the deep woods in quest of big game and fish the camp life is, after all, the real attraction, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these trips there are thousands who cannot. For these there are peaceful rivers, wood-girt lakes and ponds and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune available for quite as charming a two-weeks' outing beneath canvas. In making up a camping party, choose you such congenial spirits as shall be foresworn to philosophical optimism.

And let there be a wag among them, who, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of discomfort. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet of water with good fishing, pine boughs for a bed and driftwood for a fire, and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life! Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have become a species of civilized barbarian, and it is good. Sunshine or shower, what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days, but happy days, are the days in camp. Hap and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through memory many a time during the after months.

BANKRUPTS IN LIVERY.

Curious Laws Once Enforced in England and Scotland.

At one time England and Scotland bankrupts were compelled to wear a distinctive dress. This was a result of enactments passed at various times in Scotland from the year 1606 to 1688. The Edinburgh Court of Sessions specified the dress to be of parti-color, one-half yellow and the other brown, something after the style of the dress now worn in English prisons by the worst class of prisoners, those who have attempted to escape or been guilty of murderous assaults on officers. The enactment also provided that the bankrupt should be exhibited publicly in the market place of his town for a period of two hours and then sent away, condemned to wear the dress until such time as he had paid his debts or some one else had done it for him.

Although this was a period of laws which can only be described as ferocious, this law was such an outrage on public sentiment that in 1688 it was so far repealed that the wearing of the dress was only compulsory in cases in which fraud had been proved, or, curiously enough, if the bankrupt had been convicted of smuggling. The same practice was legal, but not generally in force in England down to the year 1830. The idea was, of course, to warn persons who might have given credit that the bankrupt was not able to pay, but popular sentiment soon recognized that it was wholly unfair to impose excessive penalties on a man who might have become bankrupt through no fault of his own, and, as usual, when the law became contrary to public feeling it ceased to be operative.

Original View of an Old Tar.

Few persons who take out life insurance postpone that action so long as did an old English sailor who recently applied for a policy. When he presented himself at the insurance office he was naturally asked his age. His reply was 94. "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the agent of the company. "Why not?" demanded the applivant. "Why, you say you are 94 years of age." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at the statistics and they will tell you that fewer men die at 94 than at any other age."

Equally Divided.

A good story is told of twin brothers, one of whom was a clergyman and the other a doctor. A short-sighted woman congratulated the latter on his admirable sermon. "Excuse me, madam," was his reply, "over there is my brother, who preaches; I only practice."—Evening Wisconsin.

Some folks who don't believe in faith cures have unlimited faith in their physicians.