

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH

It mattered not that the runabout was second hand, and purchased at auction, though at a ridiculously low price. It mattered not that I had but nine-horse power while Fred Wilson, in his fine new touring car, had forty. I was as happy as a king, for my new possession set aside, to some extent, at least, Fred's advantage over me in the attack upon Miss Stradman's heart. He had been taking her riding on the Beach Drive, and I had ground my teeth with futile jealousy, until along came my wonderful opportunity. I bought the machine, though it was really beyond my means. I simply couldn't help it. When a man is in love, you know, he's all kinds of a fool.

And didn't my breast swell with pride when I whirled up to Alice's house that evening, the second after my purchase, to take her in the moonlight along that magnificent five-mile stretch of perfect road? I had made up my mind to tell her that night all that had been in my heart for so many apprehensive hours—that I loved her, that I wanted her for my very own—in fact, that she was the only girl in all the world for me.

Oh, it is glorious to sit by the girl you love and spin through the night in a silent, smooth-running machine. I drank in the full joy of it. A dozen times I was on the point of speaking. I had been practicing steadily at the steering, endeavoring to be able to manage the machine with one hand, in order to have the other free for Alice's waist. I pictured it all out—how she would listen in silence, then look at me with sparkling eyes and let her pretty head fall on my shoulder; and how I would then put my arm around her, very tenderly, and draw her close and kiss her, but it did not turn out that way at

I was going to say 'precious head' but my mouth became suddenly dry and my heart made violent leaps. I was stage-struck—love-frightened. I had a sort of buck-a-gue. I took courage and found my tongue. "Alice," I said gently, placing my disengaged hand on her own, "I want to tell you something that has—that has been—has been on my mind for—"

I think she understood what was coming, but I got no further. In the darkness, at the roadside, a huge black bulk loomed, like an enormous dog. A sudden terror shot through me. The machine swerved sharply, and I was compelled to use both hands to steady it. I turned up the speed a trifle, and then instinctively looked behind. A glance was enough. The bulk had moved out into the road and was directly behind us. What could it be? A dog? A—my heart sank. I thought of the chorus of unusual howls and roars heard shortly before. I looked back again. There was no doubt about it. Behind us, loping easily with tail switching in grace, came a huge male lion. I recognized the great shaggy head. It had escaped from the Zoo, and was probably mad with fright from the attempts of the keepers to capture it.

A little faster, and still a little faster. I did not want to turn on full speed at once. Alice might understand. Probably we could slip away from the pursuer, and run into town without her knowing the risk. But as I turned my head a few hundred yards further I saw that my speed was of no avail. The lion was just as close as before, bounding like a giant cat, as easily and as quietly as a phantom.

But you can not keep a secret from a woman. Alice turned her eyes to

made a prodigious leap, and had we been a trifle less swift would have landed on top of us. But we shot from under him, and as he descended one great paw swept over the seatback and wiped off half of the leather covering. God, those claws and their power. Another jump and we would be done for.

The automobile in front was now almost upon us. The deep-toned horn sounded a warning. At that instant I decided on a new course. We were approaching a road crossing. Taking the handle firmly I swerved sharp across the track, just grazing the big car in front, and darted down the side road. But I had miscalculated, or my hand was unsteady. The next moment we crashed into the bushes at the side of the road and came to a short stop in the midst of a dense clump of laurel. I crouched and awaited the descent of the lion. I could feel him in the air behind me. I waited with a prayer on my lips.

Instead I heard confusion on the Wood Road. There were loud yells. The machine was at a stop, for I could see the lights through the trees. Alice was in a dead faint, and seeing that I could not help her at that moment and that the beast had disappeared I jumped out and ran to the roadside. There stood Fred Wilson's big touring car, with the front smashed in; there stood Fred and his three companions; and there, in the middle of the road, lay the lion. My plan was successful. Following us closely he had no time to dodge the heavy car. He met it head on. There could be only one result.

My runabout was not hurt, and after a time, with Alice beside me, recovered, though tremulous, we rode slowly home. The supper was abandoned. But in the quiet of Alice's dainty parlor, with no fear of pursuers or intruders, I went on with my interrupted story. And later, with both arms around her, and her dear face very close to mine, we planned our honeymoon.

Delightful—For the Guests.

There were many visitors that summer at his suburban home. He was a subordinate clerk drawing the large monthly stipend of a hundred dollars, but of course the guests were not cognizant of the extent of his income, nor did that question appear to enter their minds.

He was anxious to do everything in reason to make life in the country endurable to his wife who hated house-keeping under the best of circumstances, especially in the country, while the breath of fresh air and communion with nature were proving his salvation from exhaustive daily brain work, by which the current funds were supplied.

So he made these guests welcome in every way, giving up his room at times, changing his former easy habits, (but not his best clothes, as had been his wont when he reached home at evening) returning company calls and thereby neglecting necessary work on his place, etc., etc. Of course there were many extra expenses. A drive now and then, extra servant hire, the greatly increased cost of the table, the milk bill, the butcher's bill, the bill for fuel and the general wastage, all of which would have been of small moment to a man with a large income, but were to him very disheartening as weeks passed by and the guests made no sign of departure.

But all things must come to an end, and as the cooler days and evenings of autumn arrived they said, "But indeed, we surely must return to the city. We have staid months where we expected to remain weeks."

And so they gave their host a formal handshake and a perfunctory good bye, while they kissed and embraced the hostess and to her said: "Never have we been more charmingly entertained; you have done everything in your power to make this a summer long to be remembered."

And the poor clerk returned to his desk and work, the house resumed its normal condition, but as each pay day rolled around he added his debts and his credits, only to find that extra hundred dollars persistently remaining on the wrong side of the ledger.

Whether it is ample compensation for him to hear, when he occasionally meets one of his former friends, of the charming hospitality shown by his wife, is known only to himself. Doubtless so, since husband and wife are one.

Uncomfortable English Hotels.

W. D. Howells, in Harper's.

With the aid of the two candles which I lighted I discovered the grate in the wall near the head of the bed, and on examining it closely I perceived that there was a fire in it. The grate would have held quite a double handful of coal if carefully put on; the fire which seemed to be flickering so feebly had yet the weary energy to draw all the warmth of the chamber up the chimney, and I stood shivering in the temperature of a subterranean dungeon. The place instantly gave evidence of being haunted, and the testimony of my nerves on this point was corroborated by the spectral play of the firelight on the ceiling when I blew out my candles. In the middle of the night I woke to the sense of something creeping with a rustling noise over the floor. I rejected the hypothesis of my bed curtain falling into place, though I remembered putting it back that I might have light to read myself drowsy. I knew at once that it was a ghost walking the night there, and walking hard. Suddenly it ceased, and I knew why. It had been frozen out.

Has Many Diseases.

In Bellevue Hospital, in New York, there is a man who should be the object of everyone's sympathy. His name is Job Keeley and his occupation is that of a painter. A short time ago he fell from a low scaffold and sustained such injuries as necessitated his being taken to the hospital for treatment. There the surgeon found that he had a slight fracture of the base of the skull. After a further examination it was found that he had tuberculosis of the lungs complicated with bronchitis. His occupation as a painter had given him painter's colic. He is not a young man and his age had hardened his arteries—arteriosclerosis—also "old man's eyes"—presbyopia—the opposite of nearsightedness; he also has water on the brain and his skin is puffed up by air which has escaped under it.

The oldest applejack distillery in the United States is at Warwick, N. J. The worm still in use was brought from England before the Revolutionary war.

QUEER DANISH SITUATION.

European and Diplomatic Gossip.

The late Lord Stanley, of Alderley, England, entertained absolutely fantastic hatred towards everything American. Some few years ago the American Society in London was holding its annual dinner on Independence Day, and invited Lord Stanley to the feast. His reply, typical of his dislike of everything American, was: "Lord Stanley presents his compliments to the secretary of the American Society, but can not conceive why he should have been asked to a banquet to celebrate an unatoned rebellion."

Countess Raben Levetzan, wife of the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, is American born, as is her mother, wife of the Danish Minister at Berlin. By the bye so much has been said about the personal popularity of King Christian of Denmark, that most people will probably be surprised to learn that for twenty years, until not many years ago, there has been a deadlock between the veteran monarch and the national legislature. The Liberals have continuously held a majority in the



KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

Folkething, the Danish House of Commons, but the King has insisted on choosing his cabinet ministers from the other party, the Conservatives.

The representatives of the minority have conducted the routine business of the government, but whenever they have had to ask the Folkething for special funds, that body, which controls the official purse, has thwarted them. The royal residence in Copenhagen, the old palace of Christiansborg, was destroyed by fire in 1884, and the feeling between the Crown and the legislature had been so bitter that money had never been appropriated to restore it. For almost twenty years King Christian lived in comparatively small and shabby quarters at the Amalienborg palace until finally the long-standing dispute was ended by the King's recognition of the majority party.

It may not be surprising that the expatriated William Waldorf Astor should claim for the first American Astor—and inferentially, of course, for himself—an ancient and distinguished lineage. The distinguished ancestor to whom his descent is traced is Don Pedro d'Assagon, a Spanish grandee of the eleventh century, who settled in France, where his successors—a long line of signeurs and marquises—changed their name to Astors. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Jean Jacques d'Astorg, who was a Huguenot, fled across the Rhine; Johann Jacob Astor, the Waldorf butcher, was his grandson. This information will, no doubt, be of interest to American antiquarians. It is well known that John Jacob Astor came to this country an almost penniless immigrant, sailing from the village of Waldorf in Baden. His descendant of today speaks of him as a "peasant," but as a matter of fact he was the son of the village butcher, and began his career by working in his father's shop—a fact which it is not recorded that he ever sought to conceal.

King Leopold of Belgium has conferred upon Mrs. Ellen M. Henriotin, vice-president and acting president of the Woman's Auxiliary Congress of the World's Columbian Exposition, the order of the Knighthood of Leopold. It is believed that Mrs. Henriotin is the only woman in this country who has received this decoration. She was at one time national president of the Federation of Woman's Clubs, and is prominent in society. She is the wife of Charles Henriotin, Belgian Consul in Chicago. The Order of Leopold was founded in 1832 by Leopold I; there are five classes.

In selecting a wife, Serge de Witte the great Russian statesman, chose a Jewess, one of the race which has been treated so cruelly in his country. Mme. de Witte was formerly the wife of a subordinate official, but she secured a divorce and has been very happy in her second marriage in spite of the fact that she has never been received at court. She also has been ignored by the leading society women of St. Petersburg, notwithstanding the high positions her husband has held.

Van Calava.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

(From the Automobile Advocate.) Under the spreading chestnut trees the village smithy stands. The smith, a lonely man is he, with vast and fertile lands. No more his heavy back he bends beneath the horse's weight; No more his ringing sledge he swings in giant strength late. No more his face is covered o'er with blazing forge's smut. Nor heaved with his honest sweat, its down the street he sits at ease before the wayside inn. And jingling in his broadcloth pants his stacks of easy tin. For wise was he within his day and seized the chance that came. By charging fourteen prices when the motor cars went lame.

Chinese the First Paper Makers.

The first real paper was made by the Chinese. The papyrus of the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians was not paper at all, but simply the piths of the stem of a plant cut into strips, placed side by side and across each other and pressed into a sheet.

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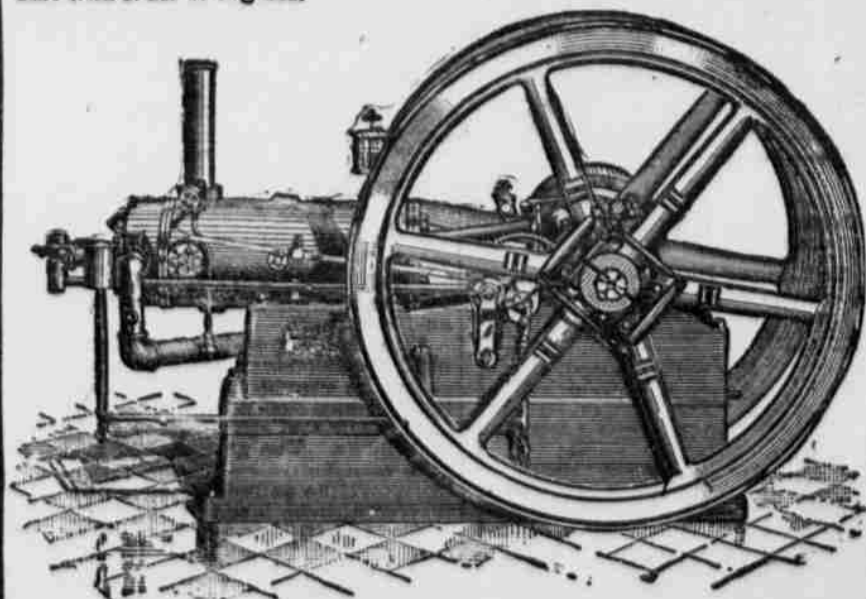
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HE HAD MADE A PRODIGIOUS LEAP.

all. It seldom does turn out just as you plan it.

"We will go clear to the end of the Beach Drive," I said, as we slipped away down Main street and turned into the Boulevard. "Then we will come back by the Wood Road, skirting the Zoo and ending up at Alphonse's for a little supper. How will you like that?" And she smiled up at me so appreciatively that I felt perfectly sure, for full half a minute, that she was just as much in love with me as I was with her.

It was so open on the Drive, and there was such a stream of automobiles and carriages that I deferred speaking to her of my secret. It would be better in the seclusion of the Wood Road. So we talked generally, and looked out over the water at the vessels in the Sound, and admired the beauty of the glorious moonlight on the dancing waves. Then, at the end of the beautiful path along the water we turned abruptly and entered the quiet and seclusion of the great pine woods. The road was rather narrow, and wound intricately through the forest for several miles, emerging upon a broad plaza at the front entrance to the Zoo. This road was not much frequented at night, and I felt that I would have ample opportunity to express myself. I trembled inwardly. The time was very near. I must speak soon.

It was very quiet in the woods. At intervals we could hear faintly the baying and howling of the animals in the Zoo. Occasionally an elephant trumpeted, or a jaguar screamed. We were used to these sounds, but Alice was just a little frightened when there came a perfect babel of sounds from the enclosure. She drew closer to me, and I, relying on my skill, took my left hand from the steering bar and slipped it gently behind her, though I dared not take the liberty of embracing her. She looked up at me in some alarm. "Suppose one of those terrible beasts should get out and come after us?" she asked timidly. I laughed at her fears. "Why, it would be easy to run away with my machine," I said. "And anyhow, you don't suppose I would let anything harm a single hair of your, your—"

the rear, then with a piercing shriek threw both arms around me and clutched me in a most delicious embrace, though I would willingly have foregone the occasion.

"Yes, my dear," I said quietly. "I know all about it. I think we can run away from him, though." I touched the speed lever again. This was the last notch. We were at our limit, with a good two miles ahead of us before any possibility of help.

The machine was now running steadily, with a straight road for half a mile, and I let my left arm stretch around Alice's waist and held her in a protecting clasp. I thought no more about love and soft declarations. I knew only that here was the sweetest girl in the world, in imminent danger of being torn to shreds by a ferocious lion, and that only a miracle, including steady hand and head on my part, would give even a ghost of a chance. I stole another glance behind. Not twenty yards separated us from that relentless, blood-thirsty, powerful animal. Alice had sunk in a heap on my lap. I leaned forward, hoping to reduce the wind pressure and add to our speed, and prayed to heaven for succor.

On and on we went. What if we should burst a tire or blow out a cylinder? The thought was heart-rending. Even at our speed the lion was gaining. He was only ten yards behind. He had increased his speed with mine, making twenty feet at a leap. The uncanny part of it was that he did not make a sound, except now and then a low grumbling growl, as though resenting the trouble he was put to in obtaining a supper.

Far ahead I saw three lights set in the shape of a triangle. The top light was brilliant and threw its rays directly into my eyes. Thank God, an automobile, approaching from the opposite direction. I opened my mouth and made ready to shout. But what good would that be. The other machine would go whizzing by, and we would be no better off than before. Then I flinched, and almost fell into the road, for right in the air behind me appeared the gleaming eyes, the foam-decked jaws, the massive-clawed feet of the lion. He had