

THE LEGEND OF CHIEF'S ISLAND.

Another Story of Indian Folk Lore

One of the largest and best known Islands of Lake Temiscamingue is the Chief's Island. It is situated a few miles from the head of the lake where three large rivers pour their muddy waters into the Saking, adding their yearly quota to the already vast deposits of silt, which have made thousands of acres of dry land rise out of the lake and deep places become shallow. There is nothing in the appearance of Chief's Island that would commend it to distinction. It is a mass of rock covered by a small growth of pine, poplar, and birch, surrounded by shallow water; a narrow channel separating it from the main shore.

In the early days of the Lake Temiscamingue Colonization Company of Quebec a good deal of interest was centered in this island, owing to the fact that an attempt was being made to induce one named Bonaparte Wyse, a relative of the great Bonaparte, to buy it. Whether their object was to sell something that no one else would buy, to a man who had money enough to pay for it, or whether they thought that a rock-bound island was the most appropriate place for a Bonaparte to reside in, I cannot say, but as a matter of fact, the prospect of Temiscamingue Lake becoming the residence of a distant relative of the great Napoleon caused no little excitement at the time. The avowed object of this colonization scheme was to found a "new France," or as an exponent of the society's hopes and aspirations once wrote to the press, when describing the trip of a bishop and several other grandees of the society, up the Ottawa to Temiscamingue, "Our object is to found a new France, not like the old France, irreligious and iconoclastic, but a Catholic France, one that shall love her church and honor its priests," which in itself was a very pretty sentiment for subjects of the British Crown, but alas, only a sentiment, for the exponent himself, when I last heard of him, was fighting his dear church most bitterly, and making it very hot for some of the poor priests whom he was going to honor so much.

It is only natural that a society founded on such a platform should be on the lookout for a suitable monarch to reign over this new France, and thus it was whispered abroad that Mr. Bonaparte Wyse was the very man to fill the position. He had money. The Panama Canal gave him that, showing thereby that he must be a man of parts, for the world can not boast of many men made rich by the Panama Canal. He had both, for was not his grandfather the brother of an emperor? All he needed then was a palace or fortress suitable for the reigning monarch of Temiscamingue, and what place could be more suitable than "The Chief's Island?" Mr. Wyse lent a willing ear to the prospects held out before him. He was sufficiently human not to be insensible to the possible pleasures of being a big man in a small place, and moreover he was anxious to do the same thing by them that the leaders of the colonization society wished to do by him namely, make money out of them; to so invest the Panama-begotten dollars that they should increase and multiply; consequently the little settlement was thrown into a fever of excitement by the announcement that Mr. Bonaparte Wyse was really coming on a visit of inspection to Temiscamingue. The tricolor was very conspicuous, and the little settlement prepared itself to do him honor. A steamer was chartered to convey him to "Chief's Island," and a picnic was organized under the auspices of the good sisters of the Convent of Gray Nuns. The steamer would also have been decked with flags, only it turned out that the captain only possessed Union Jacks, which was a disappointment, but with which they were obliged to content themselves.

"Chief's Island" now changed its name, and became "Bonaparte's Island," out of compliment to the illustrious visitor, who was addressed by these simple folk as "Mon Prince," "Mon Seigneur."

As the island hove in sight, all exclaimed "How lovely, how picturesque!" except, indeed, Mr. Wyse himself, who did not appear so enthusiastically delighted as it was hoped and expected he would be. He questioned its suitability for agricultural purposes, and well he might, for there was not

"Saking," pronounced "Sah-geen," the place in a lake where the river empties itself into it. Land enough on the island to grow potatoes, or his family. However, the picnic was a success; there was plenty both to eat and drink, and when nature's cravings had been satisfied the prospective Lord of the isle began to make a closer inspection of his possible purchase. Nature had intended him for such a place, for he was a tall, active man, whose length of leg assisted him considerably in getting over the endless boulders which constituted the surface of the island. Much as the good people who accompanied him wished to bask in the sunshine of his presence, they could not afford to break their legs even for sake of it, so he soon forged ahead and had completed the circuit of the island before they had traveled half of it, which was a pity, for they might have pointed out to him advantages which he in his hurry had missed. As it was he did not find land enough on it to bury himself, and he was anxious to get away. Unfortunately the steamer was obliged to move off to a place some few miles distant in order to wood up, and as the captain considered that Bonaparte ought to be contented on his own island, he did not hasten to return but kept those poor illustrious prancing up and down those rocks until he was so mad with weariness that I fear he would not have accepted the island as a gift. The Colonization Society's officials looked glum and visions of the Panama dollars began to fade. At length the steamer returned and took her passengers on board. Nor has Mr. Wyse ever set foot on the island since. Temiscamingue as yet has not set up its monarchy, and "Chief's Island" remains "Chief's Island" still, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

For has it not its Indian legend, so intimately associated with its name that to lose the one were almost to lose the other; and however proud Temiscamingue might be of a monarch all its own, there are some unsympathetic souls who would prefer the legend and consider "Isle de Bonaparte" far less interesting and romantic than "Okimah Menisee," "Anglice" "The Island of the Chief."

THE LEGEND OF THE CHIEF'S ISLAND
Long, long ago, when Indians were not the prosaic uninteresting creatures that they are to-day; before the civilizing influence of religion and whisky had metamorphosed them into a rather mean spirit of tramp, the Temiscamingue Band possessed two chiefs,

both claiming the chieftainship, the opinions of the people concerning their respective claims being about evenly divided. It was not likely that two rival chiefs could rule over the one band at the same time, any more than that two kings could rule in the same kingdom, or that two popes could interpret the wishes of the divine founder of Christianity with equal infallibility at one and the same time, without causing considerable disturbances and inconsistencies amongst the people. It was therefore only natural that the Indians of Temiscamingue should be living in a state of ferment, approaching to anarchy, a state of affairs that could only be adjusted by settling the vexed question of chieftainship at once and for all. Many were the fierce fights which took place between the rival factions; fights which resulted only in the weakening of both parties and a few additions to the interesting collection of scalps, which it was a point of honor in those days for a warrior to possess. It was hoped that during some of these fights one of the principals, if not both, might be slain and thus bring about a solution to the difficulty, but vain hopes, for they seemed to be able to take very good care of their persons, and what the one lacked in valor and powers he made up for in cunning and stratagem.

What added to the bitterness of the quarrel was the fact that they both loved, in an Indian fashion, the same maiden, and she, so far, like many others of her tribe, far wiser and older than herself, had been unable to make a choice, the physical superiority of the one being, in her judgment, pretty evenly balanced by the astuteness of the other. However, though her heart had not as yet arrived at a decision, her heart had, as the sequel of the legend will show.

The names of the two rival chiefs were Cheymahka and Sheeno respectively, while the name of the undecided maiden was Maak or "The Loon," on account of the length of her lovely neck. Though opinion in those days was so evenly divided, judging by the light of history, Cheymahka seems to have been by far the most manly and heroic of the two. He was both physically and by temperament superior to his rival, and so grieved was he to see the injurious effects of the dispute amongst his people that he even offered to waive his claim entirely in Sheeno's favor and retire into the obscurity of private life. But this his adherents would not listen to, so at length it was decided to call a council of the nations, a grand pow-wow, and by it to decide the matter once for all.

It was on Chief's Island that the council was held, and each chief was called upon to address the people, showing cause why he should be considered a just claimant for the title of chief. It is a pity that these orations have not been preserved in their entirety; however, as near as can be gathered, Cheymahka addressed the people thus:

"My children," he said, "as I walked through the woods yesterday I was overtaken by the Geetchie Nodin, the Big Wind, which lashed the trees in wild confusion, so that I feared lest I should be crushed by the flying and falling branches. I noticed, however, that the little bushes were wildly and helplessly tossed about, the small trees even bent nearly double to the earth, while the mighty pines swayed gently to the blast, with motion almost imperceptible. I considered them, the mighty pines, chief of trees, strong and firm, unbent by the blustering wind, and I thought that men could take a lesson from what I saw. A chief of men should be like the pines, strong and firm in trouble, yielding but slowly to the force of necessity, and even then with dignity, I do not wish to make a boast before you, but I ask you to base your choice on what I witnessed yesterday while walking through the bush."

A murmur of applause met this speech, but Sheeno, catching the eye of the chairman, begged to supplement the remarks of his learned friend and rival with a few suggestions of his own.

"I allow," he said, "that strength and durability are requisite qualities in a chief, but I too yesterday was walking through the woods, but it was after Geetchie Nodin had passed, and I noticed many huge pines, torn up by the roots, lying flat upon the earth, borne down by the mighty wind. They did not yield enough, but thought to stand by dint of their strength; the willows, however, which were so much tossed about, remained where they were, unharmed and unbroken. Choose then, oh Indians, between the willow and the pine. I also do not wish to make a boast before you, but I ask you to base your choice on what I witnessed yesterday while walking through the bush."

Again a murmur of applause rose from the assembled people, but so ably had each pleaded for himself, that they seemed as far off a decision as ever. Some were for the pine and some for the willow, until it appeared that the pow-wow was likely to end in a free fight, when up spake an aged Indian, whose words were listened to with respect, and even awe, for it was said that he had eaten human flesh.

"Indians," he said, "enough blood has been shed on account of this matter. I will tell you a plan by which, if you agree to it, we may yet find a peaceful solution to this vexed question. Our women have never been admitted to our councils, but for all that, who among you that is married ever attempted an important undertaking without first consulting his squaw, and who among you dares to act in direct opposition to her opinions when once asked? The squaws then, in reality, guide our councils, we being but the figures through which they speak. Whom, then, could we find better able to settle this important question than the Maiden Maak, whom both these men love? I say, then, let her decide for us. Let her step forth and take her choice, here in public before you all, and let him whom she chooses be your chief, whether it is the willow or the pine. They are both very well in their way, with but a woman's choice of difference between the two. I have spoken."

The old man, traitor to the order of benedictions, sat down amidst a shower of approving grunts and a few guttural indications of amusement. The captivating Maak was now brought forward, for the plan was adopted unanimously, and stood before her two lovers, blushing as much as the color of her skin would allow her. At length the girl summoned up her courage and, approaching Cheymahka, pointed at him with her finger saying "win," which signifies "he" and ran giggling back to the sympathetic maidens who had gathered around her.

Cheymahka merely said "Ugh," for Indians are not demonstrative even in matters of love, while Sheeno slunk away to the bush, nor was he seen for some days, and it was announced that he was dead.

At length, however, some Indians who were paddling late at night around the northern end of the island were startled to

see a figure wildly pacing the bare flat rock close to the water's edge.

It was Sheeno. His clothes were torn off him and he was almost naked. His actions were those of a madman, for he would throw up his arms, exclaiming: "I am mad! I am mad!" Let them tie me or I shall kill them."

When the Indians at the main camp at the south end of the island heard of it, they were frightened and no one dared move out beyond the light of the camp-fires, for nothing awes an Indian like madness. They have for it the reverence due to the supernatural, and believe that the strange phantoms of a madman are real, though visible only to himself.

A gloom of apprehension fell upon them all, and many a furtive glance was thrown at the dark line of the bush, as if in expectation of a murderous onslaught by the madman. Some even wondered if they had done right in rejecting Sheeno as their chief, for a man, counted to be mad, has strange influence amongst them. This night had been appointed as the wedding night of Cheymahka and "The Loon," hence there was a full gathering of the tribe, and preparations for a feast and dance had been made on a large scale.

About the time that Cheymahka should have taken his bride, and standing up before all the people acknowledged her to be the wife of his choice, the long-dreaded catastrophe came about. Sheeno with a wild shout burst into the ring and cried:

"Indians! I have seen a Wendigo. I have seen a Wendigo and he spoke to me. He said, 'Sheeno, you are the chief and Maak is your bride.' Oh Indians, dare you disobey the voice of a Wendigo? I see him now, he makes signs to me to kill! A Wendigo loves blood and the blood that he is now thirsting for is the blood of Cheymahka!"

In the meanwhile Cheymahka was at the extreme end of the encampment, and some ran swiftly to him telling him all that had happened.

"Run, Cheymahka!" they said, "and save yourself from the madman!"

"Cheymahka is not good to run," answered the chief with dignity. "I do not fear. Sheeno and his Wendigo for the Geetchie Manitou is greater than a Wendigo."

With which Cheymahka stalked straight to the spot where Sheeno, with wild gestures and loud voice, was still demanding blood for his Wendigo. But when he saw Cheymahka boldly approaching he glided away through the surrounding circle of Indians, for apparently his Wendigo was in no hurry.

"You see, Indians," said Cheymahka, "at the first sight of me my enemy—"

He did not finish his speech for a sickening thud and a cry of pain behind him made him turn. He took in the situation at a glance. Sheeno had attempted to strike him with a tomahawk from behind, but Maak, his affianced wife, had anticipated him and thrown her own person between the assassin and her lover, receiving the full blow of the tomahawk herself. With a cry of vengeance Cheymahka dashed after Sheeno who, though startled for a moment by what he had done, for he really loved the "Loon," acting up to the simile of the willow took to his heels and ran for his worthless life. But Cheymahka after all found that he could run, and in a few moments had caught him and held him in his grip as a lynx seizes a rabbit.

"Die," he hissed, as he clutched him by the throat, intending to throttle him on the spot. Then suddenly changing his mind, he shouted to the Indians: "See! I have caught him! You shall be his judges!"

They were all silent, for they feared to injure a mad man under the direct protection of a Wendigo. Cheymahka, seeing their hesitation and knowing the cause thereof, said:

"If he lies, and the Wendigo is really his friend, then will the Wendigo save him. Therefore in order to give the Wendigo time, let us tie him to a tree, pile wood around him and set fire to it. If he escapes, then we shall know that he speaks the truth, and that he is befriended by a Wendigo, but if he dies it will prove that he has lied, and we shall be rid of an evil man."

To which the people assented, and they tied him securely to a tree, piling the dry wood about him until only his head was visible over the top of the pile. Now, when Sheeno saw all these preparations he knew that his hour had come, so he cried piteously for mercy. He confessed that he had feigned madness and that his interview with the Wendigo was a sham. But this only made his case worse, for the Indians ceased to fear him and felt that they could roast him without fear of consequences. So they cheerfully fired the pile and watched him burn, and thus was the dispute between these two chiefs really and finally settled. Maak, though seriously wounded, did not die, but recovered and lived to a good old age the beloved and faithful squaw of Cheymahka, the chief, who proved to be one of the wisest and best rulers that ever held sway over the tribe. He made the island which had been the scene of so many exciting episodes in his life his permanent home. He built a wigwam of some solidity upon it, cultivated a small patch of soil, and the island was called "The Chief's Island," which name it bears to this day, and even yet there can be seen on it the pile of stones which formed the chimney of the wigwam of this mighty chief, demonstrating the veracity of this legend, and the fact that some one at least has been able to live upon it, even if not found suitable for a scion of the house of Bonaparte.

Lake Temiscamingue, Que.

How to Keep Your Bed from Rocking.

Lieut. Beale of the U. S. signal service says that if parties who are disturbed by what is termed "rocking beds" in the time of storms will open the windows of their houses on what sailors term the "leeward side," that is to say, on the side opposite to that whence the storm comes, they will not be troubled with it. "The rocking is the result," he explains, "of a difference between the air indoors and that on the outside. When a bigger puff comes the bed, forced by the air within, which seeks to join that out doors, moves in one direction and is forced back when the puff becomes lighter. Relieve the pressure by opening the windows and this so-called rocking ceases. Many a house that has been blown down in a tornado would have been spared its owner had this fact been known. The proof of what I say as to this pressure is shown in the fact that houses after great storms are frequently found with the leeward wall only blown out, and the other three remaining intact."

MORMONS IN CANADA.

A Visit to the Settlement in Alberta, N.W.T.

A correspondent writes from McLeod, Alberta, N. W. T., under date of April 18th: "Most readers are probably aware that during the past few years there has been a very pronounced movement of Mormons from Canada Northwest. The advance guard of these Mormons consisted of Mr. C. O. Card, one of Brigham Young's sons-in-law, now president of the Canadian colony, and one or two others. After examining various parts of the Northwest, they finally selected Lee's Creek as most suitable for their purposes. There in the spring of 1887 a few families pitched their tents and whatever of a Mormon problem Canada may have to contend with has commenced. With characteristic industry and enterprise they at once went diligently to work, and although it was June when their crops were put in, they obtained a very fair return on the subsequent harvest. By that time, too, substantial log buildings had taken the place of tents and covered wagons, and a visitor could not help being struck with the snug and thrifty appearance of the settlement. In that short summer they had done more work than many other settlers who had been in the country for years. The progress of the settlement has been steady and rapid ever since. Fresh arrivals each year have swelled the population of the colony until the original insignificant few have increased to some three hundred souls. The settlement contains a good store and is provided with a church and schoolhouse. Last summer a steam threshing machine was taken in and a saw and grist mill are among the probabilities of the near future."

The Mormons are not the only settlers in that part of the country. There was a very fair Gentile settlement in the vicinity before the advent of the Latter Day Saints. These settlers speak of the Mormons in the highest terms as neighbors, and certainly no visitor to their settlement can ever complain of an inhospitable reception. I can speak from experience, as regards this, for I have never met with a warmer or heartier or more hospitable welcome than that received among the Mormons of Lee's Creek. Lee's Creek is a small stream which empties into the St. Mary's River about three miles below the Mormon settlement. The St. Mary's River is its rise with St. Mary's lakes, in the new State of Montana. It flows northeasterly until at its confluence with Lee's Creek; it is about fifteen miles north of the international boundary line. The exact location of the Mormon settlement may therefore be decided as follows: At a point forty miles south of McLeod, forty-five miles southwest of Lethbridge, thirty miles east of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and fifteen miles north of the boundary line between Montana and Alberta.

During the past summer, Mr. Card, probably acting as agent for friends in Utah, purchased from the Northwestern Coal and Navigation Company about twenty-five thousand acres of land for colonization purposes, and this fact adds color to the rumor that the next few years will witness a constantly increasing tide of Mormon immigration from Utah to Southern Alberta. Last fall the heads of the Mormon church visited their Lee's Creek brethren and spent a night in McLeod on their way out of the country. Among the visitors were Presidents Woodruff, Cannon, and Joseph Smith, and Chief Apostle Brigham Young, eldest son of the original Brigham and the happy father of thirty or more children. Ostensibly they came to visit their friends and to see for themselves how they were getting on. In reality the object of their visit was to discover whether a general migration of Mormons from Utah was advisable. As they were very much pleased with the country it is altogether probable that they will advise emigration from Utah, where they are being made slightly uncomfortable just at present. Since that visit the leading elders of the Canadian colony have gone to Utah.

To say that Mormon immigration is viewed with favor by the great majority of the people in Alberta would be very far from the truth. There is a strong feeling that they are very undesirable settlers and should not be encouraged. The recent trials at Salt Lake City and the rather sensational disclosures connected with them have not tended to lessen alarm concerning the probable results of Mormon immigration. The experience of the United States with these people also leads Canadians to fear that when the Mormon element gets strong enough their experience will be very similar. While these would seem to be very well-founded objections, it is fully realized that the question is a very difficult one to deal with. The practice of polygamy would be the only ground upon which action against them could be taken, and as yet there is no Dominion statute which makes polygamy a crime. This is being remedied during the present session of the Dominion Parliament. The Mormons who are now settled at Lee's Creek disclaim any intention of attempting to indulge in the doubtful luxury of more wives than one. Many of them were polygamists in Utah, and a deputation which visited Ottawa last summer asked among other things for permission to practice polygamy to the extent they had already contracted, provided no further contracts of a like nature were entered into in Canada. Having been given to understand that this concession could not be granted and that the practice of this article of their faith would not for a moment be tolerated in Canada, they solemnly pledged themselves to obey this injunction.

Although it is firmly believed in many parts of the country that polygamy is being practiced to a limited extent at Lee's Creek, the Mormons emphatically deny that such is the case in a single instance. Those who are in a position to know assure me that in the Lee's Creek Mormon colony the males considerably outnumber the females, and that fact would support their own assertion that they intend to content themselves with a purely monogamous existence. Whatever they may do in the future, from what I can learn, I am of the opinion that the Canadian Mormons are not at present practicing polygamy, although their virtuous bent prompted solely through fear of the consequences. Whether this enforced monogamy will withstand the pressure of increased members and greater consequent power and strength is a question which only the future can decide.

An Unnecessary Expense.

She (just taking vocal lessons): Henry, dear, won't you have double windows put on all over the house? My singing may disturb the neighbors.

He: Well, if it does, it strikes me that the neighbors are the ones to buy the double windows.

A MYSTERY OF THE DESERT.

A Naked Wanderer on the Mojave Surprises Two Railroad Men.

Extending from the San Bernardino meridian on the west to the Colorado River on the east and from the south line of Inyo county on the north to the north line of San Diego county on the south is that vast expanse of "melancholy waste" known as the Mojave Desert. Many are the tales of privation and suffering endured on this verdureless expanse. One of the strangest and yet true occurrences has been experienced near this place, which is in the middle of the desert. Last Tuesday evening as Engineer Spencer was returning from Lavic, he encountered the following experience, which is best told in his own words:

"I had just rounded the curve near mile-post 672 and had just taken my watch from my pocket. Noting the time, 6.25 o'clock, I returned it to its place, and naturally glanced ahead of my engine. What was my intense surprise to see, not over thirty yards ahead of me and approaching the track from the south, a man apparently 6 feet tall, about 35 years of age, with long, black hair hanging down on his shoulders, and a heavy black beard. He was entirely naked, and his skin was tanned. Putting on the driver brake, I brought the engine to a stop just as the man crossed the track. After crossing he stopped and looked at us.

"I immediately crossed over to the fireman's side, and as I started to climb down to the ground he started off. I called to him as I reached the ground, but with a frightened look he dashed away. I thought I was a good runner, but the way his bare feet got over the cinders and gravel led me to believe otherwise. Once or twice he looked back, but did not slacken his pace. Reaching the hills, which are about half a mile from the track, he soon disappeared. The fireman, who had remained with the engine, now came up, and we went around the hill, but he had disappeared from view. I confess I did not dare to follow him around there alone. As it was late, and our engine was standing on the main track alone, we abandoned further search and returned to the engine."

On Wednesday a party of ten or twelve, under the guidance of Mr. Spencer, went to the scene of the chase. They had no difficulty in finding the tracks to where the man was last seen, and a mile or more further into the hills could be seen the bare footprints in the sand. Every cavern and canon was explored and the search kept up until all the party, tired out, gradually staggered back to town.

Conductor Fitzgerald, on the morning passenger train, reported seeing a man about two miles west of where Mr. Spencer had seen him, but no trace of him could be found.

On Thursday morning Deputy Sheriff Medlin, with an experienced desert man, came down and spent the entire day scouring the hills, but no sign of the man could be found.

Various theories are afloat, some logical and others hardly probable, yet possible. The one having the best hold is that he is some prospector who has become deranged, and that he was crossing from the mountains on the south, heading for this place, when his reason fled. Another is that a week or ten days ago a man answering to this man's description was seen in Death Valley, which is about twenty-five miles north of here. He had neither blankets, food, nor water, and seemed to be wandering, both mentally and bodily.

The most sensational theory is founded on the following fact: A year or two ago a man got off of Condo Wild's train, near Siberia, and was never seen or heard of afterward. A large party, with Indian trailers, hunted for days for him and were obliged to give it up in despair. Can this be the man? Possibly.

During our search we found rabbits, quail, coyotes innumerable, small ground animals, and terrapin. All these cannot exist without water, and their presence shows conclusively that there must be water attainable. Why should not a man devoid of reason still have enough of the brute instinct to find means of sustenance as well as the lower animals? The principle of the survival of the fittest would lead the man to stand guard over the water supply, and when the smaller animals, driven to thirst, were compelled to come within the "dead line" his food would be assured.

All is, however, mere conjecture, and, whether any one of the above theories is correct or not, the fact of the poor mortal's existence remains an awful and living reminder of the dangers attending the traveller over this dreary expanse. Could the drifting sands tell their story, what startling things would be brought before us! But, silent and mysterious, naught is known except where some poor mortal's whitened bones are found, which silently tell the awful tale of suffering and death.

A Fearful Threat.

Mr. O'Rafferty—Here, Teddy, I make ye a prisint of an illigint little blackthorn, but of ye lose it I'll break ivory bone in yer body wid it.

A Diabolical Insinuation.

Fweddy—What do you think of my zew overcoat, Miss Fanny?

Miss Fanny—It's very nice, but I think one of those monkey skin capes would be more becoming to your style of beauty.

Out Collecting.

Collectors—Mr. Hardup in?

Mrs. Hardup—No; he's out collecting.

C.—That's what you told me the last time I was here.

Mrs. H.—Yes.

C.—And the time before that.

Mrs. H.—Yes.

C. (sarcastically)—He don't seem to have much success.

Mrs. H. (as she slams the door in his face)—Seems to have as much success as you have.

A Hard Week's Work.

Great Lawyer—"I am tired to death."

Sympathetic Wife—"You look tired. What's been the matter?"

"I've been making my speech for the defense for three days now; and, tired or not, I'll have to go right along with it to-morrow, and perhaps the next day."

"Can't you cut it short?"

"Not until the jury have had time to forget the evidence against my client."