The Whited Sepulchre

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XV .-- (Continued.) Captain Negley had just stepped into the chart room. Laird was on the bridge, cried hopelessly. "Captain Negley would Plass, the second officer, on his way to never leave his owner to die back there! the bridge to relieve or assist Laird, was felled at the door of the chart room. to shelter and close the door of the chart by the blizzard of steam, gas and livid run the ship." stone. When consciousness returned to him he was lying across the body of Plass,

The skipper regained his feet. In spite of terrible burns, he felt little pain. His limbs, below the knees, were like wood. His left hand was yellow and inflated. Fire brands still screamed into the sea outside, but the day was returning. The indomitable Negley was first to reach the deck, the woodwork of which was burning in several places. He tried to shout, but his throat was closed by the hot dust. The body of a man was hanging over the railing of the bridge. It was Laird, with his face burned away.

The shock of his burns was beginning to overpower the captain when Pugh, the third officer, untouched by fire, appeared from below. In a horrid tongueless way. Negfey fired the other to act, and staggered into the cabin passageway. Pugh shricked up the hands and set to the fires and the ship's course. Out of the five sailors and three others on deck when the thinking faculty

Miss Stansbury was burled from her chair. Appulled by the dread fact of dissolution, she lay in the primal darkness in the midst of failing glass. Macready was bring him back. . . . He asked if the groping, calling for her. That she was unburt seemed such a great matter him and entirely insignificant to herself. Her lover had fallen. Their starry pavilion of the future was in blackness and ruin. It would have been better had Pelee found them together. . . Macready lifted her to a chair. The ports were gray instead of black, but aplashed with the big seas. "Your friend is dead, Denny," she said

"What's this you're talkin'? "Tis no bit av a geyser in a dirt pile as can tell him how t' come an' go."

The screuming of the native women reached them from the hold. Macready opened the door, and a blast of terrible heat entered the cabin. The woman was clutching the arms of the chair and staring at him with the most pitiful eyes ever seen in child or woman. The swaying form of Negley was in the passageway, and something of the extent of the disavter broke upon the Irishman.

"Bring him here!" she commanded, tak ing Negley's arm. "There, I can manage idm. Hun and get oils and lint ."

He obeyed. The decks were conered with a paste that burned through his shore. Black clouds were rolling out to Deep thunder of a righteens source answered Pelev's Inmentations. The sail ors were fighting fire and carrying their dend. The thin, shaken voice of Pugh came from the bridge. The engines were throbbing.

"Eight miles at sea! Eight miles at sen " Macroady repeated, "Th' longarmed meantain an what musht the in flightin' have been "

In the store room, he opened jars of and cartons of that and bandages, for the men; then rushed back to the cabin with a portion. Nature finds work for strong hearts that have lost their Negley's cracked and twisted been removed, and the asker cleansed from his eyes and ears and mouth. Another valiant nurse had emerg ed from a broken romance. The woman who would have fainted resterday at the amel) of burnt flesh was cutting away the elothing from the captain's shoulder When the cintments and wrappings had been applied to the skipper's wounds, she helped Macready carry the unconscious

"Tis rainin' evenchooslitles out," he mattered genially, noting that the work was life to ber "We must be nearly in-shore by this

time," she said slowly. Denny's effervescence was now corked.

Pugh had been putting the Madame out to sea since he got control of her. The Irishman felt instinctively that the woman would want to go ashore, which he didn't propose to allow. On the other hand, although he had nothing to do with the running of the ship, he didn't like the idea of saving the Madame at the price of her owner's life.

"I dunno," he answered carefully. " "Tis har-rd t' see fur th' rain." His soft magic failed.

"Rot the ship is moving!" she exclaim-

ed. "Denny, open the door!" Macready gave way. She heard the steady heat of the engines, and the hig seas driving past. She rushed out of the massageway, regardless of the flood, and peered over the main deck railing. There was no smoke, no familiar shadow of she added gently. red planking to the starboard side, drenchtried to draw her to cover, but she turned upon him furiousty.

"You have let them put to sea-you. his friend while he is held back there. waiting for his ship?"

"What could poor Dinny, that bosses th' galleys, ma'am, do toward runnin' the ship? Thim byes 'ud say, 'Git back t' your patty-pans, you wipe!' But I've thried, sure, t' kape th' lady from harnm this day. You know Captain Negley-"Where's the first officer?"

"Dead, ma'am." "And the second officer?"

"Th' same."

"Who is putting out to sea?" "Third Officer Pugh, in the name av his dirthy sowl.

"Is that Pugh on the bridge?" "Ut is."

A moment later the officer in off skins | face of Pugh, still in irons. turned to face an apparition, wind-swept | There in the hoat the three renewed the deluge:

needs his ship?" "Go below, miss. I'm trying to save start made. The sailors gave them a

his ship for him." In a stunned way she stared at the l

Pugh whirled ground to Macready, who ed and running over measure of Saint was standing and the woman. "You Pierre's destruction. Denny and Ernst ed, but I'll get helmage you!"

The Irishman was too wise to reply. "But you must turn back!" the woman

"Captain Negley is not in command now," Pugh said, his small eyes burning In the instant required to drag the body wickedly. "Get below or I'll call the sailors to help you down. I don't need a room, Captain Negley was, overpowered woman and a sniveling valet to help me

Lara turned to the ladder, brushed back the drenched hair from her eyes, and said and the ship was rolling like a runaway coldly, slowly, "I see there is a coward in

> For that one instant she was a vivid replica of her mother. The viperine face of Pugh turned ashen under her eyes.

Reaching the main deck, she told Macready to bring two sailors into the owner's cabin. A moment later she was bending over the unconscious form of the ship's commander in the berth. She seiz-

ed his well hand "Captain Negley! Ob, Captain-Cap- customs officers. tain Negley!"

Her voice ranged higher.

The lins of the seaman moved. "It is 1-Miss Stansbury! Listen to me just once! Pugh is a coward-a coward. He is running away! Mr. Constable is still ashore, and we are miles at sea In a slight opening of the bandages I went to the customs man and I say

appeared a dazed gray eye. "Do you hear. Captain Negley? The I have, but they cost not much moncoward is running away, and Mr. Consta- ey.' ble is ashore! Pugh-coward!

Nature was trying to right herself in the brain of the stricken seaman. In the gray eye, she watched the struggle as she impressed her message. It was torture to fires were out. . . Ile asked for Laird and Plass. The simple problems of time and place were mountains to him. Macready entered with two sailors.

"Command Pugh to turn about! Oh speak for me-for me!" she implored. Negley tried to rise. "Bring Pugh here!" he mumbled It was a sweet duty for Macready,

whose colors had been lowered in the presence of the woman. Pugh gave an order to the man at the wheel, and followed the Irishman below. Lara had held the light in the gray eye.

"What do you mean by putting out without the owner?" Negley demanded Pugh's black eyes roved from the face

of his superior to the railors; to the drenched woman who had caused it ait; to the hated Macready at the door. They "As I explained to the lady, I was trying to save the ship," he said.

"Turn back to the harbor at once-(ull apeed !" Pugh healtated. "Turn back, I say! Get out of here!" "But a fire-fly couldn't size in there,

"Put him in irons-you men." Negley commanded the sailors. "Macready, lift me to the bridge."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was after eleven when the Madame de Stael regained the harbor. The cloudburst had spent itself. (but from the land rolled an unctuous similer which bore engrestions of the beingus importiality of a great confingration. The harbor was cluttered with wreckage, a doors picture for the eyes of the season. Donly, fitfully, through the pall, they saw the ghosts of the shipping black buils without helm or hope. The Madame anted a deep-toned root, but no answer was returned not a voice from the wreckage. not the acream of a gull. A sailor heared the lead, and the scathed steamer burnl into the rising heat.

Ahead was emptiness. The woman was standing forward on the main deck. The she saw the hills shorn of her city. The turned seaward was crushed with other hopes. A cry was wrong from her breast at last. The anchor chain was dropped. and two men were bearing the brave Negley down from the bridge. Macready hastened to the woman's side.

"Arrange to get a small boat, Denny, We must go ashore:" she commanded, recovering self-possession. Macready felt that it was now time to

"You can't go ashore yet, lady !" he exclaimed. "I cud bake a potatie here, sure, in the holls av my hand. What, thin, must it be in that pit av dishtruction?"

He was staring in a smoke-stained face. The purpose there, was immovable as granite. The voice that he heard made him wince with fear, lest she should direct upon him words such as had been Pugh's portion.

"Mr. Macready, get a small boat ready I am going ashore. "Sure, an' I'll go wit' you, ma'am," he

"I did not think you would withhold your aid from him, Denny, Make haste,"

The sailor whom Denny persuaded to

accompany them was the old lion, Ernst. torrential shower. She crossed the char- who had held the launch at the pier so long, and who had been relieved for the ed to the skin in an instant. There was last trip. Water, medicines, food, spirits no Pelee, no Saint Pierre! Macready and many cakes of ice, thickly wrapped in tarpaulin, were placed in a small boat. The woman suffered herself to be garbed according to the ideas of Macready. One of Constable's pith belmets was upon her head: his rain coat was buttoned about her, the sleeves rolled up to her hands and a pair of his shoes was laced over her It was difficult to move about in this regalia, but it kept off the withering

draughts. The boat was lowered A half-hour later, they were forced out back to the ship. Ernst was whimpering at the oars, his lips twisted in agony. Macready was silent, an elequent signal of his failing endurance. Lara had not swooned; her will was not broken, but conditions had been encountered which flesh could not conquer. The hoat was pulled about to the lee of the steamer, and at a port-hole glass she saw the sneering

atern, hands and lips tense, during the was only an imitation. "Turn back to the city! Didn't they cloudburst. It was nearly two in the aftell you that Mr. Constable is there and ternoon when the boat was bailed, the stock of ice replenished, and a second

Deeper and deeper in toward the gray officer. "Don't you know he was to be low beach the little boat was pulled, its occupants the first to look upon the heaphe said in an ugly upe. "I'm short-hand- a single blade together. Rare running it with sincerity and great aim.— ferest. Recently, Mona. J. Thovert re- neighbors may she did not marry the mates, they were, odd an two white men

could be, but matched to a hair in courage. Ernst bent to his work, a grim, stolid mechanism. Denny jerked at the oars, and found breath and energy remaining to assail Pugh, with his barbed and poisoned tongue. The woman, in the stern of the boat, knelt before them, praising, cooling their faces with ice, her words

> (To be continued.) NOT A MENACE.

often incoherent, but her spirit unconquer-

We Are Better Off for Some Immfgrants We Receive.

"You like dis-perhaps?" said the pretty Syrian woman, holding out some crocheted lace toward the lady of the house. It was in a New York home, and there was possibly something incongruous about the beautiful surroundings and the poorly clad woman seated on the floor in the midst of her laces and embroiderles. The mcongruity did not strike either mistress or visitor, however, for each was, in her way, dignitied and simple.

"Do you make these things here?" asked the lady, interestedly. "I have made them at home, in Sy-

ria. I have not long been in your country-two days onlee." "Ah! Did you have to pay much duty on them?" The lady was think-

ing of her own experiences with the A smile lighted the little Syrian's face as she answered. "I pay not one cent. Some say to me, 'Emptee your pillow and sew all your things inside. like we.' But I tell them, 'No, will not begin new life in a new coun-

try with deceit. We are Christian.

'Please see my things. They are all

"'Dis lace,' he say, 'how much

"'I made it,' I tell him. 'It costthe thread-onlee three cent," "'I make you no charge for that, say the man. 'How much this em-

"'It is onlee the cloth and thread that cost thirty cent,' I tell him. I made all myself. He charge me not one cent, and I go back and say to the others, 'Look! Is it not better to be

honest?" "But why did you leave your beau tiful country? I'm afraid you will find it hard to get on here," said the lady, sympathetically, opening her purse.

"Ah, Syria is no more beautiful to us," said the little woman, sadiy, "There we are-what you call it?persecute because we are Christian, she said, as she accepted the money for her lace and began to pack her cases. "My man, he stand one day on the street, and a boy run by and cry 'out, when he pass, and say that my husband take money from him. My husband is good man. He not steal from any one, but because he is Christian he must pay the money. It is always so. Here we can be what you call it?freedom, and the good God will help

"Eleven thousand three hundred and forty-three foreigners landed h. the port of N. w York yesterday," read the man of the house the next morning. The highest day's record. Well, what is going to become of us all?" said be. "What a menace they all are!"

"No, not all," replied the lady across the breakfast table, and she began to tell him of the little Syrian woman,-Youth's Companion.

PIPE QUIETS FRACTIOUS COW.

Girl Done Hired Mon's Clothes and Bonny Stands Still.

" ny one who has ever spoken in lar gange barred from use over the tele phone when a mean cow kicked over a half-filled pail of new milk knows that cows are mighty queer 'critters,' " ruminafed Farmer Lawton, "which reminds presence in the city of my old friend Ed H. Rife, the big stockman of Rock Springs, Wyo., and his youngest daughter, Miss Rave,

"We all know how skittish the gentle kine can be when the wrong person approaches to glean the day's supply of readily as another. In opposition to milk. That's the point of this story, of the popular belief that "it is quite safe which Miss Rife is the central figure.

was up visiting my old friend cife, respectively, 15 or 50 times as great. When the storm started we all went out to gather in the herders and their is struck quite as frequently as any charges far up in the mountains. Miss other tree. Apparently the tailer Rife made the long drive from Rock trees in any neighborhood are the ones Springs to the ranch, and there was left | most liable to be struck, to look after the stock, including about

fifteen mifch cows. because she was a total stranger to from Central and Western Europe, number of days, she had a story that the east coast of Africa, to the lands ed against too much food, especially as speaks loudly for the resourcefulness of where these people are now found. there was to be bridge afterwards, had the Wyoming girls, and equally as for- This is based upon the superficial re- cut out all the extras and limited her cibly for the peculiarities of the cow. "'I milked them all right,' was Miss Rife's greeting to her father, 'all but

"Well, it wasn't easy at first, because I could think only of putting on one of the men's old suits,' responded the girl, 'and they knew I was strange.

"'And what do you think finally quieted them? she laughed. 'Just an old pipe. I hunted up the oldest and strongest and put it in the pocket of the cont. The familiar odors reached them, and all but the two stood quiet for the milking after that."-Denver

The Fickle Summer Maid.

Van Albert-I thought I discovered a every 731 transmitted by Europeans. and drenched as if risen from the sea, their strength, and another terrific down- jewel last summer, but after she jilted. But it is in the matter of telephonic who pulled at his coat and called above pour came to aid them. Lara sat in the me I came to the conclusion that she messages that the inhabitants of the

> The coal supply of the Philippines has been found to be much larger than I messages by the telephone, each 1,000 was anticipated and of a uniformly | Americans sent 44,344, or more than good character. It is stated that a large vein crosses the entire group of islands and it has been clearly traced in one vicinity for twenty-five miles.

RISHOP WHOSE DEATH IS MOURERD BY THOUSANDS



Henry Codman Potter, pishop of the Episcopal diocese of New York, whose death is mourned by thousands, was born in Schenectady, N. Y. In 1836, and came from a family of famous churchmen. His father and an uncle were bishops before him, and it was natural for him to follow in their footsteps. It was not the original intention of his father to have him enter the ministry. The elder Potter selected the life of a groceryman for his son, and this was the first business in which he engaged after leaving school. It was not to his liking, and he entered the Episcopal Seminary of Virginia at Alexandria, from which he graduated in 1857 at the age of 22, when he was ordained a deacon. Bishop Potter was well known as an educator. 'His influence in secular affairs extended far beyond the pale of the church,

As bishop his influence in brondening the human sympathics of church work throughout the diocese and in bringing it into touch with the social movements of a complex civilization was incalculable, and be always accomplished his ends without weakening the church's tenets or compromising its bistoric and liturgic integrity, of which he was a stannch upholder. Cultured, snave, a prince at dinner, he was yet, whenever occasion required, a rugged defender of his faith, and his unwavering faith was that of his church. The bishop was married twice. His second wife and several children by his first marriage survive him,



~~~~~~ The meteor trains studied by Prof Frowbridge of Columbia University, are the luminous streaks often seen in the wake of shooting stars, and they may centique many minutes, or even an hour or more. They drift slowly and become distorted, as if by air currents, They seem to be self-luminous, and may sometimes be seen in daytime. They somewhat resemble the after glow on turning off the surrent from vacuum tube electrodes. The glow is greenishrellow, diffuses 100 yards a minute, and is most striking at a pressure calculated to be that of the atmosphere at

a height of fifty-five miles. Now that the season of thunder storms is here, this long-debated subject assumes fresh interest. It has been rediscussed by Dr. A. W. Borthwick, in "Notes from the Royal Botanic Garden of Edinburgh," who conclude that no tree is immune, and that light ning will strike one species quite a to stand upder a beech, while the dan-"In October, during the big storm, I ger under a resinous tree or an oak ta Doctor Borthwick says that the beech

Recent study of the Hottentot tribes in Southwestern Africa leads to "Naturally, we had some misgivings the interesting suggestion that the about the girl being able to milk them, Bushman type of negro once ranged them all. When we returned, after a across the Mediterranean, and down semblance in features between some of dishes to the meions, a cheese souffle the Bushman and Hottentot types and and the chaudfroids. The last she resome of the peasant population of parts fused when they came her way and of Central Europe, eastern France and trembled at the small amount on the "'How'd you do it?' queried her fa- some parts of Ireland. Sir H. H. John- dish. There was not even any extra ston remarks that the Bushinan tribes aspic jelly, but she reflected with reare scarcely in an age of stone, but lief that there would be just enough rather in an age of bone, wood and when Amy refused. Then, to her horskins. Their arrow heads are usually for, she saw her absent-minded friend made of bone. Wood, leather, gourds not only take one, but two, upon her and thorns are the materials from plate. The waitress had not sufficient which utensils and ornaments are com-

If the use of the various means of communication is to be considered as measure of civilization, this country certainly appears to an advantage when compared with Europe. The last figares obtainable are for the year ending January 1, 1905. Of letters and pos-Rodrick-Man at the seashore dis tal cards, each 1,000 persons sent 6,719. covered diamonds in the surf. Did you as compared to 29,554 for Europe. In ever discover any jewels when you the matter of telegrams each 1,000 Americans sent 1,099 messages for United States far surpassed those of the Old World. While each 1,000 of population in the old country sent 7,364 six times as many.

> Any invention or discovery promising added immunity from the terrible explosions that occur in deep mines is ported to the French Academy of man of her choice.

Sciences the results of experiments made to determine the possibility of reducing the heat evolved by nitro-explosives to such a degree as to prevent the combustion of the earbon monoxid abounding in the air of many mines. It was found that the addition of alkaline saits had this meet desirable effect. The detonation of the explosives thus treated was not accomposited by inflammation of the surrounding atmos-

LOSES PRESENCE OF MIND.

Guest, Though Forewarned, Puts Hostess in a Predicament.

An amusing aperdote was told by a young matron the other day apropos of shornt-ininded persons. She had been married only a abort time and was giving a juncheou to some of her mother's friends. She was particularly anxions to have everything go off well, that her reputation as a housekeeper might be established. The little menn was made new French cook. She had trimmed neighbor. "Why, she isn't," replied the the table with her own hands and all dainty daughter. "What made you was in charming readiness, when at the eleventh hour an old school friend ar- dishes this morning." And is it any she could stay for luncheon. It was most inconvenient, but the warm hearted bride welcomed her.

"Stay, by all means, dear Amy," she said, "But there is one condition. Please do not take any chaudfroids. There was not enough chicken and the cook has only fust told me. These French people are so economical. But after all, if you and I both say 'No' to them, they are sure to go around. Don't forget, dear." Amy promised faithfully and went

upstairs to prepare for the party. The guests arrived pro.aptly and the lunch eon began with an excellent meion for each. The hostess, having been warr presence of mind to haive the remainder, so two women went without any. "And I am sure," added the narrator, in conclusion, "that they all went home hungry. Why, I blush even now when I think of that luncheon."-New York

All In One. "You've read his novel. Is it a love

"Yes, it's intended to be. There's young naval officer in it and a cad and an idiotic chump---" "But what's the bero like?"

"I'm telling you. The hero is all three of them."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Out of the Frying Pan. "Do you love me well enough to give up cigars?"

"Certainly. Besides, after we are married I won't be able to afford anything but a pipe."-Illinois State Journal.

A girl usually manages in such a stonal palibearer. The day is always his who works in always received with sympathetic in way that after she is married, the



He-I'd go to the end of the world for you. She-You won't have to go

that fur, I'm here.—The Sphinx. "Bridget, wasn't that policeman making love to you in the kitchen, last night?" "He thot be was, mun."-

Passenger-How do you feel. my good man, when the glant waves comes tumbling over the ship? Old Balt-Wet, ma'am-werry wet! Pa-Sometimes I get discouraged

now? I'a-Here he is, II years old, and he can't throw an outcurve yet .-Newark News. "Have you ever been cross-examined before?" inquired a barrister of a witness who was occupying his attention.

about Willie. Ma-What's the matter

"Have I! exclaimed the man. "Didn't I just tell you I am married?" Bacon-There's one thing I can't understand. Egbert-Tell it to me, Bacon - When a couple get married, if is said they become one. But, again, they say it takes two to make a quar-

Teacher (to new pupil): "What'e your name?" New Pupil: "T-t-tommy T-t-tinker." Teacher-"And do you stutter all the time, Tommy?" New Puptl-"N-n-no, m-ma'am; o-only when I t-t-talk."

Mrs. Uptown-I trust that we shall get along very nicely. Nora. I am not at all difficult to suit. Nora (the new maid) -No, ma'am; that's what thought the blessed minute I set eyes on the master.

"How do you account for Casey's wonderful success as a policeman? "The fact that he used to work in the ditch." "How does that account for it?" "It made him proficient in the art of throwing mud." Mr. Bunshy-If that young man's

coming here to see you every day in the week, you had better give him a hint to come after supper. Miss Bunshydon't think it's necessary, pa. That's what he comes after. An editor is reported by Lippincott's as saying when asked on what he bas-

ed his assertion that his small boy was cut out for an editor-"Why, everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the waste-basket." Mr. Batch-I bave my doubts about this idea that the more you give away the more you have. Mr. Phamleigh-

No question at all about it. I gave away my daughter two months ago, and now she's returned to me with her Farmer-I'm a goin' to drive to tor't nome day next week, Marthy, 118 Wife-You can't Hiram. I was just lookin' over the skedool of auto races

drivin' on the roads for the next tea When little Illow Helen learned that moving day was need , she usked for a trunk in which to puen her belongings. "But what have you to pack?" naked her aunt. "Why," replied the child in surprise, "my Teddy bear and other

useful things." A woman on the train asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at the station. He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two to two two." The woman turned to her companion and said: "I wonder If he thinks he's the whistle on the

engine." "I didn't know your mother was think that?" "I saw you washing the wonder that they never speak as they pass by?-Detroit Free Press.

The class was discussing animalshow they walked, got up, etc. After she explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like a cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand. "What is it? asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whimpered reply.

In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car, and said with a show of irritation, "Didn't I tell you you could not smoke in this car?" "Well, Of'm not smoking." "You've got a pipe in your mouth. "So Ol have me feet in me boots," reolied Pat, "but Of'm not waiking."

"Edith!" the old gentleman bawled rom the head of the stairs, "You just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's near bedtime."

"Very well, pn." replied the dear girl in the parlor; then, after a pause, Jack says yes, if you're sleepy, go on to bed, by all means."-Philadelphia

Howing to the Line. "Mr. Heeler called you a hack writer pa," said the editor's little son. "What does he mean by that?"

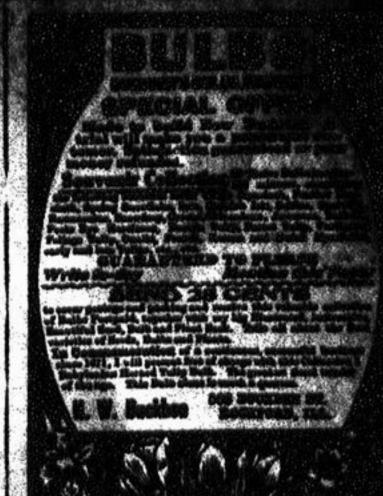
"He means, my son," replied editor, "that I've got a hatchet always ready for such miserable creatures as he is."-Philadelphia Press.

"How do you know he, is an inex perienced playwright?" "Because," answered the manager "he doesn't have a single scene in which the heroine says, 'I see it all

An Essential Phrase.

Between the ages of twenty and thirty, if a young man is nice looking graceful and a good dresser, he is is the same danger of becoming a professional groomsman at a wedding as a man of forty is of becoming a profes and make our

now." -- Washington Star.



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PASSING OF THE DINGSAUS.

Giant Reptiles Exterminated When Other Animals Ate Their Magn. Never in the whole history of the world as we now know it have then been such remarkable land scopes a were presented when the reign of the Titanic reptiles was at its climax. was also the prevailing life picture England, Germany, South America India. We can imagine herds of the creatures from fifty to eighty feet length, with limb and guit analo to those of gigantic elephants, but w hodies extending through the flexible and tapering necks into an' there ain't an open date for home diminutive heads and reaching is into the equally long and still me tapering talls. The four or five rictics which existed together we each fitted for some special made life, some living more exclusively a

land, others for longer periods in the The competition of existence was not only, with the great carnivorous dis naure, but with the other kinds a herbivorous dinosaurs (the iguan donts), which had much smaller bodie to sustain and a much superior toot?

mechanism for the taking of food. The cutting off of this glant dis saur dynasty was nearly, if not a planation which is deducable from sin ilar catastrophes to other large type of animals is that a very large frame with a limited and specialized well teeth fitted only to certain special for is a dangerous combination of chars ters. Such a monster organism is a longer adaptable; any serious change of conditions which would tend t eliminate these great animals as a mee

essary consequence. There is an entirely different class explanations, however, to be e ered, which are consistent both will the continued fitness of structure of the giant dinosaurs themselves a with the survival of their food; such, for example, as the intra duction of a new enemy more deads even than the great carnevorous di saurs. Among such theories the mos ingenious is that of the late Pro-Cope, who suggested that some of small, inoffensive and incomforms of Jurassic mammals of the s of the shrew and the bedgebox tracted the habit of seeking out nests of these dinosaurs gnaws through the shells of their eggs a thus destroying the young. The pearance of evolution of any constroying animals, whether reptiles mammals, which could attack great race at such a defenceless would be rapidly followed by its

Where Water Means Life. As illustrating the scarcity of in some parts of Australia and the value set upon it, I would draw tion to the case of three Afghans were murdered in West Water was scarce, and yet th orientals washed them hole—the sole source of joining a selector's he fury he shot the three of the his subsequent trial the mousely acquitted him.

Sick Man-You got Lawyer-Xen, air; Man Sick Man-Can it