

"Beg pardon sir, but, you know, w

"Yes, of course, I know: there's

Temple. From Grenville Rose, Xmin

"That was all, you're sure?"

"Every word, I'll take my oath."

"Thank you; keep a place for me by

gram may represent anything but what

letters there, and his own telegram

the meanwhile here he was at the pad-

"Well, Martin?" he inquired, as his

quarter gallop, to wind up with, this

matter;" and the trainer ginneed inquir-

"Something has been the matter, Mar-

tin-too long a matter to tell you at

present; but everything is now satisfac-

torily arranged. But I want to talk to

After a lengthened conference with his

trainer. Pearman returned to the station.

him and they even occupied the same car-

tion, no conversation passed between

Upon entering the Theatine, the first

thing Pearman saw in the hall, on cast-

ing his eye at the notice-board containing

once more first favorite for the Two

"Done again," he muttered, "somehow.

And I believe that telegram and Rose

CHAPTER XXII.

Hadson did upon receipt of her telegram

"great events from trivial causes sprang."

That lady is destined to be as much dis-

turbed in a monetary point of view as

Mrs. Bardell: but infinitely more to her

Mrs. Hudson was lounging pleasantly

enough in an armchair, reading the diur-

yelept Paper Buildings, when that most

domestic of telegrams reached her. That

she was attired in a morning cost, nest

trousers, unimpeachable boots, and had a

eigar in her mouth, will scarcely astonish

the reader, who has probably already sur-

must be off at once to see Plyart, Twen-

ty minutes to three; just catch him before

he goes down to Tattersall's." Mr. Dalli-

son was a man of decision; he was into a

hansom and at the door of the Victoria

Club in something less than ten minutes.

The remarkable feature of the betting

The Ring, or stock brokers of the turf

Grenville Rose, upon Pearman's de-

jubilant beyond measure; free from his

-as harmless, apparently, as "the pork

We must now revert to what Mrs.

are at the bottom of it."

own advantage.

other shuffle of the pack might change all rooms Dallison was very eager in his

the bands once more. That slight link offers to back the horse, while it might

Thousand, at seven to two, taken freely.

logly at his master.

morning. No horse can be doing better.

CHAPTER XXI .-- (Continued.) Processes speech. He was a skrewd and he could not help being struck ain't allowedby the ability with which his opponent of not up his case. "Suppose I let you sovereign for you-go on." the hurse?" he said at length. and you won't let out I told you, Mr weeth just now a fletitious price. There Pearman," said the cierk, as his hand

would be people who would give pretty closed on the gold coin. "It was only sensity that sum to insure his not starting this: 'To Mrs. Hudson, Paper Buildings, for that particular race." "I give you credit, Mr. Rose," replied ster. I shall be home to-night; have some Pearman at length. "I'll sign a release dinner." of the mortgage, with this proviso, that

my engagement with Miss Denison re-"I have told you already that that the six train;" and Pearman drove off to meetion is totally aloof, and must be see his horses. held entirely distinct from the claim of It was a very simple message, but the heriot. It is a point upon which I am owner of Coriander had been quite long

not empowered to enter, and have nothing to say." Grenville Rose is proving himself a it appears to say. It disquieted master of casulatry. Though not his mis- much. He wished that he had driven

sion or interest to speak on that subject, straight to the station instead of home I think it was one be had a good deal Mannersley; he might have written his would have been off much sooner. In "Then there is nothing more to be

said," observed Pearman, rising. "I am afraid not. It would be better on both sides. I fancy, if we had come to terms. We shall probably not make quite so much that we must take our they all going on?" chance of. You will certainly lose a "Well as can be, sir. Coriander did good deal more."

"You're right! I'll do it." "Depend upon it, it's your cheapest way out of the scrape, and I hope Coriander But they tell me they're laying against one moment, and I'll fetch the release. I had it drawn up in the event of your taking a smalble view of the transaction;" and Grenville left the room.

"All right, my pet, so far," he exclaimed, as he entered Denison's private sanctuary where Maude was anxiously you about those two-year-olds; so, come walting him. "Pen and ink, quick!" And | inside." seising one of the telegram slips, he wrote

Grenville Rose was a fellow traveler with "To Mrs. Hudson, Paper Buildings, Temple. From Grenville Rose, Xminriage, but beyond a few words of recognister. Shall be home to-night; have something for dinner." "There, fold that up, and send it of

directly to the telegram office. No time to be lost, Mande," "Well, I don't see much in that," re-

torted Maude. "What a gourmand you must be, Gren!" "Never mind. Where's that deed?-ah,

here. I'll explain it all to you afterwards." "And my note?" she said shyly, holding

"Neither you nor it will be wanted today, I think. But come back here when you have seen James off." "Perhaps you'd rather I should never

send it?" she inquired, half timidly, half ognettishly. Maude, be serious now, please. You

as much as you like after-She and sothing, but flitted from the

room on her errand. Grenville Rose, armed with the deed of a release of the mortgage, and a similar acquittance of the heriot claim, all drawn up in due legal form, quickly re-

turned to Pearmen. "Here," be said, is your acquittance, signed by my uncle. If you will sign the release, I'll hand it over to you. Shall ring for a servant as a second witness to your 'signature?"

Pearman modded assent, and upon the appearance of the butler, scrawled his name across the parchment, to which the virnames signed their attestation. then placed the acquittance in his pocket, took up his hat, and departed, without further demand for an interview with

Not that the heriot business had for one second put it out of his mind. No: to do him justice, he looked upon the prob- His conference with the bookmaker was with dread. de rupture of his engagement as a very short, and then they separated, both to closs item in the losses the discovery make their way to the great Turf Exstifat mouldy old parchment had et- change at Knightsbridge. atted upon him. If he did not love her, admired her extremely, and looked for on the Two Thousand that afternoon ward to the connection with great eager- was the extraordinary advance of Cori-But he felt quite convinced that ander. From very long odds offered have moved any further than he had against him, he rose in the course of the already done would be simply to cancel it day to be once more first favorite; reachat once. He did not wish that. It was ing very nearly to his original price of but a slender hold, he knew. Still, an- ten days back. From the opening of the

have been also noticed that Mr. Plyart was better than none at all. Thus meditating, he drove home, and accepted the long odds against Corlander. having ordered his phaeton to wait while "Just to cover himself," as he said, "havwrote a couple of letters, to save the ing laid rather heavily against him." But post, entered the house. In about half it quickly permentes through the Suban hour he reappeared, stepped into the scription Room that the horse is being arriage, and drove to Xminster Sta- backed in earnest, and when, about half- zine. tion. His wishing to write those letters past four, Pearman's accredited agent Mannersley had caused him to make a began also to put money on the horse, the elderable detour to the station from excitement became intense, the Harold Dealson's place lying. ough off the direct road, somewhere like their brethren of the eastern exat half way between Mannersley and change, with all their acuteness are marthe raffway. On arrival there he went velously like sheep in times of panic. into the telegraph office, and dispatched a The leaders at both places can increase beignte relations. The late their pleasure. As there is, of course, protein had employed the money to be made by such fluctuations, setzle wire pretty freely. His son, also, it can scarcely be wondered at that they went to use it a good deal. The lat- do it. But why should the one be deemter, moreover, constantly sent the clerk ed virtuous and respectable, and the othme in the season very often told him er the contrary? There is little to choose clear. had invested a sovereign for him on between the scandals of the two betting on of his borses that he thought was rings. likely to win. It may be conceived that

umph to the squire. Harold Denison was ter held Mr. Sam Pearman in high co-You'll be going up by the six train, difficulties, and, to use his own exprespose, sir? Only half-past three now, sion, "out of the hands of those blood-I expect you're going home again suckers, the Pearmans," The hopes Gren-

the conductor of the telegraph at Xinin-

ville had raised had influenced him in his influence with Sam Pearman, and, if Jost so. I want to have about an a little sarcastic in his retorts, the bitter egnicism of his nature had toned down beat look at the crack, ch, sir! rather upon that occasion. Rose now With men't he though they do take ange liberties with him in the betting?" He's very well and 'll make some of himself; so without more ado, he reverted to his passion for his cousin, and soa open their eyes and shut in before many days are over."

Grantile Ross, from Glion; he's o by that train. Know him, Mr.

licited his uncle's permission for their Harold Denison was a good deal taken shack. It must be borne in mind that he had and received the slightest hint of this

for £10,000 a dr trely to help him in the

main ploused his cynic and viadictive mo-

(To be continued.)

SHARM BILLION DOLLARS. A Yearly Sum from Agriculture Impossible to Imagine.

In all the circle of all your ac-

quaintances, in all the circle of all your reading, do you know of a single billionaire? I don't mean-do you think you know. I mean-do you know that you know of a single capitalist who is really a billionaire? That is lot of money, you know, says Agnes C. Laut in Outing. At 4 per cent interest it means an income of three and a third million dollars a month. not talking of capital that is a quarter water and a quarter hot air and only half hard cash or convertible realty. I'm talking of wealth that can be handled with your hands and measured with your eyes, wealth that doesn't require convulsions of frenzied finance to be converted into terms of the mint.

You acknowledge frankly you don't really know of a single billionaire in the history of the world. Much less do you know of any group of capitalists in the world whose combined wealth would make twenty billions and whose twenty billions pay a yearly dividend of seven billions. A dividend of \$7,000,000,000 a year means an income of \$500,000,000 a month, or \$19,000,000 a day. Talk of the fate of Midas! Any capitalist or group of capitalists who had to take care of that much money a day would have genuine con-

vulsions in frenzied finance. Such a capitalist, collectively, is the United States farmer. Such a divitrainer came out to meet him; "how are dend, collectively, does the soft of United States yearly hand out to the farmer-man. By the last census the capital invested in agriculture in the United States was twenty billions, and by the last report of the agricultural taken from one of them written in will speedily recoup you. Excuse me for him in London, as if something was the department the products of the farm October, 1839, from the country for 1907 yielded a grand total of seven bouse of Lord Durham, describes a billions. Compare these figures to the billion-dollar steel trust, over which the whole world went daffy a few years ago; and the magnitude of the greatness-and of the growing greatnessof agricultural interests in America be- forming a social trio, Lord Durham comes apparent. In fact, it would be hard to put your hand on a single department of industrial life, or construc- royal highness objects to cards on tive work in the United States, which Sunday evening; for myself I think would compare in importance to the there is no greater harm in playing permanent value and yearly yields of on that night than any other.' 'No: the farm. Then remember, too, that I, said the duke. 'If it is wrong to of all the manufacturing laterests in play on Sunday, it is equally wrong the United States 75 per cent are de- to play on Monday or any other the latest news, was that Corlander was pendent on the farm for raw products.

A Distinguished Sufferer. The sufferings of dramatic authors at the first-night performances of their blays are said to be so acute that few of them dare to sit in front at the dramatic debut of the children of their brain. Thackeray, in his "Virginians," has George Warrington sitting in chops and tomate sauce" of Pickwick's neighboring coffee-house while the first immortal history. Yet even in that case production of his "Carpezan" is in progress, receiving bulletins of its reception from his friends, and doubtless consoling himself with copious drafts of stimulating liquids as a sort of in sulation against unhappiness in case thigs should go wrong. It is said that nal literature of her country in that W. S. Gilbert, the author of "Pinaabode of comfort, bliss, and intelligence, fore," "Patience" and "The Mikado," has never yet attended a premiere of any of his many successful operas and plays, dreading the pervous strain of the ordeni. Even Henry J. Byron, who was supposed to be a callous sort of mised that Silky Dallison represented that person, in so far as caring for the world's verdict was concerned, is said "Ah!" he exclaimed, after reading the to have been completely wretched at message, "what a cross it looks like. But the first production of his play, "Dear-

er than Life." It was at this performance that a long delay occurred at the end of the second act, filling the audience with im- in pleasant conversation all the even- larity and with mathematical accurpatience and the distinguished author ing, every now and then speaking acy. The hair was greased with

"What in the name of Heaven can they be doing back there?" asked a critic, meeting Byron in the lobby of the theater trying to calm his troubled spirit by walking nervously about.

"I don't know," mouned the author, with a melancholy gesture of despair. A moment later "e sound of a saw at work behind the curtain was beard. and the critic, returning to the playwright's side, inquired;

"And what do you imagine that to Byron's sense of humor came to Ms

rescue instantly. "I think," he said, "they must be cutting out the last act."-Success Maga-

A Fool's Errand. An Englishman, of the ever-serious nort, walked into the office of a New York liveryman and asked to see the

finest trotter he had for sale, "I don't care about price," insisted The clark and Pearman were or depreciate property pretty much at the Britisher, "but it must be a very, very fast horse."

The liveryman explained that he had a horse whose speed could only be shown at night when the roads were

"Meet me at one o'clock to-morrow morning' at the Claremont," he said: "we'll be in Yonkers at two o'clock, and

parture, had carried the release in tri- that's going some." Three hours later the Englishman rushed excitedly into the liveryman's office. "I don't want the horse," puffed the Englishman-"I won't have it at

> "Why not? He's fast," insisted the liveryman. "But what could I do in Yonkers at

two o'clock in the morning?" replied thought it time to do a little work for the Englishman. Success Magazine.

Harlem Musical Note. "Oh, papa, papa!" cried the music lesson maid from the adjoining room, "there's a burglar in the parlor! He just bumped against the plane. heard him strike several keys." "All right, dearle; I'll

"Oh, James," sobbed the wife, "don't do anything rash!"

"Sure not. Leave that to me. going to help the poor duffer. You don't suppose he can get that blamed plane out without assistance, do you?" -New York Herald.

Sixty-eight out of every thousand of the world's publications are in the English language,

How Mrs. Stevenson Upheld Her Opinions Adainst Those of the Queen's Uncle.

There begins in the January "Ces tury" publication of some delightfully written letters by Mrs. Salie Coles Stevenson, wife of the American minister in London, 1836-41. The letters have been arranged by William L. Royall, who says in his introduction:

in the year 1836 President Andrew Jackson appointed Andrew Stevenson a distinguished Virginian, as American minister to England, and this post he occupied until 1841. Mr. Stevenson had been speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, member of Congress from that State, and for several terms speaker of the United States House of Representatives. Ho married for his second wife Miss Sallie Coles, of Green Mountain, Albemarle County, Virginia, who was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent Virginia families.

The position and personal attractions of the minister and his wife soon gained them admission to the most exclusive English society in town and country, and Mrs. Stevenson's letters present an interesting and attractive picture of English homes and the inner life of the aristocracy. She was deeply religious, and a tone of devout plety runs the case of reading, writing and through her letters. The following, ing: at first we have to acquire these Sunday evening: "A large party to dinner." After

the gentlemen joined us, when the Duke of Sussex, Lady Durham and myself were sitting together and came in with his imperial air and said. 'I do not know whether your night.' I felt distressed. Thinks I to myself. 'What shall I do?' that moment the duke appealed to Lady Durham, who gave a faint assent to what he had said. course, was silent when his roya! highness, suddenly leaning forward from the immense arm-chair in which he was half buried, addressed me. 'I think, my dear madam, it is considered a sin to play any game on Sunday in your country.' I replied instantly in a calm, earnest and emphatic manner, so that, although a little deaf, he did not lose a word: 'Your royal highness is right. think it a violation of that commandment which bids us to keep holy the Sabbath day, and we also think it is setting a bad example to our dependents, who cannot so well discern between right and wrong.' The old gentleman drew himself back to his chair and remained silent for several minutes. A solemn pause enregret it. In the meantime the serwith his usual kindness to me; and cocoanut oil and painted red. At when he rose to retire he called out distance it looked like a rising sun. for me, saying, 'Where is Mrs. Stevenson? and when I advanced from a who wear their hair in an unusual shook my hand with even more than | said, "the hair is brushed back over 'Good-night.' I was glad not to have waist. It is a perfect mass-an in-

I ought, despite the fear of man." part in this scene. The Duke of Sas sex was the queen's uncle, and we such rank in England, and Lord Durham was a commanding figure at that time in England.

AN ALCOHOL SCHOOL.

To Teach Farmers How to Make the Denatured Article.

The Government has now opened its alcohol school in the city of Washington for the instruction of the people of the United States in proper the most polite people in the world. methods of making and using the They're not, writes Samuel Hopkins denatured product.

For this purpose a model still has of Agriculture which is big enough of courtesy, regard for the feelings often look askance at the most to work up twenty-five bushels of of others. corn a day, converting that quantity of grain into seventy-five gallons of 95 per cent. alcohol—that is to say. 95 per cent. pure. The plant represents the smallest outfit that can be conducted profitably on a commercial

The farmers cannot very well see it for themselves, so arrangements have been made by which they may learn about it. Agricultural experts from the experiment stations in every one of the States are to go to Washington, says Suburban Life, examine the alcohol making outfit, see how it works and listen to a course of lec. sixth I nursed lame shoulders. will be their business when they go my soul and two more on the front lies down beside it, then, poking his the field followed merrily after on to home to teach the jarmers how to of my collarbone, and I can look snowt into the warm, rotten wood, the downs. put up and how to operate plants of straight into the eyes of an ciderly ne lets the insects run all over his this character.

Inasmuch as such a plant could not be erected for less than \$2,500 ft to obvious that the ordinary farmer would not be able to afford to construct one of the kind. But-and here is the point-a group of farmers, representing a small neighborbord might easily do so.

Then they would bring their corn- auto will get you.

"mill" and receive in return the ab cohol. It is a simple method which farmers have long been accustomed to adopt where four and other nec-

asseries were concerned. The farmers are eager to find t cheap source of energy. Nowadays multitudes of them use gasolene for such purposes as grinning feed, cutting fodder and running the corn sheller, circular saw, horse clipper and grindstone.

A farm in these times is more or less of a factory. By gasolene is expensive. Alcohol is comparatively cheap and when manufactured from the farmer's own vegetable refuse it would cost next to nothing. In France there are 27,000 farmer distillers who make alcohol for industrial purposes from molasses and sugar beets. It is high time that this idea was turned to profitable account in the United States. Rotten apples, frost bitten potatoes, stale watermelons, cornstalks and cobs and every other kind of vegetable refuse are available for this purpose.

SECRETARIES TO THE BRAIN.

Centres Which, Once Taught, Attend

Always to Same Details. Habit is the acquirement of a machine-like or automatic power of performing certain duties. Actions which we have at first to exercise our in tellectual centres to be able to perform are ultimately discharged without any reference to our mind or consciousness.

Indeed when the intellect comes to interfere with the automatic per formance of such acts, says the Lon don Illustrated News, they are app to be less perfectly executed than when the machinelike activity of brain is permitted to have its sway. Take gifts through the exercise of close intellectual attention; later on they are automatically performed.

We do not after the childish stage of education require to bethink our selves over the shape of letters, th sound of syllables or the formation of words by act of the pen. Clearly what was at first an intellectual ac has become purely mechanical.

Also in exercising the other "R and in doing a sum we arrive at correct solution without having to think out the rationale of the operation, as we did when taught arithmetic at school. The saving to the intellectual centres which deal with questions and affairs of every moment must be enormous in consequence of this division of labor. The centres question are left free to exercise judgment and to engage in the highest operations of our conscious life.

In the brain structure we actually find centres which discharge these automatic duties and play the part of private secretaries to the head of the mental firm. Even when we come to higher brain operations a like principle prevails.

Centres are set apart for gover ing muscles, others receive messages from organs of sense, and others again, sifting in the judgment seat, report upon information received.

ODD HAIR DRESSING STYLES.

Colffure That at a Distance Looke Like the Rising Sun.

"One of the most interesting things that came under my observation was the odd manner in which the people sued, and I felt almost frightened wore their hair," said Dr. Harry Dorat what I had done. Still, I did not sey, describing a recent vait to New Guinea and the leading traits and vants had set out the tables, but no characteristics of the inhabitants, one approached them, nor was the known as Papuans. "One type wore slightest allusion made to the sub- the hair standing up from the head ject again. The duke did not retire at a length of seven inches or more until his usual hour, and continued It was trimmed with wonderful regu-

usual cordiality as he uttered his the scalp and bangs down to the offended him, for he has been very tricate jungle. I am sure it was never kind to us; still, I felt very grateful combed and it was impossible to run that I had moral courage given me the fingers through it.. At a distance at the moment to do and say what it looks like a cap with the visor turned downward.

"One other odd type of hair dressgathered at the front and back, then all know what deference is paid to brought together above the head, are never removed from the head."-Baltimore Sun.

PARIS MYTHS EXPLODED.

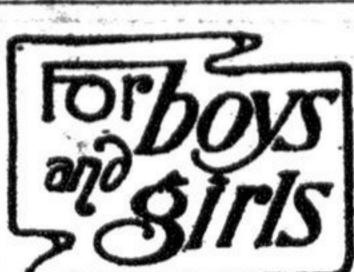
An American Elbowed Into Gutter By "Politest People on Earth."

Tradition declares the French to be Adams in Collier's. Individually the Frenchman may be courteous, Collec-Charming in private, in public he

savagery. In the theatre he is a cover the wicked steel teeth, send we grew too large to enter, and our nuisance, on the street he is a boer, travelling he is-there is no other paw, and then eat the bait at their coop. At last we took the cabin to word adequate to the occasion—a leisure. They will enter the best- a lot near by and had a great fire. hog. You discover this on the occa- constructed pen, rtp off the top logs Olga Moses, in the New York Tribsion of your first promenade in and carry away the bait.

Parls was spent mainly in the gut. To get these the bear will pull to ter, my second in apologizing to pro- pieces every rotten stump he comes ple who were urging me thither. My across. These evidences of the bear's third I devoted to 10'ng some but grubbing are found in every part of brought about a serious loss to the ting myself.. My fourth, fifth and the Maine woods. When the bear pack. An excellent start was made,

and convince her that she duesn't want more than two-thirds of the sidewalk, and if she does want it she doesn't get it. This sounds ungentlemanly, but it's necessary. For if you let yourself get shunted into the street often enough it's only a question of time when a watchful taxi



The Bedtime Hour. You think I should so quietly to bed I like to play my pillow is a bear And growl, and growl, and chuck him

at Roy's bead, That is before we say our sleeptime prayer.

is no fun to always quiet be, And mama let's us play "Bear" all

we please; She makes the stoutest pillow-case for

Like as my trousers, double at the knees. But when Roy says, "I'm Traid

your big bear." Then we kneel down beside the bed, | pie," he said .-- Youth's Companion, and pray:

And after that there's no bear anywhere. And we both so to Dreamtown,

right away. -By Cora A. Matson Dolson, in the Bee liive.

BRER B'AR.

From the forests of Maine the Bangor correspondent of the Philadelphia Record sends a budget of information about the black bear, well known to

and farmers: In general appearance the black bear resembles the hog more than Then each leg was made fast to any other animal. The head, with its round skull, sharp snout, pointed ears, is primarily that of the hog, while only switch her tail and flap her a bear will eat anything a hog will. The bear roots about among the to milk he used only one hand. After leaves in quest of nuts, enters orchards to eat the apples which have fallen on the ground, and, if they are not there, shakes the tree until the fruit comes tumbling down about his ears, wherein he has the advantage of the hog and resembles the human out tying her up? again.

More than one black bear has come to an untimely end because of his propensity for entering cornfields and eating the sweet corn from the statks, sat down and milked two-handed and a favorite occupation of the raccoon. Like the raccoon, too, he is an expert fisherman. He will lie full length I had finished there were a dozen on a log over some quiet pool and people round, and as I handed over drop a bit of wood or offal of some the pail they raised their voices sort on the water. He watches his bait with his small, bright eyes until some unsuspecting trout or chub Americanos licked Spain!" comes up to investigate; then a quick and bruin makes a dainty meal.

When the cold frosts of fall arrive to them. the black bear begins to think of a snag home during the winter months. He looks about until he finds the place that suits him. It may be in a hollow log, and if the hollow is already the home of coons bruin has no scruples about turning them out. If he can find a cave or deep cleft in the rocks | before. Of course, Henry said it was he is equally well satisfied, and will easy, and that he could do it any sleep fully as comfortably until warm day. "Come on, then," said Jack; weather comes again, while his waste | "I'd like to see you do it." "All right," tissues are replaced by the great rolls of fat which thickly cover his ribs the house and get the bob." as a result of the summer's forag-

Frequently when a bear dens beneath a blowndown or lies in a hollow log with his snout near the opening the warmth of his breath melts a hole in the covering of the snow. finally it becomes incrusted with ice. and then remains a sort of chimney was broken. He turned the bob aside or ventilator for bruin's bed chamber. quickly, so as to stop its swift deholes in the snow, and upon investiga-Another type of the inhabitants tion find bruin in his den. The ani- below, the buil after him, but there mal is so sound asleep that no noise was a high fence which separated the will awaken him, yet the first touch field from the road, and as soon as some drawings of Lady Mary's, he | "Starting from the forehead," he on any part of his body brings him Henry climbed this he was all right. out of his sleep with a start. When But the bob had run into a tree and thus aroused the bear is a wicked was smashed, but Henry said he did A story is related of two woodmen

> few years ago. They found the air- Eagle. nole and dug the snow away. They walked and jumped on the jog within p nned as he was in the hollow plied from a neighboring house. trunk, but he was dangerous enough | We used our cabin for a great many so that his captors took no chances purposes. On summer nights the

tively he lacks the essential element | tion is often marvelous. They will there and held teas for them. tempting bait and keep clear of the around the neighborhood used to turn steel jaws, while at other times they the cabin over, but our boys manto an individualist to the verge of will approach the trap gingerly, un aged to fix it up. After a few years the trap spinning with a cuff of the cabin was transformed into a chicken A favorite food of the black bear

My first day on the boulevards of is insects, such as ants and grubs. finds a stump about which the grubs a stout fox being found in Mr. French lady with long gray whiskers snout and licks them off with his the hounds after him, until the quarply has been exhausted bruin pulls the stump apart until he has finished effort to turn the pack, but in vain, the last of the insects.

RESOLUTION WAS SHATTERED. A little boy came home one day from school in a very bad humor. Another boy, Jack Jones, had given | eral seasons, -London Standard.

"Oh," said his mother, "don't think of revenge, Willie. Be kind to Jack. Heap coals of fire on his head. Then

he will become your friend." Willie thought he would try this method. So the next day at recess. just as he was buying a lemon pie tor

luncheon, Jack appeared and said: "Look here, I Hoked you yesterday but I didn't give you enough. Now I'm soing to lick you again." And he planted a hard blow on

Willie's little stomach. Willie gasped, but instead of striking back he extended the ple to Jones.

"Here," he said in a kindly voice, I'll give you this. I make you a present of it." Jack, in glad amazement, feli upon

the pie greedily, and it had soon dis-"Gosh, it was good!" be said. "What did you give it to me for?" "Because you struck me," said the

heaper of coals. Instantly Jack hauled off and struck him again. "Now so and get another

MILKING IN PORTO RICO.

An American civil engineer who had been for some time in Porte Rico tells a story of the way cows are milked in that island. The native cow is small, docile and humbles with very little spirit. The engineer computed that there was more mischief in one Porto Rican goat than in two dozen of the cows. His tale is reported in the Chicago News.

It was just as their great-grandfathers used to do. The cow was driven the Down mast hunters, humbermen up to a post, and a rope thirty feet long was used to tie her bead so that she could not move it an inch. another post, and then the poor cow was so hard and fast that she could ears. When the man finally sat down observing the performance to the end,

asked: "Does your cow kick?" "Not that I know of, senor," he replied.

"Did you ever try to milk her with-

"Caramba, no!" "Well, let me try the American way on this other cow. The second cow was loose, and had her finished in seven or eight

minutes. She stood like a rock. When

and cried out in chorus; "Ha! Is it any wonder that the

But as I passed the place again the sweep up one of those mighty paws next evening the cows were tied up lands the fish, flopping on the bank as before. Their way was a hundred years old, and mine entirely new

COASTING.

Jack and Henry owned a bob or light sled for coasting, and they had many a good time with it. One day Jack "dared" Henry to try an extra steep hill which they had never tried said Henry, "as soon as I run up to

Henry was now ready to coast down the hill and so Jack gave him & push f and off he started. At first he went, but when he was nearly to the bottom he gave a cry. What was that running toward him with his head low? It was a buil, and to Henry's This hole keeps growing larger until dismay he found that the chain which should have held the bull a prisoner Woodmen frequently find these air scent and then he sprang off it and ran as hard as he could to the road not care, for he should never go coasting again, at least not on that hill .-who found a bear in this manner a Eleanor Parker, in the Brooklyn

OUR LOG CABIN.

Would you like to hear about a litwhich bruin was ensconced without the log cabin we had? It was made as plety to play Mrs. Stevenson's ing-colffure, if you will-was ob. arousing him. Then, looking in the of logs of maple, pine and spruce that served on this visit. The hair was hole in the trunk, one of the men the boys cut down in the woods. They saw the bear lying at full length, covered the roof with tar paper. Inwith his head resting on a paw and side, the walls were lined with tar where it was enclosed in a basket-like his snout toward the opening. The paper, which kept out the cold in cylinder. The end spread out about woodman touched the bear's paw with winter. In the back was a small two inches. Apparently these caps his ax, and, like a flash, the bear window just above a shelf. In the awoke, sent the ax spinning out of front was another window beside the the man's hand, and, with another door, which was fitted with an elecrake of his paw, laid open the wood- tric bell that the boys put up. The man's leg from knee to ankle. Of interior was lighted by an electric course, the beast had no chance, light, the current for which was sup-

> boys played games there, and during The cunning shown by bears in the day we made it a home for our avoiding traps set for their destruct dolls. We brought the dolls' furniture

On Hallowe'en nights the boys

Fexhounds Dash Over Cliff.

A fine fifty minutes run with the Eastbourne foxhounds on Saturday had an exciting termination and Now I have a hardened spot in and ants are running in hundreds he Gwynne's gorse near Folkington, and

> Faster and faster went the fox and long tongue. When the available sup- ry made straight for the cliff. The master saw the danger and used every and two couples and a half of the leading hounds had gone clear over the cliff and were killed before the remainder were stopped. The pace was the fastest of any run for sev-