The Pirate of RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND · Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.-(Continued.) The larder was well-stocked, thanks to Charles' foresight, and we made a most excellent supper of potted ham, boned chicken, pilot biscuit, and coffee, boiled as window ledge. only Charles knows how. While supper was being prepared Duponceau and I

made the round of the house, putting up the great storm-shutters with which I usually protected the windows from the winter gales, and piling packing-boxes and extra-heavy furniture against the doors, so that they might be ready withstand any sudden attack. I was surprised to find how snug we could make the cottage. It had been built to weather the roughest of off-shore gales, but never thought of it as useful for a loghouse in case of attack by land. I was

table, and Rodney, reclining upon a couch | house !" as became a wounded warrior, was puffing contentedly at the first eigarette he had had in three days,

"Little did I think, Selden," said he. "when I lunched with you that day, that sight of Rodney's arm in a sling. I'd be coming back as a member of a "It's nothing, Barbara," he said, beamgentleman in a black cloak, who popped up out of the sea. Not but what I enjoy it," he added, as Duponcean looked his way; "I haven't had such a good time since I went bear-hunting in Labrador; but I should like to know what's happened to the market."

"Perhaps I can smuggle Charles through the enemy's lines to the club in a day or two," I answered,

Rodney grunted. "You talk of a day or two as though time were nothing. The whole bottom might drop out in less than an hour. However, I don't care so long as supper's come."

We disposed of a prodigious meal, and when we had finished Duponevan examined with great interest an armory of old swords and other war-like instruments that hang over the mantel piece. Finally he unbooked two long and rusty blades, compared them carefully, and, carrying them with him, went to the stairs. "You're not going to kill him?" I ex-

cla med. "Certainly not; but possibly we can end this campaign to-night. Come with

Rodney and I followed him up to my study, where our prisoner was stretched out in the Morris chair. Duponceau flung the two swords on the center-table, and I could see a quick look of alarm are up in the captive's eyes.

"I am about to propose," said Duponu, "a happy settlement of all our diffiies. Instead of your band of six or t onthwa fighting my three comrades myself, what say you if you and ht it out, you to withdraw your party if I win, I to go with you if I lone? Come, that sounds fair enough," He loosed the bandage from the prisoner's mouth. The wry smile reappeared.

"What do you take me for? I'm n fencer, and the parties back of me wouldn't stand for such a game anybow. They want you taken quietly, delivered up, and don't care what happens to any number of me,"

Dupouceau looken taken aback; thought over the man's words for a moment, then turned to us, "You'll bear witness that I've done everything in my power to settle this affair with the loss of nobody's blood but my own, and that my offer was refused."

do with him?" I asked. "Turn him loose,' said Rodney. "It's Barbara looked pleased; I could

same side of the house." Duponcean was of like mind, so we took the man down-stairs, and, opening monsieur?" she asked. He carefully seat-

the front door, sent him out into the ed her behind the coffee arn, took his own night. "I'll tell the chief about what you place, and Rodney and I sat at the sides. offered," he said as he left, "and if he It was the first state breakfast my cotsars it's a go, we'll bring our best fencer with a flag of truce. But you needn't

I closed the door, and double-holted it. Charles had laid a fire and lighted it. for we were all stiff with our life on board the Ship, and as I stretched out in the doorway on the alert to serve her. comfortably before it I remembered the old English saying that a man's house is insisted on bandaging Rodney's arm. his castle, and was determined that no think he was sorry that she should know men in the pay of private schemers how slight the wound really was, for he should enter mine without my full con- demurred, though with a look of great

CHAPTER XVII.

I was dreaming of the sharp crackle of musketry when I swoke to find small stones rattling against the shutters of my study window. Duponceau had slept in my bed as became the guest of honor -and I had found lodging for the night upon the divan that graced the den. went to the window, and, cautiously peep ing through a crack's opening in the shut ters, looked for the stone-thrower. could see only the white top of the neares dunes, and a sky of cloudless blue, the white and blue as perfect as ever painter dreamed. Although I could not see my visitor, it was evident that the opening shutter was visible, for a larger stone struck the shutter and fell on to the balcony. Curiously enough, it was wrapped in a handkerchief, and one which I instantly saw was not a man's property. With this lure, I opened the shutters wide and stepped on to the balcony. Now below me I saw Barbara, dressed for riding, the color in her cheeks high from so much cannonading.

"Good morning," she called to me. "I piles, quite regardless of what they were rode down to the Ship, but found that about. you had all flown, so I left my horse in "You may," I cried, my heart bounding with new delight at the sweetness of her voice. "I remember a day when you imagine-

"You forget, Mr. Selden, that that was tive," she broke in. "The woman you when there was peace in the land. Many could imagine would probably be a

"Many delightful things, One minute and I'll be down at the door." I hurried down-stairs, but before I could open the front door I heard Bar-

bara's voice crying, "Wait, wait!" Rodney jumped from his couch an? joined me. He as well as I had slept in ; his clothes, "What is it, Felix?" he

"Miss Graham is outside and wants to Think of his stocks and bonds." come in, but she's just called to me to

Two men, the disagreeable chap of our first meeting and another surly-faced individual, stood some twenty feet back of Barbara. I placed my revolver on the

"Now, then, what do you men want?" demanded. "We don't want the lady to go in," the disagreeable-looking one replied.

"Does the lady want to?" I asked. "She does," said Barbara, in a most determined tone of voice. "Then she shall. Slide back the bolts,

Rodney," I whispered. "Now if any one chooses to interfere with her entering my house, he can reflect that he's looking into a straight steel barrel." The door opened, and Barbara, be-

very proud of it when we barred the last window and put the revolver in my pockhead high, walked in, I shut the small et. "There's a pretty mad-looking pair Meanwhile Charles was spreading the out there," I said. "Welcome to the log-

But Barnara was not regarding me. "Why. Rodney," she exclaimed, "what has happened to your arm? They didn't shoot you, did they?" She had caught ing: "only a scratch. I might have been potted by that badly shooting snipe."

She looked at him, her face all admiration. "It's like you to speak lightly, but you've been in danger, and partly on my account, for you'd never have laid eyes on Monsieur Duponceau if it hadn't been for me."

I would have drifted out of the room if I could, but I was caught between them and the door.

Rodney smiled: I could imagine how pleased he must be feeling. "We've had several scraps on Ship," he explained, "and when our foor

gave out we came up here." "You poor dears!" she exclaimed, and this time I was included in her words "I've been thinking of you every minute of the last two days, and wanting to come over to join you. Well, I've stolen away at last, for a morning ride, and now I'm going to stay here with you." "Stay here with us!" we both exclaim-

ed in amazement. "Until after breakfast, I'm going to set your table, and pour your coffee, and fix your rooms, and show you in general what a woman can do in a bouse."

We both had had visions of that all ready, I Mucy. I caught Rodney's eye he smiled, and the color rose to his face, "Where's Charles?" Barbara demanded led her into the kitchen, where Charles was busied, and Rodney and I sat on the dresser tand watched while Barbara rolled up her slevres, pinnep a napkin over her dress as an apron, and proceeded to direct Charles as to the cooking things, Either one of us would have been supremely happy if the other had not been

When the table was set, and the breakfast on its way from the kitchen to the dining-room, Duponceau appeared, for the first time free of the clonk be had worn on the Ship, but still all in black. save for his gold chains, and still enveloped in that peculiar air of mystery which instinctively set him apart from all ordinary beings. Barbara curtaied to him, and he raised ber hand to his lips and kissed it with the grace of the old

"We are not quite forgotten by the out side world," he said, with almost a tinge of royalty in his voice, "very far indeed Rodney and I agreed. "What shall we from forgotten, when so charming an emiseary joins us."

bettler to have all our enemies on the that Daponceau was still her paragon of romance.

"Will row take the head of the table tage had ever known. Barbara contrived that we should all

impartially, and listened attentively to everything Duponceau said. Even Charles felt her influence. I could seerhim linger breakfast came to an end, and Barbara satisfaction; but he finally consented to roll up his sleeve. I drew Duponceau away to my den, and the two were left afone for a long half-hour. Monsieur l'ierre and I discussed matters of defense When we returned to the living-room Barbara's face was flushed, and Rodney's cheeks were red. His arm was wound with a new bandage and a little gold pin

fastened it. "Will you take me over to the house?" asked Rarbara, jumping up; and now i was my turn to gloat, for she insisted on roking into every nook and cranny, on learning how two men left to their own devices lived, and on improving what she found. I, who had once been averse to feminine influence about a house, surrendered. She straightened the pictures, rearranged the ornaments and knick-knacks, and finally started in upon my desk. "Oh. please don't touch that!" I ex-

claimed. She stopped and looked at me, "Rodney let me fix his arm when he didn't

want to, and you-" "Please do," I said, motioning towards the papers, and she placed them in little

"Now I've been horrid enough," she the woods and came here. I thought you said when she'd finished, "I dare say men must have gone for the season, by the are better off living afone. Think how angry you'd be if a woman should do that every day."

"That depends on the woman." I could "I always told you you were imagina- band is dead."

"Yes," I agreed; "she is," "And nymphs are proverbially slippery

"Yes, so I've heard." "So she might slip away from you without a moment's notice." She sat down in my big deak-chair.

"l'oor Rodney," she sighed, "It seems

as if he were sacrificing a great deal "Yes," I agreed. A moment later I wait. I'll open the little side window added, "I haven't written a line for ever I slid the window-bolt and looked out. "And it's so important that a broker blind. should keep in touch with his office," she "And that a writer should write."

"Then why did you give it up?" "Duponceau," I answered. Our eyes net, and we both laughed.

There was a brief silence, and then she rose. "I have a feeling that the crisis is coming. Remember that I trust you to shield my pirate. I must go back to the

We went down-stairs, and Barbara made her adjeux. "I'll go with you to your horse," said "I shall be delighted to go," I put in at

he same moment. "I am not so valuable a man as you." Rodney explained, "in case they should cut Barbara looked from one to the other

I bowed. "I yield." He was the older

friend, and, much as I feared him, I could but admit that he was entitled to the privilege. Islip smiled with pleasure. "Thank you," he said.

of us, "Rodney-" she began,

"Rodney must not go," she finished It was my turn to start for the door. "Nor must you," she continued to me. am much safer alone than with either of

The matter was settled; we could only hold the door open, and let her pass out. We watched her as she went down the beach. Once she turned and waved her riding-crop in farewell. It was cruel that we should be penned up within four walls when the world was crying aloud for joy of the day, and she was going out to it. We turned back ill at east towards each other, and just then a bullet ploughed into the bouse to the right of us. We jumped in, slammed the door, and bolted it. There was a cry from Charles. "They'

coming up the baleony!" (To be continued.)

WHO DID IT?

Rock Writings in Wyoming Caves a

Deep Mystery. The rock writings in Wyoming have again been brought into notice by the work of Prof. Harlan L. Smith, of the New York Museum of Natural History, accomplished last summer. He made some most interesting discoveries of rock markings and pictures.

Who carved these rocks? what race of men traveled through the waterless deserts of Wyoming to inscribe these stones with pictures and writings which puzzle the brains of the greatest experts of our day? It is certain that these markings were not made by white men, for they are around and about the extensive quar ries from which some primitive say ages obtained their arrow heads and ax heads, as was proved by the debris and fragments found by Prof. Smith Nor can anyone read the markings and obtain any actual meaning from them. Do those arrows and straight marks indicate the location of water or the best places over which to drive trying." buffaloes or antelopes that they may be killed by the fall? Or are they written in some primitive sign lan guage of those ancient cave men conveying important information to

those who were able to read them? The drawings are rude, but it is certain that the pains necessary to carve them would not have been taken were it not that they conveyed important information to those for whom they were intended.

Prof. Smith left Lunk, Wyo., with an experienced cowboy as his guide They went in a wagon, carrying water with them. From Newcastle, on the western edge of the Black Hills, they went northward some miles, found in Oil Creek Canyon a cave dwelling, breastwork and cave man pictures and writing. Continuing southwestward, they reached the canyons of Crazy Woman and Muddy where caves formerly occupied by the cave dwellers were found. Thence they made their way past the Hole in the Wall country, and over the divide to Casper.

men obtained stone for arrow heads. spear heads, knives, scrapers, drille food, and other tools and utensils. It covers some five acres, and all over the expect him, for from what I've heard the forget that we were cooped up in a log- bles which had been used as ham- tress." mers for chipping the rocks. It was plain that these quarries had been used before the advent of the white man, for there were no glass beads.

The petroglyphs and pictographs resemble closely those found near Hammond, in southern Wyoming. showing some relationship of common influence at work upon all these people. Some of the pictures show what must have been ceremontal

There is nothing here to show that men, so they were probably very anhave been practically impossible for was allowed this hour's pleasure until these regions to have been inhabited or visited without the aid of horses. The man's only true friend, the dog, so the matter must still be left open for future determination.

Perfect Confidence. A physician was summoned to a very sick man, who was very much preoccupied with troubles of his own. On arriving at the sick man's bed, he said to his wife:

"Your husband is in the last throes. At this moment the sick man's head

fell over the pillow, when the doctor said: "The end has come, your hus-

"Tain't so, Maria." At once the wife laid her hand on his head and remarked: "Don't disturb yourself, Rufus—the doctor knows

best."-Harper's Monthly.

Owing to the scarcity of whales, the whaling industry is dying out. Only 150 are now caught each year.

the million who

Where Has The Little Girl Gone? The snows of yesteryear are gone Their like will come again; The blooms of yester June are fled, But more will gladden men. We ask for what has gone for good

Amid the dizzy whirl And for the sign by which we knew The old-time little girl.

Now from the cradle to the grave Throughout their length of years To fold their hats upon their heads They bristle thick with spears. And so we ask: Where has she gone, The girl before the pin,

Who wore to moor her hat on tight Elastic 'neath her chin? -McLandburgh Wilson.

FIDO THE CLEVER. In France there was once a little dog whose name was Fido. He belonged to a poor woman who did not always have enough food to give him. Fido must have thought it over to himself this way: "My mistress loves me, but she is so poor that often she does not have enough food for her own dinner. How then can she afford to give me mine? I am a strong dog and a wise dog, too, so I must get my dinner without troubling my good mis-

Not far from the place where the dog lived there was a convent which was the home of some good nuns, and one day as Fido sat near by in the sun he saw a beggar ring the bell of the convent door, Soon a woman came and brought a bowl of soup and

meat, which she gave to the beggar. Fido trotted up and looked into the beggar's face as much as to say, "Can't you spare me one of those bones?" But the beggar did not see things in the light that Fido did. "Go away, you cur," said the beggar. So Fide trotted back to his place in the sun and lay down.

But he was very hungry. He did not have anything to eat for a whole day. The beggar over the way as soon as he had eaten his food put the bowl in the hole in the door and then walked off. "Those must be good women to give

food to beggars," thought Fido. wonder if they wouldn't give me a bowl of soup. There's nothing like So Fido trotted across the street, and, putting up his paw, rang the bell.

"Ding, ding, ding." What a noise he made. "There's another beggar after food," said the good nun to herself; and out she came with a plate of boiled meat, and looked around. "There's

nobody here after all," she said, and shut the door. "She calls me nobody," thought poor Fido, "I must try again," he jumped up and rang the bell once more, "Ding, ding, dong," It made a much louder noise than before. But nobody came. The woman stood at a back window, watching to see who was ringing the bell. Phio wait-

ed awhile and then jumped up again and gave the bell a good pull. Then the woman came out an laughed to find that a dog had been ringing the bell. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Bow-wow-wow," said Fido. "I know what that means," said the woman. "You want some dinner." So she gave the dog some dinner, The greatest discovery was that of and every day after that Fide would a large quarry, from which the cave come at a certain hour and ring the bell and the woman would give him

One day she put some food in a basket and said to Fido: "Now, good dog, take that home to your mis-

Pido took it home eafely. His mistress had a good dinner that day as well as Fldo himself.

fron arrow points or other late re Fido ring the convent bell for his Polks came from a distance to see dinner.-Home Hefaid.

A TRUE PRIEND. During the French Revolution very good man was thrown into prison and condemned to die. This man had a dog, a water spaniel, who was most faithful to the man while he was shields, or religious inscriptions-for at home, and when the man left his they are otherwise inexplicable. Some home to go to prison the dog folof them are in black, some are col. lowed. Of course, he was refused adored red and some are drab. The last mittance, so he went to a neighbor's color is the first of this kind ever house, where he boarded and lodged found. The usual color of these pic but his time was spent sitting in front of the prison door.

His faithful watch at length wor the horse was known to these cave over the jailer, who allowed him to enter the dark place and enjoy an clent. But some hold that it would hour with his master. After that he the day the man was led to execution. walked to the burial place and never rested until he saw the man late away and then he laid himself over the grave, where he remained for three days.

The neighbor at whose house the animal sought lodging enticed home after the third day of watch and made him eat, but the dog escaped an hour later and again sought the Every movement shows that the end | burial place. Three months passed. Each day the dog went to the neighbor's for food, and then back to his place of watch, but each day he was more sad, more lean and more languishing. They even chained him In a shrill, thin voice the sick man | keep him at home, but he broke his this true friend breathed his last --Philadelphia Ledger.

SKYLARKS.

John Burroughs relates that number of years ago a friend in Eagland sent him a score of skylarks in a cage. He gave them their liberty in a field near where he lived. They s population there are drifted away, and he never heard or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city of Ireland's area.

the Doon, a quarter of, a century or more before. The song had given him infinitely more pleasure than it would have given to the naturalist himself. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a lover of birds journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat an turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird "Ah," thought the student of nature, "if I could only hear the bird as he hears that song with his ears!" To the man of science it was only a bird song to be critically compared to s score of others, but to the other if brought back his youth and all these long-gone days on his native hills!-

OUR POLLY.

we let him go out of doors. He stin in the evening to be fed and put to bed. His favorite trick was to climb high up in the wistaria vine that covered the front of our house, and from there he would call "Hello!" to every one who passed the house. It was so funny to see people turn around to see who it was who had called. Polly was almost the color of the vine, so he could not be easily seen, and anyway no one thought of its being a parrot. Of all things he hated his bath, and would call loudly for help during the whole process, though he never offered to bite the person bathing him.-Grace Horney. in the New York Tribune.

ton and see the fine old things here. It is called the Colonial City because it was settled in the old Colontal days, 'way back in 1661, but it was called Wiltwyck then; so you can see it is very old. There are many of t houses here. The oldest one is call ed the Senate House.

"Mama, am I very Ill?" "No, dear, your temperature is a he robbed of its power to destroy. little over a hundred, but the doctor thinks you will be all right in a day

Now, mama, I can have my dollar. every recruit, as a matter of course,

YOU'SE DRESSED UP. Grandma's guest was elegantly but imply dressed in black chiffon volle handsomely trimmed with silk overlace. Little Birdle, aged four, climb ed on her lap and patted the many gray hairs and smoothed the pared by an extremely simple process. lace and silk, then peered lovingly into her face and said: typhoid bacilli are put into it. Find-

"You'se dressed up good enough to killed, ain't you?"-Bee Hive. A Hogarthian Inn Sign

"The Man Loaded With Mischief," which is found about a mile from Cambride, on the Madingley road. The original "Mischief" was designed by

ford street. It is needless to say that the signboard and even the name have long ago disappeared from the busy London thoroughtare, but the quaint device must have been extensively copled by country sign painters. There is a "Mischief" at Wallingford and a "Load of Mischief" at Norwich. The inn on the Madingley road exhibits is just going in to pledge his tools. -Strand Magazine.

Bog comprises about one seventieth

called on him and declared, with visible excitement, that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark, He was not dreaming, he knew it was a skylark, though he had not hear! one since he had left the banks of ady unless one chooses. People nowadays do not "catch" smallpox if they have been properly vaccinated. In case they neglect that customary precaution, it is considered that they have deliberately exposed themselves to the risk of contagion. The same proposition will in future apply to typhoid, inasmuch as means have been found whereby, through inoculation with a Christian Register. suitable "vaccine," anybody may be

The first pet my sister and I ever had was a parrot, which a friend of our mother brought to us from Cuba. He was a young bird and coult speak no English at all, though he had picked up several Spanish werls from the crew on the voyage here. But even to-day, when it kills less than However, it did not take Polly long 10 per cent of the victims it assails, to acquire a very fluent vocabulary, it is exceedingly destructive. It and he chattered so incessantly that caused 80 per cent of the total deaths he drove every one in the house on the American side during the war nearly crazy. He was so tame that with Spain-the disease, which raged in the military camps, being distribways stayed near the house, com'ng uted chiefly by files. And it was recently estimated by Dr. George M. Kober of Washington, D. C .- a recognized authority on the subject-that, reckoning loss of wage-earning capacity, expense for medical attendance, etc. typhoid fever in the United States costs annually not less than \$350,000, 600, Accepting these figures, it appears that the disease costs the people of the United States more than a billion dollars every three years, writes Rene Bach in Technical World Magazine. There is just one advantage in hav-

A COLONIAL CITY. I wish you could all come to Kings-

When the British burned our city in the Revolutionary War all the houses were burned except the Senate House. Let me tell you something about this house. It was built 1676, and George Washington had his headquarters here once. It was also the first capitol of New York state. it is two stories high and is made of ning to be applied, with much success, The height must have been forty many people visit it to view the old Pasteur's discovery—and cholers and ground he had righted himself, his went there I saw a apinning wheel, instance of Haffkine, an Englishman. Was too great. He hit the earth heavsome of George Washington's clothes. Vaccination for typhoid—first worked (iy, and before I could reach him lay many other things. There was a is based upon the same theory. cracker over two hundred years old. -Samuel H. Gross, in the New York

READY FOR THE DOLLAR. Marjorie, aged nine, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said, "Marjorie, for the first hundred you get I'll give you a dollar." Time went on, the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently III. Her mother sent for the doctor. always been the most deadly enemy When he had gone, Marjorie said of troops—commonly killing more men

Smiles broke through Marjorie's should suffer any loss whatever by ty-

One of the most humorous inn signs Hogarth for a public house in Ox-

taining the dead bodies of billions of typhoid bacilli. It is now ready for use. But first, to make perfectly sure that all the bacilli are dead, a small quantity of the soup is put into a fresh batch of broth, previously sterilized by. by heat. If, on microscopic examination, some hours later, no living bacilli are found in the new broth, it is the sign in its original form. Though tubes. Each tube, after being steril. ball. She also missed her a the colors are much faded from ex- ized, receives a certain number of when she arrived at her hor fetters, escaped and never left it posure to the weather, traces of Hog- drops of the immunising fluid from a the next day it was brought to arthian humor can be detected. A man machine made for the purpose, and is a woman who had a is staggering under the weight of 3 then hermetically scaled with a glass. Flags on her way house woman, who is on his back. She is blower's blowpipe. It thus becomes neckines to her trients. holding a glass of gin in her hand, nothing more than an elongated buth Bo glad I found a chain and padlock are around the of glass, with no opening through man's neck, labelled "Wedlock." On which any microbe can sain admit To the right-hand side is the shop of "S. | tames. When a dose is to be adminis Gripe, Pawnbroker," and a carpenter tered, the physician shufly

CONQUERING TYPE

The Immunisting Vaccine,

ties of the immunising fluid have been

manufactured and put up in sealed

glass tubes, ready for use- each tube

containing the few drops regulate for

a dose. For military purposes it is of

atmost importance to find a means

whereby the "putrid fever," which has

than were slain by the enemy-shall

How the Vaccine in Prepared.

phoid. It will doubtless be required of

purpose, have already been inoculated;

passed beyond the experimental stage,

every officer and enlisted man will b

The "vaccine" for typhoid is pr

a quantity of beef broth is made, and,

when it has had time to cool, a few

ing it an acceptable food, they multi-

ply with great rapidity, until, after a

few hours, the vessel of soup contains

countless billions of them. They are

then killed by putting the broth into a

sort of oven and heating it to a point

This is the "vaccine"-a soup con-

in the neighborhood of boiling.

subjected to the treatment.

There is no reason, indeed, why sol-

ance doubly sure to that is to say, of "taking" dose is usually administers one is of eight drops, reabout 500,000,000 bacillar the fifteen drops, containing 1.00 bacilli, or thereabouts.

How Typhold Backlit Of But, as already explained, the be ROF this time on it is are all dead. Why, then, should merely a question whethpossess any usefulness? The answer er one wishes to be proof that, though defunct, they still con against attack by typhold the peculiar and characteristic p fever or not. Certainly belonging to this species of micro there can be no reason They are powerless to engender for contracting the malphoid fever in the human body, h the poison in question has the effe of inducing the cells of the body t manufacture a particular antidote-

antidote to typhoid. When a person is attacked by phoid fever, the germs, feeding on the tissues, incidentally set free a con erable quantity of their specific pe son. This poison is injurious to the body cells, which absorb more or les of it. But the cells, to protect the rendered permanently immune—that is selves against the enemy, proceed to to say, incapable of acquiring the dis manufacture on their own account at anti-poison—that is to say, a substance Typhold in old time was known as which in nine cases out of ten-if the "putrid fever." It was one of the most patient be properly cared for kills of deadly of human maladies, largely be the hostile microbes, and eventually cause the proper methods to adopt in drives them out of the system. This dealing with it were not yet known. is what happens every time when sufferer from typhoid recovers.

WHEN LUCK FAILS.

Unboused and often unsheltered. wild animals suffer more than is generally understood. No one can settmate the deaths of a year from severe cold, beavy storms, high winds and tides. In "The Lay of the Land" Dallas Lore Sharp tells of whole colonies of gulls and terms swept away by a great storm, and describes some

of the faialities of the little people of the wood. We have all held our breath at the hazardous traveling of the squirrels to the treetops. What other animals take ing typhoid. An attack of it renders such risks, leaping at dixxy beights one immune to the complaint there from bending limbs to catch the tips after—at all events practically so, in of limbs still smaller, saving themasmuch as a recurrence of the malady selves again and again by the merest

chance? from it is uncommon. But it would But luck sometimes fails. My brothe surely be very advantageous if such er, a careful watcher in the woods, immunity could be attained without was hunting on one occasion, when he going through the sickness and suf- eaw a gray squirrel miss its footing in a tree, fall, and break its neck upon

Fortunately, this very thing bas at a log beneath. last been accomplished. That is to say, I have frequently known them to a means has been discovered whereby fall short distances, and once I may anybody may be rendered immune to a red squirrel come to grief like the typhoid—the result being obtained by gray squirrel mentioned above. a simple process of vaccination. The was scurrying through the tops principle of vaccination for smallpox some lofty pitch pines, a little harried is that of utilizing the germ of a near and flustered at sight of me, and near ly-related disease of the cow, much ing the end of a high branch was in fullder in character, to produce im- the act of springing, when the dead munity against the more serious mal- tip cracked under him and he came

ady. This idea nowadays is begin tumbling headlong. to other maladies, notably rables—by feet, so that before he reached the bubonic plague, the two latter at the tail out and legs spread; but the fall

out by Sir A. E. Wright of London- dead upon the pine needles. Hasty, careless, miscalculated more For some time past the United ments are not as frequent among the States War Department has been bust- careful wild flock as among human ly engaged with the problem of typhoid beings, perhaps; but there is abundant vaccination, and at the Army Medical evidence of their occasional occurrence Museum in Washington large quanti- and of their sometimes fatal results.

THE GIRAFFE.

Africa's Second Story Weeker with the Long Distance Stell. The giraffe is the second story worker of the animal kingdom. It is a merger of the sebra and the camel and is also a distant relative of the palmy tree. The giraffe consists of eight feet of neck equipped with a body at one end and a head at the other. In the matter of neck it has all the rest of diers in the field in future wars length. The giraffe's mouth is located so far from its stomach that it has to eat to-day to appears to-morrow's ap-Papa said he would give it to me if that before being finally accepted he death while the first meal it had eaten for two weeks was slowly traveling its

dy. As for the regular army, several hundred men, volunteering for the transcontinental esophagua, The giraffe looks as if it had startand, the investigation having now ed out to be a sebra, but, having reached the shoulders, had kept on going. It is very dark in color, marked by yellowish brown stripes in a handsome linoleum pattern. It lives on tree tope, eagles' nests and rainbows. During the Boor war the British army had some difficulty with giraffes, which formed s great liking for war balloons and frequently nibbled them during their flight in order to inhale the gam.

Why does the girafts have a long distance neck? Persons given to the use of common sense will realize that Africa is rich in insect life as well as animal life and that all African animais carry innumerable parasites on their hides. The giraffe's head is so far from his body that a long neck is absolutely necessary in order that he may reach down and grab off a tick from his fetlock when necessary. Even a child could see this.-Collier's Week-

Had Them Tested. taken for granted that the stuff is pearl neckince recall the story of a all right, and the soup holding the de-similar experience which a New York funct germs is put up in little glass woman had after the last Old Gr