

THE LITTLE CHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair
It stands in a corner dim
But a white-haired mother grating there,

O, the old, old days! the dear, dear days
When a child with sunny hair,
Was here to scold, to kiss, to praise,

THE FLYING DEATH.

A Story in Three Writings and a Telegram.

PART II.—THE END OF THE TRAIL.

DOCUMENT NO. 3. (A) Extract from letter written by Stanford Colton to his father, John Colton Esq., of New York City. Dated September 21st, 4 p. m.

So there, my dear dad, is the case against the Pteranodon. To your hard business sense it will seem a thing for laughter.

Now as to poor Haynes, he was the last person to speak to him. He woke me out of a troubled dream walking along the hall at six o'clock this morning.

"Is that you, Haynes?" I called. "Yes," he said. "I'm off for the beach."

"Wait fifteen minutes, and I'll go with you," I suggested.

"If you don't mind Colton, I'd rather you wouldn't," I went to go over the ground alone, first. But with you'd come down after breakfast, and join me."

"All right," I said. "It's your game to play. Good luck. Oh, hold a minute. Have you got a gun?"

"No," he answered. "Better take mine."

"You must have been having bad dreams," he said lightly. "A good night's rest has shooed the Professor's Cretaceous job-jub bird out of my mental premises.

I was now up and at the door. "Well, good luck," I said again, and for some reason I reached out and shook hands with him.

He looked rather surprised—perhaps just a bit startled—but he only said: "See you in a couple of hours."

Sleep was not for me after that. I tried it, but it was no go. The Stratton family almost expired of amazement when I showed up for breakfast.

At almost at the spot where we had found Serdholm, a man lay sprawled grotesquely. Though the face was hidden and the posture distorted, I knew him instantly for Haynes, and as instantly knew he was dead.

There's a bad streak in me, dad, and it came out right there, for I had wheeled to run before I realized the shame of it. Then, thank God, I caught myself, and stopped.

It turned again my foot struck a small rock. It wasn't much of a weapon, but it was the best at hand. I picked it up and went forward to the body, sickening at every step.

Haynes had been struck opposite the gully. The weapon that killed him had been driven with fearful impetus between his ribs, from the back. A dozen staggering prints showed where he had plunged forward before he fell. The seat was touched, and he must have been dead almost on the stroke.

His flight was involuntary—the blind, mechanical instinct of escape from death. To one who had seen its like before, there was no mistaking that great gash in his back. Haynes had been killed as Serdholm was. But for what cause? What possible motive of murder could embrace those two who had never known or so much as spoken to each other? No; it was reasonless; the act of a thing without mind, inspired by no motive but the blood thirst, the passion of slaughter.

At that, the picture of the Pteranodon, as the Professor had drawn it, took hold of my mind. I ran to the point where Haynes had staggered. Beginning there, in double line over the clean sand, stretched the grisly track of the talons. Except for them the sand was untouched.

So great an access of horror possessed me that I became, for the moment, irresponsible. Perhaps it was instinct that sent me to the sea. I ran in to my knees, dropped on all fours, and not only plunged my head in, but took great gulps of the salt water. The retching that followed cleared my brain. I was able to command myself as I returned to the body of Haynes. Yet it was still with an overmastering repulsion that I scanned the heavens for wings; and when I came to climb to the cliff's top, for a better view, three times my knees gave way, and I rolled to the gully. Nothing was in sight. Again I returned to the body, now somewhat master of myself. A hasty examination convinced me that Haynes had been dead for some time, perhaps an hour. There was but one thing to do. I set off for the house at my best speed.

Of the formalities that succeeded there is no need to speak; but following what I thought Haynes's method would have been, I investigated the movements of Serdholm, the patrolman, that morning. From six o'clock to eight he was at the station. His alibi is solid. In the killing of poor Haynes he had no part. That being proved, sufficiently establishes his innocence by the same murderer.

Professor Ravenden is now fixed in his belief that the Pteranodon or some little-altered descendant, did the murders. I am struggling not to believe it, yet it lies back of all my surmises as a hideous probability. One thing I know, that nothing would tempt me alone upon that beach to-night. Tomorrow morning I shall load up my Colt's and go down there with the Professor, who is a game old theorist, and can be counted on to see this through. He is blocking out, this afternoon, a monograph on the survival of the Pteranodon. It will make a stir in the scientific world. Don't be worried about my part in this. I'll be cautious tomorrow. No other news to tell; nothing but this counts.

Your affectionate son, STANFORD.

P. S.—Dad, couldn't you do something to help Haynes's people? Not financially—Professor Ravenden believes that if they're anything like Haynes, they wouldn't accept it anyhow. But go and see them, and tell them how much we thought of him here, and how he died trying to get at the truth. I've written them, but you can do so much more on the ground.

DOCUMENT NO. 3. (B.) Statement by Stanford Colton regarding his part in the events of the morning of September 22nd, 1902.

This is written at the request of Professor Ravenden, to be embodied with his report on the Montauk Point tragedies. On the morning of Sept. 22nd (the day after the killing of Harris Haynes) I went to the beach opposite Stony Gully. It was seven o'clock when I reached the point where the bodies of Haynes and Serdholm were found.

Professor Ravenden was to have accompanied me. He had started out while I was at breakfast, however, through a misunderstanding as to time. His route was a round-about one, bringing him to the spot after my arrival, as will appear in his report. I went directly down the shore. In my belt was my revolver.

As I came opposite Stony Gully I carefully examined the sand. It had been much trodden by those who had taken the body of Haynes to the house. Toward the soft beach and the gully's mouth, however, had been no effacement, though there was a slight hurring effected by a mild fall of rain. My first action was to look carefully about the country to discover any possible peril near by. Having satisfied myself that I was not threatened, I set about inspecting the sand. There were no fresh marks. The five taloned tracks were in several places almost as distinct as on the previous day. Fortunately, owing to the scanty population and the slow transmission of news, there had been very few visitors to the scene, and those few had been careful in their movements, so the evidence was not trodden out.

For a closer examination I got down on my hands and knees above one of the tracks. There was the secret if I could but read it. The footprint was in all respects the counterpart of the sketch made by Haynes, and of the impress on the Cretaceous rock of Professor Ravenden. I might have been hit that posture two or three minutes, my mind immersed in conjecture. Then I rose, and as I stood and looked down, there suddenly flashed into my brain the solution. I started forward to the next mark, and as I advanced, something sang in the air behind me. I knew it was some swiftly flying thing; knew in the same agonizing moment that I was doomed; tried to face my death; and then there was a dreadful grinding shock, a flame with jagged teeth tore through my brain, and I fell forward into darkness.

DOCUMENT NO. 4. The explanation by Professor Willis Ravenden, F. E. S., etc., of the events of September 20, 21, 22, 1902, surrounding the death of Paul Serdholm and Harris Haynes, and the striking down of Stanford Colton.

Of the events of the three days, Sept. 20, 21, and 22, 1902, at Montauk Point, culminating in my own experience of the final date, I write with some degree of pain due to the personal element in my own attitude toward the case, and, as such, unworthy of a balanced intelligence. It is the more difficult for me to recount equably these matters, in that I was shaken, at successive moments of the denouement, by many and violent passions; grief, fear, horror, and finally, an inhuman rage which shamefully rankle in my memory. Yet what I here set down is told with such fidelity as I can achieve, bearing due reference to the comparative value of the elements, and without, I trust, unnecessary circumlocution or undue obtrusion of my own sentiments and theories.

Upon the death of my esteemed young friend, Mr. Haynes, I made minute examination of the vestigial near the body. There were obviously the footprints of the same creature that killed Serdholm, the coast-guard. Not only the measurements and depth of indentation, but the intervals corresponded exactly with those observed in the first investigation. The non-existence of five-toed birds drove me to the consideration of other winged creatures, and certainly none may say that, with the evidence on hand, my hypothesis of the Pteranodon was not justified.

Having concluded my examination into the circumstances of Mr. Haynes's death, I returned to This House and set about composing the remarkable events in a monograph. In this work I employed the entire afternoon and evening of the 21st, with the exception of an inconsiderable space devoted to a letter which it seemed proper to write to the afflicted family of Mr. Haynes, and in which I suggested for their comfort the fact that he met his death in the noble cause of scientific investigation. In pursuance of an understanding with Mr. Colton, he and I were to have visited, early on the following morning, the scene of the tragedies. By a misconception of the plan, I started out before he left, thinking that he had already gone. My purpose was to proceed to the spot along the cliffs, instead of to the beach, this route affording a more favorable view, though an intermittent one, as it presents a succession of smoothly rolling billcocks. Hardly had I left the house when the disturbance of the gullies incidental to my passage put to flight a fine specimen of the Lycena pseudargiolus, whose variations I was being investigating. I had, of course, taken my net with me, partly, indeed, as a weapon of defense, as the bug is readily detachable, and heavily loaded.

In the light of subsequent events I must confess my culpability in allowing even so absorbing an interest as this that suddenly beset my path to turn me from my engagement to meet Mr. Colton. Instinctively,

however, I pursued the insect. Although this species, as is well known, exhibits a power of sustained flight possessed by none other of the lepidoptera of corresponding wing-area, I hoped that, owing to the chill morning air, this specimen would be readily captured. Provocatively, as it would seem, it alighted at short intervals, but on each occasion rose again as I was almost within reach. Thus lured on I described a half circle, and was, approximately, a third of a mile inland, when finally I netted my prey from the leaves of a Quercus ilicifolia. Having deposited it in the cyanide of potassium jar which I carried on a shoulder strap, I made haste, not without some quiverings of self reproach, toward the cliff. Incentive to greater haste was furnished by a fog bank that was approaching from the south. Heading directly for the nearest point of the cliff I reached it before the fog arrived. The first object that caught my eye, as it ranged for the readiest access to the beach, was the outstretched body of Colton lying upon the hard sand where Serdholm and Haynes had met their deaths. He was barely within my scope of vision, the nearer beach being out of sight by the cliff line.

I may say, without intemperance of expression, that for the moment I was stunned into inaction. Then came the sense of my own guilt and responsibility. Along the cliff I ran, at full speed, dipped down into a hollow, where, for the time, the beach was shut off from view, and ascended the hill beyond, which brought me almost above the body a little to the east of the gully. The fog, too, had been advancing swiftly, and now as I reached the cliff's edge it spread a gray mantle over the body lying there alone.

Already I had reached the edge of the gully, when there moved very slowly out upon the hard sand, things so out of conception, an apparition so monstrous to the sight, that my net fell from my hand, and a loud cry burst from me. In the gray folds of mist it wavered, assuming shapes beyond comprehension. Suddenly it doubled on itself, contracted to a compact mass, underwent a strange inversion, and before my clearing vision there arose a man, dreadful of aspect indeed, but still a human being, and, as such, not beyond human power to cope with. Coincidentally with this recognition I noted a knife, inordinately long of blade and bulky of handle, on the sand almost under Colton. Toward this man had been moving when my cry arrested him, and now he stood facing the height with strained eye and bestialy gnashing teeth.

There was no time for delay. The facile descent of the gully was out of the question. It was over the cliff or nothing, for if Colton was alive his only chance was that I should reach his assailant before the latter could come at the knife. Upon the flash of the thought I was in mid-air, a giddy terror dulling my brain as I plunged down through the fog. Fortunately for me—for the bones of sixty years are brittle—I landed on a slope of soft sand. Forward I pitched, threw myself completely over, and, carried to my feet by the impetus, ran down the lesser slope upon the man.

That he was obsessed by a mania of murder was written on his face and in his eyes. But on his expression, as he turned toward me, was that of a beast alarmed. To hold his attention, I shouted. The one desideratum was to reach him before he turned again to the knife and Colton.

The maniac crouched as I ran in upon him, and I must confess to a certain savage exultation as I noted that he had little the chance of my size or weight. Although I thought not a large man, I met that I am of wiry frame, which my out of door life has kept in condition. So I felt no great misgivings as to the outcome. We closed. As my opponent's muscles tightened on mine I knew, with a sudden, daunting shock, that I had met the strength of fury. For a moment we strained, I striving for instant victory, he for a moment to lift him from his feet. Then with a rapid scream the creature dashed his face into my shoulder, and bit through shirt and flesh until I felt the teeth grate on my shoulder-blade.

Not improbably this saved my life and Colton's. For, upon the outrage of that assault, a fury not less intense than that of my enemy fired me, and I, who have ever practiced a certain scientific austerity of emotional life, became, to my dishonor, a raging beast. Power as of steam flashed through every vein; strength as of steel distended every muscle. Clutching at the throat of my assailant, I tore that hideous frown from my shoulder. My right hand drawn back for a blow, I switched the cord of my heavy poison bottle. Shouting aloud I swung the formidable weapon up and brought it down upon his head with repeated blows. His grasp relaxed. I sprang back for a fuller swing and beat him to the ground. The jar was shattered, but such was my ecstasy of murderousness that I forgot the specimen of pseudargiolus, which fell with the fragments and was trodden into the sand.

In my hand I still held the base of the jar. My head was whirling. I staggered backward, and with barely sense enough left to know that the deadly fumes of the cyanide were doing their work, flung it away. A mist fell like a curtain somewhere overhead, and my eyes became dim. The processes of thought, that Colton was now sitting up, I knew to be a hallucination. Colton was dead—Colton was dead, said the spirit of murder deep in my brain, and it remained for me to kill his slayer. The world reeled about me, so I dropped on all fours and crawled to the man. That Colton should seem to have arisen, and to be staggering toward me, further enraged me. It was but fair that he should not interfere until I had finished my work. There was blood on the man's face—my blood and his—as I set my fingers to his throat. Another moment and I should have had the murder of a fellow man on my soul, but an arm slipped under my chest, and a voice gasped:

"In God's name, Professor, don't kill the poor devil!"

My hold relaxed. I felt myself lifted, and then I was lying on my back, looking into Colton's white face. I must have been saying something, for Colton replied, as if to a question:

"It's all right, Professor. There's no pseudargiolus or Pteranodon, or anything. Just lie quiet for a moment."

But it was borne in upon me that I had lost my prize. "Let me up!" I cried. "I've lost it! It fell when the poison jar broke."

"There, there," he soothed, as one calms a delirious person. "Just wait."

"I'm speaking of my specimen, the pseudargiolus." The mist was beginning to lift from my brain, and the mind now swung dizzily back to the great speculation. "The Pteranodon?" I cried, looking about me.

"There," Colton laughed shakily as he pointed to the blood besmeared form lying quiescent on the sand.

"The foot prints! The foot prints! The fossil marks on the rock?"

"Foot prints on the rock. Hand prints, here." Hand prints! I repeated; "tell me slowly. I must confess to a degree of bewilderment to which I am not accustomed."

"No wonder, sir. Here it is. I saw it all just before I was hit. This man is Serdholm's cousin, the juggler. He's crazy, probably from Serdholm's blow. He's evidently been waiting for a chance to kill Serdholm. That rock in the gully's mouth is where he waited. You've seen circus-jugglers throw knives. You know what marvelous skill they do it. Well, that's the way he killed Serdholm. In his crazy cunning he saw the footprints would give him away, so he utilized another of his circus tricks and recovered the knife by walking on his hand. Perhaps the snipe tracks hereabout suggested it."

"But Mr. Haynes? And yourself?"

"I don't know why he discovered to kill us unless he feared we would discover his secret. He escaped because I was going forward as he threw, and that must have disturbed his aim so that the knife turned in the air and the handle struck me, knocking me senseless."

Here the juggler groaned, and we busied ourselves with bringing him to. He is now in an asylum, with a fair chance of recovery.

Mr. Colton is entirely recovered from his experience, as am I, except for an inconvenient stiffness in the muscles of my right shoulder where I was bitten. My physician advises that I train myself to manipulate the capturing net with my left hand. After a long search I found the pseudargiolus specimen, with one wing almost intact. It may still be of aid in my work on the structural changes of this species. My monograph on the Pteranodon, it is hardly needless to state, will not be published. At the same time I maintain that the survival of this formidable creature, while now lacking definite proof, is none the less strictly within the limits of scientific possibility.

WILLIS RAVENDEN.

—By Samuel Hopkins Adams in McClure's Magazine for February.

Stirred Up by Sam Jones. Lights Were Turned Out on Him in Midst of a Lecture.

While Rev. Sam P. Jones, the noted Georgia evangelist, was lecturing in Dallas, Texas, at the Turner hall, he put in some hard knocks on the saloon keepers. One man promptly jumped to the stage and called him a liar, while some one else turned on the lights, and he had to lecture a while in the dark. In a letter to the Atlanta "Journal" he thus describes the incident:

"The devil and the Dutch of Dallas are on the warpath and out gunning for anybody that's against their personal liberty and Turn Verein rights."

"I was lecturing in Turner hall (it being the Turn Verein society) in Dallas last Friday night, as one of the attractions of the People's gymnasium course. Turner hall has a beer garden around it and a saloon under it, and it is considered broomproof against any and all comers on prohibition or temperance, and had so announced to the manager of the lecture course."

"But my friends know I am by temperament a Baptist by water. I always bring it in before I am done. So, I advised the young men that if they wanted to get there and stay there they must be sober and pure, etc."

"At this the hoarrah began behind the scenes on the stage. The Dutch were mad and jabbering in Dutch, and occasionally saying 'We won't stand dat,' and the like. Then the lights were turned off and the Dutchman came on the stage and said, 'You is a liar.' Then someone turned on the footlights and the great big, well-rounded Dutchman began a hasty retreat, in other words, the flogging beer keg bounced off the platform. Then the lights were turned on and I proceeded to the close of the lecture without further disturbance."

"The worsted Dallas friends foundly and I returned Sunday. Friends rented the opera house. I was announced to speak to men only. When, in company with friends, I walked up to the opera house the doors were looked and lights out and a crowd of 10,000 or 15,000 men in the streets around."

"I mounted a carriage and the crowd became quiet, and I spoke for more than an hour to as orderly a crowd as I ever preached to in a church."

"When I had been speaking nearly an hour Mayor Cobble came to me and said: 'Mr. Jones, the opera house is now open and full of people and at your service.' I replied that I had 10,000 listening to me and would not quit that job to go into the opera house to talk to 1,800 people. The Turn Verein society, has by its president, sat down on the Dutchman who turned off the lights and made the racket, and Dallas is profoundly stirred and desirous that the world shall know that Sam Jones shall have a hearing whenever he comes that way."

Fed Arsenic to Parents. Girl of 13 Explains Mysterious Illness of Father and Mother.

Thirteen-year-old Nellie Kinsley has confessed that a mysterious illness from which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Kinsley, of Corning, N. Y., have been suffering is due to poison she put into the food in order to obtain their property after death.

"Do you know how to get money and houses and everything you want? she asked her playmates while her parents were ill. 'When your father and mother are dead all they own will belong to you. I found that out a little while ago, and I took some of the rat poison papa got to kill the rats with and put it in the upper I cooked. I did not eat the supper, but papa and mamma did and then they got sick. If they die I will have money.'"

At the Susquehanna Home, at Binghamton, she repeated the story of the poisoning. Nellie was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Kinsley when she was 2 years old. She has been educated and well cared for. Recently Mr. Kinsley had bought some arsenic, and it was kept on a shelf in the pantry. Soon after Nellie prepared supper for her parents and they were taken violently ill. It was traced to arsenic and Nellie was suspected. Mrs. Kinsley will probably be crippled for life as a result of the poisoning.

Taken Orders. When Miss Lucy wanted particularly fine chickens she always drove over to see old Aunt Etta, who had a scrap of a farm and made a specialty of raising chickens for the quality folks.

One day, as the lady stopped in front of the cabin, Aunt Etta came out and hung over the gate.

"Chickens!" she exclaimed in answer to her customer's request—"chickens! Why, law, Miss Lucy, don't you all know there's been a camp meetin' and preachers' conference down here? Why, I ain't got one chicken left. They're all done entered the ministry."

Howard Shot Goebel.

And Governor Taylor Was Back of Plot Says Youtsey.

"James B. Howard, of Clay county, fired the shot that killed William Goebel," said Henry E. Youtsey, serving a life sentence in the Kentucky penitentiary, in his confession as to his knowledge of the conspiracy which terminated in the assassination, pending the contest for the governorship, on January 30th, 1900.

Youtsey says that he and Howard were the only persons in the private office of the secretary of state, that the blinds were pulled down and that he pointed Goebel out as he came through the State house gate with Jack Chinn and Eph Lillard. He names William S. Taylor, governor; Charles Finley, Caleb Powers, John L. Powers, William H. Colton, Wharton Golden and W. J. Davidson as conspirators with him. He says that while others had guilty knowledge, these men conspired with him and aided and abetted and advised Goebel's death.

On January 27th, after "Tallow Dick" Combs and Mason Hookersmith, negroes, notified Youtsey that they were not willing to do the shooting, Youtsey says acting Governor Taylor dictated a letter to Jim Howard. The letter was written by Youtsey and contained instructions from Taylor for Howard to come to Frankfort at once; that his pardon for the murder of George Baker awaited him.

The letter instructed Howard to report to Henry E. Youtsey in the state auditor's office and to present the letter to Youtsey, Youtsey, it said, would acquaint him with the steps necessary to be taken to procure the pardon. The letter was sent by messenger through either Walter R. Day or John G. White. The messenger knew nothing of the contents of the letter except that Howard was to get a pardon. Taylor had told Youtsey that "by God, Howard was the man." He had been in Frankfort after a pardon and could "settle the contest by killing Goebel."

Howard arrived on the morning of January 30th and Youtsey says he presented the letter signed by Taylor to him at once. Youtsey told Howard that it had been decided that the only way to win the contest for the governorship was to kill Goebel and that he would not only pardon him for the murder of Baker, but also for the murder of Goebel and would give him \$1,600 besides. Youtsey explained the plan to Howard, to kill Goebel from the secretary of state's office and Howard agreed to do it.

Youtsey says he left Howard in the hall of the executive building and reported the plan to Taylor in the executive office.

"Tell Howard to go ahead," said Taylor. Youtsey had procured the key from W. J. Davidson earlier in the morning and, according to an arrangement the night before, the office was to be left unoccupied. Taylor examined the three guns left in the secretary of state's office, weighed them with great care and inquired about the sights and selected the Marlin rifle, with the steel smokeless powder bullets which Youtsey had borrowed from Grant Roberts. Howard laid two pistols on the window sills and said:

"I will shoot these after I kill Goebel and people will think there are several in here."

Howard knelt and sighted Goebel as he walked along and fired. Goebel fell mortally wounded and Howard fired four shots with the pistols. Youtsey ran from the office to the executive office, going around through the basement, and told Taylor Howard had killed Goebel. Taylor was greatly excited, but was glad Howard had done his work. Soon Howard came into the governor's office and Taylor told him it was no place for him. Howard left. Taylor delivered the \$1,600, which had been collected by the Republican committee for the contest, to Youtsey and he paid it to Howard.

Youtsey said that the plan to kill Goebel had been perfected on the night of Jan. 29th at a meeting in the register of the land office, at which Gov. Taylor, Caleb Powers, John L. Powers, W. H. Colton, Wharton Golden, W. J. Davidson and himself were present, and one other whose name he gave. All these were to hold office in the administration. Taylor and Powers left the minor details to Youtsey. Youtsey said he told Senator Deboe and Deboe said it was unnecessary and advised against it. The legislature would seat Taylor.

Finley and Powers had given the name of Howard to Taylor. W. J. Davidson has never been indicted. He left Frankfort shortly after Youtsey's arrest and his whereabouts are unknown.

Troops Ordered Out. Governor Chamberlain Believes Situation at Waterbury is Critical. Result of Trolley Strike. Cars Running During the Day.

Waterbury, Conn., Feb. 1.—Eight companies of the First regiment, Connecticut National Guard, and five companies of the Second regiment, with two Gatling guns, were called to Waterbury Sunday night at the command of Governor Chamberlain because of the "imperative need" occasioned by the trolley strike situation. The riot about the streets that night, coupled with threats of further disturbances led to the call for troops.

There was no repetition of the violence, but crowds congregated about the streets and had to be dispersed by the police, while there were rumors of an attack to be made Sunday night on the car barn, where the non-union motormen and conductors brought here by the Connecticut railway and lighting company, are quartered.

During the day all the lines were operated as usual with the non-union trolley-men, but though there was some hooting and jeering from the crowds, the cars were not molested. No cars were run after dark.

Companies G and A. of that city, a part of the Second regiment, National Guard, were called to their armory shortly before 6 o'clock that evening and remained there under orders.

Governor Chamberlain, when asked why the militia had been ordered out, said:

"Because the situation demands it. I had hesitated about it, but every effort had been made by the local authorities in Waterbury to avert violence, and it seemed apparent that wisdom dictated prompt and energetic action if law and order and the welfare of the city and state were to be conserved."

"Rest is not quitting. The busy career. Rest is the fitting. Of self to one's sphere. 'Tis loving and serving. The highest and best. 'Tis strength that's unswerving. And this is true rest."

The annual loss of fruit from insects is put by the United States entomologists at \$300,000,000.

"Piggie" Malone.

To our children we are more than parent—we are transparent. The X-ray of childhood generally sees things by the right name. On the playground this boy is "Skoots" and that boy is "Snuffies," because descriptive justice demands it.

Thomas Higginson Malone, Jr., had not been at school half a day before he was dubbed "Piggie."

Why? Because he had brought with him three red apples and had eaten them, core and all, declining all hints and invitations to share with his wet-lipped mates.

This was characteristic with Piggie. He had always eaten everything he could bite, and his teeth were good. Doughnuts, chewing gum, slate pencils, bits of sponge, chalk, raw turnips—to Piggie all these were a ravishing feast. Small wonder that, from month's end to month's end, he persistently held his place in his classes—at the foot.

But eat as he might, Piggie didn't take on flesh. He grew lean and flabby, like a frost-bitten tomato. His parents withdrew him from school and the doctors hinted at quick consumption.

At about this time Piggie's mother brought home a trial box of the new, whole wheat, ready-to-eat cereal. By oversight, Piggie and the Ready Bits were left alone together. When found, half an hour later, Piggie was asleep and the box was empty.

Being an only child, Piggie got off with a reprimand. He was given 15 cents, and sent to the nearest grocery store for another box of Ready Bits for the family's supper.

He was gone a long time and returned with an empty package, making the excuse that "he just couldn't help eatin' 'em, they tasted so good."

The upshot of it was Piggie commenced to pick up. His rejoicing parents, noting the improved condition of his health, gave him all the Ready Bits he wanted. In two weeks he returned to school a different boy.

He started toward the head of his classes, and thanks to a brain made clear by proper diet he arrived. He evaded the playground for a few days, but finally went down, and, instead of sneaking off by himself to eat, he waded in and thrashed six larger fellows for calling him "Piggie." Thereupon his play ground name was changed to "General Grant."

The Hessian Fly.

Professor Surface Makes a Complete Investigation of the Insect.

Two years ago Professor Hamilton, as secretary of agriculture, engaged Professor Surface to make a complete investigation of the Hessian fly in Pennsylvania. This consisted chiefly of examining specimens of growing wheat from all counties of the state during the entire growing season both fall and spring, and a careful study of the biologic conditions of each field from which samples were sent.

Among the valuable results are the following tables: Presence of fly according to time of planting.

Planted in August and first week of September, 100 per cent, infested. Planted during second week of September, 80 per cent, infested. Planted during third week of September, 26 per cent, infested. Planted during fourth week of September, 12 per cent, infested.

Planted during fourth week of September, 0 per cent, infested. This shows what time to plant wheat in order to avoid the fall brood of the fly. Co-operation of all farmers in a district is necessary to exterminate the pest.

Another table shows actual average yields according to time of planting to be as follows: Planted before second week of September, average 15 bushels per acre. Planted during second week of September, average 12 bushels per acre. Planted during third week of September, average 20 bushels per acre. Planted during fourth week of September, average 18 bushels per acre.

Planted during first week of October, average 15 bushels per acre. Planted during second week of October, average 27 bushels per acre. Planted during third week of October, average 21 bushels per acre.

This shows that the lowest average yields were obtained from those fields that were planted earliest, and the highest were among those that were planted much later. This report will be published as once as a bulletin of the Pennsylvania state department of agriculture.

In his preliminary report as secretary of agriculture, Professor Hamilton says, "This report should be circulated by the thousands in this state, and its suggestions should be acted upon. If this were done it would result in the saving of many thousands of dollars annually by our farmers."

She is Known by the Ornaments in Her Room.

The ornaments which form the finishing touch of every room, like the ribbons or jewels of a toilet, may be trifles comparatively, but their part in the final impression is almost decisive. Nothing, perhaps, so much as its ornaments declares the correctness or culture of a room's occupant. For instance, one knows at once the sort of person who has the blade of her open fire shovel gilded and decorated with a light-house and sunset, and the handle tied with pink ribbon. Again, one instinctively understands something of the habit of thought of the woman whose only table ornament is a blue and white wicker covered ginger jar, with half a dozen La France roses leaning luxuriantly from the narrow brim.

An observer of a statistical turn of mind made an inventory of his hostess'