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The Somerset Herald.

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THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Over the sorrow and over the bliss,
Over the teardrop, over the kiss,
Over the crimes that blotted and blurred,
Over the wound of the angry word,
Over the deeds in weakness done,
Over the battles lost and won,
Now at the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Over our freedom, over our thralls,
In the dark and the midnight, the curtain falls.

Over our gain and over our loss,
Over our crown and over our cross,
Over the fret of our discontent,
Over the ill that we never meant,
Over the scars of our self-denial,
Over the strength that conquered trial,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Quietly final, the prompter calls;
Over it swiftly the curtain falls.

Over the crowds and the solitudes,
Over our shifting, hurrying moods,
Over the hearths where bright flames leap,
Over the cribs where the babies sleep,
Over the clamor, over the strife,
Over the pageantry of life,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Swiftly and surely, from starry walls,
Silently downward the curtain falls.

Harper's Bazar

THE BLACK DUCK.

How "Aunt Lois" Carried Important Papers to the American Army During the Revolution.

[The following story is taken from the diary of the heroine by her great-grand-niece.]

When I awakened New Year's night and beheld my mother over me with a candle, I thought it was a dream, but she laid her hand on me and spake aloud:

"Lois! Lois! Awake quickly; I have need of thee!"

[The mother of my great-grand-aunt being raised a Friend, both she and Aunt Lois had acquired their mode of speech. She continues:]

"It is not dawn," said I; for not having a man to help us, I must even go out to the barn at dawn and make ready for the day.

"No, God be thanked, it is not dawn, quote my mother. Thou must be up and away before break of dawn, my child; so hasten!"

I sprang up and quickly put on my clothing, knowing that my mother would explain it in her own time, for at best she had few words. Coming nearer, she said, "Breathe it not, Lois, but thy father is here,—shot!"

"My father!—here—shot?—" I began to fear but she urged me to hasten and pause not. My mother then made known to me how that my father had been given a most perilous errand,—namely, to gather some information, and bear it or send it by means of a paper to our commander-in-chief, General Washington, he then being, as my father surmised, on his way from Trenton to Princeton, but nobody knew by what road. My father, in making a wide circuit around for better concealment, was shot; but not so "General" his horse, who rushed for the woods, and in so doing concealed my father the better. My mother went on to tell me that inasmuch as my father did lose several hours from unconsciousness and weakness, though still clinging to General's neck he found himself when he aroused all but home, whereto General had brought him straight.

"'Tis wonderful he did not fall off!" spake my mother; "and, Lois, see to 't no one learns from thee of thy father's coming."

"Nay," quoth I; "there is no other gossip to prattle with saving thyself and Clover."

Then marked I my mother's face as she laid her hand upon her heart and let her eyes rest upon me, and some way I understood.

"Lois," quoth she, "thy father's errand must be finished for him. I dare not leave him go."

"Nay," said I; "I will go mother."

She spake not but turned away, and I saw she was sorely troubled.

"Mother," spake I, hastening the more, "let it not fright thee. I know not what the errand be, but my father is wise and good, and I will but do as he saith. I have no fear!"

"Nay, hadst thou more I would fret less," spake my mother. "Thou art thy father again, Lois,—ever venturesome and knowing not of fear!"

While speaking she laid by me my heavy quilted petticoat and pelisse, for the snow which came after was already in the air. Then by the lantern's light at my mother's bidding, I put my own saddle on General George, adding my father's saddle-pockets. For General, whom I have named after good George Washington, hath tremendous strength and was already, having had a meal, fit to be off again. I then straightway ate a hasty bit which my mother had prepared, placing the remainder in the saddle-pockets. My mother then put on me her own quilted bonnet and over it tied a heavy comforter; I still not knowing what it was I should undertake, but knowing I should hear in good time. I strove to push back the comforter, but my mother adjusted it, saying:

"Nay; let be! 'T were better to have thy face covered when a lass like thee goes about at such an hour."

Then in the dim light I sought my father's couch, where he had fallen an hour before.

"My daughter, are you there?" spake my father.

I answered and drew nigh as he said:

"You are going an an errand for me, daughter?"

"Yes, father," quoth I.

"Do you know its nature, Louis?" said he weakly.

"No father," said I.

"It is to bear that which is of value and intrusted to me. It must go to the first officer of the American army you can find this side of the town."

"The town!" quoth I, in wonderment; for that is full thirty miles away.

"And I would not have you to thinking it a safe or wise thing for a maid to do," quoth he. "There are dangers which I cannot even warn you against, not knowing them. Only this: you may be arrested and searched, Lois; hence you must bear naught about your person. You must also feign some reason for going toward the town at this time; hence your mother will put in your saddle pockets two ducks she hath already killed. You are going to bear them to Mistress Van Tyne, who dwells this side of the town; they are a New Year's dinner from thy mother—" His voice failed from weakness, and my mother held a hot drink to his lips before he went on.

"One thing, my daughter; should you be halted on the way, and should they strive to take the ducks, give up the white one with a show of resistance, but hold to the black one with life and wit—"

"And why the black one, father?" I asked.

"The papers are in its craw."

I being too amazed at this to speak.

"Should you find no trouble, and should you meet with one of our own commanders, give him the paper or the duck, and tell him straightway what I have told you. Should no one meet or molest you, ride on to Mistress Van Tyne's, near by the town. Tell her all, and that 't is pressing needful that the black duck be sent on to General Washington. I know not where you may find any of our men six hours hence. Keep but your keen, your wit clear, and your trust in God. Go, now!" I kissed my father and went, as he bade me.

"The pass, which may be of use to thee, is stitched in the crown of thy hood, lest the wind blow it away," said my mother, kissing me. She followed me with a lantern, as I went out and mounted General George.

It was very dark and cold; and my mother held my hand closely for an instant, and then went in and shut the door. There was no sound as General cantered down the lane, saving here and there the faint bark of a dog, and always the echo of the horses hoofs on the frozen ground. I knew that he must not go too hard at the first; for both he and I would need the speed and exercise when it grew colder, as it soon did. I felt it but little for some time, so muffled was I by the comforter. Indeed, at cock's crow I marked two women going toward their barns with lanterns; but they would not have known me, and remembering I was about business of moment I made no sign. Now and then I felt the saddle-pockets to be certain of the safety of the ducks, and of the bag of feed which mother had tied on for General.

Of the long, lonely ride in the darkness my Aunt Lois says but little. I think she must have been bent too seriously on her errand to feel actual fear, although once she speaks of being startled for an instant by a scarecrow in a field "which did come upon me suddenly." She continues:

"The way was all alike save that as I rode I became more and more stiff and tired; but I feared to get down lest some one should come suddenly from ambush and steal the ducks. Mile after mile did General and I travel before the first summons to halt which was about daybreak. The sudden stopping brough my heart into my mouth. I had turned a corner and come upon a clearing against a bit of woods. There was a small fire, and some men around it. Another did walk sentry-like to and fro. 'Twas he who bade me halt. He scanned me most curiously, and then laid his hand on General's bridle.

"'You are my prisoner mother; so dismount!' quoth he, very superior like.

"'Nay, nay good sir,' said I ducking a courtesy as well as one may on horseback. 'I have often heard tell how that the brave British would fight only their equals or superiors in strength, whereas old women and children are by right left unmolested.'

"'Truly said, mother,' quoth he laughing. 'You bear at least a ready tongue, but you may be bearing more than your tongue, for aught I know. Whither would you ride at this hour and alone?'

"I go alone because I know each stick and stone of the way, good sir; and I go for that I bear a pair of ducks for Mistress Van Tyne as a New Year's gift from our farm."

He shook his head, and the men near by began to gather around, while my heart did sink lower than the ground on which General was pawing. But at the instant two horseman appeared out of the woods. One rode rapidly up and drew rein before me, and I marked that he was fair and well built, with honest blue eyes and fearless of mien.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"A prisoner sir," said the man at General's head.

"Nay, good sir," quoth I; "for I have a pass permitting my family to go to and from the town with supplies. But 't is stitched in the crown of my hood. So I would I might remove my hood, good sir, and prove it thee!"

At this the young officer laughed, and said he, "I am sorry, mother, to have you remove your hood in the cold; but it needs must be unless you become my prisoner before instead of afterward!"

"Nay, nay," quoth I; "I would fain remove my hood, then; for I have had that off before, but I have never yet been prisoner of war!" So dropping the reins on General's neck, I unwound the comforter. The air felt most grateful to my head, which was warm, and my face flushed; and as I pushed the hood back my hair did tumble all about my neck in troublesome confusion, and the soldier who had cried "Halt!" exclaimed aloud:

"By my sword, 't is a lass!"

The officer made a sign toward him, and as I looked up he bowed, his own face being quite flushed, and said:

"You will pardon me, fair Mistress, for mistaking your age!"

"Surely sir, 't was the fault of the hood and comforter," quoth I meeting his frank, blue eyes as I handed him the pass from out the hood.

"This allows no luggage, Mistress," he spake hesitatingly.

"Oh, I bear no luggage," said I, "save a New Year's dinner which I did raise myself."

I was fumbling at the saddle-pockets, meanwhile, with a show of courage I did not feel, for my heart was thumping because of the black duck.

I drew it out—for I saw he was waiting to see what I might carry—and laid it across General's neck meanwhile stroking its glossy plumage.

"And wilt thou help me lift the other one out, good sir," said I, "that thou mayest examine the saddle-pockets and the bag of feed for my horse?" So, holding the white duck in one hand, he examined the saddle-pockets with the other.

"Following my own will, Mistress," said he, "I would fain let you go on; but know you not that Lord Cornwallis hath already crossed the Assunpink, and hath his forces stationed in the town? Hence you will surely be arrested and searched this side of it. Therefore, Mistress, my duty is—" He paused, and in a second I saw that I had to do as my father had enjoined, and use my wit.

Taking up the black duck, I held it outward, saying, "Good sir, please hold this, too, for me an instant;" which he did; and I slipped from General's back nearly falling from stiffness as I reached the ground. I shook out my petticoat, and showed the empty saddle; then I laid my hand upon his horse's neck, looking up in his face, and said:

"Thou hast my word, sir, that thou dost hold in thy hands my sole reason for going up to town. I bear naught else about my person, and that I may prove the ducks quite good to eat, I pray thee keep one of them, and so share our New Year's dinner."

"Go to, little Mistress!" quoth he, looking down on me with a laugh. "A skilled pleader for one so young! Thinkest to bribe the British army?"

"Nay," said I, meeting his honest blue eyes as I leaped back on General, "I think not, good sir, indeed; but I would fain thou shouldst keep one, for 't is like as not thou art far from home." As I spoke, I took the black duck and left the white one in his hand.

"Thank you kindly, sweet Mistress," said he; "but despite my will, I must do my duty, and I fear me thou must come with us."

Even as he spake there was a burst of musketry from the woods behind them, which made him wheel around and every man sprang to his feet. In a trice I had given General such a cut as he never had before, and darting ahead dashed down the road to the left, whither I galloped like mad, pausing not to look behind until I knew there was a mile or more between us, and that I was not being overtaken. Then, halting, I fastened the duck again in the saddle-pocket, and let General take it slowly while I wondered what next to do.

My Aunt Lois then tells of her quandary on learning the town to be full of British.

"I did not fret to think of being a prisoner," she writes; "for at worst I knew they would not shoot a defenseless maid. But I feared me lest they should seize the black duck.

She then made up her mind to go straight ahead, and "to hold until the last to the black duck—" which she says, "they should not take from me unless by force of arms, and then I was determined to go likewise!"

She had no further stoppings until she found herself six miles from the town, riding by a piece of woods. She heard there the sound of horses and of tramping.

"And then it was," she writes, "that I felt somewhat of fright, and straightway wheeled General into the woods, and waited. It was a body of men coming very rapidly, and, methought, quietly, and my heart thumped loudly until—what was my joy to see the uniforms of our own American army! Knowing this, perhaps, to be my only chance, I rode out in the road straight before them, whereat they halted in much surprise."

Then Aunt Lois tells of her interview with their leader, General Mercer, who got his mortal wounds shortly after at Stony Bridge.

"He was in great haste," she writes, "and I said I did but bear a black duck of which I must tell him, whereupon he ordered his men to march on, and straightway said he, in some surprise.

"'Now, Mistress, what is it?'

"'It is my father's—John Bradley's—errand,' quoth I "to bear this black duck to one who would send its or its contents to General Washington this morn, immediately.'

"'S-s!' said he, drawing a long breath, 'And thy father?'

"'Was shot while making his way with the papers.'

"'And the papers?'

"'Are in the duck's craw, sir,' said I, drawing the bird from out my saddle-pocket.

"'And at what time didst start, little Mistress?'

"'At two o'clock this morn, sir.'

"'Well, well! He took the duck an I slung it across his saddle before him. 'I must hasten. I shall see General Washington within an hour, God willing, and he shall get the papers—if not by me, by some one else. Good day, Mistress Bradley.' He bowed. 'The American army has done well to count you in it!'

"'In truth, sir,' said I, 'if they count by hearts, and not by muskets, their biggest following is left behind!'

"Which, when I did tell my mother to-day, she shook her head at me from the buttery door, saying 'Lois! Lois!' But my father, from his cot where he lieth weak saith, 'Tut! Let the lass be, so that she doth but speak the truth!'—which from my heart I did."

My Aun't Lois's ride home was uneventful. As every step took her further from the approaching armies, she was unmolested, and feared naught save that General might give out. It was snowing hard for the greater part of her journey, and the horse stumbled homeward, stiff with cold and lame with fatigue. She writes:

"Twice after night-time I fell asleep on General's neck; and when I spied the candle-light from the kitchen window, from sheer joy I could have wept. But I called to mind what the officer had said about being in the American army, so bore up until my mother did open the door and fly outward. I could not stand alone, and fell forward when I slipped from General's back. They raised me and bore me into the house."

"But once in the light of the fire, I marked, for the first time in my life, the tears running down my mother's face as she held a hot posset to my lips.

"'Tell father it went safely,' said I—'the black duck;' and then I must have fallen dead asleep at once, on the settle whereunto my mother drew me."

My Aunt Lois must have slept for many hours after that ride, of the hardship of which she says so little though she owns, the second day after, to "a sorely stiff and cramped feeling."

I think, though, that she was fully repaid even before her father showed her a letter long afterward, signed "G. Washington," which among other things expressed the writer's thanks "for an important service rendered his country."

"I went a dangerous errand," said Aunt Lois's father; "but 't would have been naught save for thee my daughter; so yours was the service!"

A year later my Aunt Lois writes light-heartedly of a short trip southward with her father, who was quite recovered "but for a slight lameness" when she attended a grand ball "with my hair done high, and wearing a new sleeveless white satin gown—the same which father hath had done in the portrait." On which occasion she had the honor of a presentation to General and Lady Washington; whereupon General Washington, who knew her father, said:

"And is this the Mistress Bradley who carried the duck?"

"Yes, your Excellency," said Aunt Lois, laughing—"a pair of ducks; but I bethought me that thou wert sharing naught else with the British, hence I gave them one!"

"At which," she writes, "my mother doth shake her head and say, 'Oh, Lois! Lois! Thou wilt ever have the last word!'"

Sweet, bright, brave Aunt Lois!

I closed the book, smiling at its blithe pages, and knowing that some time sad ones must follow. But, if they do, they belong solely to the dim, ghostly attic and the dead rose-leaves, whereas I know she would gladly have us read about the black duck!

Caping It.

Mr. Finlayson, town clerk of Stirling, was noted for the marvelous in conversation. He was on a visit to the Earl of Monteith and Airth, at his castle in Taha, on the loch of Monteith, and was about taking leave, when he was asked by the Earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry tree.

"No," said Finlayson. "What sort of a thing is it?"

"It is," replied the earl, "a tree that has grown out of a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed, and which she hears about her in voyages round the loch. It is just at present in full fruit of the most exquisite flavor. Now, Finlayson," he added, "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match the story of the cherry tree?"

"Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, adding: "When Oliver Cromwell was at Airth, one of the cannon sent a ball to Stirling and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding."

"Was the trumpeter killed?" said the Earl.

"No, my lord," said Finlayson. "He blew the ball back and killed the artilleryman who had fired it!"—*Liverpool Mercury*

Killing the Wrong Birds.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, an intelligent New York woman whose studies of birds and bird life have made her an authority on the subject, declared in a "talk" a few days ago that certain species of birds which farmers delight in killing are really their best friends in destroying cankerworms and other insects which, if not kept in check, would impair the fruit and other crops.

The moral of Mrs. Miller's observation is that much of the legislation enacted in difference to the wishes or supposed interests of the farmers has been a cruel and costly blunder. While this is undoubtedly true, there is equal room for the opinion that feminine vanity has been as much to blame as agricultural ignorance for the ruthless destruction of the feathered benefactors. Be this as it may, however, Mrs. Miller is doing good service to the farmers now in vindicating the character of the slandered and slaughtered birds; and the service might be rendered more effective if she could be induced to extend her "bird talks" to some of the Legislatures.

Why General Butler Was Relieved.

Colonel Woodward told some good stories about General Butler. He said that Butler himself told him as late as 1884 that he never knew the real reason why he was deprived of his military command by General Grant. It was only a few years ago that Woodward got the facts from Grant's brother-in-law, Major Dent, who was the staff officer sent with the order for Butler's relief. He said that while no reason was openly given at the time, Butler was actually displaced because he was not a graduated of West Point. This would not appear on the face of it to be a sufficient cause, but Grant explained it to Dent one day in the course of a confidential interview.

"If," said he, "I were to send Butler a specific order to do something with his army, he might obey and he might not. He was too able and original not to reason himself into the belief that I might have given different instructions if I knew of the local situation. He therefore always had a plan of his own that he thought was better than mine or anybody else's, so that I could never tell just what he would do or where he would be at a given time. Of course that was fatal to any systematic campaign, and I had to replace him with a West Pointer, whose first lesson in war is the necessity of prompt obedience to the commanding general. Butler was too brilliant to be reliable."—*Boston Advertiser.*

Wise Child.

The small son and heir had been sent into the garden to fetch a stick with which he was to be punished. After some delay he returned, saying, with a sigh:

"Couldn't find a stick, mover; but here's a little stone you might frow at me."

Peach Tree Diseases.

Some years ago a gentleman residing near Cincinnati created a sensation by what he regarded a new method of keeping peach trees healthy. All that he did was to pile up earth about the trees, the mound reaching up to the branches. It took several cart loads of earth to make these mounds and the little orchard had the appearance of beehives growing out of the top the core of earth. Every one used to look on and laugh at the thought of burying up the trunk of a tree in order to make it healthy; but there were the trees, and undoubtedly models of health. Those who saw simply stated their belief that it was only a coincidence, and that the trees would probably have been as healthy without the mound of earth as with it.

Since, it has come to be well recognized that many of the diseases of plants, not merely peach trees, but of other trees, are caused by the mycelium of a minute fungus attacking the roots, it is not at all unlikely that this mound of earth operated beneficially, by preventing the growth of the fungus which preys on the roots of trees. It is now well understood that all plants of a lower of vegetation, which we know as fungi, will only grow under a peculiar combination of circumstances. Among other things they must be very near the surface of the earth, and if buried to the depth they would be under a mound, it is unlikely that fungi would find a satisfactory home.

Some will say right here they they thought burying up the trunks of trees and covering the surface roots with earth was destructive to health; but the burying by itself is not the reason trees die when earth is piled over them to a considerable depth, but from the fact that the young growing roots do not get air. These young growing roots are almost all at the extremities, and the mound of earth around the trunk would not in the slightest degree injure these outer roots. Whenever a valued tree is somewhat buried it is customary to leave a space around the trunk, perhaps building a dry wall, in order to keep the earth from getting near the trunk; but this is not that the earth is injurious, but to give a chance for water to flow freely down into the soil, and the flow of water always leads to a flow of air following the water. These remarks are suggested by an article in an agricultural paper, stating that the apple borer and the peach borer have been kept out of the trunks of trees by making a mound of earth around the trunks.—*Michael's Monthly.*

The Snake and The Elephant.

Two new, exquisite sorts of leather have recently appeared. Both are studies in color and both are costly in the extreme, yet they are wholly unlike. One, elephant hide, is undyed—only tanned—and it takes a most beautiful brown tone. It is peculiar, being decidedly and irregularly rough, yet as soft as the finest calf. The other skin, which is that of the water snake, is, on the contrary, as thin and smooth as satin. It shows markings in gray and white that are tender and, if one can forget his snakeship, most bewitching.

As yet neither of the skins has been seen at any but the most select shops, and it is probable that the cost will keep them both select for a long time to come. The lowest price quoted for an elephant cardcase is $15, and that means one of the very plainest make. A simple snakeskin purse is marked $25, and $38 does not purchase any great elaboration, only gold finish and clasp. Whether this high rate is due to difficulty in the process or to the scarcity of the skins was not to be ascertained. In either case the result is the same.

The new leathers are valuable additions to the leather supply beyond doubt. Whether or not they will ever become popular—that is, whether or not the supply will ever sufficiently increase—is a question impossible to answer at the present time.

A Unique Scrap Book.

"The scrapbook, as I had always understood it" said a citizen, "meant a collection of various things, poetry, recipes, accounts of strange events, what ever was novel and interesting in the view of the collector; or it meant a collection of clippings preserved by the writer of them; but I have seen lately a scrapbook of a somewhat different character, which was quite novel to me, and certainly of great interest to those when it concerned. This was a family scrapbook containing whatever had appeared in print about the members of the family, and extending back to a time before the war. Sometimes it is a simple death notice from among the advertisements, but telling its story perfectly to those who know; or it may be an obituary notice. Perhaps it is a paragraph telling of an accident to some member of the family, or the illness of one; personal news contained in clippings from newspapers from various parts of the country as the family grew up and moved away; a sort of family record that to those concerned increased in interest as the years went by."—*New York Sun.*

Good Rules For Success in Life.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversations are the very sinew of virtues.

Good character is above all things else.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Never play at any game of chance.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt, unless you see a way out again.

The neglect of a cold is often fatal. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the soothing virtues of the pine. Never fails to cure.

VALUED ENDORSEMENT.

SCHAGHTICOKE, N. Y.,—It is ignorance rather than anything else that makes life miserable, but ignorance of the value of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy does not exist in Schaghticoke to-day, as a blood medicine and nerve tonic it stands supreme. One of the principal reasons for its popularity comes from the great benefit our fellow townsman, Andrew Sipperley derived from its use. Mr. Sipperley has suffered for years past, with a chronic kidney trouble, frequent bilious attacks, and at intervals with violent neuralgia in the head and face. Up to last fall he rarely knew a well day. At that time his wife who had learned of the good Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had accomplished, determined to have him use it. In writing about his sickness, Mr. Sipperley said:

"For several years I was subject to attacks of kidney trouble and gravel, which was attended with most excruciating pain, but since I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy I have had no serious trouble, and my general health is greatly improved. I knew of a great many people about here who have used Favorite Remedy, and in every instance benefit has followed. One of the officers of the Albany, N. Y. Hospital recently said, in speaking of Favorite Remedy: "I know of its great medical value, and to my knowledge it cures the diseases for which it is prepared."

The great value of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy lies in the fact that it dissolves the excess of uric acid in the blood. Such ailments as rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, and the sickness peculiar to women all come from this one cause. Favorite Remedy dissolves this acid, thus curing the disease. In cases of scrofula, diabetes and Bright's disease, it has cured where other treatments have failed.

The Story of a "Scoop."

Twenty years ago Melville E. Stone was struggling to make a success of the Chicago *News*. In these days a big deposit in the bank is the first step when a paper is to begin to fill a long felt want. Twenty years ago newspapers were started on the expectation that they would make the big bank deposit. Sublime faith was the capital stock on which the Chicago *News* was launched, and Stone was drawing pretty strong drafts on it when the incident occurred which made a turning point for him. Stone was coming down town one morning at an hour which would make him shudder now. He was on his way to the office. A certain bank official climbed on the car and sat beside Stone. On the strength of chance acquaintance the newspaper man greeted the other and commented on the fact that it was remarkably early in the day to be on the way to the bank. The official said it was, and, what was worse, he had been at the bank until the midnight before. Horse cars as compared with rapid transit have their compensations. Before Stone and the bank official reached the heart of the city the former had details of an astounding defalcation. He went to the *News* office, and guarding his sensation jealously prepared to make the most of it.

At that time the Chicago *Times* was at its zenith. Wilbur F. Storey was in his prime. Money was no object when it came to deals for exclusive news. About midday there was held regularly a council of war at The *Times* office. The campaign for the next morning's paper was planned. Storey was accustomed to call in the heads of departments and lay out the work like a general. On this particular day that Stone was grinding out his bank sensation the city editor of The *Times* said to Mr. Storey that he had learned there was something up in banking circles, and that The *News* had it. The *News* was struggling, as Mr. Storey knew. The city editor suggested that the offer of a snug sum of money would probably induce Stone to postpone publication a day and provide The *Times* with its daily scoop.

"Go over and try 'em!" said Storey. "Offer 'em $500."

The city editor called on Stone and suggested that the bank story was worth more to The *Times* as exclusive matter than it was to The *News*. If The *News* did not publish it, there was little danger of any other paper getting it. The *Times* was prepared to give The *News* $500 for the privilege of the first publication.

Stone listened and smiled. He shook his head.

The editor went back and reported to Mr. Storey.

"Offer 'em $1,000," said Mr. Storey. The city editor returned to the attack. Stone listened to the plausible idea. That $1,000 would double the entire bank account of The *News* just then. But the young editor again shook his head.

The city editor reported his second failure.

"Make it $2,000," said Storey shortly. The old man's blood was up.

The city editor hurried on his errand, for it was getting dangerously near the hour for The *News'* first edition. He found Stone putting his finishing touches to his bank sensation. He delivered his third message.

"Go back and say to Mr. Story that he can't draw a check big enough to buy this item from The *News*," said Stone, shutting his jaws hard as the $2,000 danced before him.

Somehow this tale of a scoop got noised around. From that day The *News* prospered as it had never done before.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Eight Lives Saved by a Dog.

Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; not a boat could not be got off, through the storm, to their assistance, and they were in