GOING HOME.

We said that the days were evil,
We felt that they might be few,
For low was our fortune's level,
And heavy the winters grew;
But one who had no possession
Lokked up to the azure dome,
And said, in his simple fashion,
Dear friends, we are going home!

This world is the same dull market.
That wearied its earliest sage;
The times to the wise are dark yet,
But so hath been many an age.
And rich grow the toiling nations.
And red grow the battle spears,
And dreary with desolations
Roll onward the laden years.

What need of the changeless story
Which time hath so often told.
The spectre that follows glory.
The canker that comes with gold—
That wisdom and strength, and honor
Must fade like the far sea foam,
And death is the only winner?—
But, friends, we are going home!

The homes we had hoped to rest in
Were open to sin and strife.
The dreams that our youth was blest in
Were not for the wear of life;
For care can darken the cottage,
As well as the palace hearth,
And birthrights are sold for pottage,
But never redeemed on earth.

The springs have gone by in sorrow, The springs have gone by in sorrow,
The summers were grieved away,
And ever we feared to morrow,
And ever we blamed to day.
In depths which the searcher sounded,
On hills which the high heart clomb,
Have troubles and toil abounded—
But, friends, we are going home!

Our faith was the bravest builde— But found not a stone of trust; Our love was the fairest gilder, But lavished its wealth on dust. And tin—hath the fabric shaken, And fortune the clay hath shown, For much they have changed and taken, But nothing that was our own.

The light that to us made baser

The light that to us made baser
The paths which so many choose,
The gifts there was found no place for,
The riches we could not use;
The Leart that when life was wintry
Found summer in strain and tome,
With those to our kin and count-y—
Dear friends, we are going home!
—Frances Brown.

LEGEND OF THE RED ROSE.

One day within a garden fair
Love found a maiden sleeping;
June sunbeams tangled in her hair;
The sentry blies keeping
With rival purity and grace
Their loving watch above her;
While o'er the happy dream it's face
The whispering zephy: i hover.

Love tie-ed an arrow with a kiss And sent it passion-la 'rn,
With cunning hands that could not miss.
To wake the sleeping maiden.
It niereed her heart, she woke and smiled,
With glances sweet and tender;
It made a woman of the child;
Love's morning dawned in splendor.

She felt the arrow in her breast,
She saw love's empty quiver.
The slender shaft she deeper pressed
And smiled upon the giver.
Love beckoned her, she rose with pride,
To fly with her bold wooer;
He pledged her she should be his bride,
No lover would be truer.

A voice ... oke the dreamy air,
A feeble father sought her;
She turned from love in deep despair,
To prove a faithful caughter,
"O come," cri. d love, "thy life shall be
Encrowned with joy and beauty;"
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
Commanded stern-eyed duty.

She wrenched the arrow from her breast,
Her heart clung to it broken;
She laid them at his feet and blessed
Her first and last love token.
A glory shone within her eyes,
She clasped the hand of duty;
Heaven saw the noble sacrifice
And filled her soul with beauty.

Love took his silver now and made
A grave; then, softly weeping.
In it her heart and arrow laid
And left them in time's keeping.
The alies, bending o'er the mound.
Mourned for the heart they cherished;
And when the brow: leave: strewed the
gr and.
Upon its rave they perished.

The wind grew hoarse and ceased to shriek
Among the barren bowers;
The sunbeams kissed dame nature's cheek,
Her blush's bloomed in flowers.
One or upon the mots-grown mound,
The garden air perfuming.
With tiny arrowheads set round,
They sound love's red rose blooming.

other, to see who shall arrive first.

What do you wish to do? Shall the

Princes land and claim you for their

bride, or shall we defend our island

But the Princess Darella was so be-

wildered that she could do nothing but

"I don't like talking to a voice with

"I am very sorry," was the reply,

"for I am afraid it cannot be altered.

I have not the power to appear be-

present I am disguised as a bat, and

So the Princess glanced up and saw

"I think," she said, after a few min-

utes' consideration, "that I would pre-

fer to remain on this Island. I am

so now that I have found somebody

who can talk to me. You see, I don't

wish to marry unless I meet my Dream

no chance of that. But can you defend

"Certainly I can," replied the voic.

eagerly. "But you must help me, too."

"if you will tell me what to do."

the Princess landing."

return to you."

on with her task.

"Yes, I will," said Darella promptly,

"I want you to sit upon that high

piece of rock," explained the voice

"and comb your hair until the fight is

edge with my men and try to prevent

over. I will go down to the water's

"With your men?" echoed the Prin-

"Have you an army here?"

"Well, not exactly that," replied the

voice, in a rather hesitating manner.

But many of my companions are held

by the same spell that I myself am,

and I know they will do their best to

aid me if I ask them. But I must be

going. Look out to sea, and you will

be able to watch the boats as they ap

proach our shore. Now, begin to comb

your tresses, and do not cease until I

So Darella clambered up on the roc

and after she unbraided her lovely

her beautiful curls as they fluttered

the distance she could hear the men

shouting loudly, and, though she grew

very nervous, she never ceased her

combing; the more anxious she be

came, the more vigorously she went

In the meantime the but that had

talked so long to Darella was flying

round the island arousing hundreds of

other bats. At the sound of his voice

they all gathered around him in a

to the water's edge just as the occu-

pants of the boats were prepared to

they to fight against these vicious lit-

the Island?"

be able to see me flying about."

out an owner," she sobbed plaintively.

"It gives me the creeps."



PRINCESS DARELLA. By Myra Hamilton.

against them all?

HERE was intense excite- to the Prince who first reaches this ment within the palace island to-night. A few hours ago a when the young Princess fleet of boats left his palace and set Darella defled her parents sail for here. Each boat contains a and flatly refused to wed Prince and several trusty men, and the husband who had been provided they are now racing, one against the for her. They persuaded and scolded her in turn; they talked of his wealth, his position and his blue blood, but they dared not mention his face, for in their hearts they knew he was hideous to look upon-he was old and wrinkled, with hardly a tooth left in

The Princess was quite determined, however, so she merely shook her head in reply to their appeals. At last the King completely lost his temper.

"In sooth." he cried, "you are no daughter of mine. Never has such wilfulness been known in my family fore you in my own shape yet. At before. I chose a worthy, kind hearted man who is fit for you to marry, and if you will look up steadily you will you scorn him. For shame!"

"He shall never be my husband," deknow the man I am going to marry and it comforted her. She felt quite directly I meet him," she added. "What do you mean?" demanded the

King indigrantly. "Last night when I was asleep," said the Princess, "a handsome young Prince came to me in my dreams, and very happy here, and I shall be more he was, oh, so fair to look upon! He was tall and straight and young, albeit that his hair was tinged with gray. And if I wait fifty, sixty or seventy years, I shall be content if he claims me at the end of that time. But methinks an evil spell lies heavily upon him, otherwise he would come for ward now."

Then the King grew simply infuriated with his daughter. He stormed and raved at her, and at last, as a punishment for her disobedience, he condemned her to live all alone on a little island that could just be discerned from the roof of the palace.

But the Princess Darella made no objections. When the time came for her to leave her home she stepped into the boat guite willingly. She chatted gayly to the crew as they bore her out to sea, and she gazed undauntedly at the little island on which she would probably be starved to death. When they left her on the beach, with her bundle of things lying at her feet. sh) still seemed quite content with her fate, and she waved her handkerchief to the boat as long as she could see it.

The first thing Darella did was to wander round the island in search of a golden hair she commenced to comb nice dry cave to live in; and when she had found it she spread her few be- it. But every time she drew the silongings about, and tried to make it ver comb through, it came out in such look as comfortable and homelike as handfuls that soon she thought she possible, and then, of course, she felt would become bald. The wind caught When she set out to gather herself some fruit and some berries to from her head, and blew them toward eat she was surprised to find that the sea, but the Princess had no idea sebody had already placed a plie of what they were being used for. In delicious fruit in readiness for her.

cess, as she dug her little white teeth into a juicy pear. "I wonder who has been good enough to do this for me. I think I shall be very happy here."

And so she was. Although she never met any human being upon the island. all her wants were attended to in a most marvelous manner. A little beap of fruit was always placed outside the door of her cave every morning before she awoke, and when she went out for her dally walk round the island the cave was swept and tidled before she

But one night, as she slept, she heard voice crying out loudly to her to beat them back. Again and again the men struggled forward, but they could not advance at all. For not only had

"Oh, what is it?" cried the frightened Princess, leaping off her couch and running from the cave. But she could see nothing, except one large bat that was circling over her head, and she knew well enough that bats could

When the bats saw they were victorious, they fell into line behind their leader, and in this order they sudden ly appeared before the maiden. She jumped to her feet with fear as she saw that hundreds of these little creatures surrounded her, but in a minute the voice she knew spoke to her telling her not to be afraid.

The Princess advanced a few steps and held out her hands gratefully. "Dear little bats, I thank you," she said kindly. "It is very good of you to have fought so bravely for me, and I wish that I could show you some

> "You can! You can!" they cried, becoming almost mad with excitement "Tell me how," cried Darella eagerly "I will do anything for you."

hinder them as much as possible. One

by one the men were beaten back to their boats until, worn out by strug-

gling and completely defeated by the

bats, they decided to return to the palace and leave the Princess to her

"Let us each kiss your hand," they entreated. "Then we shall be able to

esume our natural forms." So, although the Princess did not like it at all, she held out her hands and allowed each bat to caress them. The bats that kissed her right hand instantly became men, while her left hand was the means of restoring the women to their original shapes. The Princess was overloyed at the changes that she saw around her, but after looking about her eagerly her face sudtenly grew very sad.

"Are there no more of you?" she asked. "Where is the bat that helped me to-day?"

Immediately she felt a soft touch upon her hair, but before she had time to object, a handsome figure, with gray hair, stood before her. With a little cry of joy the Princess Darella threw herself into his arms."

"My Dream Prince!" she said deightedly. "I niways said we should neet some day. How glad I am that I remained true to you, although I saw you only in my dreams!"

So the Princess married the Dream Prince, who proved to be the King of the Island, and a very wealthy one. too. He and his companions had been turned into bats as a punishment for teasing some fairles, and the spell could only be removed in the way I have just described.—Cassell's Little Folks.

Man's Inhumanity to Boys.

They were coming down town on a street car when, looking out of the window, they saw a tragic sight. A boy with rivers of tears streaming down his face was trying to lead home a fine, large Scotch collie, evidently poisoned, for it fell over at almost every step.

"When I was a boy," said one of the men on the car, "I had a kitten which I had taught to perform many little tricks. I dearly loved this cat and it reciprocated this affection. It was one of the family, so intelligent had it become. One day a neighbor seeing my cat in his barn, killed it with a hoe. As I stood weeping be fore him he laughed at me and gruffly told me it would teach me to keep my cats at home.

"That night I lay sobbing on my pillow and could not sleep. At midnight I rose and revisited the scene of the tragedy. The man who had ruthlessly murdered my innocent kitten had a beautiful garden which he was devel-

oping with loving care. I took out my big Barlow penknife and set to work. Everything I could not ciared the obstinate Princess. "I shall the bat darting in and out of the trees, Grape vines and current bushes were willing to stay with him, for he had pulped to the such a nice relation with him, for he had pulped to the such a nice relation to the state with him to the such a nice relation to the through. The havoc was complete. Then I returned to bed and this time sleep came. I was so tired. In the morning my mother called me, but I slept until nearly noon. When I arose my mother said: 'Bertram, some one has ruined Mr. Blank's garden.' Then she eyed me closely. 'Are you sure Prince, and there really seems to be that Mr. Blank killed your cat? saw him do it, and he laughed at me when I cried,' I replied. 'That's all,' said my mother. No one ever asked me if I did it."-Kansas City Times.

> Side by side with that happy hustings retort by a candidate who, when he had received a rotten egg full in the face, said, as he wiped off its nauseous contents, "Ah, that is the sort of argument used by my opponent; and even that is unsound," might be set Macauley's hustings retort to the fellow who thus apologized for having struck him full in the face with a dead cat, "I'm very sorry, sir; I meant it for the man behind you." "I wish to God. sir, you had meant it for me and hit the man behind me," retorted Macauley, with a subtle scorn which, I fear, was lost on the rough. Exquisitely courteous was Thackeray's rejoinder to the hope expressed by his Oxford opponent, "May the best man win." 'Oh, I sincerely hope not," replied Thackeray, with a complimentary bow and smile. In contrast to this retort courteous might be set the following passage of arms between two candidates for the University of Dublin. One of them, a civil list pensioner, said of the speech of his opponent that "It betrayed the vulgarity of his character, which not even a university education could refine." Whereupon the other retorted that "It was a great pity that, when the gentleman corruptly secured a pension of £3000 a year, he had not had his tongue put at the same time on the Civil List."-T. P.'s Weekly.

Fred Schwartz, of this city, manager of a theatrical company now touring is dense gray cloud, and hastened down Florida, occasionally tells of some queer experiences in his letters to friends here. Last week in a small land. But the moment the men placed town he was met by a messenger boy their feet upon the beach the bats with two telegrams. The lad volunburied themselves in their faces and teered the information that the show would have a big house that night. "Why do you think so?" inquired Mr. Schwartz. "Because," replied the boy, 'everybody in town has been getting tle creatures, but they could feel at shaved to-day, and that's a sure sign." the same time something twining That night, when a red headed boy round their legs and holding them was about to leave the theatre between back. They did not know that it was the acts, Mr. Schwartz offered him a "Listen," said the mysterious voice.
"Your father has given his sanction to a plot that has been made to carry you with her silken tresses it had orders for them." said the boy. "You'll be sure much, for when the wind rushed away to remember me. I'm the only red with her silken tresses it had orders hended boy in town."—Philadelphia to twist the newout the enemy and the acts. Mr. Schwartz othered him a return check. "Oh, I don't need one of them," said the boy. "You'll be sure much, for when the wind rushed away to remember me. I'm the only red hended boy in town."—Philadelphia to twist the newout the enemy and the acts, Mr. Schwartz othered him a return check. "Oh, I don't need one of the promises to give a bag of gold to twist the new that the acts, Mr. Schwartz othered him a return check. "Oh, I don't need one of the promises to the acts, Mr. Schwartz othered him a return check. "Oh, I don't need one of the golden locks of the Princess Date."

Fortune Tellers As Grooks

Methods They Have Employed to Get Money From Trusting Victims.

Ö Ÿ Ż F the fortune teller told fortunes merely, he might be regarded as a comparatively barmless individual, simply possessing himself by trickery of the shillings

and sovereigns of fools. He is, how ever, generally a suggester of crime and a blackmailer, says London Answers. In that description I include the ladles with the gentlemen who practice the art. There are as many women practicers of these evil methods as there are men, and a vastly greater number of their victims are

In 1898 a woman was convicted of having stolen jewels worth £800 belonging to her mistress, a Liverpool lady. The prisoner had been a lady's maid for four years. She was youngonly twenty-three, intelligent, honest, In the Easter of '98 she accompanied her mistress to Eastbourne, where, at woman with whom she became friend-The stranger narrated how she had her fortune told by a marvellous woman, and the maid naturally longed to have a peep into her future. She accordingly went to the fortune teller, being introduced by her companion.

This woman was a mere accomplice of the "seer," sharing the profits of the business, and living at the hotel in order to meet victims. The maid, after her conviction, and while working her sentence, confessed all, and gave an account of what took place at the interview. The seer had subtly sugthat it would be successful, and had finally shipped back to his own coun pointed out that the money which might be realized through it was sorely needed if the girl was to make certain handsome typewriting machine, fitted love with her, who, the fortune teller stated, was wavering beneath the temptation of a marriage with another had it thoroughly boiled. girl who was better off, but who would make him miserable. The maid fell Great, of Prussia, more than the presinto the trap laid for her. She stole the jewels and was quickly discovered.

tion for the purpose of subsequent blackmail is part of the business of most fortune tellers. The chief epidemics of secret poisoning by women have almost invariably been found to have their origin in the foul den of the pretended seer-male or female.

In a case which came before one of the law courts some time ago the methods of the fashionable fortune telling preyer were revealed in a startling fashion. A gentleman of very considerable wealth, his young and pretty wife and her maid were staying at Mentone. Among the persons they met at the hotel was a very delightful lady, who, by the fascination of her manner and elegance of her costume, quickly won the admiration of the young wife. They decided to visit a palmist in the town.

The delightful stranger, an accomplice of the fortune teller, had, of course, instructed him in all the information he required respecting the victim before the meeting.

"You are married," he told the lady. "and are moderately happy. Your husband has faults"—the victim had confided them to her lady friend in Presently Miss Ingelow asked, anxious ried better. There is a gentleman here now-rich, titled, prepossessing in every wny-who loves you passionately. He is related to a royal family."

The young lady was startled, flattered and curlous, but more the swindler pretended he could not tell her then, and the lady and her companion left him. She was naturally excited to know who the royal person might be. Her companion undertook to try what she could do to drag from the fortune teller further particulars.

In a few days she brought the new that the prince had dark brown hair, was fond of danting, and would be at a masked ball to be held a night or two later. So much the seer had discovered, but he would say no more than that if the lady went to the ball learn who he really was was too great

It was a trap to enable the fortune teller to blackmall the young wife afterward, and the villiany was only discovered when the lady was proceeded borrowed to satisfy the bloodsuckers, when at last she confessed her foolishness to her husband.

The system of employing as decoy fascinating and well dressed women, who take their places at the best hotels as visitors and insinuate themselves into the confidence of ladies whom it is deemed worth victimizing. is a comparatively modern development in the art of blackmailing.

The idea that the fortune teller is a vulgar fraud is altogether wrong. swindler is possessed of greater ability and unscrupulousness.

The scoundrel De Tourville, who murdered two of his wives for money, cases the ladies had large fortunes. Having ascertained their wealth and pitlate. other particulars, he laid a plan by which each lady was persuaded to conher future husband, and as the only tire, "if not carried too far." man with whom she had a chance of

happiness. known for years that he should be guillotined, as it had been forefold by a fortune teller. The man he consulted the steam engine is not a modern in was a palmist, and, examining Lacensire's hand, he suddenly exclaimed: "Did you kill the man you wished to kill?"

"No, no?" shricked Lecenaire, too hor rified to withdraw his band. "You did!" declared the

teller. "You will die on the scaffold." And Lecenaire, who "telieved in nothing," believed him. What wonder

some secret thus cleverly selzed hold of, believes that the seer possesses miraculous powers, both as regards the past and the future.

Sir George Airy, the great astronomer royal, once stated that it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for them to receive letters at Greenwich Observatory from people asking what the fees would be for horoscopes which would show them what the future had in store. When they were informed that casting horoscopes was no part of an astronomer royal's duties they semeed to lose all respect for the office When he informed them, besides, that horoscopes were nonsense, they won-dered how such a simpleton had mannged to obtain such a position.

BIRTHDAY GIFTS TO ROYALTY. Oddities of Some Rulers of Various Countries.

Upon occasions of royal birthdays and other anniversaries, sovereigns sometimes exchange unique presents. King Carlos of Portugal, an artist of considerable ability, usually sends his paintings are gifts. One recently presented to the King of Italy is so executed that in one position it represents a sunrise at sea, but, if turned around, becomes a sunset on a plain. Upon her last birthday the Emperor

of Germany presented the Empress with a music box that played all his one of the chief hotels, the girl met a has an automatic model of a Prussian own compositions. Each of his sons soldier that goes through all the movements of the infantry drill, and even fires blank cartridges from his rifle. The King of Spain has a number of

Mr. Belknap."

replied my father.

"Well, cut a club and knock him off,"

which finally took refuge in the top-

most fuft of branches, and slowly and

carefully raising the club above the

limbs above his head, where he could

Right out into the air the cat sprang

as it saw the club coming, and so pow-

erful was its jump that the limbs of

the tree were cleared entirely, and

with a resounding toump it struck the

foot of the tree, and to my father's

The cog happened to be at the other

abled to get quite a start in its new

that the cat was overtaken ere the tree

was reached, when, whirling suddenly

outstretched waited the onset. Know-

ing nothing of the dog's fighting quali-

and repeated the threatening maneu-

Again the cat's paws snapped to-

the spring, a small rattlesnake

was completely hidden, leaving the

The dog sprang forward to attack

quietly watching, as he afterwards

Approaching within a few feet the

dog stopped, and cocking his small

the problem. Walking slowly around

all the reptile's attention, and as i

strove to be in continuous readiness for

the dog's attack, and as round and

round the dog continued to walk, in a

short time the snake seemed to grow

dizzy, and its head began to wobble

from side to side, when, quick as a

flash, the dog jumped in and inserting

a paw into the hole aung the rattle-

snake into the air, catching him in his

mouth as he came down, shook him to

At another time Jim was the owner

of two dogs. One was of medium size,

er, and the other a great overgrown

good natured brute, could hardly be

made to lay hold of anything. When-

ever he could be induced to seize hold

eves first as he took hold and kepf

Jim was hunting along the bank of

the river one day wit both dogs along.

when he saw an otter swimming in the

river, and promptly put a rifle ball into

The otter was hard hit, and though

around, it soon became apparent that

it was trying to swim down around a

bend of the stream, where a pile of

The smaller dog was easily sent in to

the bank, and it began to look as

Swimming up to the fighting pair the big brute shut its eyes tightly and

was finally induced to swim

of another animal he always shut his

them tightly shut until he let go.

him, aiming at the head.

driftwood offered a refuge.

hig de was finally in to his assistance.

"jest to see what the little cuss

ver.

like a blue streak for another tree.

wax models of himself that open and close their eyes. Within each is a little phonograph that cries "Long live Spain." Alfonso takes great delight in sending these to friends among the royal families of Europe.

Not long since the Sultan of Turkey presented a German prince with four splendid white Arabian horses and a groom who could speak only Turkish. The horses were very acceptable, but gested the robbery to her, had hinted the groom gave much trouble and was try.

When President Loubet presented a of the affections of the young fellow in with the Persian alphabet, to the Shah of Persia, that suspicious monarch feared it contained an evil spirit and

Nothing pleased Frederick ent of a giant or two to add to his regiment of tall men. Upon his birthday The suggestion of crime or indiscre- he usually received from his brother sovereigns a number of recruits for his regiment of stalwarts.

King Philip IV. of Spain collected dwarfs, and many diminutive specimens of humanity were sent him upon his birthdays.

An English king once sent the Em press Catherine of Russia a six-legged calf, while an artist without arms, but who painted remarkably well with his feet, was presented to a King of Saxony by a Grand Luke of Baden.

A Joke on a Posters.

One evening at dinner Jean Ingelow confessed that though she had, often written poems about nightingales, she had never heard one sing. Every one commented on this as extraordinary. and we agreed that a poetess' imagination was a marvellous gift, but we demoney. termined that not another night should pass without remedying this grievious omission. It was in May, and about 9 o'clock we led forth Miss Ingelow to the lime avenue, where the night was what Jim called "sech an ornery ingales were singing in scores-we all lookin' brute," Jim deliberated quite held our breath to listen as one after a while before finally accepting him. another, far and near, broke into song tom land below the house, the dog fol don't hear anything!" In transpire lowed at his heels, and reaching the that being a Londoner, and uncertain edge of what had been a shallow pond of unknown shrubberies on a chilly spring evening, she had defied draughts coiled suddenly in front of them, in a by the simple expedient of putting dried up pit where a cow had some cotton-wool in her ears before venturing out!-at least she said it was or pression five or six inches deep. Its coil account of draughts, but I thought at the time, and still think, that her de head and a few inches of the neck termination to be betrayed into nothraised theateningly above the surface, ing that could savour of sentimentalism had something to do with it! against all comers. ever, she never minded being chaffed bout it, and enjoyed the joke as much and though it was apparent that the es any of us .- G. B. Stuart, in Lippinsnake had every advantage, Jim stood

Gulls the Fishers' Pointers.

cott's Magazine.

The failure of the sardine fishery i not the only disaster which has this the prince would doubtless see her and year befallen the Breton fishermen reveal himself. The temptation to The gulls and other sea birds are also vanishing from the coast. This tensifies the calimity, because they are valuable auxiliaries to the fisher man. They are to him what the pointer is to the sportsman. Where the shoals of sardines are there do the sea against by a money lender for sums gulls gather in flocks, and the fishing boats in the season follow their move ments with a confidence that is never etrayed. But people with cheap shooting licenses have of late years wrought such havoc among these birds that they are descring the coast, and Brittany feels her misery becoming death without receiving a scratch. nore than complete. Petitions are be ng signed in the province praying for legislative prohibition of such useless active and ferocious, and a good hunt-

> A young man who is blessed with a Scotch kinsman Leed never fear that he will be allowed to hold too high an

slaughter.-London Globe.

had recourse to fortune tellers to persuade the ladies whom he had marked to study law?" asked young Witherby for his victims to accept him. In both of his great-uncle, Robert Donaldson a person whom he was desirous to pro

"I should call it a vera harmless amusement," said Mr. Donaldson, drysult a fortune teller, who gave her ly, after a comprehensive survey of the such a description of De Tourville as young man's fatuous face and gay at-

There are a host of authorities or

hydraulies and mechanics that could e quoted to support the assertion that vention. Carpini in the account of his travels, A. D. 1826, describes a species of acophile, or steam, engine made in the form of a man. This contrivance was filled with "inflammable (probably petroleum) and made to deterrible work in the battles between the Mongols and the troops of Pres-

Japan admits that the war cost it

True Stories of the Old Days.

By ORIN BELKNAP.

****************** N early days in Michigan at Jim said it was now only a question stray dog came to my of the small dog's endurance of the father's house, and as he pain. He still kept fast old of his appeared to be intelligent game, but before the bank was reached and a fine looking animal the pain became unendurable, when my father promptly took letting go of the offer he turned to in. 'Coon hunting being one of fight the big dog loose, and in the coumy father's favorite sports, which a fusion the otter made good his esyoung man named Bacon shared en- cape. thusiastically with him, a few evenings later they started out to try the new

When my father was a young manhe lived in Central Ohio, where a hand-A full moon shed a mild radiance ful of settlers were, for a time, quite over the forest and enabled them to isolated in the big woods. The work note the actions of the dog, and in a of clearing the heavy forest was very very short time he had an animal of great, and as the first small fields were some kind up a big tree which stood fenced and planted to corn the ploneers were very much annoyed by the alone in an opening in the woods, and as Bacon was a famous climber, up depredations of black hears. which the tree he went and soon made out clambered over the rail fences in the the dark figure among the limbs above night time and went for the rousting him, but as he approached the creature cars in a style that was exasperating.

It climbed higher and higher until, at Finally a hunt was planned and the very top, it turned and greeted the half dozen settlers gathered at the its pursuer with a deep warning growl, cabin of the one whose field was har-Dan stopped elimbing, and in a tone ried the worst and where the bears of voice which trembled in spite of entered the field, proceeded to sat two himself, he called out: "It is a wildcat, guns, heavily loaded, and wif_ strings attached to the triggers in such a manner as to have the thieves prove their own executioners. Getting everything Cutting and trimming a limb of the arranged before nightfall all repaired tree to make a suitable weapon, Dan to the cabin to watch in silence and slowly crawled up toward the brute, darkness the result of their well laid

The guns were set in different places, one on each side of the little field. One was but a small rifle while the other have full sweep for the blow, he struck was a tremendous affair, one of the with all his might, and-never touched largest guns ever brought into that part of the country. Both were heavily loaded and two big bullets were rammed down the throat of the larger

As darkness set in a fine mist began falling, and in a short time the report ground at quite a distance from the of the little gun was heard. The younger members of the group were for rushamazement sprang to its feet and ran ling right out into the night, and it required all the influence of the older hunters to check them, as it was exside of the tree, and the cat was en- plained to them that the falling mist had shrunken the line, and that the race, but so swift was the dog's pursuit | gun was fired in this manner.

Quiet was finally restored and with a lighted lantern in readiness again the brute sat up and with open paws they waited. Finally, near midnight, the roar of the big gun filled the silent woods. Rushing out into the night ties my father instantly concluded to the larger party carrying the lantern let him entirely alone and note the reran in the cornfield, while two others suit. Coming with a rush, and bark- ran down the cowpath which circled ing furiously, the dog dashed almost the little field on the outside. A treinto the cat's face, but stopping just mendous commotion was heard among short of the cat's grasp, as its paws the cornstalks in front, and the little snapped together like the jaws of a party of excited hunters ran down the steel trap, backed away a few steps corn rows in hope, by the aid of the lighted lantern, to get a shot at the bear.

The mortally wounded animal, which gether just in front of the dog's nose. afterward proved to be a monster in Again and again was this repeated size, ran for the fence to climb over until the cat appeared to think that into the woods. Outside the fence the the dog was not really in earnest and two men could see nothing distinctly. emitted to slap its jaws together. but hearing the riot of smashing corn Again the dog backed away, and this stalks and excited yells, the one in time the jump was in earnest. Once front sprang for the fence to climb inside the guard of the wildcat he seized over, at the very point where the it across the chest, and that cat was tumuit seemed culminating, and just dead in ten seconds, and that dog as he was reaching for a hand hold of could not then have been bought for the top rall the bear sprang over the fence directly in front of him, and tumbling down from the top of the In long days ago, in Western Iowa, fence knocked the hunter flat upon my old friend Jim Files found a stray his back and fell all over him, when dog at his door one morning, and as he the stricken brute crawled a short distance into the darkness and died.

Yells of pain and anguish now rose from the prostrate hunter, so unex-It was in the fall of the year, and as pectedly flattened by the flesing bear. Jim went for his cows down in the bot- Climbing over the fence the pursuing party now brought the light of the lantern to bear on his prostrate form, and were horrified to see that the poor fellow was covered with blood and apparently mortally hurt.

In a faint tone of voice he begged to time stepped in the mud, leaving a de- be taken to the house, explaining that the ferocious brute had torn his entrails entirely out of him, and when the open bosom of his buckskin hunting shirt was opened more widely, to while it rattled a warning defiance the horror of his friends out rolled a pile of bloody entrails. The fainting man was tenderly carried to the house his clothes removed and body washed -and the skin wasn't broken on him.

The dying bear, dragging his entraits after him, had deposited part of his bloody burden in the open bosom of the hunter's shirt, as the rails of the fence had torn them loose. The morhead to one side for a moment, studied tally wounded hunter recovered quick'y he now circled the snake, just beyond from the jeering merriment of his his reach, but so close as to engage friends.-Forest and Stream.

On the way from one town on Care Cod to another a contributor to the Boston Transcript came upon a charming house by the roadside, which immediately claimed his attention. bore a fresh coat of white paint, which was well set off by green blinds. There was a smooth piece of lawn in front, a group of tine shade trees, and hanmocks, plazza chairs, brilliant sofa plilows, and all the adjuncts of summer comfort in luxurious profusion.

"Whose place is this?" he demanded of the boy of twelve who accompanied him as guide and adviser-in-general "That there?" said the boy. "Ob,

that's the poorhous "The poorhouse!" the man exclaimed. "You seem to have luxurious papuers in the town.'

"Well, you see," was the explanation, we hain't got but one, 'n' she's an old woman, 'n' the overseers they board her out with one o' the neighbors 'n' let the poorhouse to some o' them Boston folks for the summer, 'n' that pays it struggled and swam awkwardly her keep."

A Protested Histor. Bombay has just adopted standard time, and the change has affected the Indian mind in very curious ways. attack the otter, but though badly The surrender of thirty-nine minutes wounded the ofter could still prevent to Father Time is made the subject of the dog from swimming with him to protest duly signed by 15,000 people who are afraid of deferred breakfasts. though he would eventually tire the delayed office hours and demoralized religious periods. It takes an old civiligation to make really important co tributions to the world's fund of humor.-New York Commercial.

Mrs. Theodoro Notles, of Bitter Township, Penn., has just presented her husband with No. 17.

made a grab for the otter, when at that instant, the other dog's head coming in the way, he seized him by the side of the head said turning his course started towing the whole outfit to shore The Government made only tive all-