

His Squaw's Necklet

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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Vivien reined in her pony at sight of the major. He was visibly disturbed. She could see that from his troubled, uneasy gaze as he watched the stumbling, ungainly figure of old Broken Bow pass down the road that led from the post to the reservation.

"Now what?" called Vivien, anxiously. "Aren't you going to ride this glorious morning—with me?"

He came up to the pony, and stroked its velvet nose gently. "I cannot, dear, this morning. There's trouble over at the camp. Broken Bow tells me that their medicine man has lost his squaw's necklet."

"Lost what?" laughed Vivien. "How interesting!"

"It may become more so. They are very superstitious, and most abominably obstinate over these things. It is a necklet of elk teeth and eagle claws, a sacred affair that has been handed down from chief to chief for generations, and is supposed to convey miraculous powers to its possessor. The last chief had no son, therefore his daughter kept it, and married the medicine man."

"And he—"

"Thereby acquired part of the gift. Broken Bow has been trying to explain it to me. The whole tribe is up in arms over it. It is believed that the woman's cousin, a young brave named Flying Fox, has stolen it, and will rally the tribe against the peaceful rule of old Broken Bow."

"Aren't they just like children?"

"Hardly. More like frightened animals that rush panicky into unknown danger. This foolish necklet affair may bring on a tribal war, and already the colonel has ordered me out to settle it, with force if need be."

"And you cannot ride?"

"No. Best not venture far your self."

Vivien laughed back at him over her shoulder as she let the pony go. Danger? There was no danger, she was sure.

Straight away from the post she rode, choosing the river road as her favorite. The post lay in the valley, and she loved the trails that led over the far-lying buttes up to the purple reaches of the foothills. Mile after

mile the pony cantered, until the white and yellow houses of the post looked like mere tiny boxes set up on the plain. There was water at a certain turn. Vivien remembered, and she wanted a drink herself. As she reached the pool she slipped from the saddle, giving the pony its chance to drink first. The noise of other hoofs beating up the opposite path startled her, and instinctively she drew her own pony back from the water into the shelter of the trees.

They were both Indians. She knew that as soon as she saw their rough, ungraceful ponies. One was a woman, and she was young. She slipped from her saddle before her pony came to a full stop, let it go free and scrambled up the bank above the drinking pool, while her companion waited.

Vivien watched, holding her breath one hand over the pony's nose. The squaw bent over the stump of a lightning-blasted pine tree, remained for perhaps a minute and returned, mounting in silence, and both departed as they had come.

"Well, upon my word!" said Vivien with the calm assurance of a Vermont girl, born and bred. "I think you are up to some mischief, my Minnehaha. Stand steady a minute, Belle!"

She went up to the pine stump and

reached down into its hollow. There were dry leaves, and beneath small rocks, freshly placed there, but under both her hand came in contact with something foreign, something sharp and queer to the touch. She lifted it out, held it up to the light and gave a quick gasp of amazement. Then, returning, she turned about and made for the post.

It was mid-afternoon before she reached the post, too late to stop the detachment that had already started for the reservation to head off the war parties. Signal fires must not be lighted that night on distant hills or by morning there would be open war and bloodshed. When Vivien arrived she threw her bridle to the first soldier she met, and limped toward the colonel's quarters, lame and almost dazed after her race; but clasped in her hand was the necklet.

"Can you ride with me to the reservation?" asked the old fellow, watching the flushed girl face narrowly. "I shall need you."

"I could ride anywhere now," she said.

Fifteen minutes later, on a fresh horse, she rode with the colonel and escort straight out toward the reservation.

"Whoever carries that necklet bears power to sway the whole tribe," the colonel told her. "That brave you saw at the spring must have been Flying Fox himself, but who was the woman? The wife of the medicine man is over thirty-five, and is fat and already old."

"Oh, this girl was young, and almost handsome, colonel," protested Vivien. "And she wore two eagle feathers behind her ear."

"We will find her. Whoever she is, she is the thief."

It was almost sundown when they came in sight of the tepees of the reservation. On a small hillock an arrow's flight from the entrance to the stockade were the major and his men, waiting the going down of the sun as the signal to open fire. Up and down, before the tepees raced the young braves on their war ponies, nearly nude, and brightly painted, yelling wildly. The dull thud of the tom-toms came faintly over the plain.

Not until they reached the main tepee, where Broken Bow himself held court, did the colonel dismount and help Vivian from her horse. The major had galloped to meet them, his face stern and haggard as he realized their peril.

"The truce ends at sundown, colonel," he shouted.

"It is not sundown yet, my boy," said the old man, and he led the way into the tent where Broken Bow waited, with the medicine man and his wife and the old men of the tribe. The chief returned the colonel's salutation gravely.

"It is too late," he said; "I have no power to quell them. Flying Fox has been proclaimed their chief, and rides to light the signal fires to call the other tribes. I have no power now."

A long high wall came from the medicine man, and his wife looked at Vivien, as one woman stares at another she has never seen. Suddenly she gave a shriek and sprang at the girl, tearing at the necklet that rested about her throat. Vivien threw off the clinging hands, and held the necklet high above her head out of reach to the hands of Broken Bow.

"The white squaw holds the balance of power in her hands," said the old chief. "Send messengers to say we have the necklet, and the gift returns to our side, not Flying Fox's."

Suddenly Vivien heard a low gasp behind her, and turned to find the girl who had hidden the necklet at the spring. She caught her wrist, and held fast, as she called to the major what she knew of her.

"It is Evening Star," said Broken Bow, sternly, "my own daughter. She had stolen the necklet for him, to give him victory. What shall her punishment be at the hands of the great white father?" He looked at the old colonel, and the colonel looked at Vivien, standing beside the major. And Vivien, reading the look in the Indian girl's eyes, gave sentence.

"Let her be banished with Flying Fox to the North country."

"Thou hast said," replied Broken Bow, but the girl smiled back at Vivien as they led her forth to her exile, and understood.

Cruel.

"Well, I've got my winter's supply of coal in anyhow."

"Is it paid for?"

"Say, why do you always insist on bringing up something disagreeable when a fellow is trying to be optimistic?"

NOTED COACH NOT TO QUIT MICHIGAN



Fielding Yost.

"As far as I knew there is absolutely nothing to the rumor that Coach Yost will not be with us next year," said Director Bartelme when questioned. "I am positive that he will be coaching the Michigan football team next fall." Coach Yost would not take time out even to deny the rumor. He already is looking to next year's varsity and has been attempting to persuade Cornwell and Boyle to come back to college and get their work in shape for 1912.

Wells to Return.

Matt Wells before starting back for dear old England said he was coming back. Perhaps he heard Ad Wolcott was to cross the big pond and wanted an avenue of escape.

INDIAN CHIEF BEST PITCHER

Philadelphia Twirler Has Highest Average in Official Pitching Record in His League.

Chief Bender, the Indian, carried off the high honors in the official pitching records of 1911 of the American league. It is obvious that "Big Chief" Bender was the greatest pitcher in the organization, but he had to be extended to beat out that great youngster Gregg of Cleveland. Gregg, who hailed from the Pacific Coast league, was one of the season's finds. Krapp was another of the season's finds and was right up near the top of the heap.

Ed Walsh had an excellent season after a poor start, the crowning feature of which was the manner in



Chief Bender.

which he trimmed the Cubs in the post-season games. Eddie Plank, the old-timer with Connie Mack, had a good year and won 22 games out of 30 that he pitched.

Joe Wood of Boston, the ex-bloomer girl pitcher, worked almost as often as any other twirler and is there in the list with 23 victories out of 49 games.

The most unfortunate twirler in the organization was Dolly Gray of Washington. He was on the hill in 14 games and only won two of them. Jess Baker of Comiskey's White Sox, was there with two victories and seven defeats.

Bender won 17 and lost five games, while Walsh's record was 27 won and 18 lost. Walsh worked in 363 2/3 innings, gave only 72 bases on balls and struck out 255 batsmen, leading the league in this respect. Bender worked in 215 1/3 innings, gave 58 bases on balls and struck out 144 men. Walsh led in number of games pitched as well as in strikeouts and finished with a per cent. far above that of the Sox as a team.

Veon Gregg, the young southpaw of the Cleveland club, won 22 games and lost only seven with a team that finished third in the race. The man at the top of the list was the youngster Covington of the Detroit club, who won seven and lost only one, but he was not in enough games to credit him as the leader.

Lonsdale Plans to Help.

Lord Lonsdale has offered to pay the expenses of the defense in the test case to be brought in the Birmingham courts to prevent Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran from fighting for the light-weight championship.

Summonses have been issued against the two fighters, who are charged with contemplating a breach of the peace.

M'GRAW GETS SECOND MATTY

Davis Robertson, Recently Signed by New York Giants, Has Wonderful Record as Pitcher.

"In Davis Robertson the Giants have a second Matty," were the words of an excellent baseball judge, in discussing one of the latest men signed by the New York club.

Robertson, who hails from Norfolk, Va., won 25 out of 26 games while pitching for the Elizabeth City (N. C.) team last season. In one of those games he struck out 19 men. He is really a utility man, for he has played at first base and in the outfield. Besides being a good hitter, he is a fast man on the bases.

Robertson is 19 years of age, stands six feet and weighs 195 pounds. He was brought to the attention of John J. McGraw by William Hanan, the man who discovered Mathewson.

Robertson will report to McGraw early next June. He will not join the Giants earlier because he is attending the Agricultural and Mechanical school at Raleigh, N. C., and wants to finish his course. Robertson is a left-handed pitcher, and his easy delivery promises a long and useful career on the mound.

Those who have watched him pitch are willing to go on record as predicting he will show championship form in his first game in the big league.

Cleveland Had Six Managers.

The Cleveland club since 1900 has had six managers, counting Harry Davis, the most recent acquisition. Jim McAleer was a manager in 1900 and 1901, and his team finished sixth and seventh respectively in those two years. William Armour was the manager in 1902, when the team finished fifth, in 1903, when it finished fourth. Then came the only Lajoie, manager from 1905 to 1909, inclusive. His teams finished 4th, third, fourth, second and sixth in the order named. Jim McGuire was the 1910 manager and landed the Naps in fifth place. Stovall succeeded him this year early in May and brought the team up to third place.

Nelson Shows Flash.

Battling Nelson showed a flash of his old form the other night when he held Frank Loughry of Philadelphia to a ten-round draw at Troy, N. Y. The contest was bitterly waged throughout. It was a slug-fest affair in which both men did all their milling at close quarters.

Is it a shoe-string play when the score is tied?

Wrestlers are claiming attention whether or no.

Matching his men with champions for the glory of it doesn't appeal to Fred Gilmore.

"They call swimmers 'natators' now. This is enough to keep a lot of men away from water."

Ty Cobb wasn't satisfied with the automobile; he had to win the honors in all parts of the game.

Carlisle Indian football players are proving as adept in the fine art of scapting as was Chief Bender.

Mordcale Brown denies he said he had retired. When Brownie is prepared to "quit" he proposes giving his many friends here a complete scoop on the news.

THICK-HEADED STUNT

McCormack Couldn't Resist Hitting at Straight One.

Former Manager of Philadelphia and Providence Teams Tells How Former New York Player Lost Game by Stupidity.

By BILLY MURRAY.

The greatest play I ever saw—one that never was made before and I hope never will be again—was pulled off by "Bill" McCormack, when he was playing for me at Providence.

You fellows probably remember him as outfielder for the New York Giants, and when he played semi-pro ball around Chicago.

You know that most of the famous bone-head plays made are by smart players acting under impulse that they can't control, so don't think I'm accusing Bill of pulling a solid ivory stunt because he was in the habit of it. He wasn't.

We were playing at Providence a game that meant a lot to us, and we were fighting for the pennant, and had a good chance to win. The game was one of the hardest and best pitched of the year, and the score was tied when we came to the bat in the ninth inning. I don't remember exactly, but I think the score was one to one, and that we had scored our one early in the game and hung on to the seventh before Buffalo could tie it up. The Buffalo pitcher had everything, and it seemed as if we were in a fair way to being licked—and we couldn't afford to take a beating.

They came near scoring in the first half of the ninth, and I was wild to push over a run in our half, and not give them another crack at our pitcher, who seemed to be slowing up and losing everything he had.

The first man up for us in the ninth inning beat out a slow luck bounder and the next one laid down a sacrifice. Our two best hitters were coming to bat—and I was praying for a single to finish the game. McCormack was waiting to come to bat in case the hitter who was up failed to deliver a safe clout, and was standing about half way between the plate and first base, swinging his bat and getting ready. He hadn't made a hit that day, and the Buffalo pitcher seemed to have him on the string yet like all players, he was confident that he could hit and was anxious to be up there.

The batter smashed a hard single down between left and center, and the runner on second, who was fast, came tearing around third for the plate. The left fielder headed off the ball, and although there wasn't a chance on earth to catch the runner at the plate, he cut loose the ball as hard as he could toward the plate without taking time to look or straighten up. The only chance he had was a thousand to one that his wild heave would come somewhere near the plate. It didn't. The ball came on a line about half way between first and the plate, so wild that the catcher couldn't reach it, and what we thought was the winning run came over. Imagine my surprise to see McCormack run at that ball, swing his bat and hit it a mile to center field. The umpire, of course, promptly called the runner out for the interference, and in the next inning they fell on our pitcher and hammered him all over the place, beating us out of the ball game. And when I asked Bill why he hit that thrown ball, he said: "Honestly, Bill, I couldn't help it; it was the first straight one I've seen today."

MISS SUTTON TO PLAY AGAIN

Former American and English Tennis Champion to Engage in Tournament at Riviera.

According to reports from Monte Carlo, Miss May Sutton, the former American and English tennis champion, is to visit the Riviera this winter, and play in most all the big tournaments.



May Sutton.

aments there. Managers of the tournaments at Nice and Monte Carlo think they will be able to induce Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the English champion, to play.

Magee is Promising Youngster.

Roger Bresnahan thinks he has a coming second baseman in young Mr. Magee, who played that bag part of the time this season. Roger's opinion is shared by a good many who saw Magee play second the latter part of the season. The youngster looked mighty promising around the middle junction and in due time doubtless will succeed Huggins as the regular occupant of the position.

Would Bar Player-Writers.

Garry Herrmann, chairman of the national commission, advocates a rule preventing baseball players writing for newspapers or appearing on the stage. Ty Cobb, Hal Chase and Jimmy Callahan would like to debate this question with the baseball chief.

Nehemiah Builds the Wall of Jerusalem

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 3, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 4. MEMORY VERSES—16, 17. GOLDEN TEXT—"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16:13. TIME—Nehemiah heard the bad news from Jerusalem early in December, B. C. 445.

For four months he prayed, thought and waited. The following April (446) he obtained permission to go to Jerusalem.

The journey occupied four months and he arrived at Jerusalem in the first day of the fifth month. Ab=July-Aug. (In 1911 the first day of Ab was August 6; in 1912 it will be July 12.) PLACE—Shushan and Jerusalem. RULERS—Artaxerxes, Emperor of Persia; Empire; Nehemiah, governor of Judea; Ezra, the scribe, the religious leader of the people in Babylon.

When the right time came, and Nehemiah's heart was burning with sorrow and desire, he found "opportunities concealed in apparent hindrances."

It was dangerous to show sorrow in the presence of the king. Even a modern autocrat like Louis XIV. expected everybody's face to shine if he did but appear, and how much more an Artaxerxes? What, wear a sorrowful face when he was presiding over joy and gaiety, gliding them with his presence? If he had ordered this melancholy visage away to prison or death, it would have been justified by precedent. A gloomy face might mean disaffection against the king. The light of his favor ought to be enough to drive all sadness away.

Nehemiah had hitherto been able to keep a smiling face when before the king; but one day at a superb banquet, when the queen was dining with her husband, amid gold plate, gorgeous silk dresses of every hue, marble pillars, fountains, music, lights, sultanas, courtiers resplendent as the sun, and all worshipping their sun Artaxerxes, smiling when he smiled, his sorrow shone through his face in spite of himself, so that the king noticed it and said:

"Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart." Then he was very sore afraid, and said unto the king, "Let the king live for ever: why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed of fire? If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favor in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it."

The king was pleased to grant his request, made him the Tirshatha, or governor of Judea, "royal agent" or "plenipotentiary," with full powers. He traveled to Judea in state, with a military guard of cavalry, and with letters to the rulers of the neighboring provinces to give him whatever he needed for his work.

Nehemiah was very wise. He lay quiet for three days, doing nothing, but learning everything. He showed no credentials, he proposed no plans, he told no one what he hoped to do. His first business was to learn the whole situation, the feelings of the people, who would oppose, and who would help, how able the people were, what obstacles must be overcome.

Nehemiah met the rulers, nobles, priests and people, and told them of his purpose in coming, how he had learned of their need, how he had wept and fasted and prayed, and how God had heard his prayer and caused the great emperor to favor his plans, give him permission to come, and authority, with orders for the surrounding rulers to give the needed help. He told them of his midnight investigations.

The business side of religion should be done as Nehemiah did it in the most skillful and ideal business manner. Nehemiah had a layman's good sense in religion. Walls were necessary to the safety of the city. They were also necessary to true religion. The division of labor, the noble competition, the interest in their work that kept them from taking time to even put off their clothes, the giving each his own work, and over against his own house, the union of watching and praying and working, the working together of old and young, rich and poor, form a real master-stroke of genius."

The wall was parceled out among 44 working parties. It was like the rebuilding of the walls of Athens after the invasion of Xerxes, like the building of the walls of Edinburgh after the battle of Flodden. This plan made each one more earnest and faithful as he saw what others were doing. It animated the work with a noble emulation, and a personal pride. See how fast my work goes on! See how wild my piece is done! Now, my sons, gird up your tunics, or Rephalah the son of Hur will get ahead of us. True emulation is to do better than we have done; to seek, not to get beyond others, but to rise to the best possible for us; and to be inspired to this by seeing what others have done.

Besides the hostility of the Samaritans the Jews themselves were becoming worn out with the fatigue of such strenuous work.

No good goes on to success without meeting obstacles. Evil does not fall without a battle. It throws slander, ridicule, treachery, conspiracies, influence, discouragements, every possible hindrance, in the way of reform. Even some of the Jews were arrayed against their brethren. They planned to take Nehemiah and the city by surprise, slay the workers, and thus put a stop to the work, but the answer was watching and prayer.

The Wandering Jew.

After centuries of wandering in the wilderness of fanaticism the Jew had been admitted to what seemed to be a promised land of equal opportunity, of civic and social fellowship; he felt, whether articulately, or inarticulately, that in the Palestine of the modern world the old ark would have to dwell in a new temple, that the tabernacle of the desert would prove unfit for his new Jerusalem.—Rabbi Max Heier, Hebrew, New Orleans.

DON'T OPEN HUSBY'S LETTERS

It is a Breach of Politeness for the Wife to Break the Seal.

A wife is in doubt whether she should open her husband's letters, and implies her willingness to let him open and read hers before they come into her hands. There is no violation of confidence involved in a preference to read one's correspondence before it is so much as glanced over by the eyes of another. A letter is a bit of personal property, and it is a breach of ordinary politeness to break its seal. Wife and husband alike have the privilege of opening their individual correspondence, and of sharing it together if they choose. As no one who is entirely polite opens a closed door without the formality of a knock, though the door belong to a member of the family, and is the entrance to an individual room, so no really polite person opens without leave the correspondence of another. It should be taken for granted that married people are mutually interested in one another's letters, but it is not to be imagined that they shall necessarily always read every written scrap that comes into the house for one or the other. Married happiness is so precious a thing that it should be guarded with the greatest care, and if either partner in the home discerns on the horizon the smallest hint of a cloud, the duty is at once to take measures to prevent a storm.—The Christian Herald.

ECZEMA BROKE OUT ON BABY

"When my baby was two months old, she had eczema and rash very badly. I noticed that her face and body broke out very suddenly, thick, and red as a coal of fire. I did not know what to do. The doctor ordered castile soap and powders, but they did no good. She would scratch, as if it itched, and she cried, and did not sleep for more than a week. One day I saw in the paper the advertisement of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, so I got them and tried them at once. My baby's face was as a cake of soap."

"When I first used the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, I could see a difference. In color it was redder. I continued with them. My baby was in a terrible condition. I used the Cuticura Remedies (Soap and Ointment) four times a day, and in two weeks she was quite well. The Cuticura Remedies healed her skin perfectly, and her skin is now pretty and fine through using them. I also use the Cuticura Soap today, and will continue to, for it makes a lovely skin. Every mother should use the Cuticura Remedies. They are good for all sores, and the Cuticura Soap is also good for shampooing the hair, for I have tried it. I tell all my friends how the Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured my baby of eczema and rash."

(Signed) Mrs. Drew, 210 W. 15th St., New York City, Aug. 25, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 19 L, Boston.

Ready Permission.

As an uptown manufacturer and his wife were motoring through the country in Buck's county, the wife saw an apple orchard, with several trees laden with bright red fruit. Her mouth watered for apples, and she induced her husband to stop the car and go into the orchard.

As he put his foot inside he encountered a man. "May I have some apples?" he asked.

"Sure, help yourself," replied the other.

"How much will I owe you?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. I don't own the orchard," said the man. Philadelphia Times.

What Brought Him.

Governor Foss of Massachusetts tells of a clergyman who was visiting a state prison, when he came across a prisoner whose features were familiar to him. "What brought you here, my poor fellow?" he asked.

"You married me to a new woman a little while ago, sir," the prisoner replied, with a sigh. "Ah, I see," said the parson; "and she was domineering and extravagant, and she drove you to desperate courses, eh?" "No," said the prisoner, "my old woman turned up."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Same.

Friend—What were your sensations in the wreck? Victim—Just the same as in football. Three coaches passed over me, and then the doctors came.—Puck.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA.

AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM. Take the old standard GROVES' FASTIDIOUS CHILL TONIC. For know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing it is simply quinine and iron in a palatable form, and the most efficient form. For grown people and children. 50 cents.

A Warm One.

Bacon—An honest man has no show in this world. Egbert—I notice you've been pretty successful.

Diphtheria, Quinsy and Tonsillitis begin with sore throat. How much better to cure a sore throat in a day or two than to be in bed for weeks with Diphtheria. Just keep Handins Wizard Oil in the house.

I believe that the borders of our minds are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind.—W. B. Yeats.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

FLED FROM CONGO CANNIBALS

Superintendent of Rubber Plantation Saw a Cauldron He Feared Might Be for Him.

It is not every day that a man arrives in this town who has looked into a boiling cauldron which cannibals held in preparation for him. But such a man came here the other day from Antwerp on the Red Star liner Vanderland. He was Emile Van Baelen, a Belgian, who was in charge of a rubber plantation in the Congo and had the small task of bossing ten thousand black men.

Mr. Van Baelen knew all about the rubber business, but he wanted to learn something of the mineral treasures of the interior of the Dark Continent, so he ventured one day with three servants on an expedition that led two hundred miles from his camp. He found gold and other rich deposits in the interior, but as he was about to return to camp he was surrounded

by a hundred dusky Dongalese, big savages, who consider human flesh a food delicacy.

The servants fled and were captured. Mr. Van Baelen stood his ground, and as the savages approached him he drew his revolver and dropped a couple of them. The others were held at bay. Strategy becoming his only hope he said he raised his hands, and addressing them in their own tongue declared that he was a white god. The blacks took him at his word and instantly saluted.

He did many things mysterious to the tribe, such as lighting a match and rolling a great stone by a lever, and suddenly he found himself their adored guest. He was invited to sleep in the hut of the king of the tribe, and a feast was prepared for him. Fearing that he might have to sample a part of one of his missing servants, he escaped in the night and got back to his camp. He is on his way to Mexico to raise coffee.

Gossip Among Sports