

THEIR INVESTIGATION

By Grant Owen
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Olmead stood on the uneven platform of the desolate little station watching the red lights on the rear end of the local grow fainter and fainter in the bleak twilight. At regular intervals up and down the platform smoky kerosene lanterns made dull spots of yellow in the gloom, and here and there the target lamps of the switches showed feeble colorings of red and green.



"FORGIVE ME," SHE SAID. "DO YOU KNOW WHY I AM HERE?"

who had alighted from the train had preceded him and were now climbing into the barge.

"Sanitarium, sir?" inquired the shabby man as Olmead came up. "All right, sir. Get right in. Let's have your checks. I'll get your baggage."

The checks were handed over, and while the driver was getting the trunks Olmead looked over the other occupants of the barge. There were one man and three women. The man and two of the women were typical consumptives—narrow chested and hollow cheeked. Now and then they coughed spasmodically. They were poorly dressed and evidently of the class who availed themselves of the state's charity fund to bring them here.

The driver returned with the trunks and bags on a truck. With the station agent's assistance they were piled into the rear of the barge and the drive to the sanitarium was begun. It was over a rough, sandy road, lined with gloomy pines through which the wind howled dimly.

Olmead unrolled his steamer rugs and offered them to the women, two of whom were shivering miserably. The younger woman greeted this act of courtesy with a pretty smile of acknowledgment that quickened his pulses.

"They might at least have some blankets in the barge," he said.

"It would seem so," was her quiet, uncommittal reply, and there was silence until the sanitarium was reached.

Olmead paid in advance, received a hurried examination from one of the physicians and was assigned a room on the second floor. At the supper table he met the young woman again. She smiled and nodded as he took his seat opposite her.

"It's not exactly a promising beginning," she said, indicating the table.

"I should say not," he replied. "I believe this fare would prove the undoing of a rugged person, to say nothing of its effects on an invalid."

"Shall you stay?" she asked.

"A week at least," said he. "And you?"

"I shall stay for a time, anyway," she returned.

After that meal they were friends. They strolled about the grounds together. They found quiet nooks where they could discuss freely the inefficiency of the doctors, the silliness of the nurses and the general lack of anything like system about the place.

"Why, it's just a dollar and cents scheme," she declared angrily one day. "All they are after is the money of these deluded people who come here."

"I suspected as much before I came," said he.

"Then why did you come?" she asked quickly.

"I wanted to try it, at least," said he. She looked at him curiously.

"I have my own suspicions about you," she laughed.

"And what are they, pray?" said he. But she only shook her head in smiling refusal to commit herself further.

Olmead had books and magazines and fruits sent up. These he shared with her, and she accepted them with a grave frankness that pleased him mightily.

They read together, they walked together, they sang together evenings in the so called "music room." Day by day Olmead grew more interested in her, and finally the interest changed into something deeper.

He stayed on his first week and his second. At the beginning of the third he realized that, consumptive though she might be, he had found the one woman in the world who interested him.

One evening just at twilight they strolled down to a little stream that crossed the grounds. The air was clear and frosty. Behind a fringe of pines the sky flared red and gold.

"Of course you know it by this time," said Olmead quietly.

"What?" she asked.

"That I love you," said he.

She caught her breath. Her face

grew very rosy. She turned to him slowly.

"Our condition," she began.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "I am not a tuberculous patient. Certain unsavory hints regarding the gross mismanagement of this place have been whispered abroad. I was sent here by the Delta Star to investigate."

She looked across the stream to the pines and the flaming sky behind them.

"That clears you, but how about me?" she asked very quietly.

"I love you," he repeated simply, "and to love nothing matters."

"Not even my being here?" she said.

"Not even your being here," he asserted.

Suddenly she fell to laughing softly. Her eyes danced, she fairly shook with merriment. He watched her in puzzled silence. Presently she came close to him and laid both her hands on his shoulders.

"Forgive me," she said, "but it is such an absurd situation. Do you know why I am here?"

He shook his head.

"Well," she said, "those unsavory hints reached further than the Star. The editor of Mission Magazine sent me news on a mission very similar to yours."

The color had faded from the sky. The wind grew almost biting in his chill. A group of shivering patients in one of the pavilions saw a much engrossed couple walking toward the sanitarium.

"Which goes to show we have discovered at least one redeeming feature about this place," the man was saying. "But the shivering patients were by no means convinced of it."

Who Were the Next of Kin?

A curious case was tried in England about a century ago to decide the question of next of kin. Job Taylor, quartermaster in the Royal artillery, was drowned, with his wife Lucy, in trying to save her after shipwreck. He had made a will leaving all that he possessed to her, but as she did not live to give the next of kin as to the proper disposal of the estate, which was valued at £4,000.

It had been ruled, in conformity with a principle of the Roman civil law, that when two perished together in a common calamity and it was uncertain which was for a time the survivor was the more robust. In this case the wife had distinctly the better constitution, but as against this it was urged that, as he plunged in to save her, she probably expired first. After lengthy arguments the judge held that, though strong in constitution, the wife would probably have been more timid than her soldier husband and granted administration to his next of kin.

"Character" Stories.

The giving of a "character" to domestic servants is one of the severest tests of the employers' character. An Irish master, being called upon to write a testimonial for a groom whom he was discharging for drunkenness, gave him a good character, but omitted to mention one trait. The groom returned the letter, objecting that it did not say he was sober. The master added "sometimes sober," and the man was content.

The woman who had to recommend the inefficient cook she had kept for seven years only because she was afraid to give her notice went one better. She had covered three pages with undeserved commendations. She had placed it in an envelope and addressed it, and her conscience pricked her badly. Then she had a happy idea and wrote on the seal, adding to her letter as a postscript, "God forgive me!" It satisfied her conscience, but history does not relate if it satisfied the other woman.

American Hotel Life.

At heart Americans still enjoy hotel life immensely, in spite of much reproof from foreigners who consider it in bad form. The American has not really acquired the country house habit, although he is trying to do so. It does not as yet satisfy his longing for a constant change of scene and entire independence. Hotel life, contentment as it is by the finely discriminating as unhome-like, flaunting and too public, still appeals to the average American as a very diverting interlude to domestic exclusiveness. They even prefer it in reality to entertaining or being entertained after the hospitable, but somewhat responsible, European fashion.—London Telegraph.

M. P.'s at Sixteen.

It does not seem very clear at what period the legal age for members of parliament was fixed at twenty-one. It is, however, certain that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. boys of sixteen and seventeen occupied seats in the house of commons. The poet Waller took his seat as an M. P. before he was seventeen. Charles James Fox took his seat at eighteen and Chesterfield before he came of age. This, however, was clearly irregular, because it is recorded that Chesterfield was threatened with a penalty of £500 for sitting and voting in parliament while under the legal age if he did not cease his attacks upon the government. Lord John Russell also sat before he was twenty-one, and he seems to have been the last of the parliamentary minors. An act of William III, passed in 1693, made the election of a person under twenty-one void, but the act was not very stringently enforced.—London Standard.

A Juvenile Opinion.

"I suppose you will marry when you grow up," said the visitor pleasantly.

"No," replied the thoughtful little girl; "mamma says papa is more care than the children, so I guess the care of my children will be enough for me without the care of a husband."—Chicago Post.

His Descent.

"Woody declares his grandfather descended from one of the greatest houses in England."

"Ah, yes; I did hear a story about the old man falling off a roof he was repairing once for Lord Somebody or other."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A hero of a genius, or both, is the man who guesses right most of the time and then does it. Louisville Herald.

Grant and His Boy Admirer.

An intimate friend of President Grant said to him one day, "General, my little boy has heard that all great men write poor hands, but he says he believes you are a great man in spite of the fact that you write your signature so plainly that anybody can read it."

The president took a card from his pocket, wrote his name on it and handed it to him.

"Give that to your boy," he said, "and tell him it is the signature of a man who is not at all great, but that the fact must be kept a secret between him and me."—Boston Christian Register.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES

By KATE M. CLEARY
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The April downpour was at its dearest when the knock came to the kitchen door. It was a timid knock—so timid that Nan stood with knife suspended over the pan of apples she was paring, thinking her imagination might have played her a trick. It came again—low, entreating.

The girl crossed to the door and opened it.

"Good land!" she cried. "Come in, you poor little soul, whoever you are, come in." And out of the blinding rain she caught the little black, wrinkling figure and whirled it into the warm and spicy scent of the big kitchen.

She stood and looked at her unexpected visitor, her gaze a curious blending of amazement and compassion. Such a frail, old figure of a woman. The plain black cashmere gown, the thin shawl, the close little bonnet, all were dripping with rain, from the stiff jet spirals ornamenting the bonnet to the hem of the poor skirt. And the face that looked up at Nan, dumb and beseeching, was childishly pathetic in its wistfulness. The woman held a worn bag clutched in one hand.

"I favored the stranger deprecatingly. 'I got caught in the rain.' Nan threw back her head and laughed—a girlish laugh, crisp and infectious, and the shriveled countenance of the intruder relaxed into a smile.

"Pardon me," cried Nan, controlling herself; "only it was so evident you had not been under shelter the last hour that I couldn't help laughing. Here, sit down in this rocker near the stove." She softly unpinched the soaking shawl and removed the pulpy bonnet. "Dear, dear," she exclaimed, "you've no rubbers on! And your feet are dripping! You're just a bundle of wetness! Whatever will I do with you, dear?"

She spoke with the air of solicitude she might have used toward a child. Nan was only seventeen, but she had many burdens on her shoulders, and she bore them with courage. A year ago, when she had graduated from the high school, the hope that she might go to college was strong within her. But her aunt and cousin had condemned her desire and derided her ambition. There was no money to spare for such foolishness. There was work to be done at home.

The latter fact the girl was given no opportunity to doubt. The maid of all work had been dismissed the week of her graduation, and Nan had been installed in her place. And silently, but with fierce inward rebellion, she accepted her duties. But her father had been a man of letters and a professor in a university, and she had inherited his love of learning. So it was with a heavy heart she saw the days slipping by and with them the time she would fain have given to the acquirement of further knowledge. Today many bidden tasks still remained to be accomplished, and here was this forlorn creature on her hands.

"I'm sure I'm sorry to be making you trouble, my dear," piped up the plaintive old voice. "If when after I'm rested a bit you'll be telling me my direction I'll be moving on."

But suddenly she went ghastly white. She caught her hand sharply to her side, and her lips turned blue.

"Here," cried Nan, "take this!" She had gone for a stimulant and was back, holding it pressed to the twitching mouth. The old woman swallowed the liquid and tried to rise.

"Sit still!" commanded Nan. "You're ill! You mustn't stir!"

Nan stood before her, tall and slender, in her blue cotton gown, with a big white apron belted in at her waist. The pure palor of her skin was accentuated by the blackness of her brows and lashes. Her gray eyes were wide with perplexity.

"Wait a minute," she ordered and was flashing up the back stairs. She reappeared with a load of garments over her arm. "You're such a mite of a thing the clothes that I've outgrown will fit you," she said. "Your bag? Here it is—safe behind you." She worked rapidly as she talked.

"Now you're dry and comfortable anyhow, if you do look funny."

"I'm sure I'm sorry to be making you trouble, my dear," piped up the plaintive old voice. "If when after I'm rested a bit you'll be telling me my direction I'll be moving on."

"Now I'll make you some tea and toast," declared Nan, hanging the wet clothes to dry. "And then I must get back to—" Good gracious, my cake is burning!"

She was on her knees in a minute and had snatched the oven door wide open. A smoking, blackened mound confronted her. And, as ill luck would have it, at that very moment Helena Burnett, her cousin and mistress of the house owing to the invalidism of Mrs. Burnett, came sailing into the kitchen.

"What's this?" she cried sharply. She was in street attire, but had been well protected from the storm. "Your cake ruined! And that—who is that person?"

Her cheeks scarlet from embarrassment and the heat of the oven, Nan was hastily removing the cake.

"She's an old lady who got caught in the shower," the girl explained nervously. "Did Aunt Ellen come, Helena?"

"No, she didn't," snapped Helena. "Come, start! From her cousin to the strange guest and back again."

"Do you mean to say you've gone out of your head, wasting good food on a tramp?" she shrieked.

"Hush!" begged Nan, trembling with mortification. "You will hurt her feelings." "Feelings, indeed!" She glared at the stranger. "The rain is over now. She can go about her business."

Nan stood before her cousin.

"She is sick and cold. She can't go out of the house tonight. Let her sleep in my bed. I'll make up a shake down for the cot. But, hurriedly, as she saw angry refusal in the other's eyes, "Don't make me leave you if you value my work!"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that Mrs. Hunter across the street has offered me \$10 a week as a housekeeper in her home. I would have no more labor there than here, where I am paid nothing. And I shall accept her offer today if you make me turn this poor old creature out."

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Miss Burnett. But, aware that Nan was quite capable of doing what she threatened, she made a tempestuous exit from the kitchen. Overcoming her apologetic objections, Nan assisted the

old woman up the stairs. On the second floor they passed a bright room, hung with rose chintzes, with a jolly red rollicking in the grate.

"I wish I might take you in there," she whispered. "But that is intended for my father. He is coming to stay here. You shall have her chicken broth, though," said the girl determinedly. "She can't need it any more than you do."

And when she had tucked the feeble body into her own narrow bed she brought the chicken broth. But that night when the fishes were washed the girl climbed to her room she found her protegee very ill. She was feverish, and the pain in her side was worse. Occasionally she lapsed into delirium. Nan was frightened, and as the woman grew worse she sped down the stairs and across the street for Dr. Meeker.

"Pneumonia," he said. "Exposure, eh? I thought so. Practically hopeless. What's that, eh? You want a lawyer?" He bent to listen. "Poor soul, what have you to will?"

"John Meeker," she panted, "don't you know me?"

"In young Dr. Meeker, John Meeker is my father. I'm trying to be a good man. If I can build up his practice that had fallen off I hope to make a home for this little girl here."

The old woman smiled and nodded.

"You'll get me a lawyer maybe if you know that I am Ellen Franklyn. No, don't call the others. Helena is like a cat, and she'll eat and hiss. I heard her for myself today."

The physician did what he could and hastened away. His experienced eye told him she had been ill several days and that the exposure of the afternoon was hastening the climax. The lawyer returned with him, and the housekeeper was aroused. The old woman checked, exhausted, but triumphant, as she fell back after signing the will.

"I've left Helena a hundred dollars, but that mourning she was so set on," she whispered. "You can get your learning while she's making the home for you. 'Twas the fine fellow his father was, I mind well."

And out of all the words or lamentations of Helena Burnett and her mother or availed to impeach the validity of the will, which left the property of Ellen Franklyn to Nancy Goodwin.

"I shan't hold you to your promise now, dear," Charlie Meeker said when he came to see the girl off to the university. "You are an heiress now."

A Kurdish Tent.

The tents of the Kurds, in which they seek the pasturage of the mountains in summer, vary much in size, though in appearance and shape they conform throughout to one plan. The covering of the tents consists of long, narrow strips of black goat's hair material sewed together lengthways. Along the center of the tent this roofing is supported on three to five poles, according to the size, and stretched out by ropes which, made fast to the edge of the roofing, are pegged securely to the ground. The poles within the tent being of some height, usually eight to ten feet, the edge of the tent does not nearly reach the ground, but walls are formed of matting of reeds, held together by black goat's hair threads, which is often so arranged as to form patterns on the yellow mats.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A MURDEROUS WEAPON.

The Explosive Harpoon, the Whale Hunter's Chief Reliance.

The explosive harpoon, which is the modern whale hunter's chief reliance, is a truly murderous weapon, six feet in length and strong in proportion, made chiefly of malleable iron and admirably designed for the slaying of the marine creatures. Its most striking feature is a hook which, when it is operated by a time fuse and exploded in the vitals of the whale, is the anchor-like device that prevents the harpoon "drawing" out of the body again under the terrific strain of the wounded monster's frantic efforts to free itself. This consists of four hinged bars, which lie along the shaft before it is fired, but which are forced apart and imbed themselves in the whale's body after he is hit, so that if the harpoon is pulled, which sometimes occurs, it is only by breaking the rope.

When "fish" are numerous and there is a chance of killing more than one in a day a novel method is adopted with the first victim. When it is seen to be about to die, though its back into its stomach and air is pumped into it by a pipe from the steamer's engines until it is inflated like a great balloon. The orifice is then closed with a wooden plug, and a man is left alongside in a small boat to establish ownership, while the whaler steams off in quest of other prey. As many as five whales have been killed by a ship in one day, and three or two are commonly got. A single ship killed twenty-two in a week, and the record year's work for one is 238, an amazing number when it is remembered that on stormy days it is impossible to cruise at all. The whaling gun, and that during the winter months fishing is abandoned. During that period the whales "strike off" the coast to escape the ice floes, to which the orquinals are not partial, but in this respect unlike their arctic cousins, who begin to migrate to the remotest section of Hudson bay and the channels which strike north from its farthest bounds into the polar sea itself.—Technical World.

The Properties of Cocaine.

Travelers in Peru and countries where the heat of the sun is so intense, find this plant for the purpose of allaying the sense of hunger and the feeling of exhaustion that accompanies it. At first the leaves were thought to possess food elements, but now it is known that the cocaine they contain merely affords the stimulant effect, and produces the sense of hunger. Cocaine is an alkaloid made from the cocoa leaf, which has the effect of completely destroying the sensibility of nerves. The discovery of this active principle of the cocoa leaf explained fully and satisfactorily the effect produced by chewing the leaves. An infusion of cocaine might be used with good results in allaying the gnawing appetite that follows some forms of fever or in cases where the sense of hunger is due to a diseased condition of the stomach. Cocaine is a stimulant, but it is not the prescription of a trustworthy physician, because it is dangerous. The cocaine habit is more readily formed than either the morphine or the liquor habit and is far more rapid in its work of destruction.

"They tell me that Skinner has joined the church. Do you believe he is in earnest?"

"He must be. I saw him put a dollar in the contribution box."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Portuguese say no man will make a good husband who doesn't eat a good breakfast.

SNAKES OF SARAWAK.

The Pythons Are Enormous and Feed on Pigs and Children.

In the Sarawak Gazette is an article on the snakes of that part of Borneo. Of the poisonous reptiles it says: "The cobra (Naja tripartita) is a black snake which raises its head to strike when irritated, at the same time expanding the hood at either side of the neck. It spits a green and hisses like a cat, whence it is known as 'ular tedong puss'; in some parts, 'as 'tedong mata hari.' The word 'tedong' in Sarawak is apparently applied to all large snakes which Malays consider to be poisonous, and, as our Malays are but ill acquainted with the animals, quite a number of large but harmless forms are designated by this term. The lamadryad (Naja bungarus) is a brown snake; considerably bigger but rarer than the cobra. It is rather shy, but when cornered, like the cobra, it raises its head and expands the hood before striking. Its food is chiefly other snakes."

"Lost dangers exist, these najas are the vipers, of which the most common species is the green viper, which reaches a length of two feet or more. The head is large and shaped like an eye of spades. This creature is a tree snake and very sluggish. The 'bungarus' are of several species, one, Bungarus fasciatus, of length up to four feet, being black with yellow rings. It is called the 'ular buku tebu' (sugar cane joints) by natives. There are also sea snakes of many species. The tail of a sea snake is flattened and oarlike."

Sarawak has other snakes: "Of the pythons there are two species. Python reticulatus grows to an enormous size, over twenty feet. It is very fond of pigs, but varies its diet by various animals, including even children. The oil of this snake is used by Malays as an embrocation for bruises. The other species of python, Python curus, is interesting in that its flesh tastes like that of fowl—at least, so Malays say, and they are authorities on snake flesh, for they eat a number of the large snakes."

A PUGET SOUND NAME.

Puyallup and the Experience of the Man Responsible For It.

The name Puyallup is of Indian origin, as old as the memory of the whites man. In "Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound" the author, Mr. Meeker, says that he accepts the odium of inflicting that name on suffering generations by plating a few blocks of land into village lots and recording them under the name Puyallup. He mentions incidentally that he has suffered from it.

The first time I went east after the town was named and said to a friend in New York that our town was named Puyallup he seemed startled.

"Named what?"

"Puyallup," said I.

"That's a jawbreaker," came the response. "How do you spell it?"

"P-u-y-a-l-l-u-p," I said.

"Let me see, how did you say you pronounced it?"

Pointing out my lips like a veritable Siwash and emphasizing every letter and syllable so as to bring out the Puy for Puy and the strong emphasis on the al and cracking my lips together, I had the satisfaction of having passed an hour and a half whose remembrance will remain with me long. As for my so amiable host, whose hospitality might have cost me my life, he will doubtless never know my adventur.

The Ice of Greenland.

The largest mass of ice in the world is probably the one which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has accumulated since before the dawn of history. It is believed to now form a block about 600,000 square miles in area and averaging a mile and a half in thickness. According to these statistics, the lump of ice is larger in volume than the whole body of water in the Mediterranean, and this is enough of it to cover the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a layer about seven inches thick. If it were cut into two convenient slabs and built up equally upon the entire surface of "Gullant Little Wales" it would form a pile more than 120 miles high. There is ice enough in Greenland to bury the entire area of the United States a quarter of a mile deep.—London Globe.

The Bright Side.

"I don't see how I could possibly be any worse off than I am, sir."

"Then, cheer up. You've got nothing further to worry about."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

There never was any party, faction, sect or cabal whatsoever in which the most ignorant were not the most violent, for a lie is not a braver animal than a blockhead.—Pope.

Laying an Early Foundation.

"Was it necessary for you to kiss my daughter the very first time you met her?"

"No, madam, not absolutely necessary, but I wanted to get on a friendly basis with her as soon as possible."—Woman's Home Companion.

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

A Charming Visit, With a Somewhat Freezing Climate.

Detained at the Siberian village of Krievokhovo, M. J. Legras remembered that he had a letter to a notable of the place and hastened to present it. M. Gaudier in his book on Russia describes in M. Legras' own words the cordial hospitality with which he was received and also tells of the difficulty which concluded his charming visit.

"They had detained me till 10 o'clock in the evening," he writes, "by repeating, 'Why are you in a hurry? and I was on the point of making my departure when I heard the mistress of the house say in a low voice to her husband, 'Shall I send for the carriage?' To which he replied, 'No.' At this word a shiver passed over me. Doubtless this host, who had made me send away the coachman, was unaware of what I meant, else he would have said to me, 'How is a sofa; sleep here.'"

"My situation was perilous, but what could I do? At the end of a few moments I rose to take my leave, and, having asked if I could get a cab, was met with the reply that at this hour none could be obtained.

"Krievokhovo is a village whose population constitutes the very bottom and bottom of Siberian civilization. The village has neither streets nor lights nor police. It is considered a cutthroat spot, where honest people shut themselves tight at night.

"I had neither stick nor revolver, and I had on me a large sum of money. Finally, I was ignorant of the exact position of my inn, situated over a mile away. First, all dogs threw themselves upon me. I shook them off and started as best I could.

"The night was lumpy black. Amid the irregular canyons of houses there was no regular street by which to guide myself. As I hesitated I heard a pile of wood who hailed me. He directed me, and, giving me a large branch that would do as a stick, he said: 'You are wrong, barine, to go about this way without a revolver. The place is not safe. May God protect you!'"

"As I approached another cluster of houses a watchman sounded his rattle menacingly and dogs flew at me savagely. When this watchman approached I induced him to accompany me. He informed me that the evening before a trader who was staying at my hotel, having started early to catch a train, had been assassinated about ten paces from there. Finally we reached the inn. It took a long time to make them open the door, but I finally got inside and reached my room, trembling with fever and fatigue, and fell down helplessly, only conscious of having passed an hour and a half whose remembrance will remain with me long. As for my so amiable host, whose hospitality might have cost me my life, he will doubtless never know my adventur."

Asked and Answered.

In the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins" (Lord Brampton) a story is told concerning Jack, the pet terrier which always accompanied the famous judge wherever he went.

On one occasion, when on circuit and detouring to the cathedral of a certain city for the preliminary religious service, Jack sat beside his master in the sheriff's coach. The sheriff and his chaplain, a most solemn looking, ascetic high churchman, occupied the opposite seat.

His lordship in relating the story says that the chaplain eyed the dog for a long time with great uneasiness. Then, as they neared the cathedral, he seemed to get alarmed and, in a state of great agitation, stammeringly said:

"My lord, may I—ah—er—ask if the dog is going to divine service?"

"Well, I don't know," replied his lordship. "I shall ask him. Jack, would you like to go to church?"

Jack growled and lifted his head to howl.

"No," went on the judge. "Jack says that he doesn't like dry sermons."

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"No, madam, not absolutely necessary, but I wanted to get on a friendly basis with her as soon as possible."—Woman's Home Companion.

AN ORANGE GROVE.

Modern Methods in Cultivating the Gold of the Orchard.

You are certainly entitled to look through that wire fence and see all that constitutes an orange orchard. There are 200 round headed trees, about twelve feet in diameter. The fruit looks immensely as if it had been artificially put in place. Really those would pass for 200 Christmas trees. Does nature do this sort of work anywhere else? You forget the cherry trees in your northern orchard. You have become so familiar with the scarlet globes that hang all over those trees, with robins and robins shouting approval and tangers with indigo birds sitting in the apple tree overhead, that you cannot fully see and appreciate the claim. But you certainly have not forgotten the glory of a McIntosh red apple tree in October or indeed a whole orchard of ripe Northern Spies, Spitzenbergs and Kings. Yet the orange has a glory all its own. It is the gold of the orchard. You thought the trees grew in groves, but here they are in long, regular rows. That was a word borrowed from the wild oranges that in Spanish days came up where they might richly ripen in place. Really those grew as those wild peaches grow at the edge of the orchard or as pines and maples grow. But your modern orange trees are grown in long rows to be cultivated with plows and horses.

The real orange tree should stand about twenty-five or thirty feet high, with a trunk of five or six inches. Its foliage is dense and a rich green. It is a grand tree to sit beneath at midday and drink the juices of the fruit instead of water—it is distilled perfectly. But these trees are round and low headed, and one must stoop to get beneath them. They are made of the grafter shoots that come up around the old trees after the freeze. They are more convenient to spray, to protect from the blizzard, while the fruit is more easily gathered. You can walk all about that orchard and reach half the fruit without a ladder. It is a good illustration of how good sometimes comes out of evil.

"Different shapes!" To be sure. There are quite as many varieties of oranges in this orchard as there are of apples or plums in most of your northern orchards—fifteen or twenty, at least. The grower knows them all by name and can tell them all by the shape and the quality. He does not go at random and pick any fine big orange for his own eating, but he takes his selection—the King, or the Hokesa, or the Jaffa, or the Ruby, or Parson Brown, or Satsuma, or possibly the tangerine. He fills his pocket with selected varieties and then goes to that pine grove over there and picks them as he lunched. It is very much as we do with our nippins, and Swans, and Princess Louise, and JERDovers.—Independent.

Asked and Answered.

In the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins" (Lord Brampton) a story is told concerning Jack, the pet terrier which always accompanied the famous judge wherever he went.

On one occasion, when on circuit and detouring to the cathedral of a certain city for the preliminary religious service, Jack sat beside his master in the sheriff's coach. The sheriff and his chaplain, a most solemn looking, ascetic high churchman, occupied the opposite seat.

His lordship in relating the story says that the chaplain eyed the dog for a long time with great uneasiness. Then, as they neared the cathedral, he seemed to get alarmed and, in a state of great agitation, stammeringly said:

"My lord, may I—ah—er—ask if the dog is going to divine service?"

"Well, I don't know," replied his lordship. "I shall ask him. Jack, would you like to go to church?"

Jack growled and lifted his head to howl.

"No," went on the judge. "Jack says that he doesn't like dry sermons."

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The Bright Side.

"I don't see how I could possibly be any worse off than I am, sir."

"Then, cheer up. You've got nothing further to worry about."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

There never was any party, faction, sect or cabal whatsoever in which the most ignorant were not the most violent, for a lie is not a braver animal than a blockhead.—Pope.

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