A GRIZZLY HUNT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[Copyright, 1893, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Published under arrangement with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.]

IF out in the late fall or early spring, it is often possible to follow a bear's trail in the snow; having come upon it either by chance or hard hunting, or else having found where it leads from some carcass on which the beast has been feeding. In the pursuit one must exercise great caution, as at such times the hunter is easily seen a long way off, and game is always especially watchful for any foe that may follow its trail.

Once I killed a grisly in this manner. It was early in the fall, but snow lay on the ground, while the gray weather boded a storm. My camp was in a bleak, wind-swept valley, high among the mountains which form the divide between the head-waters of the Salmon and Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. At dawn I rose and shook myself free of the buffalo robe, coated with hoar frost. The ashes of the fire were lifeless; in the dim morning the air was bitter cold. I did not linger a moment, but snatched up my rifle, pulled on my fur cap and gloves, and strode off up a side ravine; as I walked I ate some mouthfuls of venison, left over from supper.

A slight whistle brought him to a stand

Two hours of toil up the steep mountain brought me to the top of a spur. The sun had risen, but was hidden behind a bank of sullen clouds. On the divide I halted, and gazed out over a vast landscape, inconceivably wild and dismal. For two hours I walked onwards across the ridges and valleys. Then among some scattered spruces, where the snow lay to the depth of half a foot, I suddenly came on the fresh, broad trail of a grisly. The brute was evidently roaming restlessly about in search of a winter den, but willing, in passing, to pick up any food that lay handy. At once I took the trail, travelling above and to one side, and keeping a sharp look-out ahead. The bear was going across wind, and this made my task easy. I walked rapidly, though cautiously.

At last, peering cautiously over a ridge crowned with broken rocks, I saw my quarry, a big, burly bear, with silvered fur. He had halted on an open hill-side, and was busily digging up the caches of some rock gophers or squirrels. He seemed absorbed in his work, and the stalk was easy. Slipping quietly back, I ran towards the end of the spur, and in ten minutes struck a ravine, of which one branch ran past within seventy yards of where the bear was working. In this ravine was a rather close growth of stunted evergreens, affording good cover, although in one or two places I had to lie down and crawl through the snow. When I reached the point for which I was aiming, the bear had just finished rooting, and was starting off. A slight whistle brought him to a standstill, and I drew a bead behind his shoulder and low down, resting the rifle across the crooked branch of a dwarf spruce. At the crack he ran off at speed, making no sound, but the thick spatter of blood splashes, showing clear on the white snow, betrayed the mortal nature of the wound. For some minutes I followed the trail; and then, topping a ridge, I saw the dark bulk lying motionless in a snow drift at the foot of a low rock-wall down which he had tumbled.

One day while camped near the Bitter Root Mountains in Montana I found that a bear had been feeding on the carcass of a moose which lay some five miles from the little open glade in which my tent was pitched, and I made up my mind to try to get a shot at it that afternoon. I stayed in camp till about three o'clock, lying lazily back on the bed of sweet-smelling evergreen boughs, watching the pack ponies as they stood under the pines on the edge of the open, stamping now and then, and switching their tails. The air was still, the sky a glorious blue; at that hour in the afternoon even the September sun was hot.

When the shadows began to lengthen, I shouldered my rifle and plunged into the woods. At first my route lay along a mountain side; then for half a mile over a windfall, the dead timber piled about in crazy confusion. After that I went up the bottom of a valley by a little brook, the ground being carpeted with a sponge of soaked moss.

At the head of this brook was a pond covered with water lilies; and a scramble through a rocky pass took me into a high, wet valley, where the thick growth of spruce was broken by occasional strips of meadow. In this valley the moose carcass lay, well at the upper end.

In moccasined feet I trod softly through the soundless woods. Under the dark branches it was already dusk, and the air had the cool chill of evening. As I neared the clump where the body lay I walked with redoubled caution, watching and listening with strained alertness. Then I heard a twig snap; and my blood leaped, for I knew the bear was at his supper. In another moment I saw his shaggy brown form. He was working with all his awkward giant strength, trying to bury the carcass, twisting it to one side and the other with wonderful ease.

One he got angry and suddenly gave it a tremendous cuff with his paw; in his bearing he had something half humorous, half devilish. I crept up within forty yards; but for several minutes he would not keep his head still. Then something attracted his attention in the forest, and he stood motionless looking towards it, broadside to me, with his fore-paws planted on the carcass. This gave me my chance. I drew a very fine bead between his eye and ear, and pulled trigger. He dropped like a steer when struck with a pole-axe.

If there is a good hiding-place handy it is better to lie in wait at the carcass. One day on the head-waters of the Madison, I found that a bear was coming to an elk I had shot some days before; and I at once determined to ambush the beast when he came back that evening. The carcass lay in the middle of a valley a quarter of a mile broad. The bottom of this valley was covered by an open forest of tall pines; a thick jungle of smaller evergreens marked where the mountains rose on either hand. There were a number of large rocks scattered here and there, one, of very convenient shape, being only some seventy or eighty yards from the carcass. Up this I clambered. It hid me perfectly, and on its top was a carpet of soft pine needles, on which I could lie at my ease.

Hour after hour passed by. Every slight noise made my pulses throb as I lay motionless on the rock gazing intently into the gathering gloom. I began to fear that it would grow too dark to shoot before the grisly came.

Suddenly and without warning, the great bear stepped out of the bushes and trod across the pine needles with such swift and silent footsteps that its bulk seemed unreal. It was very cautious, continually halting to peer around; and once it stood up on its hind legs and looked long down the valley towards the red west. As it reached the carcass I put a bullet between its shoulders. It rolled over, while the woods resounded with its savage roaring. Immediately it struggled to its feet and staggered off; and fell again to the next shot, squalling and yelling. Twice this was repeated; the brute being one of those bears which greet every wound with a great outcry, and sometimes seem to lose their feet when hit—although they will occasionally fight as savagely as their more silent brethren. In this case the wounds were mortal, and the bear died before reaching the edge of the thicket.

I spent much of the fall of 18[illegible] hunting on the head-waters of the Salmon and Snake in Idaho and along the Montana boundary line from the Big Hole Basin and the head of the Wisdom River to the neighborhood of Red Rock Pass and to the north and west of Henry's Lake. During the last fortnight my companion was the old mountain man, named Griffeth or Griffin—I cannot tell which, as he was always called either "Hank" or "Griff." He was a crabbedly honest old fellow, and a very skillful hunter; but he was worn out with age and rheumatism, and his temper had failed even faster than his bodily strength. He showed me a greater variety of game than I had ever seen before in so short a time nor did I ever before or after make so successful a hunt. But he was an exceedingly disagreeable companion on account of his surly, moody ways. I generally had to get up first, to kindle the fire and make ready breakfast, and he was very quarrelsome. Finally, during my absence from camp one day, while not very far from Red Rock pass, he found my whiskey-flask, which I kept purely for emergencies, and drank all the contents.

When I came back he was quite drunk. This was unbearable, and after some high words I left him, and struck off homeward through the woods on my own account. We had with us four pack and saddle horses; and of these I took a very intelligent and gentle little bronco mare, which possessed the invaluable trait of always staying near camp, even when not hobbled. I was not hampered with much of an outfit, having only my buffalo sleeping-bag, a fur coat, and my washing kit, with a couple of spare pairs of socks and some handkerchiefs. I walked, while the little mare followed almost like a dog, often without my having hold of the lariat which served as halter.

As dusk was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook, with crystal water. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, knee-haltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

As I was thinking of turning towards camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges, and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grisly walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterwards found, ranging downward and piercing one lung.

At the shot he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hill-side, a little above. He turned his head stiffly towards me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth,

He made a vicious side blow at me

smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onwards while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.

A Tardy Act of Justice.

Marriages between English actresses and men of a high social position began in the eighteenth century, if no earlier. There was Lavinia Fenton, the Polly Peachum of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," who became Duchess of Bolton; there was Miss Farren, who married Lord Derby; also Miss Brunton became Lady Craven not long before Lord Thurlow married Miss Bolton. Earliest of the list, though, comes the Earl of Peterborough, who married Anastasia Robinson, the singer, and kept the marriage secret until a few days before his death in St. James' palace, when he assembled his relatives and friends and publicly acknowledged the woman "to whom he owed the best and happiest hours of his life," a tardy act of justice that caused the lady to swoon away.

How Ledgers Got Their Name.

On the authority of the best lexicographers "ledger" is an adaptation of a once common word, "ligger," signifying any large book suited better for lying on a desk than for carrying about. Sometimes this was applied to a large account book, cartulary, or the like, frequently a great breviary for use in church, as distinct from a "portas," or small one, carried by a "book bosom priest." "Coucher" is another old synonym for "ligger," the foregoer of the now general "ledger."

Old Theory Confirmed.

Tommy, whose nose was out of joint, had been permitted to see the new baby in its bath.

"Where's his other leg?" he asked, eying the infant with strong disfavor.

"It's doubled up under him," explained the nurse.

"Yes!" he snorted. "Jes' like de blamed stork what brung 'im!"—Puck.

Probably Not.

"I hate to be poor. Now, a millionaire can walk right in and order what he wants without bothering about the price."

"He can," stated the weary salesman, "but he seldom does."—Kansas City Journal.

Cross Purposes.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Daniel Werner had decreed that his daughters should be man haters. Marriage should represent to them slavery. To this end he selected for each of his daughters a career which, in the estimation of Mr. Werner, was the infallible antidote for romance.

To all of this his daughters openly subscribed—and inwardly rebelled. For Margaret, who had a commanding figure even at seventeen and a full, mellow voice, he selected the profession of the law. Had Margaret been allowed to choose for herself, she would have studied sociology and gone down into the slums to save the souls of little children.

For Janet, who looked like his Uncle Ezra, a noted upstate physician, he chose medicine. Janet crawled under the bed on Fourth of July and turned white and sick at the sight of blood, but if there was anything in physical resemblance she would outgrow these foolish ideas and surely she was her great Uncle Ezra in petticoats.

For Lucille, because of her dreamy nature and studious air, he chose music. She looked the musician—and therefore she could become one. He did not know that her dreams were all woven around baby faces and the one music for which she would ever care was a lullaby.

Having thus arrogated the privileges and responsibilities of fate, he proceeded to earn the money necessary to provide the careers—and Cupid sat back and laughed. This is the sort of task that appeals to Dan Cupid.

Margaret studied law by day and by night read Janet's medical books. Just before she graduated she had a "call." Oddly enough, the same call reached one James Borden—and together they went as missionaries to the poor whites of the south, where Margaret's medical knowledge, gained vicariously through Janet, proved ten times as valuable as her training in the law, which had come high.

Janet graduated and obediently joined her great-uncle Ezra, for her father decreed that she should step into the family practice. In a short time Great-uncle Ezra wrote that Janet's pies were the only ones that could touch the standard set by his dear mother, and he was glad to say that young Bernard

"I AM GOING TO HIM AND TELL HIM THAT I LOVE HIM."

Kelly, the newly elected member of congress from the Steenth district, recognized a good pie and a pretty girl when he saw them.

For all this treason of her sisters did Lucille pay dearly. She was sent to the severest professors, who snapped her knuckles and pinched her tired arms when her interest in music flagged.

These professors all agreed that she had the musical temperament, the soul, but she lacked technique. They did not appreciate that it was simply the womanly soul of the girl seeking expression in chords and runs.

Patiently she made the rounds of studios, concerts, lectures and recitals. Obediently she read the masses of musical literature which her father provided for her delectation and advancement.

But when Harry Wall happened to meet her on the avenue—and this happened more and more frequently as the season advanced—she smiled and forgot the miseries of acquiring a career.

Harry Wall was nothing if not sincere, and in time he refused to confine himself to chance meetings on the avenue. He demanded the right to call upon Lucille under her father's roof and was repulsed by the supreme maker of careers.

Lucille went to Europe to finish her studies. She sailed on the first boat scheduled for Hamburg after young Wall's interview with her father. And she carried to Germany not the memory of a father's blessing, but the recollection of a paternal frown.

Her mother went with her and settled her with a dependable "frau" in an immaculately kept home under the shadow of the professor's roof. The professor ranked first in the musical world as a maker of piano virtuosos.

And the world which had known Lucille Werner, the world which had held struggling American musicians, fretful American teachers and callous American critics, thought of her only as a pawn on the artistic chessboard, which the great professor in the obscure German town was moving at his will.

But all the while another great chess player, Dan Cupid, was pitting his skill against that of the maker of virtuosos. For Lucille Werner was not the sort of girl who forgets. In her one letter to Harry Wall from Germany she wrote:

"You must never write to me again. So long as my father is paying for my education and supporting me, I shall obey him. I will become a great musician. By my artistic success I will repay him for all the money he has spent on me and the disappointment he has suffered through my sisters. But when I am my own mistress, when I am a great player, I shall marry you. You will be my manager. I will have the career to please my father and a husband to please myself. If you do not hear from me do not fret. I will be simply waiting."

Over in the obscure little German town Lucille was regarded as a prodigy. Never had the great professor seen such a capacity for work. He sent glowing reports to the maker of careers, who showed the letters to his wife and remarked with swelling chest that they had one daughter who took after her father.

"I knew a career and such opportunities as I am giving her would knock young Wall's asinine romance into a cocked hat."

And what of young Wall?

He was making some talk in his own world too. The great electrical trust for which he was working out inventions and improvements realized that it had found a prize worth holding.

Here was a man who would work eighteen or nineteen hours a day for their interests. He must not slip into the clutches of any rival concern.

For, you see, it was only Dan Cupid who knew that every time Harry Wall scored a fresh triumph, every time his employers advanced him in position and salary, he would set his lips a trifle more firmly and mutter under his sharply drawn breath: "And she thought I'd be the managerial husband of a musical star. I'll show that father of hers!"

Margaret had just pulled her missionary husband through a dangerous attack of mountain fever, and Janet had just given a most brilliant dinner at her husband's Washington home, when the maker of careers received his third and most conclusive jolt. It came in the form of an anonymous letter, mailed in the obscure town where Lucille was performing such prodigies of labor.

"I presume you understand that to marry a German officer your daughter must have a dot of at least $20,000. I write this in the most friendly spirit. It is well she should not build air castles—as American girls will."

Mr. Werner cabled to Lucille without wasting time on investigation:

"Return by S. S. Franz Gustave. Passage prepaid."

She sat with hands folded, facing the maker of careers.

When he had finished speaking she arose, and the woman who stood before him was a new Lucille.

"Now I have something to say. I meant to be a great artist to please you, to repay you, but you by your insane distrust have ruined my career. Six months more and I would have been ready to face the critics. Six months more and your dream would have been realized, but you have shamed me before my master. By now his little world knows it all, and I refuse to go back. I never saw Lieutenant Heuser but twice. What he may have said in the drawing room of the American consul was no fault of mine—and on such a rumor you built your mountain of distrust. I did not love, I did not even admire the lieutenant—because I did love, I do love, some one else, and now—because by your own hand, by saying that you will never raise your finger again for this ungrateful daughter—you have cast me off without a hearing, I am going to him and tell him that I love him."

And, leaving the maker of careers filled with the humiliation of self wrought defeat, she went to her room and wrote to Harry Wall:

"Come. The door of my father's house is open to you. My career is ended. I ask only to share yours!"

High Finance.

The excursion train was crowded, and the man in the center of the car knew it would be impossible to get out through the jam to get something to eat without losing his seat and perhaps missing the train. He looked longingly at the restaurant across the tracks and, seeing an urchin sitting on the iron pipe near by, he called him over, saying: "Here, son, take this quarter and run over to that restaurant and get me a sandwich. And get yourself one," he called after the boy.

"You are crazy," said the excursionist beside the man. "You'll never see that kid or your quarter again."

And as the train whistled at the moment he feared it would be true. Just then, however, the boy came out of the restaurant with a large fat sandwich in his hand. The train was moving as he handed up the change and then, taking a huge mouthful of the sandwich, he called to the departing man with the hunger:

"They only had one left. Thanks!"

Every Day May Be a Sunday.

Sunday and Day are the names of two farmers near Martinton. Sunday has five sons and Day five daughters. Three of the Sunday boys have already married Day girls. With the other two brothers courting the remaining sisters it looks as though every Day would be a Sunday by and by.—Moroco Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Little Christmas Folks.

They're thinkin' 'bout the Christmas time,
Tin horns on the blow.
An' they keep the ol' folks dreamin'
Of days of long ago,
But the children are the flowers
We're reapin' in life's snow.

They're thinkin' 'bout the Christmas time,
The days, they pass so slow!
But they're flyin' from the ol' folks
Who come from long ago.
But the children are the flowers
Age is reapin' in life's snow.

—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Forgetful.

An eminent painter was once asked if he thought art students did well to go to Europe to study. He said that undoubtedly the atmosphere was more artistic in Europe than anywhere else, but that Paris as a city to study and work in was overrated.

To illustrate his meaning he said that a certain rich man's son after three years in Paris wrote home to his father:

"Dear Father—I have made up my mind to set to work. Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether it was painting, architecture or music I came to Paris to study."

Saving Jimmie.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Paste her on the trademark, Skinny," urged the captain of the team. And Skinny, otherwise Master James Treadgear, being ever mindful of advice, "pasted" the sphere with such good effect that the ball sailed over the stone wall at the far end of the lot.

This changed jubilation into regret, for not even three scores brought in by the home run offset the fact that Skinny had knocked a fifty cent ball over the wall into the colonel's garden.

Billy Sniffen, who had been cajoled into lending his new ball to the "big fellows," some of whom were all of twelve years of age, let out a roar at the sudden disappearance of his property.

Balls that went over the high stone barrier which surrounded the property of the peppery Colonel Moulton were regarded as good as lost. None of the boys dared brave the wrath of the retired officer in search of lost property. Colonel Moulton would have been regarded as an ogre by mediaeval youth, for he stormed and raved at children. The smaller lads firmly believed that he liked to kill children, and when dusk had fallen they hurried past his house lest he spring out and seize them.

Now, at the disappearance of the ball, the outfielders followed the base runners up to the home plate and joined in the volley of reproach directed toward the unfortunate Skinny.

"You told me to paste her," he reminded the scowling captain.

"I didn't tell you to knock her over the wall," was the scornful retort. "Poor Billy's ma'll lick him when he goes home without that ball."

This was an angle from which the unfortunate William had not hitherto viewed his loss, and it caused his grief to double.

"You better skip over the fence and get it," decreed the captain, and the gang shuddered.

Like a true despot, the captain could not be induced to alter his command, and, though he weakened perceptibly as they drew near the fatal wall, he affected a nonchalance he did not feel, and, bending over, he formed his hands into a stirrup, in which the trembling Skinny placed his foot.

"I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT," DECLARED THE COLONEL.

With a heave the boy shot up until his fingers grasped the wall, but he could not hold and came tumbling back, carrying the captain to the ground with him.

"I can't do it," pleaded Skinny, but the captain was adamant.

"You gotter," he insisted, made heartless by a skinned elbow. "Get up there or we'll throw you over."

The threat had its due effect. Skinny clung shivering to the top of the wall for a moment; then he tumbled over on the other side, and in a moment the air was pierced by shrieks of agony so shrill and terrifying that the gang fled incontinently toward the street, with the doughty captain well in the lead.

As they reached the sidewalk and turned to reconnoiter Skinny's sister Lucy came down the street and paused to regard the boys inquiringly.

"Where is Jimmie?" she demanded of the captain.

The captain hung his head.

"That's him," he confessed, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the spot whence Jimmie's screams still proceeded.

"We boosted Jimmie over the wall to get a ball he lost, and I guess the colonel's killing him."

The entrance to the stone encircled park of the Moulton place was on the other street, and with the gang trailing after her Lucy ran toward the gate. The boys were there before her, but made way that she might approach the dreaded portal. Every one of her attendants admired the courage and determination with which she pressed the button of the electric bell.

Her finger was still on the porcelain knob when the gate was thrown open and a young man, hatless and without his coat, appeared in the aperture. He started back as he perceived the excited group.

"Has any one gone for a doctor?" he cried.

"Is a physician needed?" asked Lucy, with sinking heart. It was worse than she had feared. The savage old colonel must have carried his punishment for trespass to an excess that had resulted in serious injury.

"Some of you boys run for a doctor, quick," commanded the young man sharply. "The little fellow has a broken leg."

The entire gang raced up the street after the physician, and Lucy was left alone with the stranger.

"May I come in?" she demanded coldly. "It is my brother whom you have injured."

"You will be most welcome," was the courteous reply. "My father's household does not include any women and I was somewhat at a loss to make him comfortable. I am Lieutenant Paul Moulton," he added by way of introduction. "My father is Colonel Moulton, and I am visiting him on leave."

"I am Lucy Treadgear," announced Lucy in response. "It is my brother, James, whom you have injured."

Moulton stepped aside to permit her to enter, and after closing the gate he led the way into the house, where Jimmie lay on a sofa in the library with the white haired old soldier leaning over him and trying to soothe his fear.

"He seems to be more frightened than hurt," explained the colonel as he gave place to Lucy, "and a broken leg is no joke at that."

"No wonder," was the indignant response, "when it is known that you have shot at several boys. It is fortunate that you did no more than break his leg—fortunate for you, I mean," she added in explanation.

"Bless your pretty face, I had nothing to do with it," declared the colonel. "As for the shooting, a few blank cartridges and my consequent bad reputation have been the salvation of my fruit trees. This little fellow will tell you himself that neither Paul nor I was in the garden when he fell and broke his leg."

Lucy looked inquiringly at Jimmie, who nodded.

"The boys pushed me up too fast," he explained. "I went right on over. And I didn't get the ball," he added inconsequentially, "and Billy's ma'll lick him for losing it, and Don Fraser said he'd lick me if I didn't get it."

"I'll find it," volunteered the lieutenant, and he slipped out, leaving Lucy with the colonel.

"My bark is worse than my bite," explained the old colonel, with reddening face. "I had to do something to keep the boys from overrunning my garden, but I did not suppose that the grownups would take my threats seriously. I shall have to make Paul my deputy to clear my reputation."

The arrival of the physician interrupted the conversation, and presently the colonel himself tenderly carried the boy to the waiting carriage and insisted that Paul ride on the box with the driver in case he might be needed.

It was perhaps only natural that Paul should call frequently to ask after the invalid and that he should select Lucy as his first proselyte in his missionary work in behalf of his father.

"Forty years in a garrison would ruin the temper of any man," he declared, "and you cannot very well blame dad for wanting to be let alone when he had the chance. He loves gardening, and the boys were wrecking his grounds. He simply had to scare them off."

"He was very effective in his methods," agreed Lucy, "almost too much so. For a moment I supposed that he really had broken Jimmie's leg."

"I wish that I could make you realize what a splendid father he is," said Paul, with enthusiasm.

"I do not remember my father very well," said Lucy reminiscently. "He died just after Jimmie was born. I was only eight."

"Let me share mine with you," offered Paul generously. "Will you, dear?"

* * * * * * * *

From a coign of vantage on the far side of the street the gang watched the wedding procession emerge from the church and set up a shout as Jimmie, resplendent in white satin coat and knickerbockers, preceded the happy couple as their page.

"Jimmie looks like a stick of candy," declared the captain contemptuously, "but he's got an all right sister. There ain't many girls that would marry a man just to save their little brother from a man like Colonel Moulton. He was just goin' to kill Jimmie when she rushed in and said if he would spare Jimmie's life she would marry the lieutenant."

The gang looked with awe upon the brave bride, and Lucy, radiant in her new happiness, never realized that they were cheering her with such enthusiasm because she had sacrificed herself to fate to save her little brother.

Garibaldi's Simplicity of Character.

An instance of Garibaldi's modesty and simplicity of character is afforded by the following letter, written to his wife at Caprera the day after the battle of Digion:

Dear Francesca—Yesterday the Italian volunteers fought the whole day against the Prussians, the best soldiers in the world, and won. The weather here is very cold, and it is snowing. I dare say it will be the same in the Mediterranean. Take care of the cows and see that the calves do not suffer from the cold. Tell Pietro to sow the beans at the Tole and tell the children, Clelia and Manilo, that when I passed Marseilles I saw some beautiful toys, which on my return I shall get for them.

Unlucky For His Side.

"So you cling to that childish superstition about thirteen being unlucky," said the traveler.

"Yes," answered the other. "Can't get away from it."

"But see how completely it is disproved. This glorious country started with thirteen colonies."

"Very true. But I am an Englishman."—Washington Star.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable

TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 119 E. FRONT ST.