

# AUNT ADRA'S APOLOGY.

By LILLIAN LEE.

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"Jimmie, Aunt Adra's come."  
"Little Mrs. Boxley's voice was dull and lifeless."  
"I don't think that she likes me," was the additional remark, which explained the depression.

"My dear child, she must! She is the only member of my family with money, and I was her favorite nephew. If she does not approve of my marriage it's all off. But she's got to like you, Dolly," he added fondly. "How could any one help liking you?"  
"But she has done nothing except sit and glare at me," wailed the little woman. "I phoned Bess for an extra ticket for the concert tomorrow, and when I told Aunt Adra that we were going she just said 'Th-h-h' like that."  
"She'll say you're the best little woman in the world before you get

through," declared Jimmie as he put his arm about her shoulders and went in to welcome Aunt Adra.  
Jimmie was genuinely fond of his maiden aunt, even if she did call him James. Sometimes he wished that he did not have "expectations" from her so that he might insist upon her calling him Jimmie.

It was the first time since his marriage that he had seen her. He married Dolly because he could not help it. From the moment that he had set eyes on her as she stepped on the stage at a studio recital Jimmie had told himself that she was the one woman in the world whom he wanted for a wife. After that he was in the hands of fate.

Two months later they were married, and it was not until they had sat themselves down to address the wedding invitations that Jimmie even thought of asking Aunt Adra's permission.  
A long letter of explanation had gone with the invitation, and the response had been a platted berry spoon and a promise from the old lady to pay them a visit.

Now, she was none the less welcome because she had come unannounced, and there was real sincerity in Jimmie's greeting. Aunt Adra unbent a little as he came in, but as they went out to dinner Jimmie was conscious of a certain air of disapproval which here down on his spirits.

For Jimmie was proud of the little woman he had married and wanted all the world to approve his choice. Indeed he could not understand how one could do otherwise.  
All through the evening this feeling went blanketed their pleasure. For the first time the little parlor seemed distasteful to him. For the first time this content was a guest.

It was not that Jimmie was discontented with his wife. It was the first time that he was discontented with his home. The tiny parlor was no longer the center of paradise, and as Jimmie kissed Mrs. Jimmie good night he whispered that the visit would not last long, since Aunt Adra was clearly as unhappy as themselves.

But the visit did endure far beyond the first week. It was well toward the end of the first month that Jimmie was startled by the appearance of Aunt Adra at the office.  
"Is there anything the matter with Dolly?" he gasped.  
Aunt Adra shook her head.  
"She is well, so far as I know," she answered coolly. "I want you to come out and have lunch with me. That is the purpose of my visit here."

It was the work of a minute to arrange with the managing clerk for a little additional time at lunch, and Jimmie led the way to the quiet cafe where he had often entertained his aunt before.  
Then they had been jolly little occasions; now she sat grim faced and silent, while her nephew devoted himself to his lunch. Not until the table had been cleared and only the coffee cups were left did she speak.  
"I have kept silent as long as I could, James," she began. "But this morning something occurred that I felt you should be informed of."  
"I have tried to like your wife because she is your wife. I have withheld criticism and have sought to endorse your choice even while the first glimpse told me that you have been roped in by a designing woman. Don't say anything," she commanded hurriedly as Jimmie sought to make objection. "I know what I am talking about. There never was a man who was a match for a woman."

"I made up my mind to overlook the extravagant taste in dress that leads her to wear silks and satins. I overlooked the fact that you have a piano that is of a far more expensive make than I could afford to purchase. She even had the audacity to tell me that the piano was loaned her by the maker."  
"Then she made you put in a telephone, and her extravagance about concert tickets is something shocking. James, there are hundreds of concert programmes in her room and even tickets that she purchased and did not use. They cost \$1 and \$2 a piece."  
"All that I could stand—though such an extravagant woman never will get

a chance to waste my money as she has yours—but today I insisted on going downstairs after my mail, in spite of her protest, and there in the box was a letter addressed to some one else. Your wife blushed when I handed it to her, but later I saw her reading it, and later still I heard her at the telephone telling a Signor Marascheck that she had his letter and would come right down."  
"James, that shameless woman is meeting strange men, and you know what those foreigners are, and she is getting letters addressed to an alias. It is Dorothy Chappelle. If you want to get a divorce, I will pay all expenses, but not a penny of my money shall you have otherwise."  
Miss Boxley settled back in her seat with a determined nod that made the plumes on her hat dance vigorously. Jimmie lay back in his seat and choked with laughter. Miss Boxley, supposing it to be hysterics, regarded him pityingly.  
"It is all Dolly's fault," explained Jimmie at last. "She was afraid that you might be prejudiced against her profession, and she wanted to win your affection before we told you. Auntie, do you know that Dolly would love to own some gingham dresses, but that she can't afford them?"  
"She might sell the piano," suggested Miss Boxley, with a snort.  
"But that is only loaned," explained Jimmie. "Here's the way it goes. Dolly is a concert singer and teacher. She has no pupils through the summer, so she closed her studio and had the piano moved over to the flat. It is loaned by the makers, and she pays for it by recommending it to her pupils. Her work also explains the concert tickets. The singers send her tickets free and are only too glad to have people like us come and lead the applause."  
"And the dresses? They are also loaned?"  
"Not much! They were given to her by rich women who love to patronize struggling artists, but they give her only evening gowns. Dolly has one good street dress, but in the house she feels she ought to wear out this half-worn finery. She can't afford to give the dresses away, and they would not bring a dollar apiece secondhand. You see we are paying for a little home in the country, and every penny goes into that fund."  
"That's why we live so cheaply and that is why Dolly is trying to get a steady appointment at the conservatory. The fact that Marascheck sent her his regards that she has landed it. It is good news, Aunt Adra, not bad, that you bring me. But to think that you have accused poor Dolly of wearing frivolous clothes when she loathes her 'glad rags' as she does."  
Jimmie went off into another gale of laughter, then sobered down to tell the sacrifices she had made to earn a home that should be their very own. When he had finished, the old lady's eyes were suspiciously moist, and as they rose to go she looked at him pleadingly.  
"You will forgive a meddling old fool, won't you, Jimmie?" she pleaded, and Jimmie kissed her twice—once in token of forgiveness and once for the title "Jimmie."  
That night as he let himself into the tiny flat he found the two women poring over samples and fashion sheets. Aunt Adra was sitting in the Morris chair, and Dolly was perched on the arm, the brown head against the gray. Miss Boxley looked up, with a smile, as Dolly flew to greet her husband.  
"After this," she said dryly, "Miss Dorothy Chappelle is still going to wear silks and satins, but Dolly Boxley is selecting what she wants for her home use. It is my treat and my apology."

**The Faster Nag.**  
A writer, relating some of the incidents of General Grant's last days, tells in the Century Magazine this anecdote of the ex-president. He was, as every one knows, very fond of horses and while spending a summer at Long Branch was accustomed to take a daily drive behind a noted trotter.  
By courtesy, although often against his wish, he was always given a free and open course. One day while jogging along he noticed in a casual way a farmer and his wife, who, with a single horse and errand wagon, were just ahead, evidently returning from market.  
On attempting to "draw alongside" and pass the couple there was a race on in a moment.  
The farmer chirped in a peculiar way, and his horse squatted into a long gaited and easy trot. Altogether it was a veritable surprise to the other driver, with his "professional trotter" and light road wagon. But the farmer kept the lead in spite of General Grant's efforts to overtake him.  
Occasionally through the dust he could see the farmer's wife look back to note their relative positions. Finally, after a mile had passed, the farmer slowed up a little to allow the general to come within hearing distance.  
"Did you know who it was?" General Grant was asked.  
"Oh, yes," he replied. "The man simply said, 'General, you've got a good one,' and then I allowed him to go on."

**Taft's Turn to Buy Now.**  
To the jovial rivalry between President Roosevelt and President Elect Taft over the football prowess of Harvard and Yale was added a new chapter the other day. The president elect had just returned from riding with his brother, Henry W. Taft, and Brigadier General Clarence R. Edwards, both of whom reached Hot Springs, Va., recently.  
"How did the game come out?" he asked.  
"Four to nothing, and all for Harvard."  
"Oh, pshaw!" and then, with a laugh, "I'll just have to send the president a little congratulatory wire, but Yale won last year."  
**The Brakeman's Joke.**  
"Ran over a cow this morning up above Coffeyville," said the brakeman to a reporter.  
"How did it happen?" asked the reporter.  
"She was drinking out of a creek under a bridge," shouted the brakeman as he swung on to the last car and went grinning out of town—Kansas City Times.

# TO CROSS NORTH POLE

Explorer Baldwin's New Plan of an Arctic Expedition.  
WILL DRIFT FOUR YEARS.

Expecting Ice Pack to Carry Ship and Party From Alaska to Greenland in That Time—To Start Next September—Many Casks to Be Taken.

Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, the arctic explorer who led the unsuccessful Ziegler expedition in search of the north pole, a few nights ago revealed his plans for another dash northward whereby he not only hopes to reach the pole, but actually to cross over it by traversing a course from northwest of Point Barrow, Alaska, to a point between Spitzbergen and the east coast of Greenland. It is his plan to let nature shape his course by running his ship into the drift ice, permitting it to become part of the ice pack, and then to drift with the Arctic currents until he has accomplished his purpose of discovering the pole. Baldwin estimates that the drift will last four years and that its slowness will permit him and his associates to make many exploration trips on sledges on both sides of the course.

By that means he feels sure much will be added to the present scientific and geographical information in relation to the arctic regions. Efforts will be made to keep the public in America and Europe in touch with his progress by sending up balloons carrying bulletins, says the New York Press. That plan was pursued on the Ziegler expedition, and several of the bulletins, which were incased in cork buoys, were found on land or at sea. The start on this new expedition will not be made before next September.

The Baldwin party will leave the Pacific coast in a steamship, which will be the main ship of the expedition. There also will be two or more supply steamships, which are to be employed in transporting many heavy timbers from the Oregon or Alaskan forests, and also thousands of strong casks, which will be filled with oil, clothes, food, emergency supplies and other things needed for the long voyage. There also will be portable houses, sledges, small but strong boats, forty or fifty dogs and three or four Siberian horses. The horses will be used the first year of the drift or until provender runs out, and then they will be killed and eaten.

The exploring party will consist of about twenty-four persons, including probably two American navy officers, who already have expressed eagerness to go on the expedition. Not more than two or three Eskimos will be taken along, because they will be of little use on an expedition conducted for purely scientific purposes. Baldwin says he does not expect to find land at the pole. He will not be surprised, however, to find it to the east of that point.

"The initial point of the drift will be to the northwest of Point Barrow, Alaska," he said. "There we will make fast to one of the large ice floes at the southern edge of the ice pack. The supply steamships will discharge their supplies on the surface of the ice floes and then leave us in charge of the main steamship. We will proceed at once to form a settlement upon the floating ice island. These ice floes are from eight to thirty feet thick and in size as large as Central park or even Manhattan Island. They are close together, and the edges continually rub, thus forming the ice pack."  
He said the reason for scattering thousands of logs and casks on the ice floe is that if the floe should split the cargo can be recovered easily from the water. Even if a few should be lost thousands will remain to supply the needs of the explorers.

Asked how fast he thought the drift would be after his ship had become part of the ice floe, he said:  
"We will be forced along at an average rate of two miles each twenty-four hours—that is to say, one degree of latitude a month—and in a course parallel to the course of the Jeannette of De Long's expedition and of the Fram of Nansen's expedition. Our course, however, will be directly across the Arctic ice pack instead of across the margin, as was the case with De Long and Nansen."  
"How long do you think that drift will last?" Baldwin was asked.  
"As we are to drift midstream—that is, through the field of unobstructed drift of the pack, where the ice moves more swiftly than it does near the coast lines—we probably will consume about four years in the actual drift. We will have drifted over the northern curvature of the earth, leaving the pole about midway in the line of drift. We will go right over the pole."  
Baldwin said the hull of his ship will be shaped to avoid the danger of being nipped by the ice if the floe should break to pieces and that the discharge of the supplies on the ice will make her ride high. Asked if he thought such a long drift would break down the minds and bodies of him and his companions, the explorer said it probably would if the expedition were conducted on antiquated lines.

**Will Green Shoes Be Worn?**  
Tanners of green calfskin report that manufacturers of men's and women's fine shoes are making samples of that stock to be hurried to their salesmen. New York city buyers are said to look very favorably upon green shoes owing to the prediction that green will be widely worn next spring and summer.

**When Tired Out.**  
In case of exhaustion alcohol added to the bath is a great invigorator. The most economical way of using it is to have a basin of clear water, and into this put a tablespoonful of the spirits to a quart of cool water. The body is well sponged in this, using the water freely. There will be little danger of taking cold, and the bath will prove to be refreshing and restful.

**The Trouble with a Man's Integrity.**  
It is that it needs constant vindication.—Chicago News.

# THE LADY OF THE PARASOL.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.  
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So far as Tom Brewster was concerned, feminine accessories were fashioned for the sole purpose of frightening masculine beholders. If, for instance, when walking on the avenue in town he saw a mass of dancing plumes and feathery streamers about to swoop down upon him, he shied as would a nervous thoroughbred at the sight of fluttering paper.

This timidity was due both to his temperament and his circumstances. His mother had died when he was very young, he had had no sisters, had never cared for women's society, and last, but far from least, had never availed himself of the privilege of studying the eternal feminine in the abstract—that is, by gazing into shop windows.

And so it happened that Annette Avery, with her ruffy gowns and alarum supreme, her whirling parasol, terrified Tom to the point of paralysis. From the hotel veranda, painfully conscious of his own intelligibility, he watched other men from time to time stroll off with her, all of them adepts in the art of parasol manipulation. Ordinarily such an exhibition of flippancy would not have piqued him. It would have either roused his disdain or escaped his observation altogether. But for some reason wholly unintelligible to himself the thought of any other man's holding Miss Avery's parasol sent him into a state of feverish emotion.

Tom was nothing if not ingenious and persistent. In the seclusion of his 9 by 9 hotel bedroom he practiced twirling a carefully poised umbrella over his shoulder. The idiosyncrasy of it tickled his demure sense of humor, and the results were very gratifying.  
Whether the bewildering presence of Miss Avery beside him would upset this heretofore acquired equilibrium could only be discovered by putting himself to the actual test. He decided to risk it.

"Miss Avery"—he ventured on saying the good luck to find her alone on the veranda in the early part of an idyllic summer day—"won't you let me paddle you up the creek a bit this morning?"  
Gracious as was Miss Avery's acknowledging smile, it could not quite conceal the astonishment in her wide open blue eyes. This Tom noticed, meeting the implication gallantly.  
"You see," he explained, endeavoring to toss off the words with worldly ease, "you are so discourteously popular, Miss Avery. This is the first time I ever found you—detached, as it were."

Annette Avery laughed with delightful ingenuousness.  
"I'd love to go, Mr. Brewster," she assured him. "It's too glorious a morning to spend waiting for some one who does not show up."  
"Oh," said Tom, crestfallen, "then you're not really detached, after all?"  
"Absolutely," was Annette's emphatic reply. "A laggard in a laggard," she finished weakly, "isn't worth waiting for. When shall we start?"  
"Right away," urged Tom. He was apprehensive of that "laggard."  
"All right," agreed Annette. "Just wait till I run in and tell mother."  
"Bring your parasol," Tom cried after her and then stood dumfounded at his own temerity. But by the time Annette reappeared he had braced himself literally for the shoudering of this formidable responsibility. What matter if on their way to the boat-house he did carry the frivolous thing at an angle diametrically opposed to its protective purpose? He was happily unconscious of it, and Annette, blinking heroically, was too magnanimous to disillusion him.

The canoe launched, Tom, with some show of savoir faire, tossed the cushions into it and extended his hand to Annette. At length, with a long graceful sweep of the paddle, they were off.  
The shimmering radiance of the sun marshes as they followed the windings of the little creek soon subdued their outbursts of admiration, and they fell by mutual consent into dreamy silence.  
Suddenly in her excitement at sight of a "blue" crab scuttling sidewise beneath the canoe Annette lost hold of her parasol. Before Tom could rescue it with his paddle a yelping mongrel of a dog sprang out of the tall grasses and dashed into the water after it.  
"Bravo, old fellow!" called Tom. "Here, here, sir!"  
But to the victor belong the spoils, and the dog made off with his capture. Pursuit was impossible through the wet marshes. Powerless to avert the catastrophe, they watched the dog's fiendish demolition of the fragile contrivance.

"It's an outrage!" exclaimed Tom. "And it's your favorite sunshade too." At this Annette burst into a merry peal of laughter. What other man

# WHEN TED COY WEPT

How Yale's Football Hero Collapsed After Tigers' Defeat.  
SOOTHED BY HIS BROTHER.

Coach Tells Remarkable Story of the Great Fullback's Hysteria Following the Gridiron Battle at Princeton. Fortunes of Game Rested Upon Him.

One of the Yale football coaches supplied the facts for the following story, which was written for the New York Evening World by Bozeman Bulger:  
When the great football game recently played between Yale and Princeton was ended a big, flaxen haired boy drew a heavy blanket around his bandaged head and shoulders, hid himself in a corner of a bus, rested his elbows on his knees and sunk his chin and jaws into his hands. Outside thousands were cheering for Old Eli.

Along the streets of Princeton the old vehicle rolled with its twenty silent passengers. At the hotel all alighted, and a crowd rushed around to sing "Boo!a" and cheer Yale.  
Heedless of the victorious yells, the boy with the white hair and the big blanket rushed up the steps, flung open the door to his room, fell on the bed and burst into a hysterical fit of weeping. On a chair near the bed sat a more elderly man—an exact replica of the young man. Without a word he soothingly took the athlete's feet, threw them across his knees and silently loosened the laces of his shoes.

When the shoes and stockings had been removed the older man, who also carried an athletic breadth of shoulder, reached his hand beneath the shoulders of the weeping athlete and pulled him to his feet.  
"Brace up, old fellow," he said. "It's all over now. Tell me what came into you."  
For a minute the boy stammered. He couldn't say a word. Finally he threw his arms around the neck of his brother and gulped:  
"Well, we won, anyway."  
And with another hysterical spell of weeping Ted Coy, acting captain of the Yale team, fell across the bed and buried his face in his hands.

The brother, who had carried the Yale team to victory eight years ago, sat beside him holding his hand, and this is the way the rest of the team found the heroes of 1908 and 1900 when they came to see if everybody had been dressed.  
The strain had told, and this was the relaxation which followed the greatest game of 1908. Here was a man six feet in height and weighing 190 pounds—the hero of the day—trying like a child. The fortunes of the game had rested upon his shoulders. With no one to guide him he had seen the weakening of his team. With a score of 6 to 0 against them he had deliberately ordered the right half-back to take his position at right end, and he had gone into the back field determined to carry the ball to victory. If he had failed the censuring eyes of 3,000 students would have been upon him. He felt that they would have accused him of putting himself in the limelight, while the men who had fought valiantly for an hour by his side were thrust in the background.

He did it all of his own initiative. The coaches had absolutely nothing to say. During the fifteen minutes which elapsed between the halves the Yale cohorts had remained in their dressing room silent. The room was filled with silence and gloom.  
"Do you think you can win?" asked Walter Camp, the veteran coach.  
The other coaches were speechless.  
"We will win," said Captain Coy, and that was all that passed. No one had so much as a suggestion to make.  
When the first fifteen minutes of the second half had elapsed and no score had been made Sheriff Coy, known to Yale as "Shirley" Coy, sat on the side lines painfully quiet. Edwin Coy, the younger athlete, known to the students as "Ted" Coy, then made the change when they swept Princeton off the field. On the first down he tore through the Princeton line for seven yards. The Tigers were ripped apart as if they had been made of tissue paper. Again he took the ball, and again the ripping and tearing of the Tiger line was apparent. The brother on the side lines began pounding the coaches on the backs. He had come all the way from Minneapolis to see his brother save the day for Yale.

On and on went Acting Captain Coy, and finally the score was tied. With ten minutes left in which to play, Ted Coy kept up his ripping and grinding at the Princeton line. The brother by this time was wild. Nothing could stop Ted. Whether it was brute strength or whether it was the lack of strength on the part of Princeton, Yale's acting captain was endowed with some kind of primeval instinct which told him to go ahead, and he went.  
McFadyen, the big center of Princeton, says that on one occasion he grabbed Coy around the knees, and though he weighed more than 200 pounds, he was dragged for eight yards. It seemed that nothing could stop the hero of the day. When nobody else could stop the plunges of the young terror, Captain Dillon of Princeton dived head forward against him and was knocked senseless. He had to be taken from the field in the arms of the trainers. That was the last straw, and in the next plunge the indomitable Coy tore through the line and across the line for a touchdown and—the game.

**Time to Stop.**  
Mrs. Benham—Henry, I am more than glad that you don't drink now, but how did you come to leave off? Benham—You remember the last time your mother was here? Mrs. Benham—Yes, Benham—Well, one night while she was here I came home in pretty bad shape and saw three of her. That settled it.  
**The Rule of Three.**  
Stella—What is the rule of three? Bella—That one ought to go home—New York Sun.

**ALL THE WAY ROUND.**  
An Odd Sort of Dinner and the Reason of It.  
Lord Polkemmet, a Scottish lord of session, usually retired to his country residence during the part of the year when the court does no business. John Hagart, the Scottish advocate, equally idle from a similar cause, went to shoot, and, happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his lordship, who politely invited John to take, or, as he said, to 'tak', a family dinner with himself, his wife and daughter.  
John accepted the invitation, and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table and stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, calf's head on one side of the soup and veal cutlets on the other, calf's foot jelly between the soup and roast veal and calf's brains between the stewed veal and the soup.  
"No," said his lordship in his own blunt way, "Mr. Hagart, you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner, but you'll no wonder when you hear the cause of it. We keep no company, Mr. Hagart, and my daughter here caters for our table. The way we do is just this: We kill a beast, as it were, today, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."  
**The Year Without a Summer.**  
The year 1816 has a remarkable cold weather record and is known as "the year without a summer." In that year there was a sharp frost in every month, and the people all over the world began to believe that some great and definite change in the earth was taking place. The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. During the month snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. There were frost and ice in July in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. Ice half an inch thick formed in August. A cold north wind prevailed all summer.

# UNIQUE RIFLE MATCH

England and America to Have Small Caliber Arms Contest.  
FIFTY MEN ON EACH SIDE.

May Be Made Three Cornered Match if Entry of Australia Can Be Procured. Caliber of Rifles Limited to 23. Handsome Trophy Provided.

An international rifle match of unusual interest will be shot this winter under the auspices of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs of Great Britain and the National Rifle Association of America. Each country will be represented by fifty men, who will shoot ten shots each at twenty-five yards with miniature rifles. The Americans will doubtless use the .22 caliber, as under the terms of the challenge the caliber of the rifles is limited to 23, which is comparatively unknown in the United States.

The ten shots are to be fired on what is known as a double declivity target, which is really two targets together, each with an inch sighting bull and an inner half inch bull containing ten. Ten concentric circles one-quarter of an inch apart divide the count from one to ten. Five shots are to be fired on each target, the ten shots constituting the string allowed each competitor. One hundred targets will be sent to the National Rifle Association by the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, bearing the signature of the latter. The indorsement of the American association will be added and fifty of the targets returned to Great Britain. After the shooting the two sets of targets will be collected and exchanged to verify the scores, which will be sent by cable.

It is possible that this unique match will be a three cornered affair and that Australia will be drawn into it. The British society has provided a handsome trophy to be held for one year by the winning country, and each participant will receive a commemorative medal. Considerable preparation will be necessary for the match, which will likely not take place until midwinter. The National Rifle association will shortly begin selecting the fifty shots to represent the United States, and as it is desired to secure the best it is probable that all the rifle clubs affiliated with the association will be invited to compete for the honor of supplying members of the team. After the "tryouts" a team will be selected, and when the match is shot the men chosen will shoot their strings on the range belonging to their own clubs. If possible, the dates will be arranged so that the shooting will be done in both countries, or all three, if Australia comes in, on the same date, though necessarily there will be some difference in actual time.

The challenge provides that any rifle not exceeding 23 caliber may be used, with any sights not employing glass, any ammunition, and that any position may be assumed. The Americans will probably request that the latter be changed and that the position be restricted to offhand. It is believed the challengers will agree to this.

While 22 caliber rifle practice, both in and out of doors, is growing in favor in the United States with great rapidity, the sport has not yet the popularity or the support it receives in England. Some of the greatest men and women of the latter country give it their hearty encouragement and patronage. For example, the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs is under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, while the two trustees are the Duke of Norfolk (the premier duke of England) and the Duke of Westminster, the wealthiest peer of that country. Associated with them in the management of the society are such distinguished personages as the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Colville, Lieutenant General Sir Ian Hamilton, Major General Sir Alfred Turner, Lieutenant General W. W. Briscoe, Lieutenant General F. Lance, Major General Sir R. B. Love, Major General W. H. McKinnon, Major General A. C. Codrington and many others.

The president of the organization is none other than the great field marshal Earl Roberts, who has been so active in promoting the cause of military rifle practice as well as military and civilian rifle practice in general throughout the British empire. The only organization in the United States which approaches the support given the English society is the National Rifle Association.

**It Surely Does.**  
Bacon—The flea is a coward. It never comes up to the scratch.  
Egbert—Well, it comes up to the place where the scratch is going to be, all right.—Yonkers Statesman.

**SOMETHING NEW!**  
A Reliable  
**TIN SHOP**  
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Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.  
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