NOVELTY IN PAROLES THE DOUBLE

What Kansas Penitentiary Prisoners Must Do to Get Out.

AGREE TO ATTEND CHURCH.

Also Prayer Meeting and Sunday School Once Each Week-Requirement the Idea of Governor Stubbs Change In Tone of Appeals From

Governor Stubbs of Kansas has es tablished a new requirement in the paroling and pardoning of prisoners in the state penitentiary. Hereafter when a convict is liberated on parole or by absolute pardon he must stipulate in writing that he will regularly attend church, Sunday school and the prisoner is pardoned the governor will have no recourse if the agreement is violated but a paroled prisoner could be returned to the penitentiary.

The parole law of Kansas provides that a convict must agree to keep away from bad associates, seek employment and lead a moral life.

"I have added church going and Sunday school service to the list," Governor Stubbs said, "because it is the kind of influence which ought to surround every man or woman who comes out of a state penitentiary. I shall insist upon this agreement from Governor Stubbs said, "because it is shall insist upon this agreement from every prisoner paroled, no matter how exemplary has been his conduct in the

Governor Stubbs does not believe much in the innocence of men or wom-en who get into the penitentiaries of the country. He entertains high opin-ions of courts and juries that try and convict them, and he does not believe a governor should set aside their judg

The governor's attitude has become known in the state penitentiary, and the letters which are being received at the executive office in Topeka from convicts are of a different tenor from those that came during the late Hoch administration. Governor Stubbs must also be convinced that a man is penitent before he will grant a parole or pardon, even if the judge, the jury and the prosecuting attorney who convict-ed him petition for the man's release. He says penitence is one of the world's

greatest virtues.

In the Kansas institution, where more than 1,000 prisoners are incarcerated, he says there are many who are contrite and penitent and who would make good and useful citizens if These are the men who will receive favors from Governor Stubbs, but those who write telling of their but those who write telling of their innocence do not receive much consideration unless they possess the pen-

perience is similar to that of other executives throughout the country. If he were to believe all the letters writ the other 10 per cent are only partially

tend to be innocent. One of this kind which came in the mails a few days ago contained a sharp fling at former ported, pardoned the murderer Arnold because he wrote a sentimental poem. The convict's name is withheld by Governor Stubbs, but his letter fol-

This letter is written in a remarkably fine hand. While the letter is refreshing in that it is different from hundreds of others received from the same institution, it is likely that before he grants any favors to this convic the governor will recommend that he begin the cultivation of "flowers in the conservatory of his soul." expression has been used in jest many times since it was first, uttered by former Governor Hoch before the gradlating classes of the State university.

Ordinarily the convicts write that their morals, which were good when they went into the penitentiary, are being corrupted by the many criminals around them and that they want to get out where they can lead useful lives. Some of these who have heard of Governor Stubbs' requirement as to church going have written him that they desire to be released so that they have the advantages of church their lives. One of these offered to join any church the governor would suggest. The executive is an old fash-ioned Quaker, but he will not use his power in behalf of that sect.

The first parole to contain the new church going condition was issued re-cently. Charles Glass was serving a sentence for robbing a schoolhouse in Stafford county. His father died, and the friends of the family asked Gov-ernor Stubbs by wire to parole him so be could attend the funeral. The governor granted the parole, but not until he had conferred with the warden by long distance telephone and learned that Glass had earned his release by behavior.-Topeka (Kan) Cor good behavior.-New York Sun.

Another Way to Escape.

What is it, Theobald?"

"May I ask you a question?" "Certainly you may, my child. It is only by asking questions that we can improve our minds and prepare our-

my son?"
"I forget, papa."—Newark News.

CONSPIRACY.

It Suited the Young Lovers, So They Obediently Eloped.

By KATHERINE AMORY

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.] Ex-Judge Sherman and the Hon. Samuel Morton had been friends for years. They belonged to the same church and the same party, lived within sight of each other, and away back when Walter Morton was in knicker-

when Water Motton was in kincker-bockers and Edith Sherman wore her hair in a single braid down her back the fathers hinted to each other about a possible marriage. Their friendship had often been tested, but had stood

It was only a natural sequence that when Walter was twenty and Edith eighteen Cupid should begin to play his pranks. There was to be no mar-

his pranks. There was to be no marriage yet for two or three years, but the fathers looked on and winked at each other. Things were coming out as they had hoped for.

They didn't see the shadow sitting between them, but it was there. Nelther man had been a too ambitious politician. If such had been the case the shadow would have come long between the shadow would have come the the shadow would have come long be

to take the nomination for representa-tive in congress. On the same day a second committee waited on the honorable and asked him to do the same

Neither of the gentlemen had ever expressed a wish to go to congress. Why should political ambition suddenby flame up now. Probably because of the spirit of rivalry inherent in every human breast. Each heard of the hon-or tendered the other. Yet it was in the most brotherly spirit that they met again. During the first five minutes each offered to stand aside for the other. During the next ten each de-

ed in wrath. The party managers were



SHE SPRANG OFF HER CHAIR AND TOOK A SUDDEN INTEREST IN LIFE.

cute enough to realize that with the would be lost, and many the nomina-tion went to another. But the harm had been done. The ex-judge and the honorable were out and saying hard things of each other.

Of course the break reacted on the

lovers. They refused to be bound by it, but the outlook was gloomy. The ex-judge said to his daughter

when the matter was brought up:
"I always liked Walter, but I think you had best call this matter off and have done with it. You can't expect to marry a son of my enemy and take any comfort. Who is the Hon. Samuel Morton, I'd like to know, to think himself the only man in this

think himself the only man in this district to represent it in the house? Think of the impudence of it!"

And when Waiter came home from college and spoke of his marriage as if the break had nothing to do with the lovers the honorable, his father, was

"Edith is a nice girl and a sweet girl, less of her father's disposition. He was insolent to me, my boy-insolent to your father! After due thought I begive Edith n

After due thought Walfer decided not to do any such thing. He was not prohibited from calling, though all the family except Edith kept out of the way. Just how or when things would mend was worrying the brains of the lovers not a little when the puzzle was solved in a most unexpected way. The Hon. Morton invited his son into the

Walter, you do not seem to have given Edith up yet?"
"No, sir." was the firm reply.
"I'm sure you can never get the consent of the judge."

"We shall wait and hope."

"Uni! I don't know but what I have a better plan. I have nothing against the girl, but I would like to get square with her father. I'm sure that he's waiting to refuse you her hand. It was just such a case when I married your mother, and what did I do? Got her to eleve with me."

her to elope with me. "But, father, you don't mean"—
"But I do. The father don't want you to marry the daughter. Therefore

And it might have been on the same evening and at the same hour that the judge said to his daughter after scolding her for going about with tears in her eyes and her face giving warning third."

of an early decline:
"Edith, the Hon. Samuel Morton thinks that son of his too good for you, and if he knows you are worrying it will be cake for him."
"I don't think he feels that way,

improve our minds and prepare our selves for our work in the world. I am glad to note a spirit of inquiry in you, and I hope you may never arrive at the place where you think you know it all and cease to solicit information from others. What is your question, my son?"

To ont think he feets that way, papa," was the humble reply.

"But I know the old man, you see. He's good at heart, but he's obstinate beyond belief, and politics has spoiled him sadly. I think, however, Walter takes after his mother. You are engaged to him, are you?"

"Yes"

"Then I wouldn't let his father spoll your life. I'd marry Walter in spite of

"Oh, papa, but how?" exclaimed the girl as she sprang off her chair and took a sudden interest in life. "What did your mother and I do when my father objected?"

when my father objected?"
"You eloped. She's told me about it
a dozen times! Oh, papa, if Walter
only would elope!"
Walter was willing, as he informed
her on the next night. In fact, he had

decided that was the only thing to do. All he feared was that she might not consent, and it filled his soul with joy to learn that she would.

For very good reasons neither of the lovers mentioned the fact that their respective fathers had counseled elopement as the panacea. They decided to go at it and lay their plans so carefully that failure need not be feared. few days later the Hon. Samuel

Morton said to his son:
"Walter, in regard to that little affair, you might extend the honeymoon trip to Europe and give that mule of a father of hers time to get over it. Bet-ter take this check for \$3,000 now. There will be no farewells when you

Then you don't think the judge would give her to me?"
"Never! He wants to get even with
me, you see. Run along now and make

your own arrangements."

And again it might have been the same hour and evening when the judge said to his daughter, having first tak-

en her arm and led her to a seat on speaking to you on a particular matter

"Yes, papa."
"Have you anything to report at this time? In other words, did you hint to Walter that if I continued obdurate you would be willing to brave my wrath by consenting to an elope-

a few days ago?"

"I just binted something like that, papa. You know I could not come right out and say so."
"No, you couldn't. How did he take

"He-he said he was also ready to

"He—he said he was also ready to brave the wrath of his father."

"Good! I trust the Hon. Samuel Morton will get a jar some of these fine mornings. If you are getting a lot of new garments together, and I think you are, you may need several new trunks. Just order them. When packed tell William to drive them to the dell William to drive them to the depot for you. If I were in Walter's place I believe I should make the tour of Europe. His father will make a great howl over the things, and it will take several weeks for him to get his breath back. Ver might bles me will take several weeks for him to get his breath back. You might kiss me now. Edith, as I'm a rather sound sleeper, you know. And here's a check for \$1,000. It's a birthday present or something of that sort."

The lovers had decided that there was no cause for great haste about the

was no cause for great haste about the elopement, but it finally came off according to schedule. A visit was first paid to the house of a minister who had been seen in the afternoon, and after the twain had been made one they rode to the depot in a closed carriage and were off.

No enraged and bloodthirsty parents

pursued, nor was the telegraph ap-pealed to to stop them at all hazards. The newly wed tried their hardest to feel scared and heroic by turns, but it was a rather tame affair. At breakfast next morning it was

announced in one house that Walter was gone and in the other that Edith could not be found. Two mothers shed tears and two fathers chuckled. hour later the two fathers met on th eet. They stopped to eye each oth and after a moment the Hon. Sam

"Well, Walter has got her in spite of

"No, sir-no, sir!" chuckled the judge. "She has got Walter in spite of

you!"
"But I knew they were going to

"And I knew the same!"
And after that what could two sensible men and fathers do but shake hands, bridge the chasm and forward a joint telegram of congratulations?

A soft answer has not only the effect of turning away wrath; it may serve to avenge an injury. Years ago the to avenge an injury. Years ago the Rev. J. H. Jones was making a visit in Boston and attended a biweekly con-ference at Divinity hall. Just at that time he was out of sorts with the east. and his address reflected an acid mood. Especially did he insist that "they didn't know everything down in Judee" or even in Cambridge.

When be sat down there was a mo mentary hush, and then the late Dean Everett slowly rose. He began in his usual soft and hesitating tone. There is usual soft and hesitating tone, things are doubtless a great many things which we know and he does not."

Then followed a pause, during which each man held his breath, for the dean was known to carry on his lips a dag-ger which sometimes found its unerr-ing way to the hearts of men and things, but after due pause he contin ued gently:
"And chief among them is how glad

we always are to see him."-Youth's

Indignant Mother's Retort.

A Flushing (N. Y.) clergyman, pastor of a popular church there, received as a caller at his parsonage the other day a young matron carrying in her arms "I want the baby christened," the

After the ceremony the clergyman started to write out the baptismal certificate required by the board of health. Forgetting for the moment the date of

the month, he remarked to the mother:
"This is the 9th, isn't it?"
"No, indeed, sir," replied the young matron indignantly. "It's only

Mail Delivery by Autos.

Baron Goto, minister of communica-tions, is investigating the advisability of transporting mail by automobles in the principal cities of Japan and also possibly to distant points where rall-

War on Mosquitoes The city of Leipzig is making war on mosquitoes. A fine of \$7.50 has to be paid by all householders who fall to

comply with the regulations.

SPEEDY NEW AIRSHIP THE TWO MIRANDAS.

Craft to Fly Sixty-five Miles In A Story of a Going Away and a Thirty Minutes.

FROM VICTORIA TO SEATTLE.

Canadian Engineer Wagers \$1,000 He Will Perform the Feat With His Monoplane—Inventor Says Machine Will Carry Two Persons Safely at Speed of a Hundred Miles an Hour.

Private tests were made at Victoria, B. C., the other day of an airship which the inventor, William Gibson, a mechanical engineer, wagered \$1,000 will carry him safely to Seattle, a dis-tance of sixty-five miles, within half an hour when he is ready for the flight and do the Victoria to San Fran-cisco flight within five hours.

The craft, now almost completed, is a monoplane sixty-five feet long and radically different from other designs, having a width of only fourteen feet. Mr. Gibson says the great speed is given by his engine, which weighs but 222 pounds and develops sixty horse-power. The four air cooled steel cyl-

inders weigh twelve pounds each.

There are eight single blade propellers, four on each side, rotating in opposite directions, only one lever being used to operate, with a steering wheel like that used on an automobile.

The machine will weigh 400 pounds all told, and the inventor declares it

will carry two persons 100 miles an hour. Sufficient fuel is carried for 500 miles flight.

Mr. Gibson claims superior stability Art. Guson crams superior stability and simplicity over the Wrights' and all existing machines and says any one can operate his craft. It automatically rights itself in any wind conditions, as shown by the working model, which when started in flights upside down righted itself in two feet like a cat falling on its act. Should like a cat falling on its et. Should the engine stop in the air if the craft is going full speed it is asserted that it will fly ten miles before coming

gradually down, being regulated by the tilting of the planes. Mr. Gibson built a forty mile sec-tion of the Grand Trunk Pacific and afterward invented and built a suc-cessful stamp mill. He is now backed by a strong syndicate and is patenting the features of his invention in all countries. As soon as his ideas are protected he says he will make his Seattle flight of sixty-five miles over the strait of Fuca in half an hour.

LIFE WITHOUT OXYGEN.

So Claims Professor Mayne and

D. D. Mayne, principal of the Minnesota School of Agriculture, recently an theory that oxygen is essential to life and that death will result from breath-

"The old physiology theory is all "The old physiology theory is all-bosh," declared Professor Mayne. Ex-cretions from the pores, he believes, are poisonous and are fatal when one is shut off from oxygen, To demonstrate this theory Profess-or Mayne confined a steer in a her-metically sealed stall and another in

an open stall. The first animal was shut off from oxygen completely and at the end of several days was found to be in as good condition as the other. The experiment was repeated, with the steers exchanged in the stalls. The result was the same—both animals could live in the hermetically sealed stall without oxygen, and neither suf-fered poisoning from carbon dioxide thrown out by their lungs.

"The school ventilating system is unnecessary," asserted Professor Mayne

she looked at him

she looked at him.

Jack Weatherby had good stuff in him and could dare much, but his throat contracted as he took in her beauty, her fragileness, her costly array. Helpless, sheltered—that was what Marcla was. Then he spoke almost anyther.

most curtly.
"I'll make it short," he said. "Listen Marcia, and see if you can compre-hend. It doesn't seem possible a man could take a fortune the size of minand drop it into the middle of the ocean, but that's what I've done Stocks. It's all gone. We haven't a penny to our name. Even this house is gone. Maybe the grocer'll trust us, but likely not! How many meals do your think your pearls would do your think your pearls

The woman before him bent forward, with lips parted. "I can't quite realize"— she gasped. Then she straightened out and walked to the window, garing out over the lake. When she turned and came to him she are smiller. Besides the willer there. Pas smiling. Besides the smile, there was a look he had never seen on her face before, an expression of interest,

of energy.
"Jack," she said, slipping down be-side him, her arms about him, "I don't know why, but somehow the only

An Odd Slip.

Dr. Johnson once met the village postman trudging along the dusty road on a hot summer afternoon. The postman observed that he had still a mile man observed that he had still a mile back. I do b'lieve it's Miranda Sour."

"Miranda Sour?" "My goodness," exclaimed the sym-pathetic doctor, "I'd never go all that distance for such a trifle! Why don't you send it by post?"

The Loafer. "Does the new office boy loaf or make mischief?" "Loafs." "Discharge him. We can direct a mischlevous lad's efforts into some useful channel, but we can't do anything with a loafer."—Buffalo Express.

said, 'Give me liberty or give me death?' "-Royal Magazine.

Joyous Return Trip. By CLINTON DANGERFIELD.

When Herbert Moxon climbed out of the wagon in front of the farmhouse gate he looked forward with all a city boy's delight to a whole month in the country.

That he had never seen his aunt or

uncle before did not trouble him in the least. He had been brought up in a wholesome belief in the kindness o human nature in general and slowed it so frankly that people invariably turned their best side toward this sunny faced lad of ten.

His uncle came hurrying down the

box trimmed path to meet him.

"I'm glad to see ye, real glad," he declared warmly. "I'd 'a' come myself 'stead of sendin' Lucas, but I've had the rheumatiz considerable late

The boy paused a second at the door step to remark on the beauty of two full leaved and fruited apple trees which grew almost at the threshold, one at each side. But to his surprise



his uncle scowled slightly and hurried him into the house

"Aunt-is she well?" Jonas Alwyn showed a momentary confusion before the boy's clear clance. Then he said hastily:

"Well? Oh, yes. But she ain't to home jest now-won't be fer several days." much to see and to do. True, his un-cle's disposition varied from extreme cheeriness to fits of moody abstraction. He proved to be so skillful a cook that

he filled his nephew with wonder. "I'll bet aunt's pancakes don't beat yours," he remarked one morning, his mouth full of light cakes and sirup. making the compliment a trifle indis-

Jonas started, then pushed away his offee as though something had affect-

ed his appetite.
"They're a sight better," he said so gloomily that Herbert laughed cut-

"I didn't think you'd be sensitive on the subject, uncle. When she comes I'll tell her what you said. Have you

"Not fer say lately." But here was a difficulty—a shilling, no change and the engine of the train giving unmistakable evidence of a

where the theorem.

His uncle rose excitedly,

"Ye don't mean it," he declared vehemently, "No; ye don't mean it, 'cause ye don't know nawthin' about it. But she ain't set foot in this house fer eight years come next November."

Herbert rose, pale in his ture.

fer eight years come next November."
Herbert rese, pale in his turn.
"I'm sorry," he faltered. "I never knew—mether doesn't know—that anything had—gone wrong."
"Everything's gone wrong," said his uncle miserably. Suddenly he clutched his nepew and hurried him to the door, then down in the pathway, where he faced him about before the two fruit trees. "This one," said his uncle, waving

his right hand much as if he were in-troducing a duchess, "is Miranda Sweet," and this one, "a wave to the

"Oh! Named after my aunt? "Jest so! Them two are seedlin's, an' I planted 'em the spring she went away. It's mighty queer that they come true ter the names I give 'em As ter her goin'—that wuz a misunder standiu'. She's got prop'ty of her own about ez much ez I own, an' she's livin' on it ten miles away. I ain't' he choked a little-"I ain't seen her sence that spring mornin' when she an' me had it out in the kitchen. watched her bunnit go round the turn an'-an' I ain't heard a word of he

'cept what the neighbors let drop."
"Since she's only ten miles away,"
said Herbert, with all the straightforward confidence of youth, "I should go to her and tell her it was just a

"When she went away I named them two seedlin's fer her—Miranda Sweet," his voice faltered, "ter 'mind me of how purty she looked the day she an me stood up before the preacher. She was the pink cheekedest an softest eyed gal in the hull village then. "I named that tree Miranda Sour,"

the old man went on doggedly, "ter 'mind me how set an' contrary your aunt kin be when she's a inclination useful channel, but we can't do anything with a loafer."—Buffalo Express.

Bobby's Query.

"Father." asked little Bobby, "had Solomon 700 wives?"

"I believe so, my boy," said the father.

"Well, father, was he the man who said, "Give me liberty or give me load," "I wish a worm would grow you bow and the death?"—Royal Maragine.

"I wish a worm would grow you." I well grow and sharp blow with a stick.

"I wish a worm would grow you." I was nature, but at a distance. Chi-

blow with a stick.
"I wish a worm would gnaw you. I hows nature, but at a distance.—Chicago Tribune

wish a hurricane would blow v

down."
"No sich luck," said Jonas in tone
"No sich luck," said Jonas in tone "No sich luck," said Jonas in tones which expressed a certain mournful pride in his forecasting. "No sich luck. She'll keep on a-growin', an' Miranda an' me will keep on gittin' furder an' furder apart."

Herbert looked round furtively, then sidled yn to his yngle

"Cut her down!" exclaimed Jonas an-

grily. "Cut down an apple tree ez cost me all that trouble! By gum, I'll do nawthin' of the kind! It's all yer aunt's fault that them trees is there.

an' there they kin stay fer me."

Preoccupied himself, Jonas never de

tected the purpose throbbing in Her-bert's whole being nor even observed the guilty glance that his nephew stole

at him when the boy asked with as

been gone a full half hour. Then he

flew around to the wood pile and seized the ax, his heart throbbing to suffocation. He hurried back to the front

yard, glancing right and left. There was no one in sight. He looked at Miranda Sour, the representative of "the ungodly." Yes, it was no fancy—

her leaves rustled an insolent chal

enge. He sprang to her side and sunk his ax deeply in her new smooth bark. After that the blows fell fast and

s she lay quivering and sighing a foot of Miranda Sweet.

With desperate strength be dragged

the fallen one around to the back vard cometimes in cold terror over his deed cometimes with the same exultation

that Achilles felt in driving around the

walls of Troy. The funeral pyre diranda Sour was no easy work, for the day was hot and the limbs full

sap, but at last nothing was left of her save a few blackened pieces not to be distinguished as parts of an appl

tree. Then a tired but determine

boy put old Dobbin in the ancient bug gy and drove up the road at a rate tha

d. He was dusty, tired and hungr then as he opened the gate he rubbe

But certainly the vision had warm arms. They clasped him around the neck, and a face still good to look on

was upturned to his own, and the old

beloved voice cried out:
"Kiss me, Jonas-right here, right

"Miranda!" he gasped, and then brokenly, "Thank God, oh, thank

"Yes, thank him," faltered Miranda.

tears falling now. "An' his instru-ment was that blessed boy! Oh, Jonas, he told me how you missed me an'

how you kept that beautiful apple tree in front of the door to remember

Hot shame and fear flooded Jonas

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

The Victim Said Nothing, but Did .

Heap of Thinking. Heap of Thinking.

At a railway station the other day
"a gentleman from the country" yielded to the pressing solicitation of a perelstent newsboy and bought a penny

the other eleven copies as security."

round a corner and was lost to sight.

a final shriek, and the train slowly glided out of the station. The man glanced round at his fellow

passengers and handed a copy of the paper to each one from his pile. He said nothing, but he seemed to be thinking.—London Tit-Bits,

NATURE AS A CHEMIST.

Feats Which the Highest Exactitude

of Science Cannot Rival.

The bursting leaves of springtim

illustrate nature as a chemist who

performs feats which the highest e

actitude of science cannot hope to rival. In a leaf the living matter is hi

chemist, and the cell is his laborator; By daylight the leaf chemist is ab sorbing the carbonic acid gas an is decomposing this gas into its com-ponent elements—carbon and oxygen

The carbon it is retaining as part the plant's food to enter into comb

tion with water, and the oxygen sets free into the atmosphere. B

night this process ceases, for light is an essential feature in the operation.

Out of the carbon and the water the

leaf chemist will elaborate the snear

and starches which the plant world affords. As sugar the products wil

pass from the leaf to be stored up, as

in the case of the potato, for example, so as to afford a storehouse of food whereon the plant may draw for its

Fifteen seconds later the engine gave

weekly paper.

speedy departure.

threatened an immediate smashup. It was 6 o'clock when Jonas return

his eyes—it could only be a vision!

In less than fifteen min

furiously.

tes she lay

Strife For It. sidled up to his uncle.
"Cut her down," he whis do do one eye on Miranda Sour to see if she over OF UNITED STATES ORIGIN.

Ranks Next to the Emblem of Yacht ing Supremacy—Only Visit to Its Home Since Its First Appearance.

AMERICAN POLO CUP

An International Trophy and the

Efforts to Lift It. As an international trophy the American polo cup, which was recently won by an American team at Hurlingham, England, ranks second only to the America's cup, the yachting trophy for which English sportsmen have spent

millions of dollars in a vain effort to recover. America now has both. This polo cup is of American origin, sumed calm if he might go fishing in-stead of accompanying Jonas to mill. "Jest as ye like," said his uncle, somewhat surprised. "Ain't no good and this will be its will visit to its home since its first appearance as an emblem of match play. In 1886 an English team was invited fishin' round here, but I s'pose throw-in' the line in the water 'll satisfy ye." Herbert waited until his uncle had

to play a match in the United States, and Hurlingham sent four men. To mark the occasion the Westchester Country club offered the cup, valued at \$1,000. The Englishmen came and gave an exhibition of hard riding, ex-pert horsemanship and accuracy of stroke the like of which was never seen in the United States before. As a consequence they took the cup back

That match was played at Newport. Among the spectators were three lads in their early teens—Harry Payne Whitney and the two Waterburys, Lawrence and Montgomery. Twenty-three years passed and in that time those boys had learned the game so well that with the help of Devereux Milburn of Buffalo they went to London and heat the British at their own don and beat the British at their own

money to spend in an effort to get the

cup back.

Time and money are mentioned as the chief essentials, because there are thousands in the United States who have the horsemanship and the in-clination, but lack the dollars one must have to play an international pole match.

England to get the cup, but they were so outclassed both in men and ponles

that they were easily beaten. Two years later, 1902, four of the the United States tried it again. They

won a single game and came back without the cup.

Then Harry Payne Whitney began his campaign which ended in the present victory. He recognized that the sine qua non of polo is the speed of the horse. Given horses as good as England's, American men could win.

The very best ponies that could be bred or purchased in the United States were got.

He glanced at the house and felt like rubbing his eyes again, for of Miranda Sour not even a stump was left, while ere got.
Then he sent a challenge, which was

> swept the board. In their practice games at Ranelagh and Roehampton they showed their form and scored almost as they pleas

Barrie and Kipling.

Mr. Barrie was one day at Waterloo
station in a hurry to eatch a train. He
was hastening from the bookstall
laden with papers, "a good many sixpenny ones among them." he dolefully
relates, when, in rushing around a
corner, he fell into the arms of Rudyard Kinling, countly in a tearlier Barrie and Kipling. recorder, he fell into the arms of Rudyard Kipling, equally in a tearing hurry. They turned on each other with seowling faces, then smiled in recognition and asked each other whither he went. Then Kipling, exclaiming, "Lucky beggar, you've got papers!" seized the bundle from Barrie, thus him some money and made. flung him some money and made But you did not stoop to pick up his dirty, halfpence, did you?" queried one of Mr. Barrie's hearers amusedly. "Didn't 1, though?" returned held out his hand for the remaining eleven copies.

He watched the little fellow as he trotted down the platform till he sailed down the platform till he sailed lames' Gazette.

Improved the Opportunity.

The Empress Eugenie had long entreated Napoleon III. to confer upon Rosa Bonheur the cross of the Legion of Honor. He had refused because he did not wish to found a precedent for bestowing it upon a woman. Being called across the border into Spain, Napoleon made Eugenie regent in his absence, and she, with woman wit.

SOMETHING NEW

A Reliable

For all kind of Tin Roofing.

Spouting and Coneral

PRICES THE LOWEST!

JOHN HIXSON

:0:---

In 1900 an American team went to

best players from the several clubs of were the two Waterburys, who played in the recent match at Hurlingham; John M. Cowden of Meadowbrook and R. L. Agassiz of Boston. The men were good, but the ponies were not up to the standard of speed. They won a single game and came back

in sweet and placid humility, comfort gleefully accepted.

Mounted as well or even better than
the British, the American players. randa Sweet shaded the doorway loy

ed. And when the time came to take the real match they did so by a score of 9 goals to 5 in the first game and 8 to 2 in the second.—New York World.

The bargain was about to be can-celed when the boy volunteered to get the shilling changed into pence. "But," said the gent, "perhaps you will not return with the 11 pence." The boy's face wore an injured look. "If you are afraid to trust me, sir," Something suspiciously like moisture came into the old man's eyes as he glanced into the bright, open countenance of the boy, and he felt heartily ashamed of himself as he mechanically

absence, and she, with woman wit, took advantage of her authority to confer the honor upon the great Napoleon laughed on hearing his wife's confession, but the act stood

TIN SHOP

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But these are not the only Amer-icans who have had the time and