

WHIPPED BY MACHINERY.

Automatic Floggers Used by Several European Armies.

Automatic flogging machines are in use among the military forces of several European nations. For many years the whipping was always done by soldiers under the command of an officer, and the punishment varied, according to the personal relations subsisting between the soldier and his victim. It was to correct this disadvantage that the flogging machine was invented.

The machine is automatic in action, and as soon as the culprit is fastened in position a spring is tightened or loosened to gauge the exact force of the blow. A pointer is moved over a dial to regulate the number of strokes and the mechanism is started.

With perfect regularity the victim's back is scourged by the throngs, the handle of the whip being moved by a screw device after each stroke so that the lash does not fall on the same spot throughout the punishment.

Each blow is of uniform severity, and as soon as the required number has been given the machine comes to a rest, and the offender is released, with the assurance that the exact punishment ordered has been meted out to him.—Harper's Weekly.

The Last of the Ruffs.

In 1762 the rage for ruffs, such as are seen on many monumental effigies, began to decline. A writer in the London Chronicle of that year says of gentlemen's dress, "Their cuffs entirely cover their wrists, and only the edges of their ruffs are to be seen." It is said that a distance for ruffs was first created so far back as 1613, when a woman named Turner wore them on her trial for the murder by poison of Sir Thomas Overbury. The French revolution of 1789 much influenced British fashion, and the picturesque cocked hat and ruffles then gave way generally to round hats and small cuffs. The period of their final disuse cannot be easily determined, as men of old fashioned or eccentric habits have worn ruffled shirt fronts within quite recent memory similar to those which, according to Planché's "History of British Costume," originated in the seventeenth century.

The Back of a Glove.

The meaning of the three marks on the back of a glove and the clocks on a stocking were two of the little mysteries of dress explained at a lecture on clothes in London. The lecturer said that the three marks on the back of a glove correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers, and in olden days these pieces were continued along the back of the hand, braided being used to conceal the seams. A somewhat similar origin was assigned to the ornamental clock on the stocking. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams came where the clocks do now, the ornamentation then being used to hide the seams. The useless little bow in the leather band lining a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it and drawing it up with a piece of string.

Fashions in Borneo.

According to the rules of Bornean fashion it is deemed necessary to mold one's limbs into a more shapely form than that bestowed by nature. This is done really effectively by winding strong brass wire round the ankles, wrists, under the knees and above the elbows of children. Growth at these points is, in consequence, greatly hampered, with the result that the limbs come to be deformed or, according to Dyak ideas, brought into proper shape. The headdress consists of a curious bridegroom cap, and around his neck a plaited fiber and strings of cowrie shells. These shells, by the way, as in other parts of the world, are used as currency. A yard of fiber or twenty to thirty cowrie shells represent the value of a penny. The white armlets are made of another species of shells.—Wide World Magazine.

What a Toad Enjoys.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operations of a back scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him, but after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change, his eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart, and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his usual dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.

Molokai and the Lepers.

The general idea of the leper settlement on the island of Molokai is wrong, says a writer in Harpers Weekly. Instead of the entire island being used for the leper colony the settlement comprises only eight square miles out of a total area of 264 square miles. It occupies a tongue of land on the northern side of Molokai. The north, east and west shores of this tiny spit are washed by the Pacific, while on the south side rise precipitous cliffs of from 1,800 to 4,000 feet, which make the isolation seem even more hopeless than the beautiful deep blue waters of the sea ever could. The most difficult and dangerous trail, constantly manned by government guards, follows escape, if it were ever contemplated, by the land side.

A Poor Player.

Griggs—So you got home from the club at midnight. Well, I suppose you told wife you had to work late at the office. Played upon her sympathies, eh? Briggs—Well—er—yes, but either her sympathies were out of tune or I'm a darned poor instrumentalist.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Need It.

Music Teacher—Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked "rest"? Pupil—Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired.—Life.

TESTING OF FOOD VALUES.

Scientific Experiments to Determine Energy Producing Force.

CEREALS, MEATS, ETC., USED.

Tests Conducted by Department of Agriculture on Human Subjects in a Respiration Calorimeter—Results Applicable to Cost of Living.

Just as the mechanical engineer finds it important to determine the energy producing value of the different kinds of coal for engines, so the department of agriculture at Washington has concluded it will be worth while to find out what kinds of food are the most valuable to the human system.

Does a pound of roast beef produce more energy than a pound of nuts or an equal amount of cabbage? Is it better to partake of lard or beef suet than butter? How much are fruits worth when it comes to producing force enough to enable a man to swing a pick all day or throw a sledge? If one had to make up a ration for a set of men—an army ration, for instance—just how would one go about to obtain a food allowance that would give the person using it enough energy to enable him to perform the work expected of him?

Food Expert in Charge.

Of these and similar questions the office of experiment stations of the department of agriculture is conducting a most interesting and probably valuable series of experiments. Dr. C. F. Langworthy is in charge. He is an expert on the subject of food values and is delving deeply into this problem, one that promises to become more and more important as the cost of living increases.

That the data being obtained will be of much value for scientific and practical use there is little or no doubt. The instrument that is being used to experiment on man is a respiration calorimeter. It was used with success in obtaining information on the nutritive value of foods which was utilized in preparing a publication on the use of meats in the home. A million and a quarter copies of this work have been distributed.

The respiration calorimeter consists of an air tight copper chamber 6 by 6 by 7 feet, so arranged that a man may live in it in comfort for periods of a few hours to a number of days or even weeks. The copper chamber is surrounded by a zinc wall and an outer protecting wall and is supplied with a current of fresh air. It is furnished with a bed and other articles for the comfort and convenience of the subject of the experiments.

Subjects For Tests Chosen Often.

Dr. Langworthy does not experiment with a single subject. He has no class, as Dr. Wiley had with his "poison squad," but he changes subjects frequently and experiments with a number. The length of time for which a subject remains in the calorimeter varies. One or more remained in the chamber two weeks. Sometimes a stay of an hour or two is sufficient to obtain the necessary data.

By the method pursued the respiratory products are measured and analyzed as well as the food eaten and the energy given off by the body, which is eventually recovered in the form of heat. With the aid of the factors which can be measured it is possible to study the relative nutritive value of different kinds of food and the relations of various kinds of food to muscular work of varying kind and intensity. In other words, this respiration and heat measure permits the investigator to determine the value of food for the body just as an engineer finds out what coal is best for his engine.

The Nutritive Value of Cheese as an Economical Article of Diet is Being Studied. It is also proposed to find out the relative value of butter, lard, beef fat, olive oil and other edible and nutritive fats as sources of energy in the body. The food value of cereal products and meat and meat products is being gone into. Other subjects of study relate to the value of fruits and preserves, evaporated fruits and other fruit products, nuts and nut products and vegetables. The respiration calorimeter is essential for the measurement of factors which are at present imperfectly understood.

What Was Missing.

Dr. Watson (Jan Maclaren) used to tell a story about his trip to the Holy Land, to which he had been looking forward for a number of years with pleasurable anticipation.

As he was nearing the center of historic Palestine he met an American who was making all haste to get away. After such greetings as two English speaking men meeting in a foreign country might exchange the American asked Dr. Watson where he was going.

Through the Cracks.

When the celebrated divine Edward Irving was on a preaching tour in Scotland two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other: "Well, Willie, what do you think?" "Oh," said the other contemptuously, "the man's cracked!" "The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Will," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

The Object.

Rich Uncle Ebenezer—So you are named after me, are you? Small Nephew—Yes; ma said it was too bad, but we needed the money.

AFTER WESTON'S LAURELS.

Aged John Ennis Off For Walk Across the Continent.

Once more a pedestrian of threescore years and ten has come forward to show the world that age is no handicap in a little matter of footing it across the continent, and if he can help it Edward Payson Weston isn't going to remain the peerless pedestrian prince much longer. John Ennis is his name and Stamford, Conn., his home. After a dip in the Atlantic at

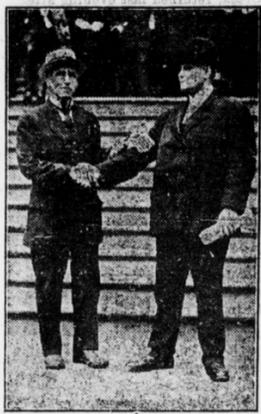


Photo by American Press Association. ENNIS (ON LEFT) READY TO START ON TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAMP.

Coney Island recently he walked to the city hall in New York, where he was started by Mayor Gaynor on a journey afoot across the continent. His goal is San Francisco, and he purposes to end his walk with a swim in the Pacific.

The record of Mr. Ennis would indicate that he is just the man to duplicate Weston's recent astonishing feat. In 1898 he defeated Dan O'Leary and Weston when he walked 100 miles in 22 hours 10 minutes, and he has performed other feats that show him to be a man of remarkable strength. Mr. Ennis has saved thirteen lives by his expert swimming and in 1908 received a bronze medal from the United States volunteer life saving corps.

Buffalo Bill's Great Hand.

The announcement that William F. Cody, known the world over as "Buffalo Bill," is to retire has recalled the interesting career of this picturesque character of the plains. Since 1872 he has been before the public as a showman and organized his Wild West performance in 1883, which has been repeated all over the universe. In London on one occasion the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, rode in the famous Dead-wood coach after a performance. Accompanying him were four kings who happened to be in England at the time, and when the ride was over the prince said to Cody:

"Colonel, did you ever hold four kings like that before?" "Yes, your royal highness," replied Cody. "I have held four kings more than once, but I never held four kings and a royal joker before."

When Lincoln Sat For His Bust.

When Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, was a mere child still and her experience in modeling consisted of a few busts and medallions she timidly asked President Lincoln to permit her to model his bust. "I don't know why any one should want the picture or statue of so homely a man," he answered and at first declined to sit. But when Senator Nesmith told him that the western girl, "who was poor, but talented," would be disappointed if unable to secure this favor he turned quickly and said: "She is poor, is she? Well, that is nothing against her, and I will sit for the model."

During the sittings the great man would watch with much interest the hands of the girl sculptor at her work; but, speaking of him later, she said: "For the most part he was sad and silent, weighed upon by the stress of a nation in peril and his own recent personal loss of a beloved son. Ah, those were sad days at the White House! One day the president's eyes were full of tears as he turned from gazing out of the window, and he said to me, 'I am thinking of Willie.'—Designer.

A Hindoo Superstition.

When visits are exchanged by the friends of the Hindoo bride and groom to complete arrangements for the wedding great attention is paid to omens, which are considered especially potent then. For instance, if the groom's messengers should meet a cat, a fox or a serpent they turn back and seek a more propitious time for the errand. After the bride's father has received the offer he must delay replying until one of the ubiquitous lizards in his house has chirped.

Stupid Husband or a Noted Singer.

Catalan's husband, a handsome Frenchman, was even more unintellectual than his wife—he was stupid. Once, having found the pitch of the piano too high, she said after the rehearsal to her husband: "The piano is too high. Will you see that it is made lower before the concert?" When the evening came Catalan was annoyed to find that the piano had not been altered. Her husband sent for the carpenter, who declared that he had sawed off two inches from each leg, as he had been ordered to do. "Surely it can't be too high now, my dear," said the stupid husband soothingly.

Significant Activities.

"That young fellow seems to have made a hit at your home." "Yes; I judge he has. Ma's investigating his family tree, and pa's looking up his commercial standing."—Washington Herald.

BROOKLYN'S 'PRETENDER.

John Guelph Begins Fight For Crown Worn by King George.

While Britain's new king and his family are holding exclusively first place in the limelight abroad just now, a Brooklyn man promises to be almost as much in the public eye over there in the near future. His name is John G. E. W. Guelph, or "Prince John," as he insists on being called, and he claims to be the eldest son of the late King Edward and heir to the British throne.

Although now occupying a modest apartment at 106 Montague street,



JOHN G. E. W. GUELPH.

Brooklyn, "Prince John" and his family formerly lived in one of New York's most expensive hotels. Having no profession or business, there has been much mystery as to where the money to pay for this luxury came from, but he has given the impression that it was sent over from England.

Gender of Garlic.

"Why is garlic unsexlike gender?" asked the man who markets. "It must be masculine because the grocers buy from him and call it 'he.' They are mostly Italians and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does. Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed. Everything else is neuter. To call garlic 'it' would be an insult. The garlic, he is fresh, he is fine, he is cheap, he is dear. Funny, isn't it?"—New York Times.

A Famous Army Nurse.

The name of Florence Nightingale is one the world can never forget, and when she reached the age of ninety recently many stories were retold of the famous army nurse. Her services for the wounded and disease ridden soldiers at the Crimea will be an inspiration to noble minded women for all time. When the Crimean war was over and Florence



Nightingale's name was known wherever the English language is spoken a group of English soldiers at a dinner in London were asked to write down the name which had most endeared itself to them during the war. They unanimously wrote "Florence Nightingale."

Too Much For Her.

"The newest laws of hygiene," said a medical man, "can't be inculcated save among those who thoroughly understand them. Take the case of Dash.

"Dash, a rich country scientist, decided to encourage cremation among the villagers. So when the old ash man died Dash urged his widow to have the corpse cremated.

"No, sir," said the old woman, "I'll not cremate him. I'll put him under the sod."

"But the cremation won't cost you a cent," said Dash. "I'll pay all the expenses if you'll let me have him cremated."

"Well, I agree," said the old woman in a hesitating voice. "I'm too poor not to agree, sir." Then she gave Dash a puzzled look, half of pity, half of contempt.

"But why do you do it, sir?" she said. "Is it a hobby like golf or stamp collecting?"—Washington Star.

The Author's Grievance.

The magazine editor looked up. "I want to protest, sir," said the caller, "against the way in which one of your reckless proofreaders mangled my copy. See here. The judge in the story looks down at the detective. 'Are you Pendleton King?' he asks, and the detective, removing his beard, replies, 'I am.' Now, just see what your proofreader made him say." The editor glanced at the line and read it aloud: "The detective, removing his beard, replies, 'I a. m.'" The unhappy author groaned. "Where does that leave the readers?" he demanded. The editor slowly smiled. "At 1 a. m. they are naturally left in the dark," he replied. "Take an extra charp and get them out of it." The author suddenly laughed. "Happy thought!" he cried. "I will."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Extra Cautious.

They were returning to America after a European honeymoon. "George," petulantly, "I really feel hurt. Over on the other side you declared I was a jewel, and you haven't repeated it since we have been aboard."

"Hut!" cautioned George, holding up a warning finger. "If I declared you a jewel I might have to pay duty. You know these customs men are terribly strict these days."—Chicago News.

Quite Willing.

"Pardon me, governor," began the street beggar. "Certainly, dear fellow," answered the gentleman from Tennessee. "What are you guilty of?"—Buffalo Express.

THE MONTENEGRIN.

He is Hospitable, but Deeply Loves the Vendetta.

To listen to a Bulgarian singing is to make one's flesh creep or to want to weep. The centuries of cruel oppression are only too manifest in Bulgarian music and words, but a Montenegrin grows restless over his songs and curses the powers that forbid him to emulate his forefathers' deeds en masse across the frontier. He does so whenever he can, but only in twos and threes.

When the Montenegrin goes raiding across the border it is really a more sporting affair than the well equipped and organized outings of the Bulgarian "Comitachis." With him it is usually a private act of revenge or vendetta to which he invites one or two friends. Then they steal across the border at night, find their man, do their best to kill him and then make tracks homeward with the whole district at their heels. Perhaps the method of killing is not up to the standard of western sport, for they shoot their victim "sitting," so to speak, and do not give him a chance, but as it is the recognized system on both sides little can be said.

This custom makes men very wary, and the stranger can appreciate the reason when he sees a plowman, for instance, attending to his duties with a rifle slung over his back. But in spite of this they are the essence of honor and hospitality. As their guest no one can come to any harm, and they will do all in their power to make his stay among them pleasant and safe.—Wide World Magazine.

Party's Fate on One Vote.

Instances are common enough in elections when a single vote turns the scale, but for that vote to decide not only the fate of a candidate, but of a party as well, is rare. Yet a majority of one in parliament, which may logically depend on a majority of one in the country, has worked some of the most momentous results possible. The classical example is the act of union of 1799, certainly among the largest, most important and most remarkable changes ever accomplished by a legislative body. One hundred and six voted for it and 105 against. Then a majority of one carried the great reform bill in 1832.

Majorities only a little bigger have again and again been responsible for far-reaching consequences. A majority of five threw out the Melbourne government in 1859. By the same figure Lord John Russell's government was defeated in 1866. Gladstone went out of office in 1874 because he lacked three votes, and the public education act, one of the most important ever passed, was placed on the statute book by a majority of two.—London Chronicle.

Wild Dogs of Asia.

The whole tribe of wild dogs, which in closely allied forms are to be found in the widest jungles and woods of Asia, from the Himalayas to Ceylon and from China to the Taurus—unless the "golden wolves" of the Roman empire are now extinct in the forests of Asia Minor—show an individual and corporate courage which entitles them to a high place among the most daring of wild creatures. The "red dogs," to give them their most characteristic name, are neither large in size nor do they assemble in large packs. Those which have been from time to time measured and described seem to average some three feet in length from nose to the root of the tail. The pack seldom numbers more than nine or ten, yet there is sufficient evidence that they are willing and able to destroy any creature that inhabits the jungle, except the adult elephant and perhaps the rhinoceros, creatures whose great size and leathery hide make them almost invulnerable to such enemies as dogs.—London Spectator.

THE HORSE.

His Appeal to His Master For Humane Treatment.

To thee, my master, I offer my prayer. Feed me and take care of me. Be kind to me. Do not jerk the reins. Do not whip me when going uphill.

Never strike, beat or kick me when I fall to understand what you want of me, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I refuse to do your bidding see if there is not something wrong with my harness.

Do not give me too heavy loads. Never hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I fall to eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth. That, you know, is very painful. I am unable to tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, and I will try to tell you by signs.

Put me sometimes. I enjoy it, and I will learn to love you.

Protect me in summer from the hot sun. Keep a blanket on me in winter weather, and never put a frosty bit in my mouth, but hold it in your hands a moment first.

I carry you, pull you, wait patiently for you long hours, day or night. I cannot tell you when I am thirsty; give me clean, cool water often in hot weather.

Finally, when my strength is gone, instead of turning me over to a human brute to be tortured and starved, take my life in the easiest, quickest way, and your God will reward you in this life and in heaven. Amen.—From the Swedish in "Our Dumb Animals."

The Conductor's Baton.

According to the investigations of a Frenchman, the credit of inventing the conductor's baton belongs to Lully, the composer, who eventually had cause to regret his invention. Before he adopted the baton conductors were in the habit of pounding on the floor with their feet or clapping their hands to mark the time. Lully found it wearisome to keep his foot constantly in motion and so used a stick to strike the floor and beat time. He used a pole six feet long. One day he brought down the pole with such force that it struck his foot and made a deep wound. He paid no attention to the matter. The wound grew worse and ultimately caused his death. After his time conductors tried more and more to improve the baton, and it was ultimately brought to its present form.

If you would hit the target aim a little above it. Every arrow that dies feels the attraction of earth.—Lonsdale.

A BRIEF COURTSHIP.

It Is Said to Be the Shortest That Ever Occurred in England.

By ANTOINETTE PERKINS. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

The case of Mary Alkensis, an English lass of fifteen who lived in the sixteenth century, is a strange condensed love story. Mary was at this susceptible age when the Roundheads and Cavaliers were fighting for supremacy in England. Her father, Sir Thomas Alkensis, was a country gentleman living on his estate in the county of Essex. He took no part in the struggle, having been educated to respectably and not approving of the course of Charles I.

One evening a party of Cavaliers consisting of 150 horsemen, moving from one position to another, stopped at the Alkensis estate and, finding plenty of water convenient, decided to bivouac there for the night. They were the first soldiers that Mary Alkensis had ever seen. She kept her great eyes fixed on them in wonder. To her they appeared as the first Spanish warriors who visited America appeared to the untutored savage.

The men made their campfires in the grounds surrounding the house, but Sir Thomas invited the officers to occupy whatever spare beds he possessed. This offer they declined, but consented to sleep in the capacious wainscoted hall, lighted by logs burning in the great fireplace. Among these officers was young Egbert Booth, the son of a British peer. Young Booth was but eighteen years old and held the lowest commissioned rank. His portrait, painted at that time, hangs today in the gallery of his descendant, the Earl of Deorvale. It is in the dress of that period, the breastplate and the long curls hanging over it in negligent profusion being especially conspicuous. The face is a marvel of beauty—not a sign of a beard, large black eyes, bespeaking a noble spirit within; exquisitely cut lips, the whole inclosed within that perfect oval only to be found in youth.

Mary Alkensis saw Egbert Booth, but he did not see her. A new and to her unintelligible sensation came pouring in upon her. She had never before been swayed by even the slightest zephyr of such an emotion. Yet now



SHE REACHED THE CAMP OF THE THROOPS.

It swayed her soul. Her tranquil past with its mild affections was dwarfed by this new life that had suddenly sprung up within her. The youth she saw from her lattice carelessly walking among the campfires had in an instant become to her a matter of life and death.

The next morning when Mary looked out upon the yard below her window she saw nothing of the soldiers. A number of smoldering campfires was all that remained to tell that they had been there. In imagination Mary saw the little figure of Egbert Booth, booted and spurred, his left hand increased in a gauntlet resting on the hilt of his sword.

While the family were at breakfast shots were heard in the distance.

"They have met a band of Roundheads," said Sir Thomas, "who are disrupting their passage."

Mary turned white as the breakfast cloth.

For several hours there was dring, with an occasional shout or a cry, the sounds gradually coming nearer.

"Our friends are being driven," remarked Sir Thomas, who stood on his porch listening.

Mary, who stood by him, gave a smothered gasp.

Then down the road poured the Cavaliers, the Roundheads pursuing them. The sounds receded and were at last lost in the distance.

Sir Thomas mounted his horse to go and see if he could find any of the wounded that he might succor. He was gone an hour, but returned alone. The family gathered round him to hear what he had to say.

"The Roundheads," he said, "have stopped not a mile from here. They are very bitter against their enemies. They say that during the fight the Cavaliers dispatched a number of the parliament men who had been wounded and who called for quarter. The Roundheads have taken a dozen prisoners. They are intending to shoot a portion of them in reprisal for the dispatching of their wounded comrades."

"Father," said Mary in an agony, "did you see the prisoners?"

"I did, my darling."

"Was there one among them a very young man, straight, tall and slender?"

"I saw such a one, the only youth among them. Mary, what means this agitation? What is this boy to you? Have you seen him before?"

But Mary had no voice to reply. Thinking her ill, her father laid her on a lounge and went for a restorative. Mary lay for awhile in what those

about her considered a stupor. It was no stupor; she was keenly alive. But it suited her purpose to avoid being questioned. The day faded, and when the candles were lighted she arose from her couch and, telling her parents that she had recovered, with a firm step went upstairs to her chamber.

At midnight, when all were asleep, Mary went to the room of her brother and without awakening him took a suit of his clothes from a closet. Half an hour later, dressed as a youth, her hair curled to fall over a broad lace collar and with plumed hat, she left the house and under the starlight hastened down the road. Near daylight she reached the camp of the parliament troop and, crawling inside the lines, lay herself down near the prisoners.

When the sun came up the captain of the guard counted the group of Cavaliers who had been intrusted to his care the evening before and was surprised to find one more than should be. He reported the circumstance to the commander of the force, who, merely snapped back:

"Well, make it five in thirteen."

As soon as the command had breakfasted the prisoners were marched out into a field near by. Thirteen bits of paper were put in a helmet, seven blanks and five marked with a skull and bones. Then from a hat all were required to draw a number. The prisoners were then to draw from the helmet in order of the numbers they had drawn from the hat. Those drawing skulls and bones were to be shot.

Mary Alkensis stepped up to the hat to draw her number. The officer in charge saw her and said:

"What are you doing here? You are nothing but a child."

"I'm here with the rest," replied the girl.

The officer was about to order her to stand aside when he recalled his commander's words, "Make it five in thirteen." He suffered her to draw a number, and she drew No. 4.

Then began the drawing from the helmet.

No. 5 was the first man to draw a skull and bones. His knees gave way beneath him as he tottered back from the helmet. Mary's turn came next.

"I protest against that boy's drawing!" exclaimed young Egbert Booth.

The commander paid no attention to him, and Mary drew. Her paper was a blank.

While the drawing was going on Mary stepped up beside Egbert Booth and slipped her blank paper in his hand. He looked at her, then at the paper, and handed it back to her. She gave him a look of mute appeal, but it did not move him. He was unwilling to stand on any other basis than that of his comrades. Mary's object had failed. She sank back out of sight to hide her distress. When Booth went up to the helmet to draw she watched him with eager eyes. He drew, turned and held up the paper to the boy who had befriended him. It was a blank.

Mary fell in a faint.

The prisoners who had drawn death heads were placed in a line and a party of musketeers were about to fire upon them when a shout was heard in an adjoining wood, and a band of Cavaliers came charging over the field. The Roundheads, surprised and outnumbered, took to flight. The skulls and bones" men clung together in an embrace. Then Egbert Booth turned to Mary.

"Whence come you, boy?" he asked in a kindly voice.

"I'm Sir Thomas Alkensis's son."

"Indeed! You are none of ours."