1t Decided In a Matter of Life and Death.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.) In the class of 185— at West Point were two cadets, the one from the north, the other from the south, who became great chums. Donald Dargan southerner, Edwin Chamller was the southerner, Edwin Chandler the northerner. It is seldom that two young men, each possessing such stirling qualities, are to be found bound together by the ties of friendship. Without being aware of the fact, they both were claimants for the hand of the same girl. She decided in favor of the southerner. When Chandler When Chandler congratulated Dargan on his having obtained the prize the latter did not know that he had won it from his

friend.

Having been graduated, Dargan in the cavalry and Chandler in the artillery, they served at their respective stations till the civil war came on. There were two sets of United States army officers from the south during the graduates. the war-those who went over to the Confederacy and those who remained in the Federal army. Dargan elected to fight under the stars and stripes. He came to this decision after long were his two brothers, his relatives and the friends of his youth. To espouse the northern cause would ren-der him to them a renegade, traitor— all that is hateful and contemptible.

He reached his decision without a of conference with any one, not his wife, who sympathized with the Confederate cause. She was disappointed, but respected her husband's

was in a critical position. A council of war was convened, and the general commanding called for the opinions of those present. One of the generals cose and said:

"We must send a man in among the different divisions of the enemy who will not only be able to bring us infor-



"WE MAY NOT GET OUT OF THIS." mation of his numbers and condition, but who has the ability to form a plan

for us of extricating ourselves."
"What officer of rank capable of forming such a plan will be willing to place himself in the position of a spy? asked the commander.

"Leave that to me, general. I will see that the plan is executed." The next morning an officer of rank,

dressed in the uniform of a Confederate colonel, attended by a single order-ly also wearing the gray, rode into the Confederate lines and announced him self as having been sent out by the inspector general at Richmond to ascertain the condition and requirements of the army and make a report thereof. He was received by the general commanding with the respect due his rank and given every facility for the execution of his work. An officer was di-rected to ride with him through the various divisions of the army, and the officers of the staff were ordered to epare reports of the condition of their departments.

All day the spy rode through the Confederate camps, inspecting the Confederate camps, inspecting the troops and taking notes of their requirements. While doing this he was observing the position, its strength or weakness, the amount of artillery-indeed, all such information as could enable him to form a plan for getting the Federal army confronting the Confederates from its perilous position. When he returned to the Confederate headquarters he called his orderly aside and said to him:

"We may not get out of this, and if we don't and you find an opportu-nity to transmit any information let it be this:

"Send a brigade around by the road to G. and strike their left in rear. When you hear their guns attack their right with all your remaining

of paper and committed it to memory then destroyed the memorandum.

After supper the so called inspector announced that, having finished his work, he would set out for Richmond.

He was taking leave of the genera commanding when a Confederate of-ficer rode up to headquarters and dismounted. Entering the general's tent, seeing the "inspector," he stood in mute surprise. As for the "inspector," he turned a shade paler. The new comer was an old army acquaintance in ante bellum days, both having served at the same post.

"Chandler, what are you doing here and in this uniform?

here to benefit the cause I serve or die. Ill luck in meeting you turns the scale for death."

federate camp at this discovery that the "inspector" and his orderly were spies and that had it not been for a timely arrival they would have got a timely arrival they would have got a way with ample information to in-sure the defeat and possibly the cap-ture of their whole force. They were both arrested, a drumbead court mar-tial convened and within an hour after their detection were sentenced to be

thi convened and within an hour after their detection were sentenced to be hanged at daylight the next morning. Owing to their former acquaintance and service together as brother officers Colonel Abert, the officer who had recognized Chandler, made a strong effort to save him. He appealed to Richmond in his behalf by telegraph, but the authorities there seemed to think that if either should be supered. think that if either should be spared it was the orderly, who was little more than a boy.

Meanwhile both men, being under

sentence of death, were permitted to communicate and to write letters to those who would mourn them. When Colonel Chandler had signified his willingness to undertake the mission the older who had arranged it sug gested that he take with him an or derly, both as becoming his suppos rank and because if the principal were detected the orderly might possibly carry the i primation he had acquired. Volunteers were called for, and the young man who was now awaiting execution had been selected from among those who had volunteered. Up to this time Colonel Chandler was gnorant even of his orderly's name The young man wrote a farewell let-ter to his mother, addressed it and laid it on the pine camp table on which he had penned it. Colonel Chandler noticed the superscription, and a look of anguish crossed his

Soon after midnight came news that but one of the two should be executed as a warning to spies and which was to suffer should be determined by lot. Colonel Chandler begged that he might be made the victim without resort to the wheel of fortune. His application was considered and a reply returned that inasmuch as the order from the secretary to determine by lot which should die was specific the general did not care to take the re-sponsibility of disobeying it. The ap-plication was forwarded by telegraph, out no answer was received before the nour that had been fixed by the court for the execution. So Colonel Chan-dler was informed that the matter must proceed in conformity with the outstanding orders.

outstanding orders.

At daylight in the morning the provost marshal of the Confederate force entered the tent where the two spies were confined, carrying a hat in his hand. Having read to them the

order bearing on their case, he said:
'In this hat are two brass buttons,
the one with raised letters U. S. A. stamped on it, the other bearing the letters C. S. A. You will turn your backs, put out a hand in rear and take a button. He who draws the C A. button will go forth to execu

Colonel Chandler stepped up to the officer holding the hat, thrust in his hand, drew it forth, looked at the letters on a button he held in it and handed it to the officer. It was stamp

Any man thus imposing upon a fellow human being the task of deciding whether he shall live or die will nat-urally be under considerable emotion. The Confederate officer holding the hat was so moved that he threw it down without paying any attention to the remaining button. Later he re-turned for the hat to give it to its owner, and, feeling for the button, failed to find it. He hunted for it, turning up the lining, but it was not in the hat

Colonel Chandler was taken out and hanged. When his body was let down his right hand was found to be tightly closed. The fingers were forced open and out rolled a button stamped with the letters U. S. A. He had taken out both buttons, giving up the one that meant death. Fearing that his intention to prevent his young comrade from sharing the chances with him might be discovered and thwarted, he

had held the evidence of it tightly closed in his fist till the last moment. The orderly was sent to Libby prison at Richmond. There he was informed that his superior had taken the chances of both and had died concealing the evidence of his act. The young man was in due time exchanged and soon after mustered out of the service, his term of enlistment having expired.

When he reached home and was clasped in his mother's arms he told her the sequel to the story she already knew—the story of the other button. "Why, mother," he asked, "do you suppose he took my chance upon him-self?"

"Because," she said. "he was a noble

The secret she kept from her son. was the wife of Donald Dargon, and the man who had returned her son to her was he who had loved and lost time she told her husband that he and Chandler had been rivals and that Chandler had not only suffered his loss in silence, but had returned to her and

him their son.

The Making of a Business Man. So many panes of glass in old Mr. Viner's greenhouse had been broken that he had at last offered a reward of 10 shillings to any one who should give information as to the identity of the latest offender. The hait soon drew. A youngster called on Mr. Viver and informed him that a lad named Archie Thompson was a guilty party He received his reward, went away rejoicing, and the o'd gentleman forth with wrote to the local schoolmus'er demanding the production of the said Archie Thompson to make good the damage he had done to his windows

Next day the informer called again. "The schoolmaster sent me," he said briskly. "I've seen a glazier, and he'll out your glass right for 3 shillings Here it is, and"-

"Not so fast, my lad," said Mr. Viner "Have you come on behalf of Archie

"Well, yes, sir, in a way," said the "Fact is." he continued confidentially, "I'm him!"-London Answers.

Tantalus up to the chin in water and yet thirsty.-T. Adams.

A THANKSGIVING She was no surfed and had become a skinny old until with a sour face. She didn't live near us any more, and it hadn't seen her for years. I doubt if I should have known her had it not been for the look she gave me. It was

pier by a Long Separation.

one of mallclous triumph

"What have I done? I've gone and belped that viper to ruin me?"

I saw it all now. She had writter the letter that had come for Mark, could have screamed. My first impulse

was to turn and curse her. But she had gone on, and I hesitated. In a few minutes it occurred to me that if I charged her with the crime she would

only sail away with her nose in the air. It would complete her revenge. I went home and spent the rest of the day crying. I thought over the

things about me she had contrived to get to Mark's ears when we were en-gaged and how he had told me of them. And how had I repaid him for his confidence? I had simply played into our enemy's hands. Mark was a very high strung mm, and doubtless.

very high strung man, and doubtle

my action in leaving him without give ing him a chance to say a word in ex-planation and my having considered him guilty of the crime had killed his

love for me. If I could only know where he had gone I would go to him

on my knees.

I lived in hopes that Mark would

would go there hoping that, it being the anniversary of our wedding, Mark would relent and come back there. But he never came. There was a

Thanksgiving morning hoping to find him there. On the fifth anniversary I

before Thanksgiving and sleep there

I lighted a fire on the hearth and sat in my little rocker that I used to sit in beside Mark before that very

hearth. I drew his own big easy chai:

up beside me. And there I sat think-ing of him and what a happy family we had been until I had broken it up

by my folly. I blamed myself alon-

for falling into such an open trap And, thinking, I cried myself to sleep.

was back at the husking with Mark. Amelia Jones was sitting near us on the pile of unhusked corn looking at

us, and her eyes seemed like coals of fire. Then we were walking along the road running past the house.

Mark was bending over me, telling me

the story he had told me years before.

And I said: "This is not really Mark.

Mark went away, and I have never

seen him since. And yet here he is walking beside me." I woke up from this dream, my heart beating wildly. I didn't wish to go to bed. I feared

would lie awake for hours. So I took

book from a table near me and read.

But I fell asleep again and recom-

menced my dreaming. This time I dreamed Mark came in and sat in

his chair beside me.
I awoke and what did I see? Why,

Mark really sitting beside me. Had it not been for the reassuring smile on his face I should have thought that

what I saw was his ghost. I sprang

toward him, and he took me in his

given me

shriveled.

"Oh, Mark!" I cried. "Have you for-

Yes, I have forgiven you, and I

have things to tell you. When I came home and found you and the children

gone, the letter pinned to the cushion,

had come up after a long silence to strike us. I was angry-angry with

you for falling into the trap, for not

having confidence in me. I determined to go away forever.

and my children. I was about to come back when I was drawn into a specu-

lation. I concluded to wait for it to make me rich before returning. It took all I had put into it. I tried an-

other and another till recently I struck what has paid me. Then I resolved to come back, forgive you, ask

your forgiveness and unite our fam-

He went to the bureau, took the let-

ter which had been for five years on

the pincushion and, bringing it back with him, tossed it in the flame. "Burn!" he said, watching it as it

enough. It would be well if there were a heavenly fire in which we could burn

and put them in their cribs at our own

dinner could be as happy as the one

Mark and I had eaten together on the day of our wedding. But that one was nothing to the dinner our reunited

family ate together on the day afte

Mark burned the letter that had caused our separation. But it was a

happiness that had been sharpened by

A Dream and Its Sequel

wars there was engaged an officer of high repute, the member of an ancient county family," says Mrs. Mayo in "Recollections of Fifty Years." One

night the laird, its head, started from

'There's the shot that has killed my

"His wife told him it was but a

dream. He must have given an anx

ious thought to his brothers before

going to sleep. Next day the pair were in the garden directing their gar-deners when the laird suddenly ex-

"'No.' answered the lady. 'I can hear nothing. I am sure there is no

"'Strange,' said the laird, 'for I can even hear what is played. It is "The Flowers o' the Forest Are A' Wefe

"A few hours later came the tele-

gram reporting that the brother had

been shot down by some border war-

rior and over his lonely grave the men

of his regiment had played the pa-thetic air whose mysterious echo seem-ed to have reached the laird."

"'Do you hear the bagpipes?"
"'No.' answered the lady.

his sleep, exclaiming

brother!

sound.'

Away."

'In one of the East Indian border

Though it was late, we went to user's, took the children from their

Oh, the happiness of that moment!

all past disagreements.'

iveled. "You have made trouble ough. It would be well if there were

"But I pined for my home, my wife

saw at a glance that Amelia Jones

I dreamed troubled dreams.

The house remained just as I had it. Every Thanksgiving day I

By SADIE OLCOTT. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-

people have given up the notion that there is a real devil. I know that there is, and I know it from my own experience. He got into me once so bad that before I could get him out he had broken up the whole family. I mean my family-my Mark, myself

Mark and I were brought up on adjoining farms. He was the likeliest young man in the neighborhood, and a good many of the girls were trying to get him. Amelia Jones was the huagriest of the lot for him and was bound that if she couldn't get him no one else should. I knew she was watching him like a cat, and the way I found it out was this: We were at a cornhusking. She and Dan Tomkins were sitting on the heap of corn to be husked, and Mark and I were sitting near them Mark struck a red ear and kissed me. Amelia was looking straight at us, and you should have seen the look on her face! It was just as if a rattle-snake was colled for a spring.

I was a fool or I would after this have known that she would strike me whenever she could. There was a bara dance the evening before Thanksgivtime saw how matters were going and pretended not to care how they went working against derhanded. She didn't dream, though, that when Mark took me home from dawning in to east what he was say even if she had known ing to me

were engaged just one Mark and year. Amel tried a number of times k between us, but every out that she was at the time we fo bottom of v at was told Mark about ere was no harm done. be married on Than ... givir just one year from n Mark asked me to be his wife.

The sump or ried Mark v is building a house for us to live in. little farm. att there was no house on it, and Marl spent the whole summer getting it ready. He had a man to



THE DINNER OUR REUNITED FAMILY ATH.

help him till he got the framework up. Then he did the rest of it himself. We planned it together, and I took ten times the interest in it that I would have taken if it had been built by others. I was busy most of the time making up what we would need in the vay of bedding and table linen.

The house wasn't quite finished by Thanksgiving day, but it was fairly Besides, it was nice to comfortable. finish up when we were in it. We were married Thanksgiving morning. and I cooked our first Thanksgiving dinner myself. Mark and I ate it alone. We wanted to be alone. After the children came we didn't want to be alone, but we did at this first Thanksgiving dinner. We ate together. It was a very happy day, but I don't think it was so happy as when we had a lot of little ones at the table with us. Anyway, it wasn't the same kind of happiness

Ten years passed without any trouble whatever, then a lot of it all came at once. A letter came one day for Mark addressed in a woman's hand. Either of us opened the family letters, and I opened this mighty quick. It was from some one I'd never heard of, but was all about things that had been happening between her and Mark for a long while. I was so wild when I read it that I couldn't absorb anything in particular except the end, which was, "With a thousand kisses, your loving," etc.

That was the time when the devil got into me. I just pinned the letter on a cushion, took the children and went right over to mother's, leaving a note for Mark saying I never wished to see him again. As soon as I got quieted down I thought, after all, there was a slight chance that there might be some mistake. Then I waited for Mark to come and at least try to make an explanation. But Mark didn't come. Then I was frightened for fear he had gone away with the woman who had written him the letter.

I went to the house to see if he had left any message for me. I found the claimed: house just as I had left it. I went in and looked about for a note. I did not find anything at all from Mark. Then it rushed over me all at once what a fool I had been. I had simply given way to the other woman. I had left everything in a state of uncertainty. If I had waited till Mark came hor and showed him the letter he might have explained it. And yet I didn't see how he could.

passed and nothing came rk. One day in the next October I was walking along the road when who should I meet but Amelia Jones. PHOEBE'S CATCH.

4 Fishing Trip That Had Most Satisfactory Results.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

There was a tinge of autumn in the air, although the calendar still showed its September page. Here and there on the hillsides a tree flamed out, herald of Jack Frost. The bay wrinkled crisply into white capped waves, and over all was the odor of ripe grapes, weet cider and burning leaves.

Phoebe Allen leaned over the gate and looked at the blue and white wa-

time of the year. Wish I knew which way the wind was blowing."

Her pleasant face wrinkled in a frown as she tried to peer around the orner of Captain Amos Dodge's new house. All her life she had been wont of Channing's barn, and now that Cap-



IT PELL OUT AT HER TOUCH.

tain Amos' house had interposed its bulk Phoebe felt personally aggrieved. She had even approached the doughty captain and laid her complaint before him. "I never can tell what the weather's going to be without seeing

that vane," she said. "I'll put one up on my cupola," promised the captain affably.

"I won't look at it-probably it'll not be good for anything," said Miss Phoebe peevishly, and so she went home.

Captain Amos and Phoebe had known each other all their lives; they had gone to school together, and they had attended merrymakings as they grew older. Phoebe had danced holes in her slippers under the skillful guid-ance of Amos Dodge, and Amos had been caught by his father while con-cocting a love letter to Phoebe, and an incipient romance had been de-

stroyed. Amos had run away from his motherless home, and Phoebe had forgotten all about him until years afterward. when his father was dead and buried. he came home a childless widower and built a house on the brow of the hill

beyond Phoebe's solitary cottage. There had been no sentiment about their meeting. Their first words had been a disagreement about the weather vane, and neither had recovered. Now Phoebe craned her soft round throat in a vain endeavor to learn the

A barefoot boy whistled past, a fishing rod over his shoulder and a can of bait dangling from his hand. "Where you going, Hennie?" asked

Miss Phoebe.
"After blues—they're running down in the channel," returned the boy. "Which way's the wind?" a

"I dunno," said Hennie stupidly.

"Don't make no difference about wind. The tide's coming in, and the blues are running in with it."

"I believe I'll go and get some for my supper. It's too fine a day to stay in. Hennie, I'll give you a nickel if you'll get me some bait. What you

"Want to sell 'em?"

"I den't mind."

"I'll take 'em. Wait a minute."

After the transaction was concluded

Phoebe ran back to the cottage and donned an ancient skirt and knitted jacket. On her head she tied a pink sunbonnet, and over her feet she drew rubber overshoes. She packed a small basket of lunch, fed the cat, hunted a rod and line from the woodshed, locked up the cottage and scurried down to her little boathouse on the beach below.

Presently she was rowing slowly out toward the harbor's mouth, where lit-tle boats were dotted about laden with eager fishermen, for bluefish were running plentifully

ebe's bright brown eyes had discovered a more isolated spot where she had learned by experience that the current ran swiftly and where ex-cellent luck might be had. This was between the breakwater and the long sand spit that became an island when the tide was high.

It was fast becoming an island now, and save for one lone fisherman the little channel was quite deserted, for there was exciting sport in the har-

Such a clever little sailor woman as Phoebe Allen found no difficulty in getting her boat into the right posi-tion, dropping her anchor overboard

and preparing for sport. The lone fisherman proved to be her especial abhorrence, Captain Amos, and and as his broad back was turned to her and his great flapping hat quite covered the back of his head he was recognizable only by his size and the dainty lines of his new boat.

One, two, three, into the boat they little silver beauties. Phoe

be a cheeks grew pink with excitement as she pulled them in. Luough for her own supper at first and then supple-mented by others there were enough

mented by others there were enough for gifts to various fishiess neighbors. It so happened that Captain Amos was fishing with a red, and so was Phoebe Allen. It is an awkward way to eatch fish from a small boat, but Phoebe loved to see the silver booty come swinging through the air into her craft, and it was also Captain Amos' (avortic method. Amos' favorite method.

At last Phoebe impaied her last bit of balt and swung the line overboard. It jerked forward, and she felt the weight of a captured fish. As she pulled in the pole flew up, and the builteas nook sailed over her head and caught neatly in the slack of Captain Amos' shirt between his broad shoulders. It caught and stayed there.

Almost in the same instant Captain Amos lost his balt in the same way, and his pole performed the same and looked at the blue and white water and saw the flaming tree.
"Smells frosty," she snifted delicately, "I'm always mighty glad when
winter comes around. It's the coziest

"Woman!" he threatened, turning his head as far around as pain would

permit. "Man!" snapped back Miss Phoebe, straining at her pole and against the

captain's hook. "What in tarnation"— sputtered Amos, greaning. "Woman, you have killed me."

"Keep still, do," said Phoebe impatiently. "You've gone and caught yourself in my hook. It was the last one I had. If you'd reach around you

"Get out nothing! Do you under-stand the English language?" asked Captain Amos, with deadly calm.

"Of course I do."
"Then listen. Your hook is caught in my skin—ski-n—ski and I'm bleeding to death. If you'd have the goodness to look around and see what damage you've done," suggested the captain savagely. captain savagely.
"Perhaps you'll look around and see

what you've done," said Phoebe cross-

She craned her neck and looked around at the captain's back, which the point of her fish hook barely pricked. At the same moment Captain Amos peered around to see his own hook caught in his neighbor's jacket. Something in the ridiculous situation broke the kcy crust of years of separa-tion; it recalled another day when, as children, they had fished for minnows in the millpond and, sitting together in the old green boat that had belonged to Phoebe's father, they had hooked

each other quite as neatly as they had done today.

"Amos Dodge, you little ninny!" cried Phoebe in the same teasing words she had used on that former oc-

casion thirty-five years ago. "Girls don't know how to fish," re-torted Amos as he had done in that other day. "Does that hook hurt. Amos?" asked

"Not much." admitted the captain, twisting his neck around to look into Phoebe's sunbonnet. "Your boat's drifting a little, Phoebe. Don't get any

farther away from me," he said in a queer voice. "I won't," said Phoebe gently. "Just wait a minute, Amos, while I slip off this jacket—there! Now I'm free of your hook I'll help you. Wait, now. your hook I'll help yo till I get my boat over.

By dint of careful maneuvering Phoebe ran her boat near enough to the other to lean over and touch the hook. It fell out at her touch.

"Amos," repeated Phoebe obediently, "I hope it didn't hurt you."
"Not a mite, Phoebe. To tell the truth"— He reddened and looked doubtfully at his old sweetheart. "Tell it," commanded Phoebe in her

"I caught you on purpose," confessed the captain.

blushed Phoebe. "What-"Just to get acquainted again. You

have been as stiff as a ramrod ever since I came home again and"— "Tide's turning," said Phoeme from the depths of her pink sunbonnet.
"I've got lunch to eat."

returned the captain "So've I." promptly. "Let's go as a picnic."
"Let's," said Phoebe. "Let's go ashore and have

That night when they trudged up the hill swinging their strings of silvery fish somebody saw them and

Captain Amos at last!"
Somebody else saw them and said,
"Land sakes, if Captain Amos ain't
caught Phoebe Allen, after all!"
And just then Captain Amos was saying, "When you get over to the big house with me. Phoebe, there won't be anything to shut off your

view of the weather vane. "I guess there won't be anything to

A Locemotive's Breathing The "breathing" of a locomotive— that is to say, the number of puffs given during a journey—depends upon the circumstances of its driving wheels and their speed. No ter what the rate of speed may be, for every one round of the driving wheels a locomotive will give four puffs-two out of each cylinder, the cylinders being double. If erage circumference of the wheel is twenty feet and the speed per hour fifty miles, a locomotive will give, going at express speed, 850 puffs per minute, 52,800 puffs per hour and 1,055 puffs per mile.-London Stand-

ard. Russian Districts Maleless Whole districts in European Russia lation. Many of the men travel on foot to the immense territory opened by the Transsiberian railroad, in parts which the state allots four and a half acres to each adult immigrant.

Moorish Quarrying Still Used. The method of getting marble in Spain has not varied since the days when the Moors built the Alhambra and the transportation is equally prim-

THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

of ar Old Negro.

Ell Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea
from seeing through the interstices of
a but an old negro work a hand saw
among the freshly picked cotton stored within

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney the was barely thirteen at the times realized at once that a machine working a number of simi-lar saws simultaneously would revolu-tionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experi-menting. His difficulties were enor-mous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings. But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other

hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward. the first complete cotton gin ever con-structed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the spring-bok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the rea-son for this strange antic is its fu-tense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to rec-ognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy The springbok usually travels stantly on the lookout for the scent of

A Mole's Nest.

A mole's Nest.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Mr. Lionel E. Adams says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, al-though it may yet be warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated

Identified.

William M. Chase, the artist, was a picturesque figure, dressing in clothes that had a certain originality, though. they conformed more or less to the prevailing fashions. On one occasion Chase on his way home stepped into a little wine shop and ordered a jug of claret of a special brand sent to his house. The lad who brought it came to the front door an hour afterward, when the artist had already arrived. "I was afraid the point might have caught, but it's all right, captain"—
"Amos," said the captain briskly, "I wasn't any captain when I knew you."
"Amos," repeated Phoebe obedient"Amos," repeated Phoebe obedientboy remember the name of the man who ordered it. The boy didn't. "Then," said the servant, "you've "Then, said the servant, you've come to the wrong place; we never ordered wine." At this moment the boy spied Chase's famous hat on the hall table. "Say," he rsked, "does that hat live here?" "Yes," said the amused maid. "Then," said the boy triumphantly, "here's where the wine helones.""—A regnant. belongs!"-Argonaut.

Artificial Flowers.

It was in Italy that a demand for artificial flowers first arose. This was due primarily to a caprice of fashion which demanded that during festivals blossoms in and out of their seasons blossoms in and out of their seasons should be worn and also to the fact that their color and freshness were stable. Later on, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women beads decked their "Well, if Phoebe Allen ain't caught flowers of cambric, paper, glass and metal.

A New Fruit.

A new fruit, the hallshamberry, was exhibited at the fortnightly show of the Royal Horticultural society in the Horticultural hall, London, recently This novelty has been produced William Knight of Hallsham from raspberry and the loganberry, the latter itself a hybrid.

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