

UNDER STRANGE SPELLS.

Spiritualism and Hypnotism Affect Two Young Men Quaintly.

A startling tale of spiritualism, hypnotism and religion was unfolded recently at Pittsburgh by the detention of two prominent young married men. According to the stories told by the friends of the young men, they met at a seance of spiritualists some months ago. They are said to have exerted hypnotic influences upon each other to such an extent that they both deserted young and charming wives.

The two men are Morris Reuben and H. C. Koerner, both German. In addition to deserting his wife Reuben was induced by Koerner to renounce the Hebrew faith and join the church of which Koerner is a member. Reuben had only recently married, and his wife's parents have taken her to their home in Ohio. Mrs. Koerner says that Reuben hypnotized her husband, while Reuben's friends claim he was hypnotized by Koerner. There seems to be no doubt that each strongly influenced the other. Reuben is well connected, being the brother of Charles Reuben, one of the largest clothing merchants in the United States. The two men were arrested through Mrs. Koerner, who made complaint to the police. The men are said to have indulged in many vagaries.

Until about a year ago Koerner is described as having been a devoted husband. Koerner's peculiarity began at that time, when he attended a meeting of spiritualists. After the meeting spiritualism absorbed his attention to the exclusion of his family and the detriment of his business. Koerner claimed to have seen a vision, the figure of a man clothed in white, carrying a Bible, and which told Koerner that he was commissioned to save a human soul. He became acquainted with Reuben, and the idea possessed him that Reuben was the person he was to save. Reuben appears to have fallen under the spell. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FORTUNES FOR TWO.

One For a Life Saver, the Other For a Life Taker.

Harry Brown of Portland, Or., a comic opera comedian, while filling an unprofitable engagement in Cleveland cured a boy named Kellogg of suicidal mania. Kellogg, laughed for the first time in his life when he saw Brown, and when Mrs. Kellogg died recently she bequeathed a comfortable fortune to the comedian.

Parker Pearson Valentine, who was last heard of in Colorado, is heir to \$100,000 left him by his mother, Lucy Valentine, who died in Wisconsin recently. Valentine left Minneapolis to escape arrest for murder 25 years ago. Young Valentine married against the wishes of his mother and in a few months discovered evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness and killed her. He obtained no sympathy from his mother, and he left Minneapolis never to return. She sought for him in vain. In making her will besides bequeathing him all her property she established a fund to be used in searching for the missing son. If he is not found, the property all goes to St. John's home in Milwaukee. —New York World.

What Peru Is Doing.

In Peru it has been discovered that 4,000 rifles have disappeared from the national armories during the latest revolutionary disturbances which brought about the overthrow of General Caceres and the advent of the present president, Dr. Nicolas Pierola. There are therefore in the republic at present 4,000 armed men who do not belong to the regular army, which is a menace to public peace in a country where there are always people dissatisfied at the political results of any revolution.

Still the new government intends to take good care of the material and other interests of the republic, and it has recently appointed Senator Rafael E. Valbuena to finish the map of Peru, a scientific and useful work which had been entrusted to Senator Raymond, a celebrated geographer, who died lately in Paris. —New York Tribune.

In Lieu of a Sea Serpent.

A correspondent at Red Oak, Ia., recently sent out the following story: "Mr. Lidwell, living several miles north of here, had a surgical operation for cancer of the face performed in Omaha a short time since in which it was found necessary to turn a flap of the skin back on the wound, turning the hair on the inside. The hair keeps growing, and at regular intervals Lidwell has to go to a doctor to have the inside of his mouth shaved, the hair growing from the reversed flap through into the mouth."

An Aged Woman's Remarkable Feat. Sugar Valley, Pa., comes to the front with a remarkable specimen of the old woman, only in this instance the woman is just six years past the allotted threescore and ten in age. It is Mrs. Mary R. Zimmerman, who recently went into the outfield and cradled two swaths 100 yards in length the entire distance without stopping. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Michigan's New Park.

Secretary Lamont has issued an order transferring the possession of the grounds of the old Fort Mackinac, on the island of Mackinac, to the state of Michigan. It is to be used as a park by the state, and the grounds, if given up by Michigan, will then revert to the federal government.

Its Chance For Usefulness.

It has been found that molasses mixed with sand makes a better pavement than asphalt. The popularity of this new paving material, however, will depend on the amount of sugar there is in it for the contractors. —Chicago Tribune.

At the Parade of Knights.

There were swords enough in the procession to supply New England for 50 years with plowshares. —Boston Globe.

TO RENEW ITS GLORY

GREECE'S PROUDEST TEMPLE TO BE RESTORED.

Disfigured by Wars and Vandals—Erected to the Worship of a Woman—Cost More Than Any Temple Except Solomon's.

The news that the Parthenon at Athens is to be restored awakens deep interest, for there are no other ruins on the face of the earth that inspire such mingled feelings of admiration and regret for the course of history.

The Parthenon was the best fruit of man's highest intellectual achievement. Its ruins today are a tribute to his inability and stupidity. It was the finest edifice on the finest site in the world and hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart. The Greeks gave to no other heritage of themselves that we could more wish had been handed down to us without rust of time or the blench and disfigurement of the barbarian.

The complete restoration of the Parthenon is an absolute impossibility. It is impossible from the fact that there is no detailed historical account of this temple. Pausanias, who saw the temple in its original beauty and glory, never thought it worth while to describe it in detail. He wrote as if he expected that the temple would be preserved eternal and unchanged. From that time on the Roman, the Goth, the Venetian, the Turk, the Greek himself, the Englishman and in fact everybody else has put his vandal hand upon this most glorious creation of man.

While its complete restoration is not dreamed of, the preservation of the ruins, which means the practical restoration of the structure, is what the Greek Archaeological society has undertaken with great enthusiasm. The society has raised \$200,000, and hopes to raise much more, which is believed will be ample to preserve the ruins from disintegration. The work on the ruins is soon to be commenced.

At the time the Parthenon was built all Athens worshipped a woman. It was a strange idea for the Greeks to worship a virgin, for neither virginity nor womanhood was highly prized among the Greeks. There is much better reason for a Parthenon or temple to Athena or Minerva in New York than in Athens at that time, for our "new woman" is very much more of an Athena than the maid or matron of Athens ever was.

But this glorious temple was dedicated to a woman who was born from the brain of man. In the days of Themistocles, the temple on the summit of the Acropolis, dedicated to the virgin goddess Athena, was destroyed by Persians. After the Greeks defeated the Persians on the plain of Marathon, Pericles, the ablest statesman, about 450 B. C., ordered Phidias, the greatest sculptor, and Ictinus, the greatest architect, to build a new temple on the site of the old one. This is the Parthenon, built from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicon, which overlooks Athens, and whose marble is as white as snow.

The building of the Parthenon must have occupied more than 20 years. It was not the largest of Greek temples, but it must have cost more than any ancient edifice outside of Solomon's temple. —New York World.

Whitewashed Cool.

We are carrying our passion for cleanliness pretty far when we take to whitewashing the coal in engine tenders. This was the course actually adopted on Friday when the Princess of Wales and her daughter left Victoria station for Osborne. Only the top layer is being whitewashed, the fireman taking his supplies from a tender on the floor of the tender. —London Realm.

He Got the Chrome.

A New Yorker who married a "living picture" has found that a divorce. Well, it's not always an easy matter to distinguish a work of art from a chrome after sunset. —Chicago Dispatch.

The Bloomer Meeting.

They had a woman's meeting at Billington's office. "Bloomers—Shall They Stay or Shall They Go?" The speaker, it was lively, the orators were "able." With Sister Wilkes in the chair, but mostly on the table.

The meeting opened with a prayer for heavenly direction. They sang a hymn or two, and then they took up a collection. To make the meeting orthodox, an old woman came the way. An pitched the question in the crowd, "shall bloomers stay or travel?"

Mirandy Spriggins started out with: "Sisters, have a mercy! They ain't no question 'bout these styles in bloomers left today. I wouldn't new put 'em on for this here whole creation! They're going to run your husbands off a ruin this here nation!"

Then Chairman Wilkins took the floor and went for Sister Spriggins. An then a hundred women rose, an in the speechifying they rushed her to a window and sent Sister Spriggins flying.

Then Sister Dolter took the stand when quiet was restored. She said there wasn't any use in women folks complainin' 'bout bloomers any more, as these new-fangled twitches. For, since she'd knowned herself, she'd been a wearin' of the breeches!

STORIES OF THE DAY.

A Few Yarns Picked Up in the Streets of Chicago.

He was waiting for a crostown electric car at Thirty-ninth street and Indiana avenue and looked as if he had just blown in from the drought stricken district of Logan county, where farmers sometimes have to haul water in wagons two or three miles for the stock and for household purposes, and it's so scarce that the children aren't allowed to wash their faces oftener than once a week. The first car that came along was pulling a track sprinkler, and it astonished the bystanders.

"Well, I'll be switched," he murmured to himself, "if they ain't a-haulin' water, an' they hain't got sense enough to keep it from leakin'. A little more'n half a mile an' that won't be a bucketful of water in that there hoghead."

A short, broad woman was trying to climb on a crostown electric car with a white parasol in one hand and a little girl in the other. She appeared to think the white parasol the more valuable and was trying to lift the little child by one hand. The child's objections attracted the attention of a passenger, who reached over and tenderly lifted the little one to a seat. The child was polite enough to say, "Thank you," but the woman did not seem to notice the act. When the car stopped at Indiana avenue, the short, broad woman tumbled off and told the child to come to. Wiggling down from her seat, the little girl gazed at the man with an inquiring look for a moment and then said:

"Help me down, please."

"Help you down? Of course I will," he replied.

"Thank you," said the child when she was placed on the ground.

The short, broad woman did not look at the man, but taking the child by the arm she said:

"You mustn't do that way. It ain't polite."

From what school of good or bad manners could that short, broad woman have been graduated?

The polite young man had a seat on a very much crowded Cottage Grove car. Several strong looking young women were hanging on to the straps, but the polite young man kept his seat because he was very tired and had an idea that an old or a weak looking woman might get on the car after awhile, and then he'd get up. The car stopped at Twenty-second street, and among the passengers who climbed aboard was a tired looking woman carrying a baby. The polite young man jumped up and offered her his seat. She looked at the place where he had been sitting and said:

"Der is no room."

The polite young man turned, and in the seat he had just vacated was a Chicago hog.

"See here, my friend," said the p. y. m. "I just got out of that seat to give it to this lady who is carrying a baby."

"Dot was all right," said the Chicago hog.

"She was my wife," said the p. y. m. "I just got out of that seat to give it to this lady who is carrying a baby."

"Dot was all right," said the Chicago hog.

The late Frank Hitchcock was almost as well known in Chicago as the late John P. O'Sullivan. Hitchcock was as sharp in a political battle as he was at running down thieves, and when he was in Peoria and wanted a little recreation he would play a joke on Ed Easton, the well known distiller. Easton was generally ready to oblige, for Hitchcock was on his desire to make money.

The last time Hitchcock ran for mayor of Peoria, Easton was usual against him, and Frank knew it. Frank was sure he would be elected, so he put up an elaborate job on Ed. About 9:30 on election morning it was before the day of the lantern ball. Hitchcock drove rapidly down Washington street to the board of trade, next door to which is Easton's office. Ed saw him and ran out to ask him how the election was going.

"Bully," said Frank. "I'm just going down to the south end to corner a lot of money."

At 12 o'clock, when he knew Ed would be about leaving his office, Frank drove by again. Easton ran out into the street to ask him what his chances were. "Oh, tolerably good," answered Hitchcock, looking as if he was trying to be cheerful. Still, he said, as he drove on, "I won't say I have a sure thing."

About 4 o'clock several of Hitchcock's friends posted themselves in places where Easton would be likely to go to bet, and Frank drove slowly and gloomily down the street by Ed's office. Easton went out and asked how he was making it.

Frank didn't stop and didn't say anything. With his hat brim pulled down over his nose he drove slowly along, shaking his head. Easton reached for his hat and sailed out to make some bets against Hitchcock. He was willing to give odds, and Hitchcock's friends were willing to take them. Hitchcock was elected by his usual big majority, and his gloomy drive down Washington street cost Easton about \$1,500. —Chicago Post.

He's Agin 'Em.

Bloomer club sympathies in the scholastic and the gals! No. The imagination recoils, reason reels and an inextinguishable chain of legs reigns. The floor manager at Jackson park had the true aesthetic sensibility. If the bloomer must bloom, let it be a wheel by the wayside. Beauty and the beast may consort in fiction, but the beautiful and the bloomer are divorced by the absolute incompatibility of their characteristics. —Chicago Evening Journal.

THE TOOTHsome SHAD.

A Few Particulars as to Their Appearance on the Atlantic Coast.

The shad begin to appear in the rivers about March 14, and they continue to arrive until the middle of June. It is a remarkable fact that each colony is invariably divided into three grand divisions, which arrive at different times, thus making three successive shoals, or, as the fishermen call them, "runs." The first run is both small in numbers and especially poor in quality, and it is interesting to observe that this is true of the herring as well as of the shad. This advance guard is largely composed of what are known as "hickory" shad, and they differ from the others in such marked degree as to form a distinct variety. The fishermen in the Chesapeake bay have an old saying, "the shad that come in the hickory" shad, at the season there were a great many small shad left over, and that to the disgust of them the "hickory" shad was made.

A few days after these skinfishers have passed up the river the second or great run begins, and continues three or four weeks. After the fish appear acting will disturb their constant upward progress except cold weather, which, inopportunely arriving, will cause them to seek the protection of the river, where they remain until the chill has left the water. It is impossible to estimate the number of fish entering a river in one of these runs. The estimate of 2,000,000, which has been made for the Delaware, is very moderate. In view of the fact that more than 10,000 shad have been taken in one haul of the seine in the waters of that river. The third run is small, like the first, and though the fish are fine in quality it receives little attention. It is probably composed of stragglers from the main body who are somewhat tardy in their arrival. —Lippincott's.

The Devil Up to Date.

The popular contemporary conception of satan is of a highly successful man of the world. It is admitted that there are shady spots in his past history, that he has done some things that he should regret, that he is a hazardous associate and an unsafe person to have transactions with. But conversely it is realized that he is rich, powerful and attractive and intimately concerned and interested in promoting the material prosperity of the human race. He is known to be full of surprises and to the custom which he makes things pleasant and powerful in carrying the enterprises with which he is concerned to a profitable issue. It is true that he is understood to be unscrupulous, but it is felt that such success comes very much, and that when an individual has attained a position of such prominence and power, it is a mistake to be overmuch about rejecting his good offices because in early life, when his necessities were more pressing, his methods or affiliations were not always such as a conscientious person could approve. —Scribner's.

Bad For Young Doctors.

The latest wrinkle in the way of a theater coupon is a duplicate ticket that will enable the visitor to any theater to be found and called away from the audience at any time during the performance without attracting any undue amount of notice or disturbing his neighbors by any material extent. A duplicate of the coupon that the theater goer holds is left with the ticket taker at the entrance. A messenger seeking the theater goer gets this duplicate and hands it to an usher, who quietly notifies the man that somebody wants to see him. A scrip of these special coupon tickets is given to the ticket taker before each performance, and he gives them to those who ask for them free of charge. The plan is now on trial at the Adelphi, New York, and is likely to be adopted by all the theaters. The idea has been patented by a theater goer who has made a long study of men in the audience, and who says he is going to make money out of it. —New York Sun.

Pat, Fair and Easy.

Amber the hostess who has the post office address of the city was requested to find the man who had written the letter to the address and the address are not known, this becomes a very difficult task. The letter is addressed thus: "Widow lady, 38 years old, light hair and gray eyes. The person writing the letter lives in a small town in Indian Territory and asks that if the postmaster cannot find the woman that the letter be returned in 20 days. —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An Unbroken Record.

Statistics are given to show that there are 367 women employed in the national and state banks of the United States, and no woman so employed has ever yet been found to be a defaulter. But men have always contended that women did not know the value of money. Not a defaulter among them! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worse Than the Bicycle Race.

Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper says the new man as seen in New York was a vacant stare in his eyes. No wonder. The new woman is crowding him out of nearly every channel of activity, and he has been hunting for a vacancy so long he can be seen if he has a vacant stare about the eyes. —Chicago Times-Herald.

And Her Name Is Moore.

Mrs. Henry Moore of Monroe Falls, O., has given birth to her sixteenth child in 15 years. They were all single births, and 14 are living and healthy. Mrs. Moore is 36 years old.

This Is In Illinois.

If that 10-year-old boy who is in jail for stealing 30 cents were only older and had stolen more, he would be more likely to be in the legislature than in the jail. —Chicago Post.

THE NATIONAL CLUB.

An Association of Men and Women to Foster Art and Culture.

Mr. E. V. Smalley, a newspaper worker of great success and wide experience, is interesting his fellow laborers in the journalistic vineyard in the prospects of the National club, an association of men and women who recognize the value of education, art and culture. It appears that the club is incorporated under the general laws of the state of Illinois for organizing corporations "not for pecuniary profit," and its charter is perpetual.

The location of the clubhouse, which, by the way, is to contain 1,000 bedrooms, is a beautiful park of 35 acres, covered with forest trees, in Kane county, and is hourly rail from Chicago. The clubhouse, costing \$500, is not open to annual dues and entitles the holder and family to the privileges of the club, of which the life members are the managers. The annual membership costs \$25, with annual dues of \$5. The scheme appears feasible, and information concerning it can be had from the Rev. Samuel G. Smith, D. D., president of the provisional board, St. Paul, Minn., or of Mr. Smalley, who is secretary and president of the St. Paul Press club. —Howard in New York Recorder.

THE LABOR BUREAU.

Pushing Investigations in a New Field of Inquiry.

The bureau of labor has recently undertaken an independent investigation in a field of inquiry which it has not before entered. The work of American seamen in the merchant service is the subject to which the officials of the bureau are directing a part of their attention during the present season. Agents have been stationed at five principal ports of the country—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco—whose business it is to investigate the conditions of the life and service of the common sailors employed in the merchant shipping carried on under the United States flag.

The terms upon which seamen are employed, the wages paid them, the treatment accorded to them at sea, and incidentally the rations and accommodations furnished on shipboard are being investigated. Particular attention is being paid to the contracts made with seamen and to the custom which largely prevails among ship captains of engaging the services of middlemen to enlist their crews. —Boston Herald.

A Girl's Bicycle Feat.

Miss Belle Steele of Deposit, N. Y., is a bloomer girl whose courage is not lacking, even in dangerous places. During the last two weeks ten wheelmen have fallen into the canal while trying to pass on the wide towpath underneath the old white bridge at Traceville. It was thought to be a hoodoo spot for cyclists. But Miss Steele, as a taut for the male riders, declared she could pass under the bridge on her wheel six times within one foot of the water's edge for a wager of \$10. The money being put up, she undertook the feat on Wednesday night. The six trips were made in less than ten minutes, the rider going within a few inches of the water's edge each time. A big crowd turned out to see the new woman disprove a superstitions notion of the men, and they were delighted when the plucky wheelwoman got the money. —Buffalo Express.

Why He Shook the Child.

A man riding in a Broad street omnibus the other day, with a small child in his arms, was the object of many frowns from the other passengers, because he persisted in vigorously shaking the little one on account of her crying. The shakings he gave the child did not appear to have any effect except to make her cry the louder. The woman in the last placed at the man and said mean things about him to each other. The men looked over the tops of their papers occasionally and swore immoderately. The father was a worried look, and the baby continued to cry. Occasionally it would stop, and its head would nod sleepily. Then the father would shake the baby more vigorously, waking it up and starting its tears afresh.

Finally a woman, who had been nervously watching the unnatural father, walked over and asked him why he was mistreating the youngster. "Why," said he, "I've got to shake her to keep her awake. She swallowed some kind of a drug, and if she goes to sleep she'll die." Just then the bus stopped at Broad and Thompson, and the father and child got off and entered the children's hospital. —Philadelphia Record.

His Notion of Hospitality.

There is nothing like making people feel at home. There is one man in our street, says a Washington writer, who prides himself on it. My friend Lucy called at his home one long ago, and, as everybody urged her to stay to dinner, she staid. They had beefsteak for dinner that night and it was simply ideal beefsteak. The host urged Lucy to take a second helping and after politely demurring she accepted it. She was eating it when the young son of the family asked for more.

"Don't be a pig, Jim," said his father, with the utmost cheerfulness. "There isn't any more for you. You see," turning to Lucy with a smile of keenest hospitality, "we weren't expecting company."

An Example.

Theodore—Tell me, now, what is the meaning of the expression, "pulling your leg?" Richard—I can't tell you in so many words, but I will illustrate. You haven't \$10 about you that you can let me have for a week or two? Thanks. —Boston Transcript.

A Mistle Name.

King Patrick of the pacing world! It doesn't sound well. He ought to have his name changed to fit the title. —Chicago Post.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Some Well Known People Relate a Few Dog Yarns.

"Were one in search of canine intelligence," said Representative Marcus Aurelius Smith one day last session in a cloakroom conversation, "he could find no better exhibition than is furnished by the shepherd dogs of Arizona and New Mexico. Over in the San Simon country, out where I live, a friend of mine has a sheep ranch. I was on a visit to his flock one day. There are men with the sheep, but all day long, while the bunches are out grazing, they are entirely under the care of dogs. The dogs take the flock out in the morning and bring them back at night."

"One flock which I visited was in charge of four dogs, a mother and her three pups. Of course the young dogs were full grown and as big as their parent, yet they yielded her great deference and perfect obedience, and it was clear that she was not only the head of the family, but in supreme command of the flock. My friend told me that sometimes the pups grow large and wouldn't half do their duty. The mother dog would remonstrate with growls and attempt to compel them to be alert and industrious. As the flock was grazing along the pasture, a handful of sheep might point out from one side and begin to stray from the main bunch. The pups would notice it, but, being listless and indifferent, made no sign of going after the delinquents. The old dog would offer a few short admonitory yelps, which was her way of ordering her children to turn in those stray sheep. If they dallied along, neglectful of their plain duty, after this the old dog would suddenly land palm-leaf upon one of the offenders, and, snatching him by the nape of the neck, give him a prodigious shaking up."

"After being punished, the lazy pup would lie after the sheep and turn them back to the flock and proceed to its duty with the utmost ardor. The old dog had to whip her pups about three times a week, however, to get perfect work. She was very strict with them, being a conscientious dog, who felt her responsibility to her master."

"These sheep were confined in a wire corral night to keep them from going abroad on moonlight occasions and falling a prey to coyotes. There were 5,000 sheep in the bunch. About early dusk each evening the old dog and her pups would bring in the flock and turn them through the bars into the corral. They could do it all except put up the bars. Just as the first of the flock approached the corral the old dog would trot around to the front and take her patient stand by the bars and review the flock as it filed into the corral. Yes, sir, she would count the sheep. If one were missing from the whole 5,000, she would know it the moment she last entered the corral. She would give a yelp of criticism and lead her pups out upon the dark pastures to find that lost sheep. And they had to find it. She would wait them all night if need be. Ordinarily they could hunt it out at once, and when the four dogs would bring in the last of the flock with much clamor and barking, as if to teach it not to lag again."

"Up in New Jersey," observed Dick Murray, who had heard the above, "we have a couple of dogs on our farm. One is a small Scotch terrier and the other a giant Newfoundland. They are fairly good friends, and one of their most pleasant exercises—to them at least—is to lie out in the front yard and stare down at the gates and bark at every wagon and carriage that goes by. They never omit this vociferous ceremony and seem to derive great joy from it."

"The other day the terrier was regaling on the grass. It was midday and hot, and the terrier was at rest. Suddenly the Newfoundland came upon the scene with a howling bark from its mouth. For the very evident purpose of annoying the little terrier, Jack the Newfoundland, spread himself about the grass with his ham bone, not four feet from the terrier's sensitive nose. Then he proceeded in an audible and unctuous manner to gnaw the ham bone. It was undeniably to the ham boneless terrier. At last he timidly approached his old friend Jack."

"Would Jack object if he nibbled this very excellent and aromatic ham bone with him?" That was about what the terrier asked.

"Jack ceased nuzzling the bone long enough to show all his white teeth and growl thunderously. He objected. Like many other rich people, Jack was selfish, and did not propose to divide his ham bone with the poor."

"The terrier drew back, and then, as if unable to bear the sight of Jack's ham bone, in which he had no part, he scampered around the corner of the hedge to the driveway. Here he was out of sight of the miserly Jack, licking his nose."

"Without word or warning the terrier, the moment he was hidden from view, began to spit the nearest words his barkings. Clearly a carriage was coming, and from the appear of the terrier Jack thought it must be a coach and six. The race caught him. He sprang up, and, leaving the ham bone for the instant, came surging round the hedge to bay the coach and six. But, alas, all was vacant. There was no coach and six. Not even a harness was in sight. Jack stood a moment in a state of daze. Then he suddenly recalled his unguarded ham bone, and a great uneasiness gripped him. He rushed back to the rescue. But he was too late. He got there just in time to behold his sharp friend far away through the orchard on the keen run. The ham bone was in his radiant mouth. Jack saw that it was no use, and didn't chase the barked steering terrier an instant. He joined me where I sat on the porch, and turned a rueful eye upon me, as if asking my opinion of the ham bone which which Jack, the terrier, had so pettishly pettishly."