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According to the terms of the pro-  
tocol, China agrees to forbid the impor-  
tation of arms and ammunition, to pay  
the Powers an indemnity of \$333,000,000  
in gold out of her revenues, to sup-  
press the anti-foreign societies, and to  
do a lot of other things that are thought  
to tend toward the comfort of stran-  
gers in China and the peace of the  
world. The protocol recalls the fami-  
liar story of the man who had offered a  
great sum for a hotel. "But," said  
his friend, "you haven't the money."  
"I know," said the financier, "but  
wasn't it a fine offer?" Nothing can  
be said of this protocol except that as a  
promise it is most promising, com-  
ments Collier's Weekly.

In Europe the school garden has  
taken a special hold upon Austria.  
In 1869 an imperial law prescribed  
that a garden, with a place for agri-  
cultural experiments, should be con-  
nected with every rural school. There  
are 18,000 such garden schools at pres-  
ent in that empire. No school has been  
recently established in France without  
similar attachment. In Belgium, veg-  
etable culture goes on in connection  
with book learning; and the examina-  
tion of the teacher includes his capac-  
ity for gardening as well as for teach-  
ing. Sweden has over 4000 school  
gardens; while in Russia the children  
are taught the culture of grapes,  
orchard trees, silkworms, bees and  
grain. Normal schools in Germany in-  
clude the training of teachers in indus-  
tries as well as books.

Tests recently made in Milwaukee  
have demonstrated the value of music  
in the dentist's office. Some men, and  
more women, when they visit the den-  
tist for the removal of a tooth, become  
strangely affected by the nitrous oxide  
that is administered to deaden the  
pain. They sing or laugh vociferously,  
move unsteadily, and some try to dance.  
Others have vivid recollections come  
to them of a fishing excursion, or a  
football game, or, in the case of  
women, of a ball or concert, and with  
the memory comes an uncontrollable  
desire to tell the doctor all about it.  
This is annoying to the physician.  
Most dentists, under such circum-  
stances, turn off the nitrous oxide fac-  
et full strength and send the noisy  
person to complete unconsciousness.  
But with a music box in running or-  
der only a modicum of the gas is  
needed. The patient listens to the  
notes, his nervous system is calmed,  
and he sleeps.

### The Speedy Grayhound.

"There is the fastest animal that  
runs on four legs," said a hunter, as  
he pointed at a long, lank, sinewy  
English greyhound that turned toward  
us a countenance fairly beaming with  
intelligence. "I don't mean that par-  
ticular dog," he continued, "but I do  
mean his variety, and he is not the  
slowest member of it by any means.  
We have just been trying him under  
careful timing, and found that he  
went, when on a full gallop, twenty  
yards a second. That means a mile in  
a minute and twenty-eight seconds—a  
speed that comes very near that of a  
carrier pigeon and would leave far  
behind that of any quadruped that we  
know of."

"This is a matter that I have studied  
and know something about. There  
are few thoroughbred horses than can  
exceed nineteen yards a second, and I  
have known grayhounds to better that  
by four yards. Foxhounds have a  
record of four miles in six and a half  
minutes, or nearly eighteen yards a  
second. That is fast going, and as  
good as the most rapid of the hars  
family can do."

"This speed is to some extent an  
inherited gift from away back, for I  
have been informed that wolves can  
run at the rate of a mile in three min-  
utes. Nansen says that Siberian dogs  
can travel forty-five miles on ice in  
five hours."

There are about 90 deaths in  
Shakespeare's plays.

### IF MEN NEVER CARED WHAT THE WORLD MIGHT SAY.

I.  
If men never cared what the world might  
say  
We could bid all our schemes adieu,  
And life would be only a holiday,  
With never a goal in view;  
You could cease from coveting honors,  
and I  
Could give up my dreams and content-  
edly lie  
At ease while the days went slipping away,  
If men never cared what the world might  
say.

II.  
If men never cared what the world might  
say  
No man would be moved to try  
To hurry ahead on the upward way,  
And as laggards would live and die;  
No songs would be written and never a  
cheer  
Would be raised by the crowds for a  
hero to hear,  
And, useless, ere long, we should mealy  
decease—  
Oh, it's well that men care what the world  
may say.

## A PRESENT FROM THE PRINCE.

Young Gildmore Goldrock told me  
this strange story, and I will give the  
story in Goldrock's own words, as he  
gave it to me in the smokeroom of the  
Anglo-American club:

"It happened last year," said Gold-  
rock, as he hoisted his feet on to the  
mantelpiece and addressed his words to  
the clock.

"I was crossing to Liverpool and  
happened to strike up an acquaintance  
with the young Pole who shared my  
stateroom. He was a pleasant young  
fellow, and in the course of a day or  
two we became great friends. He told  
me that his name was Ladislus Nado-  
koff, and that he had been studying  
medicine at Philadelphia. He further-  
more confided that he was on his way  
to London to visit a friend of his  
youth.

"In return I told him how I was go-  
ing to England to spend a few months  
with my married sister, the Countess  
of Darnford, with whom my wife was  
already staying, having crossed before  
me, since I had been detained a few  
weeks in New York on business.

"Nadokoff then told me, too, had  
a sister, who was married to a Rus-  
sian nobleman who was a sort of sher-  
iff in his own country, and commander  
of a posse of Cossacks. So, on the  
strength of our aristocratic connec-  
tions, our confidences grew so that we  
used to talk quite freely of political  
matters.

"Nadokoff's politics were a bit mixed  
at the time I thought this was be-  
cause he was quite young, and had  
not learned that political views should  
be used as a means to a profitable end.

"But his politics had been acquired  
in some other place than America, the  
land of the free. He hinted of old  
scores, dating back hundreds of years,  
which were to be wiped out by young-  
er and more vigorous generations. Not-  
withstanding his family connections he  
hated the Russians. 'Down with every-  
thing and hang the expense,' was his  
motto, and he talked a lot about the  
iron handed tyranny of the Russian  
government, while I sat around and  
swapped sympathetic sentiments.

"I noticed that often as we were  
talking together a gentleman with a  
bald head and a large white mustache  
used to pass along, and lean on the  
rail or look at the sky when he came  
within earshot of us.

"Then I used to change the conver-  
sation to railroads or pork, which are  
far safer subjects than Russian politics;  
for somehow I mistrusted this elderly  
gentleman, who spoke English like  
a German, drank his tea with a  
lemon, and while he gave himself out  
as a commercial traveler, walked as  
though he were waiting for the clink  
of the spurs at his heels and the rattle  
of his sword at his side.

"He was registered on the passen-  
ger list as Mr. William Smith, which  
was strange, considering that his hand-  
kerchief was embroidered with the in-  
itials 'J. K.' It takes a Russian to  
spell Smith with a K.

"As we approached Queenstown, Nado-  
koff, who had been looking ill and  
worried throughout the voyage, seemed  
to grow more ill at ease.

"At bedtime, the night before we  
reached Queenstown, he did not turn  
up in the stateroom. I waited till long  
after 'lights out,' then I grew anxious  
about him, and passed the word for  
the steward, who went to look for him.

"He had disappeared.  
"The ship was searched high and  
low by the watch, who were warned  
by the captain to hold their tongues  
about the matter, but no trace of him  
could be found.

"E's just been and gone and  
slipped overboard," said our stateroom  
steward; 'they do sometimes, you  
know.'

"Strange to say, as we were hunting  
round the decks Mr. Smith, who, I  
knew, had retired to his stateroom an  
hour or more before, joined us in our  
search.

"Still stranger, as I was returning to  
my berth, I saw Mr. Smith disappear-  
ing down the passage, although his  
berth was situated on the other side  
of the ship.  
"When I looked over at Nadokoff's  
empty berth I noticed that his port-  
manteau had been moved since I had  
left the cabin. When I came to open  
my own portmanteau I found it locked.  
Then I remembered that earlier in the  
evening, as Nadokoff was going along  
to the stateroom from the smoking  
cuddy on deck, I had given him my  
key, and asked him to get me a few  
cigars, which were stored away in the  
pocket of my flannel jacket.

"He had evidently jumped overboard  
with my key, but I was too troubled  
about him to worry about that, be-  
sides which I knew that my wife had  
a duplicate key on her lunch.

"At Liverpool a half crown to the  
customs officer passed my portmanteau  
all right, and I did not open it till I  
reached my brother-in-law's house in  
Park lane, where my wife was stay-  
ing. My wife had the key on her ring,  
and stood by as I unlocked the bag.  
"You dear old boy," she cried, as  
the bag opened and showed a large  
jewel case, which lay on the top of my

clothes. 'You have been wasting your  
money again on me at Tiffany's, I  
know. It's too wicked of you.'

"I felt a bit uncomfortable for the  
fact was I had been too busy in New  
York to remember my usual visit to  
Tiffany's, besides which I had never  
set eyes on the jewel case before.

"I'm afraid it is not for you, dear,"  
said I, as I opened the case. My wife  
gasp'd as the lid flew up, and showed  
a bracelet formed of a heart-shaped  
mass of opals framed in a most won-  
derful setting of diamonds.

"Oh! how lovely," she sighed; 'but  
anyway, I hate opals; they are un-  
lucky. But who is it for, dear?' she  
added.

"I told her I did not know. Then I  
saw tucked in under the bracelet a  
small note. I opened it.

"Dear friend," it ran, 'I can bear  
my life no longer, so tonight I shall  
jump overboard. My last request I  
am sure you will faithfully execute.  
Take this bracelet to the Countess Za-  
linska, and tell her it is a parting gift  
from her old lover, Prince Ladislus  
Nadokoff. She lives in Parklane, quite  
close to your sister's house. Farewell,  
dear friend; may we meet in a kinder  
and less troubled world. Thine,  
Ladislus.

"My wife had lifted the bracelet, and  
as women will, for its better in-  
spection, was about to clasp it on her  
wrist.

"Don't, dear," said I hastily. I did  
not reason why, but somehow I dis-  
liked the idea of her wearing it.

"She put it back in the case obed-  
iently, but laughed at me for a super-  
stitious old hubby.

"Then I showed her the letter, and  
told her the story of my friend on the  
boat. Then she cried a little, and of-  
fered to deliver it to the Countess Za-  
linska, an offer which I gladly accept-  
ed, for I was beginning to look for-  
ward to my commission with some  
misgivings.

"I hate scenes. My wife likes them,  
so the next morning after breakfast  
she made a careful toilet and prepared  
to visit the countess.

"I gave her the bracelet and my  
blessing, and told her to break the  
news gently to the countess, who might  
still be fond of her old lover, and how  
to dodge the count, if such a person  
existed, and to bluff the game through  
on the pretense of calling for a sub-  
scription for a home for lost dogs.

"My wife had not left the house many  
minutes before Jeannette, my sister's  
maid, made her appearance at the door  
of the breakfast room.

"If you please, sir," said she, 'there's  
a gentleman waiting to see you.' Then,  
with a giggle, 'E's got a policeman  
with him.'

"Show him in, and the cop as well,"  
said I, beginning to feel a little un-  
comfortable, for I remembered that I  
was in a foreign country.

"In a minute, who should walk in but  
Mr. William Smith. The policeman  
stayed outside with Jeannette. It  
seemed to me that he knew Jeannette,  
and that he came as near winking at  
her as a policeman could.

"Mr. William Smith, I believe," said  
I, rising.

"Forgive me—Mr. Goldrick," said  
my visitor, politely, "but William  
Smith is merely my nom de guerre. I  
am Johann Katchachief, of the Rus-  
sian Imperial police."

"Oh, lor!" I murmured, under my  
breath. "What I have I been doing?  
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Katchachief."  
I replied, politely. "What do you want  
of me?"

"You remember a young man who  
shared your stateroom on the Umbria?"  
"Just a bit."

"He jumped overboard the night be-  
fore that vessel reached Queenstown,"  
he continued.

"That's so," I assented.

"What I require to know is: What  
became of a certain bracelet in his pos-  
session?"

"Then you won't find out from  
me," I replied, rather shily, for I  
did not feel like giving away poor  
Ladislus' love affairs to a 'trap,' and a  
Russian 'trap' at that.

"Look here," said he, furiously, 'if  
you do not tell me at once, I have an  
order for your arrest from the chief  
commissioner of the English police.'

"I beckoned to the policeman who  
was standing at the door with Jean-  
ette.

"Come here, constable, and see fair  
play," said I.

"The bracelet," said I 'was placed  
in my portmanteau by Mr. Nadokoff  
before he jumped overboard,' with a  
note, in which he asked me to deliver  
it to a lady who lives close by here.  
My wife has just gone out for that  
purpose.

"Heavens!" cried the Russian,  
'where does she live? That bracelet is  
a bomb, and was sent by a secret so-  
ciety in New York as a means to the  
assassination of the Countess Zalinska,  
who is the wife of the chief of police.  
Directly the clasp is snapped—  
"I didn't want to think. I just  
streaked to the door, pushing the po-  
liceman in front of me.  
"Run," I yelled.

"We tumbled down the hall steps,  
and lighted up Park lane to the admi-  
ration of the surrounding citizens.  
"It did not take us long to reach the  
countess's house.

"The policeman was first, the Rus-  
sian second, while I was a close third.  
"The door was opened, and we  
plunged in and tore up stairs.

"Where's the countess?" gasped the  
Russian.  
"A frightened servant jerked a fin-  
ger toward a door.

"We tumbled into the room.  
"In the countess's hands was the  
bracelet.

"She was in the act of clapping it on  
her wrist when the Russian pounced  
upon it, snatched it from her, and flung  
it out of the window.

"There was a fearful report, fol-  
lowed by a clatter of falling glass  
below.

"The countess had fainted.  
"Katchachief seemed to know all  
about it. He told me how Ladislus  
had belonged to a Nihilist club in New  
York, and how he had been commis-  
sioned to deliver the bracelet to the  
countess.

"He had opened his sealed letter of  
instructions the night before we  
reached Liverpool, and not till then  
had he become aware of the identity of  
his victim.

"I do not blame him for jumping  
overboard, but I have never quite  
been able to appreciate the honor he did  
me when he trusted me with the infernal  
gift."—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A thousand graves in the church  
cemetery, Luton, England, have been  
dug by a one-armed man named Al-  
len, who became grave digger in 1871  
after a mill accident.

A friend of Pasteur's in Paris says  
that the man who was to revolution-  
ize chemistry stood 14th in a list of  
22 boys in the high school of Dijon  
and was marked "weak" in chemistry.

The average height of a man taken  
through the civilized world generally  
may be assumed as something above  
5 feet 6 inches. The average of Ameri-  
can-born whites, according to army  
records, is 5 feet 7.67 inches. There  
are "pigmy" races in Africa and Asia,  
but there are "giants" also.

A prisoner in charge of a policeman  
jumped from an express train near  
Crewe, England, recently, and the po-  
liceman jumped after him. Neither  
was seriously hurt. The prisoner ran,  
with the policeman after him, and was  
caught by the heel as he tried to  
climb the railroad embankment.

In musketry training at Aldershot,  
England, experiments are being made  
with a new style of targets. By means  
of an electrical device heads are made  
to appear and disappear at regular  
intervals along the sky line of a range  
of hills, representing an enemy taking  
aim and firing. These constitute tar-  
gets upon which the rifle shots prac-  
tice.

A tale of geese and death is told by  
Nature Notes: "Mr. Francis Stanley  
of Peplow Hall, near Market Drayton,  
was a millionaire and a well-known  
philanthropist. He had some favorite  
American and Japanese geese, which  
he fed with his own hands, and which  
were kept on a pool near the Hall. He  
died the other day, and strange to re-  
late, during the last hours of his ill-  
ness, these birds, numbering over 100,  
flew around his bedroom window,  
beating their wings against the glass,  
uttering a weird, screaming noise. In  
almost the last moments of his  
squire's life the whole flock of birds  
disappeared, and not one of them has  
been seen since."

In Atlanta, a small town in Illinois,  
lives Frank Clawson, a fiddler, whose  
chief bid for fame lies in the fact that  
he is without hands. Several years  
ago he was caught in a blizzard and  
both hands were so badly frozen that  
they were amputated at the wrist. Be-  
ing somewhat of a mechanical genius,  
he evolved a contrivance out of heavy  
wire which enabled him to wield the  
bow. The matter of fingering was  
more difficult, but by hard practice  
he trained the stump of his left hand  
to make the necessary shifts from one  
string to another and from position  
to position. With the fiddle held in  
place by his chin and knees and with  
the help of his fingerless arms, Claw-  
son manages to play the old-time airs  
with nearly as much success as for-  
merly.

**Overeating: What Is It?**  
Overeating is an elastic term. Ac-  
cording to Good Housekeeping, "to  
fly into a rage or to give way to pro-  
strating grief is to turn the chief of  
secretions into a more or less active  
poison. Concentrated thought or  
strenuous muscular exertion immedi-  
ately before or after a meal will make  
the partaker of a light lunch guilty of  
overeating.

"In its effects, undereating is worse  
than overeating. . . . There are a  
few things of which it is very difficult  
to eat too much: dead-ripe blackber-  
ries, pears or peaches picked from the  
trees in a state of absolute ripeness,  
sweet apples that are mellow through  
and through, and grapes as sweet as  
honey."

**Statistics About Freight.**  
The average load of freight trains  
is 250 tons. The cost of handling  
freight averages three mills per ton  
per mile. There are about 4,000,000  
freight trains per year. Freight man-  
agers want to increase the freight load  
30 tons per train, and by so doing  
figure out an increased profit of \$46,  
000,000 per year.



## CHILDREN'S COLUMN

The Little Scholar's Choice.

"Though I were sleepy as a cat,"  
The little scholar said,  
"I would not care to take a nap  
In any river's bed.

"And, though I were so starved I scarce  
Had strength enough to stand,  
I'd beg through all the valley ere  
I sought a table land.

"But, oh! what jolly times I'd have!  
I'd play and never stop,  
If I could only take a string  
And spin a mountain top.

**What You See in a Penny.**  
An amusing game called "What You  
See in a Penny" is admirable for older  
children, any party of young people,  
or indeed any gathering where games  
are in order. The materials required  
are a card to which are attached a  
penny, and a pencil for each player,  
with a prize for the winner. On one  
side of each card should be written  
the name of the guests, on the other  
the following list, equivalents for  
which are to be found in the desiga  
on the penny. For the sake of con-  
venience these last are also given, but  
when the game is to be played this  
completed list must be kept by the  
hostess for reference; that shown in  
the left column only is given to the  
guests, as the fun lies in testing their  
ability to find the solutions:

A weapon—an arrow.  
What our forefathers fought for—  
Liberty.  
Name of a flower—Tulips (two lips).  
Name of an animal—Hare (hair).  
Name of fruit—Date.  
What we love—America.  
Name for an ocean—Sea (C).  
Place of worship—Temple.  
A messenger—one sent (one cent).  
A method of voting—Ayes and noes  
(eyes and nose).  
A beverage—Tea.  
Part of a vegetable—Ear.  
A gallant—Beau (bow).  
An art of protection—Shield.  
A punishment—Stripes.  
A term of marriage—United State.  
An ancient honor—Wreath.  
Part of a hill—Brow.  
An occupation—Milling.  
Writing from the absent—Letters.  
One of the first families—Indian.  
More can be added if the game-  
maker is clever enough to see more  
in the penny.

When the guests arrive each one re-  
ceives a card and when all is in readi-  
ness the hostess announces its pur-  
pose and gives a signal for the writing  
to begin. As a rule a half hour is  
sufficient to allow, but if the players  
are younger children, or more time is  
required, it can be extended at discre-  
tion. When the bell is sounded all  
the cards are collected, and the writer  
who is most nearly correct wins the  
prize.—Home Magazine.

**Delightful Scrapbooks.**  
One of the most absorbing amuse-  
ments possible to find for children is  
the making of scrapbooks. The rain-  
iest of days may be made enjoyable by  
a few large sheets of strong wrapping  
paper, cut in the size desired for the  
book and folded into two leaves, with  
a collection of old magazines and pa-  
pers full of pictures.

A novel kind of scrapbook recently  
made represents a doll house, each  
page being a room. Advertisements  
furnished the pictures, each article  
illustrated being carefully cut out  
in outline and pasted in an orderly  
manner on the page to which it be-  
longed.

The kitchen has a range, table,  
chairs, broom, cooking utensils, irons  
and ironing board. In the drawing  
room are sumptuous couches, chairs  
and cabinets, with a perfect love of  
a fireplace, and vases on the mantel.

Windows, doors and fireplaces for  
all the rooms were found in the ad-  
vertising pages of magazines, and  
add greatly to the charm of the sur-  
roundings.

This is a delightful play where there  
are several children in a family. One  
can undertake to furnish a library,  
and will look for library tables, book-  
shelves, reading lamps, open fire-  
places, "Sleepy Hollow chairs," and  
such appropriate pictures.

Another could take a bedroom and  
cut out pretty brass bedsteads, dainty  
washstands and dressing cases and  
cosey chairs. The dining room offers  
a promising field, as there are count-  
less illustrations of sideboards, din-  
ing tables, pretty dishes and so on.

Older children often derive a good  
deal of fun from making scrapbooks  
of cities. This is done by cutting out  
pictures of buildings and squares, put-  
ting all that illustrate one city to-  
gether. A boy of 12 has a really fine book  
of this sort, full of interesting pictures  
of St. Petersburg, Edinburgh, London,  
Berlin, Paris, Boston, St. Louis and  
other cities. His plan in most cases  
is to paste a picture of some famous  
public square in the middle of the  
large page, and group the buildings  
around it. In this way he has ac-  
quired a good deal of information  
about those cities.—New York Trib-  
une.

**The Tale of a Dog.**  
"Speaking of dogs," said the sister  
of a Mobile boat club man, the other  
day, "there was a queer thing hap-  
pened recently. Charlie, that's my  
brother, told it to me, so I can vouch  
for its truth.

"It appears that one of the young  
fellows belonging to the boat club has  
a pretty hot, tinkerlike temper, al-  
though he's a mighty clever and good-  
hearted boy. Well, a little hybrid  
pup that belongs to the man that  
tends to the club house, chewed up a  
five dollar hat belonging to 'Bobbie'

Blank—that's the fellow with the tin-  
derlike temper—and it made him  
mighty hot, I reckon. He swore he'd  
kill that pup, and he just chased him  
all over the pier.

"But the pup was too lively for him,  
and led him a regular dance. Finally  
'Bobbie' got him cornered out at the  
pier head and the pup, as a last resort,  
jumped overboard into the bay. Over  
went 'Bobbie' after him, and swam  
him, down, for the dog was no swim-  
mer. Well, girls, Charlie said 'Bob'  
just pounded the face of that pup and  
ducked him under the water so much  
that two or three women standing  
round said he was a perfect brute.

"And now comes the strange part.  
The next day 'Bobbie' went down to  
the clubhouse. There was an awful  
sea on. Charlie vows he never saw a  
worse one on old Mobile bay. The water  
was breaking right over the pier and  
sending the suds clean over the club-  
house roof. 'Bobbie' had to make a  
run to get down the pier as far as the  
clubhouse. The pup saw him running,  
and thinking, I reckon, that he was  
going to be smashed again, he  
sneaked down the pier and jumped off  
the end, right in among the broken  
rocks and jagged piles.

"It was sure death for the dog, with  
such a sea running. 'Bobbie' stood  
suddenly still and figured for a sec-  
ond. He's a mighty clever boatman,  
and a first rate swimmer, but Charlie  
says 'Bob' knew a man with a boat  
hadn't one chance in a thousand of  
getting out to that pup and getting  
in again safe.

"Now, girls, what do you suppose  
'Bobbie' Blank did? He turned round  
and went into the clubhouse, flung off  
his coat and shoes, got down a boat,  
and somehow got her over the lee  
side of the pier and tumbled into her.  
He got the pup all right; but it was a  
quer thing for him to do, now, wasn't  
it? To risk his life for a worthless  
cur that he'd been bent on drowning  
the day before."

**A Story for Our Boys.**  
The principal of a school in which  
boys were prepared for college one  
day received a message from a law-  
yer living in the same town, request-  
ing him to call at his office, as he  
wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer  
stated that he had in his gift a schol-  
arship entitling a boy to a four years'  
course in a certain college, and that  
he wished to bestow it where it would  
be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have  
concluded to let you decide which boy  
of your school most deserves it."  
"That is a hard question," replied  
the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my  
pupils—Charles Hart and Henry  
Strong—will complete the course of  
study in my school this year. Both  
desire a college education, and neither  
is able to obtain it without assistance.  
They are so nearly equal that I can-  
not tell which is the better scholar?"

"How is it as to department?" asked  
the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulous-  
ly observe all the rules of the school  
than the other," was the answer.  
"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the  
end of the year one boy has not gone  
ahead of the other, send them to me  
and I will decide."

As before, at the closing examina-  
tions the boys stood equal in attain-  
ments. They were directed to call at  
the lawyer's office, no information be-  
ing given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they  
seemed, and the lawyer was beginning  
to wonder greatly how he should make  
a decision between them. Just then  
the door opened and an elderly lady  
of peculiar appearance entered. She  
was well known as being of unsettled  
mind and possessed of the idea that  
she had been deprived of a large por-  
tion which was justly hers. As a con-  
sequence she was in the habit of visit-  
ing lawyers' offices carrying in her  
hands a package of papers which she  
wished examined. She was a familiar  
visitor to this office, where she was  
always received with respect.

This morning, seeing that the law-  
yer was already occupied with others,  
she seated herself to await his leisure.  
Unfortunately, the chair she selected  
was broken and had been set aside as  
useless.

The result was that she fell in a  
rather awkward manner, scattering her  
papers about the floor. The lawyer  
looked with a quick eye at the boys  
before moving himself, to see what  
they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused sur-  
vey of the fall, turned aside to hide  
a laugh.

Henry Strong sprang to the wom-  
an's side and lifted her to her feet.  
Then, carefully gathering up her pa-  
pers, he politely handed them to her.  
Her profuse and rambling thanks only  
served to increase Charles's amuse-  
ment.