

# A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

## CHAPTER III.

About a month after the marriage Capt. Armstrong was returning one night on horseback from Dartmouth to the home of his wife's family, where he was sojourning prior to setting off upon a long voyage. He had been to the principal inn to dine with some officers whose vessels had just touched there from Falmouth, and Humphrey, who had been present, had felt some doubt about letting him go home alone.

"You can get a good bed here, and ride home in the morning," he said. "You had better stay."

"Mind your own business, upstart," cried the captain; and ordering his horse, he mounted and set off with a lurch, first on one side, and then on the other, each threatening to send him out of the saddle.

"He'll be all right, Armstrong," said a jovial-looking officer, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said Humphrey, aloud. Then to himself, "I don't half like it. Though the doctor says I shouldn't care for anything to happen to him, even if it is to make me heir to his estate. I wish I had not let him go."

He returned to the room where the officers were. They had no longer joined before them than upstairs to their rooms, and there were plenty of servants to see them safely into bed.

"I've done wrong," said Humphrey, aloud. "He was not fit to go home alone. It's a long walk, but I shall not feel comfortable unless I see whether he has got home safely. Here goes."

He slipped out of the room, and taking a stout stick which was the companion of his hat, he started forth into the night air, and walked steadily away in the direction of his cousin's house.

About half an hour later the drowsy groom who was sitting up for the captain's return, rose with a sigh of satisfaction, for he heard the clattering of hoofs in the stable yard.

"At last!" he cried, and taking a lighted lantern, he hurried out, to stand in dismay staring at the empty saddle, and at the trembling animal, breathing hard and shaking its head.

"Why, she's all of a mack," muttered the man; and the captain a'nt on her. He be fallen off, I'd swear."

The man stood staring for a few minutes, while the horse pawed impatiently, as if asking to be admitted to its stable. Then he opened the door, and the weary beast went in, and the man stood staring with true horse stolidity.

It suddenly occurred to him something ought to be done about the captain, and he roused up the coachman to spread the alarm in the house.

"Nay, we'll only scare the poor ladies to death," said John of the establishment, gray hairs having brought him wisdom. "Let's see first, lad, if there be anything really bad."

The horses were quickly saddled, and the two men servants trotted along the Dartmouth road till about half way, where, in one of the gloomiest parts, their horses began to snort and exhibit signs of fear, and as they drew up a voice shouted:

"Help! Who's that? Help!"

"Why, it be Mr. Humphrey," said the old coachman; and dismounting, he gave his rein to his companion, and ran forward. "What be wrong, sir?"

"The captain. Much hurt," was the reply.

"I thought so, sir. His horse come home without him. He's been thrown—or pulled off," he added to himself.

"It's something worse, I'm afraid. Here, help me, and let's get him home."

The old coachman lent his aid, and with some difficulty the captain was raised across one of the horses, the lieutenant mounting to hold him on and support him, while the two servants followed slowly behind.

"Pulled off?" whispered the groom.

"Mebber?" said the old coachman; and then to himself, "But do you think I say to them as asked how I found 'em?"

The old man walked slowly on for half an hour before he answered his mental question, and his answer was:

"They'd make me tell 'em the truth, and it might bring Mr. Humphrey to the gallows; and if it did, it would be all through me."

After leaving his companions at the inn the Captain Armstrong had descended along the narrow pass where the road had been cut down in the hillside, leaving a high, well-wooded bank on either hand, and here it was far more dark than out in the open, and the mare, after walking steadily on for some distance with her well-shod hoofs clinking upon the loose stones, suddenly shied, stopped short, and snorted.

"What's the matter with you, stupid? Can't you stand straight?" cried the captain, striking the beast angrily with his heels. "Go on."

The horse, however, backed and swerved from side to side, making as if to turn sharply and gallop back to Dartmouth; but just at that moment there was a rustling sound heard overhead, where the rough bushes fringed the bank, and a man leaping down into the lane between the captain and the town.

This had the effect of startling the horse more and more, but instead of making now for the way by which they had come, it willingly obeyed the touch of the rider's spur, and continued its journey for half a dozen yards. Then it stopped short once again, for a dark figure leaped down into the lane just in front, and the captain found himself hemmed in.

"Stand back, you soundless!" roared the captain. "I'll blow your brains out!"

A mocking laugh was the response, and as he dragged at the halter a smart blow from a cudgel fell upon his hand, making him utter a yell of pain. The next moment one of the men had leaped up behind him and clasped his arms to his side, and in the struggle which ensued both came down off the horse, which uttered a loud snort of fear and dashed off at a gallop down the hill for home, while the man who had been in the position and stung by the blows he had received from his assailant, the captain wrestled himself free and dragged his sword from its sheath.

He had hardly raised it in the air when a tremendous blow fell upon the blade close to the hilt, the sword snapped in two, and the captain was defenseless.

"I give in," he cried, backing away to the side of the lane and facing the dimly seen figure in the darkness; "what do you want?"

"One of the men burst into a hoarse laugh.

"I've hardly any money," cried the captain; "a guinea or two. If I give you that will you go on?"

"How much money, you cowardly hound?" cried the second man.

"Care dare you, dog?" cried the captain. "Do you know who I am?"

and a peculiarly rigid look in her face, staring wildly back.

"Smuggling and wrecking weren't enough for you, eh?"

"What do you want here?" said Abel, giving his sister a final scowl and then facing the head constable.

"You, my lad—you," said that individual, with a grin.

"What for?"

"Attempted murder and robbery on the king's highway, my lad."

"It's a lie! Who says so?" cried Abel, setting his teeth and fixing his sister again with his dark eyes as she gave him an imploring look.

"Never mind who says so, my lad. Information's laid all regular against you and Master Bart Wrigley. You're both captured neatly. Here, how long are you going to be bringing forward the other?" cried the constable.

"Can't get him out," shouted a voice. "He's stuck in the little window."

"I'll soon see to that," said the constable, backing Abel into the little bedroom which was darkened by Bart's body filling up the window. "Here, lay hold of his legs and give a good jerk."

"There was a shiver, and Bart's body was snatched out of the imprisoning frame so suddenly that five men went down on the floor together, while the first to rise was Bart, who kicked himself free, made for the door in spite of a pistol leveled by the head constable, and passed through.

"Come on, Abel!" he shouted as he went.

Abel made a dash to follow, but he only struck his face against the muzzle of a pistol, and the head constable held on. There was a rush after Bart, but it was needless, for the great, solid fellow had seen the state of affairs, and came back. "All right, Abel, lad," he growled; "I won't leave you in the lurch. What's it mean—lock-up?"

"My lad; charge of attempted murder and robbery," said the head constable.

Abel was gazing fiercely at his sister, who met his angry eyes with an imploring look.

"I did my own sister, too, Bart," he said, bitterly. "We fought for her, lad, and she gave information to the police."

"No, no, no, Abel!" cried Mary, running to him to fling her arms about his neck; but he gave her a rough thrust, and she slowly climbed back, and her countenance changed on the instant, for her eyes flashed vindictively, and she stood before him with folded arms.

"Prisoner confessed in the presence of all that he committed the act," said the constable; and his words were received with a mutter of assent, in chorus.

Mary stood with her arms folded across her breast and her brow wrinkled while the party moved out of the cottage; but the next instant she uttered a shriek of agony, and ran outside and gazed wildly with eyes dilated and breast heaving, and her hands now clasped as she watched the chase.

For as the little party stood outside, Bart still with his hand upon the companion's shoulder, Abel said quickly:

"The boat, run!"

Bart was, as a rule, rather slow of comprehension; but at that moment the same idea was filling his mind. That is to say, it was already clear to him that there were as many sparks struck from stone to fire that charge. Consequently, as the young fellow struck the constable to the left, Bart did the same to the right, and they dashed off as one man toward where, just round the western point of rock which helped to form the little bay, they knew that their boat was lying, swinging with the tide to a grappled lying on the sands.

"They'll escape—they'll escape!" cried Mary, with her hands clasped in prayer.

"They'll get to the boat; the sails in, and there's a good breeze. Oh, if I were only with them!"

A sudden thought struck her, and she caught up a sun-bonnet from where it lay on the ground, and she ran like a deer.

"I'll go," she thought. "They'll sail west, I could reach Mallock's Cove across the fields, and signal to them. They'd come in and would pick me up, and we could escape together far, far from here."

All this with the sound of a flapping, her handsome eyes sparkling, and her breast rising and falling in the height of her emotion.

Then a change came over her. Her eyes looked heavy; her forehead wrinkled as if with pain.

"Escape! Where?" she said, half aloud. "I'd gladly go—away from all this torture; but they think I betrayed them, and would not come in."

The elasticity was gone out of her step, and she settled down to a steady trot, which pace they increased as Bart and Abel reached the rocks, and instead of going right round, began to climb over some fifty yards from where the water washed the point.

"We're too many for him this time, Bart, my lad," cried Abel. "You weren't hit, were you?"

"Hit? No. Shot never went within a mile of me."

"Then why are you dowsing your job like that?"

"I were a-thinking about she, mate," said Bart, in a low growl.

"Curse her for a woman all over!" said Abel. "They take to a man, and the more he'll use 'em they fight for him the more."

"Ay, lad; but to think of her putting them on to us! It don't seem like she."

(To be continued.)

## OUR AMERICAN QUEEN.

She seeks her garden in the moon, And plans and devises with care; A gingham bonnet crowns her head And hides her golden hair. She's not afraid to soil her hands; She's busy as a bee; The spade she handles with much skill; The queen of spades is she.

And later, on the links she found, With skirt to match her hose; Just note the color of her cheeks, And watch her graceful pose. She craves hands her out her club; And then she makes the bet; She drives, and you conclude at once The queen of clubs is she.

The afternoon will find her out To see a game of ball; She knows the fine plays when they're made And does applaud them all. She's pleased, of course, when her boys win, And claps her hands with glee; You cannot lose her on the field—A diamond queen is she.

At night you see her at the dance, Bewildering and sweet; A score of men about her would Do homage at her feet; She smiles, and all the world smiles, too, So it appears to me, With one accord we do proclaim The queen of hearts is she.

—Yonkers Statesman.

## JACK.

IN the spring of 1876, George Chipman and myself went to Southwestern Kansas for the purpose of starting a sheep ranch. I had been compelled by ill health to leave college in my sophomore year. George, too, was driven from an Eastern city by fear of consumption.

So we put our little capital together and resolved to seek a climate where consumption was unknown and engage in the sheep occupation which might bring to us both health and wealth.

Before many weeks had passed we had purchased from a Kansan his entire outfit—team, wagon, house, corral and a thousand head of beautiful merino sheep, together with his right to certain springs and a free range.

Our dwelling, to Eastern eyes, was a very small affair. It was of the kind known as a portable house, and consisted of but one room. The sides and ends were made separate, of light grooved lumber, and were fastened by bolts which ran through the corner posts.

The roof of the same material, made in two sections, fitted snugly over the structure. When put together it was strong and convenient. The few houses about us, built of wood, but never painted, presented an even more dilapidated appearance than those made of sod or stone.

We determined that our house should be an exception. George bought a can of paint and a brush, and painted the entire structure, including the roof, a bright red. From this distinguishing characteristic our place received the name of the Red Sheep Ranch.

When we were compelled to move the sheep to a fresh range or pasture we took the house apart, loaded it upon the wagon and transported it to the new range. Selecting a suitable spot—near a spring or running brook—we again erected our portable home.

With the approach of cold weather we always moved to the south range. Here, in a ravine, sheltered from the north winds, we had previously stacked the hay which was to carry the sheep through the fierce and chilling storms of winter.

In the perpendicular side of a bank facing the south we excavated a space large enough to contain the house. We set it up with the door and window fronting the ravine. When we had carefully filled in the earth and banked up about it, our burrow was ready for its occupants.

A dugout stable near by furnished shelter for our horses, while a few steps in front of us, where it could be plainly seen from the house, stood the corral, surrounded by the sheltering stacks of hay.

Corral is the Spanish name for an inclosure where cattle, sheep or horses are kept. It is not a pasture nor a feed lot, but simply a large pen made of wire, boards or stone.

In the daytime the herds are permitted to feed over the boundless prairies, but at night they are driven into the corral for protection and safety.

Not the least of the treasures which were transferred to us with the ranch was Jack. Upon a sheep ranch one of the most valuable assistants is the shepherd dog. His services are indispensable; for, unlike hired help, the more disagreeable the work, the more sure he can be trusted.

No matter how dark or stormy the winter, or how cold and piercing the winter storm, the well-trained dog is ever ready to go at the bidding of his master.

In a locality where good dogs are carefully reared for this work, Jack, to them all in intelligence and faithfulness.

In appearance he was anything but prepossessing. Long of limb, slender of body, his bony frame covered with a brindle yellow hide, through which every rib could be distinctly counted, while behind him streamed a tattered, yellow, bushy tail which reminded one of a regimental battle flag returning from the wars—such was the condition to which hard work and poor fare had brought him.

Added to this that he always hopped upon three legs, owing to a past encounter with a ferocious bulldog, and he seemed a veteran indeed.

But all his blemishes were forgotten when he turned his great brown eyes upon you. It gave you the impression that there was an almost human mind behind them.

In a very short time Jack won our confidence and affection. At night he was the faithful guardian of the ranch. No wolf could come near but Jack's peculiar howl announced the fact.

Then one of us would take out the lighted lantern and suspend it from a pole near the corral gate. This always proved an effectual safeguard.

By day the dog was the constant companion of the one who watched the sheep.

Watching the sheep on those great treeless plains, unbroken except by an occasional deep ravine or rocky canyon, gave an excellent opportunity for reading or study.

We would range the sheep from the corral in whatever direction our pleasure might dictate, and then, seating ourselves upon a stony knoll or in the shelter of a friendly bank, where we could look across the prairie for miles, we would watch the sheep as they cropped the short, crisp buffalo grass.

At such times Jack would lie near us and indulge in brief "cat naps," lifting his head occasionally and scanning the scene intently, as if to say: "You see, I never forget my flock."

When, in his judgment, the sheep had fed to the limit of their range, he would get up and trot briskly toward them. So well trained had the sheep become that when they saw him approach the entire band would turn and begin to feed toward us. Then he would trot back, and with a satisfied yawn, stretch himself out for another nap. Jack was especially fond of the young lambs. He was very careful and gentle with them.

Sometimes the lambs would become so tired from following the large sheep that they would lie down quite exhausted. Then Jack would go to them, and, thrusting his long nose underneath their little woolly bodies, gently lift them to their feet and push them forward in a most encouraging and comical manner.

If a lamb were unable to walk when thus assisted, Jack would gravely stand over it; nor would he leave the little creature until the herder had taken it into his arms.

One of his favorite diversions was a frolic with the lambs. Placing himself in front of a number of them, he stretched full length on the ground, with his nose between his paws, looking as wise as a fox. The lambs, seeming to accept the challenge, ran toward him in single file, each one leaping high in the air and bounding gracefully over him. Lying perfectly motionless, with his eyes half closed, until perhaps a score had gone over, he suddenly rose

to his feet and sent them all scampering away, apparently much frightened; but probably the very next day the game would be repeated.

It was a constant wonder to us how the lambs could be on such intimate terms with the dog, and how they knew his meaning when he invited them to play.

Although he was very gentle with the sheep, when they obeyed him, we to the unfortunate sheep that disputed his authority.

When necessary to use force, he showed them with his nose or head. I never saw him bite the sheep but once.

One evening when Jack was driving the flock into the corral two of the sheep, unobserved by him, waited behind the others. Just as he was driving the last of the flock these two suddenly became conscious that they were likely to be left out, and started pell-mell for the gate.

Jack, busily engaged with the others, did not notice them, nor did they, in their sudden fright, observe him until the foremost ran against him.

Over and over rolled the dog and the sheep. To add to their confusion, the last sheep tumbled over them both.

This was too much for Jack. His dignity had been insulted. He pounced upon the now terrified sheep and gave each a savage shake that sent them scurrying into the corral, while the dog, as if ashamed of his display of temper, with drooping tail and hanging head, slunk into the house.

Our time was passing pleasantly, when an event occurred which broke in rudely upon our quiet life and threatened to wreck our fortunes.

For some time it had been rumored that an outbreak of the Indians on the reservation was likely to occur, and we had been warned by many to seek safety in the neighboring town.

For several days the wagons of the settlers passed our ranch, bearing their families to a place of safety.

We hesitated to follow their example. It seemed probable that the Indians would not break out, they were so closely watched by the soldiers.

If we went to town we did not know what to do with our sheep. We could not take them with us, for the stock of the settlers had already eaten the grass off for several miles about the village.

We took the precaution, however, to move our trunks, containing our small valuables, to a place of safety. The bells were taken from the sheep that wore them, that their tinkling might not attract attention.

In the bottom of a rocky canyon, whose precipitous sides defied all entrance but from the mouth, and whose devious windings made it a capital place for refuge, we set up our unused wire corral. Our ponies, too, we kept constantly saddled.

Just as we were driving out the sheep one morning a horseman from one of the upper ranches dashed up to our door and shouted:

"Run for your lives! The Cheyennes are coming! Five hundred of them—killing and burning!"

Then he dashed on.

With blanched faces we looked at each other. What were we to do? To stay meant death; to go meant the loss of our all.

"George," I exclaimed, "we must go, and trust the sheep with Jack."

While George hastily bridled the horses I called Jack to me, and, putting his arms about his neck, cried:

"Jack, old fellow, stay and guard the sheep."

He looked at me with his intelligent, half-human eyes as though comprehending the situation.

Then, releasing him, I waved my hand toward the canyon, shouting:

"Take them there!"

We sprang into the saddle and bounded away. As we reached the top of the hill I looked back. Jack was slowly driving the sheep toward the mouth of the canyon.

A final wave of my hand seemed to encourage him. Looking up the valley as we dashed along we saw the smoke of burning houses. The slight told too plainly that the Indians were at their devilish work. On we rode, with little fear of our own safety. We knew that the savages were behind us, but we were mounted on fleet horses. Our thoughts were of the property left behind, for which we had worked so hard. We were certain it would not escape the savages.

"George," I gasped, as we sped on, "it is tough to have our property destroyed by these demons."

"Yes," he replied, "two years of hard work thrown away. Nothing to show for it but these two horses."

"Not even Jack," I sighed.

"Our wool clip, too, is gone," he said. "How foolish of us not to have sheared last month!"

Then we relapsed into a moody silence. As we neared the village we could see wagons and horsemen hurrying from all directions to the common place of safety.

As we entered the town preparations for defense were to be seen on every hand. The streets were barricaded with lumber from an adjoining yard. All the women and children had been placed in the large hotel. Armed men in one tower above, men with field glasses anxiously scanned the horizon. The villagers had arranged all details in case of an attack. But this we did not greatly fear, for the old frontiersmen assured us the Indians would not stop to attack a body of men so well fortified.

After two days of suspense a ranger rode in with the information that the soldiers from Camp Supply had passed in hot pursuit of the savages, and that we could now go home with safety. A few of the more daring ventured out, but most preferred to remain another day before returning to their homes. When, on the next day, the report was confirmed, we hastened to our ranch. From the crest of the long hill overlooking the valley our eager eyes sought the little red house. Only a heap of black ashes marked where it once stood. The corral and sheds were also consumed. Not even the roof of the stable remained. It was too true; the savages had destroyed everything. As we came near we found the body of our cow half eaten by wolves.

We looked at each other. All our hopes were blasted. The castles we had reared had been rudely demolished.

Suddenly we were aroused from our gloomy thoughts by a half bark, half yelp, which we immediately recognized. Turning quickly, we saw faithful Jack, like a great, gaunt shadow, come bounding toward us.

When finally he reached us he was almost crazed with joy. His body, tail and legs made every conceivable motion. He did not confine these demonstrations of affection to us alone, but ran round and round the horses, now springing at their noses or saddles, then rushing towards us, performing in his ecstasy of delight all the tricks we had taught him.

Suddenly his manner changed. He stared for the canyon, then stopped and barked as if to say, "Come on."

We followed him eagerly, for until then it did not seem possible that the sheep could have escaped destruction. Even had the Indians not found them, they must have been destroyed or scattered by wolves.

Jack ran ahead, after looking back to see if we followed. Riding up the canyon, we could see nothing of any sheep until, turning a sharp angle, we suddenly came upon our herd huddled together in fright.

Our delight may be imagined. It seemed hardly probable that the sheep could have been held together for four days by a dog, but there they were, bleating clamorously as we approached.

"Well, Irving," cried George, "with three thousand dollars' worth of sheep we can begin again with better heart."

"Yes, I replied, "and there is the wool clip save."

"We owe it all to Jack!" he exclaimed.

And leaping from his horse, he embraced the dog as though the faithful animal had been a human being.

After we had given expression to our gratitude by caressing Jack immoderately, we proceeded to the corral. The gate stood wide open. The faithful dog must have driven the flock in each night and lain in the passage way.

With lighter hearts we returned to the work of rebuilding.

Our wool clip netted us over a thousand dollars, which more than repaid all the damages done by the Indians.

Several years have passed since then. During that time we have had some success with our sheep, but we feel that our new start was due entirely to the faithfulness of Jack.

He now occupies the place of honor and repose in our house, while the more arduous duties are performed by a younger and stronger dog. But in that portion of our hearts set apart for his kind, first-place will always be occupied by Jack—Golden Days.

A Reprieve.

Tom—"Well, I got a little reprieve from marrying that girl at once."

Fred—"You did?"

Tom—"Yes, I told her I couldn't think of getting married until beef went down."

When a woman doses her invalid husband with herb tea and he doesn't get well she considers him either contrary or ungrateful.

## CATCH PHRASES.

Their Utility in Advancing the Interests of Business.

There are many instances of where a suitable catch line, well drilled into people, has been of great value in building business. The best catch line is one that fits your business best, and the discovery of such a line is apt to be due more to inspiration than to effort. Pick the distinctive feature of your stock or business methods and endeavor to express it in a breath.

If you can coin a phrase that expresses your central business idea or emphasizes some feature that marks your store alone, you can make good use of it. It puts into condensed form an idea that will get hold of people and influence them if persistently presented to them. One fact about your business well lodged in the heads of people is as good as a score that do not penetrate.

You can make people believe about what you like if you go about it properly. If a man comes to you for a pair of shoes, you will be a partner and tells you there will be a pair of shoes of six months, but you will pay no attention to him. If another comes to you with the same story he will get no attention, but you will fully wonder what is getting into folks. The third man you will argue the matter with. The fourth will get more of a hearing, and you will begin to see signs of disaster yourself. By the time the tenth man has made the statement you will be ready to tell folks the same story yourself.

Possibly you yourself could not be influenced in such a manner, but the common run of people are built that way, and will believe what they are told often enough, that is why an expressive catch phrase does good. It comes to stand for your own methods, and of necessity is remembered when goods in your line are wanted.

As ordinarily used, such a phrase is of little value, because it is not properly hammered into people. Such a line should go on letter heads, bill heads, stationery, envelopes, should go on every ad or circular, should appear on the store, should appear on labels. Put it on a sticker to attach to goods and packages. Let people see it everywhere. If it means what it says people are going to respond to it.

—American Druggist.

## MOCKING BIRDS IN DANGER.

Beautiful Songsters Threatened with Extinction by Bird Fanatics.

The influence of the New Orleans bird fanatics has prevented the Louisiana Legislature from passing a law for the protection of birds. One result of this is to increase the danger of the extermination of the mocking bird in Louisiana, Audubon's State.

The mocking birds were once the most abundant of all birds in Louisiana. The Legislature even proposed to substitute them as the State bird of the pelican. But in the past thirty years the bird has been slaughtered although the aim and purpose of the people were to get rid of it.

The slaughter began in 1835, when the negroes first owned shotguns. The mocking birds, because of years of safety, were the tamest of birds, and therefore the most easily killed. Thousands were slaughtered to make potpies for the negroes of the quarters. The negro hunters have been followed by the bird fanatics, who will probably succeed in extinguishing all song birds or birds of bright plumage in the State. They want live mocking birds to sell. It is said that 20,000 mocking birds and other song birds are shipped from New Orleans each year, most of them going to Europe, and to Germany in particular.

The loss in birds is much heavier than this. It is probable that four or five are caught for every one exported. The mocking birds do not take to captivity, and prove very delicate cage birds, although strong and vigorous when at large. Like the Central American quetzal, the old birds pine in captivity and soon die.

The mortality is heavy among the young birds. It is still a popular belief in Louisiana that the parents of young birds, preferring to see their offspring dead rather than in captivity, poison them when they find them caged, and it is a fact that the older birds do gather around the cage of the young captive and offer it food.

So rare has the mocking bird become through these persecutions that one can travel year after year through the woods and never hear it sing save in captivity.

## Too Much Attention.

A little sermon which will be appreciated by nurses and doctors was innocently preached by a small girl who little knew the bearing of her tale. Her aunt had been ill for a long time, and some one asked Dorothy how the invalid was progressing. The Washington Post thus reports the answer:

"She's sick," answered Dorothy. "She has the worst headaches, and she has to stay in a dark room. But she's got lots of friends, and they try to make her feel better. They come to see her every day, to see if there is anything they can do. They send her jelly and things to make her want to eat; but she doesn't eat a bit. Then they're always coming to cheer her up. It doesn't seem to do much good, but she sheds, with an effort to speak the speech of her elders, 'she bears indications nobly!'"

The Wisdom of Jane.

"I don't think that hammock of ours is exactly safe, Maria. One of the staples seems badly rusted out."

"Don't try to strengthen it, Adam. Jane will be dreadfully mad if you do."

"Mad if I save her from a fall?"

"You are very stupid, Adam. Haven't you noticed that daughter's latest beau is large and heavy. Now, you see, don't you?"

"See nothing."

"Why, he is pretty sure to pull down the hammock, and Jane is sure to be in it when he falls."

"And what then?"

Tom—"You did?"

Tom—"Yes, I told her I couldn't think of getting married until beef went down."

When a woman doses her invalid husband with herb tea and he doesn't get well she considers him either contrary or ungrateful.

## Valuable Opera Glasses.

One of the most costly pairs of opera glasses in the world is owned by Queen Alexandra, for whom they were especially made in Vienna. The barrels are of platinum and set with diamonds, sapphires and rubies. Various estimates have been made as to its probable worth. An expert in such matters fixes the value of the lorgnette at \$25,000.

## Neutralizing the Nicotine.

It is announced that "eminent French physicians have discovered a way to entirely neutralize the nicotine in tobacco." Dr. Grutter certifies that he has smoked "thirty large black cigars in twelve hours without any bad effect, whereas in their unsterilized state three make him ill."

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