The Biter Bitten: Abe Cronkite, Detective, Studies Photographs and Sammy Smiles, Blackmailer, Gets a Partner

I.

The spirit of enterprise caused the proprietor of the *Monnooth Clarion* to print in a certain issue of that estimable paper the pictures of sundry individuals whom his official photographer had snapshotted, all unawares, on the streets of the town on a given day. The pictures of the men were displayed on one page, those of the women on another; and prizes were offered for the identification of these fortunate ones so ennobled through the beneficent light of publicity.

A like spirit induced the resident agent of the Spight Car Wheel Manufacturing Company to send a copy of this issue, which happened also to contain an item relative to the discovery of rich iron ore in the vicinity of Monnooth, to the president of that corporation, Mr. Thetus H. Spight, at his office in the city.

Mr. Spight glanced over the marked article with languid interest—his attention had been called before to rich iron ore discoveries—and then, perfunctorily, almost unconsciously, he turned to the page where the pictures of the women were printed. It is at such moments as this that fate does its most deadly work. In an instant Mr. Spight's dormant wits were alert and alarmed; for there, gazing back at him, was the unmistakable likeness of his young wife, standing on a street corner, waiting, watching, for what, for whom?

While a good hearted man of high character and correct life, Mr. Spight, like many another remarried widower whose fancies had heavily turned to thoughts of love in the fall of life, was uncertain, suspicious and jealous. He lost no time, therefore, in bearing the awful disclosure, with its more awful deductions, to the confidential closet of his old time adviser and friend, Judge Josiah Marcellus.

"Duty to Julia, my poor motherless child, demands that I be adamant," he moaned.

The Judge's idea of comfort was derived from the Book of Job.

"What did I tell you?" he asked. "A man of your years, with a grown-up daughter, marrying an unknown widow from nowhere——"

"Alicia is a noble woman," protested Spight.

"Then why do you come to me?"

"Because," returned the wretched husband, his misgivings revived, "because she was supposed to be South with friends, hundreds of miles from Monnooth. I have a letter from her, written on the hotel paper, dated the very day this infernal picture was taken, telling me about the balmy weather, the orange blossoms, the fresh vegetables—oh, damn——"

"She has deceived you," said the Judge, severely.

"Of course she has, of course she is, of course she will," continued Spight, incoherent in his misery. "This thing must be stopped. Think of my position, my honored name. Think of Julia with her romantic ideas. I will confront Alicia with this proof of her baseness——"

"I fear," the Judge interposed cautiously, "that any premature step like that might defeat your purpose of ascertaining the truth. Deception, you know, is more apt to be a fixed habit than an isolated incident. Perhaps it would be well to talk it over with my confidential man."

And so Mr. Abe Cronkite was summoned and apprised of the situation.

Cronkite examined the paper carefully. As his keen eyes lingered on a particular picture, on the page devoted to men, a transient gleam of satisfaction illumined his somewhat stolid face. He turned again to the accusatory likeness of Mrs. Spight, studying it through a pocket glass of high power.

"I think you are rather hasty in your conclusions," he said. "The one thing you know, the only thing you now have a right to draw an inference from, is that the lady was secretly at Monnooth while representing herself to be far away from there. Her motive, then, was sufficiently strong to cause her to descend to deception; but it may have been a good one——"

"A good one!" repeated lawyer and client, alike incredulously.

"A good one," Cronkite reiterated firmly. "The worst criminal is entitled to the benefit of a doubt, and you can see yourself that whatever her errand may be it is a most unpleasant one."

"She looks exultant to me," protested the Judge.

"And smiling to me," added Spight.

"The same lines of the face, in different degrees, may express either joy or woe. This picture at best is a faint, indefinite impression. Examine it through my glass and then tell me what you think."

"My poor wife!" cried Spight. "How troubled she looks!"

"She does seem careworn," conceded the Judge reluctantly.

"And well she may, sir," continued the detective, "when you consider who is cutting across the street to meet her. Just compare these two pictures, side by side, for a moment please, this one of Mrs. Spight and then the one of this spruce and smiling young rascal on the men's page. Don't you see, from the position of the buildings, that he stands on the opposite corner from her, and is about to join——"

"The same identical buildings for a fact!" exclaimed the Judge.

"Tell me, who is he?" demanded Spight.

"I recognized him at once," returned Cronkite. "There is no false line in his face to be straightened out, they're all false naturally. That's Sammy Smiles, sir, expert letter writer, professional blackmailer, the smoothest, slickest scoundrel in the business of turning sorrow or shame into money."

"Then I assume, Abe," said the Judge, magisterially, "your theory is that this villain has some hold on Mrs. Spight——"

"Or on some one dear to her, like Mr. Spight here, for instance——"

"On me? God bless my soul, I haven't done anything!" cried the surprised Spight.

"Or some member of his family," the detective persisted.

"Cronkite, be careful," warned the Judge.

"Blackmail is no respecter of persons, sir, and this lady appears to me more capable of sacrifice than of selfishness. But just give me a few days to find out——"

"How are you going to do it?" cried the two, again simultaneously.

"Easy come, easy go," the detective replied. "You can no more fill a blackmailer's hand than you could a bottomless hole. Tell me, Mr. Spight, when will your wife be flush of money?"

"Her quarterly allowance is payable tomorrow."

"Then be sure to give it to her bright and early; and after she thinks she settles, poor soul, with Smiles, I'll make certain that he settles with me."

II.

Shortly after noon on the following day Alicia Spight slipped out of her husband's palatial home and hurried through side streets to the great east end of the town. She was plainly dressed and so intent on avoiding the notice of passersby that she failed to perceive that a man who had been lounging on the opposite corner was following her with a persistent negligence akin to high art.

A rollicking looking rover he was, with a billycock hat and dreadnaught coat, and a heavy stick under his left arm. A close, thick beard concealed his features, but there was a devil may care gleam in his eyes and an assurance in his swagger that bespoke a hardihood approaching desperation. Evidently a tough customer to reckon with; one bound to have his way through sheer force of resolution.

Mrs. Spight hesitated a moment in front of a tumbledown public house, and then passed through the family entrance into the third curtained booth on the right of the hallway. A moment later the door at the end of the corridor leading from the bar opened, and a spruce and slick young man, overdressed, his puffy, white face all agrin, made his confident way to the third booth, first carefully ascertaining that the other booths were empty.

Scarcely had he drawn the curtains closely after him than the rollicking stranger tiptoed out from the bar, and, secreting himself within the second booth to the right, curled up on the table against a convenient knothole in the frail partition.

Mrs. Spight rose with a fair assumption of dignity as Sammy Smiles entered.

"Sit down for a moment and hear what I have fully made up my mind to do," she began. "You have deceived me repeatedly, cruelly; taken my money under solemn promise, and then, instead of restoring those wretched letters, have demanded more and more and more. I have run grave risks of compromising myself and disgracing my husband through striving to do my full duty by poor Julia; but an end has come. I'll not endure this persistent, tigerish rapacity of yours any longer."

Sammy Smiles spread his hands deprecatingly, and his smile was sad and his voice low as he spoke.

"God knows I have been a true friend to you, lady," he replied. "I told you from the first that I wasn't acting for myself, that I was only an agent for Big Jim Bowers, who stole the letters from under Romaine's pillow just as he died.

"Jim's a devil when he's crossed, for a fact; and I do honestly believe that the best for all concerned is to ease him along. He promised me, you know, to give up the letters before he went to Europe; and he's going, all right, there's no doubt of that.

"But he's been drinking hard, and had a bad run at cards; so what can you expect? Send him along just once again, that's what I advise; and, so help me, before the week is out, you will be able to turn the letters into harmless smoke and ashes, and be forever after happy, as the story books say.

"But, on the other hand," continued Sammy, his back straightening, his smile hardening, "what else is there to do? I've read every one of those letters, and I tell you frankly they're the limit.

"Of course you and I know that Miss Julia was just a silly, innocent young thing, fascinated by Romaine's soft words and handsome eyes; but I'm sure the mildest one of the lot would knock her father out completely; and if society could only get a glimpse at them, or a yellow journal print extracts, well——"

"Hush," interposed Mrs. Spight. "How much does your friend want?"

Sammy Smiles grinned expansively as he dismissed the lady a few moments later, and watched her drooping form proceed falteringly down the side street. He rang the bell and ordered a bottle of wine, pacing exultantly up and down the floor as he waited. Then, when he was served, and by himself again, his transports exceeded all bounds.

"I'm the stuff," he cried, lifting high his glass. "Little Sammy, you're a good one, the best ever. Carefully nursed along, as only you know how, you've got an annuity for life, my boy; a very handsome annuity for one."

"For two, young fellow; I'm in on that, and don't you forget it," cried a confident voice. "A handsome annuity for yourself and yours truly, or, rather, for you must make way for your betters, you know, a handsome annuity for yours truly and yourself. There's nothing of the pig about me; you can always have the heel taps."

And the rollicking stranger, having snatched the glass and gulped it down, only to refill and empty it again, confronted Sammy Smiles with audacious and masterful mien.

Sammy turned gray, and his smile was pitiful.

"Who are you?" he stammered. "Not a gun; not a detective?"

"Do I look it?" retorted the other, scornfully. "I'm a gentleman of fortune, and my name is Nooks. I know a good thing when I see it, and I always work it for all it's worth.

"Say, you don't know a little bit, you don't. You need a guardian, you do, and here I am. I've heard the whole story from the next room; and to think of your making such a petty larceny graft out of a full hand against a millionaire's four flush! Why, it makes me despair of the present generation.

"But we'll fix that all right, never fear. Come along, my Bucky; Nooks is in the saddle, and there's something doing."

"Where—where are we going?" begged the shrinking Sammy.

"Going? To your room, of course, to look over the letters and plan to do up the old fellow in one round. And look here, my laddie; no larries go with me. If you make a false move I'll wring your neck like a sick chicken. If you try to bolt I'll blow out your brains. Do you think the authorities wouldn't thank me when I told your story? Talk about your Big Jim Bowers, who doesn't exist, of course! I'm a devil in fact, not fancy; mark that."

And having gulped down the wine and sent the bottle a-smash on the hearth Nook gave a peremptory gesture to his companion, who, the very ghost of his smiling self, followed submissively out of the room.

III.

It was night when the two arrived at the third story back which served Mr. Smiles as that unlost paradise, a home; Sammy manifestly fallen off in weight, but the engaging Nooks bigger, louder, more overpoweringly jovial than ever.

"Ah, ha," he roared, "rather high up, but cosy for all that. With me in the bed and you on that lounge we can be snug, devilish snug. But you'd be caught like a rat in a hole in case of fire, young fellow."

"I've often thought of that," replied Sammy, with an apprehensive glance around.

"And planned just how you'd scoop up your valuables, hey, and cut? A good general, you know, always provides for a retreat. Well, we'll let that go for the present. Business first and then pleasure. It's time to take an inventory and divvy."

"Divvy?"

"Divvy is what I said. We must start fair, mustn't we? You don't suppose I'm going to work a cool hundred thousand out of old Spight, as I have just been explaining to you, without first having had my share of the poor, miserable hand-me-out graft you've already collected. Drop that, damn you——"

And with a dextrous wave of his big stick Nooks rapped Smiles smartly on the wrist and with his other hand secured a roll of bills from his furtive grasp.

"This is what you copped this afternoon, is it?" he continued, unheeding the other's moans and twists. "Five hundred bones, hey? Nothing but chicken feed! Well, I'll take it on account. Now what else have you got?"

"So help me——"

"I know you're lying when you say 'So help me,' so it won't be healthy for you to begin that way again," growled Nooks. "Didn't I hear the lady say you had worked her again and again and again? What?"

"Yes, but I spent it as fast as I got it."

"Oh, you did; then you can fork over security, until you make up for such criminal extravagance. Give me that diamond pin and those studs. What, you hesitate, you ungrateful cur? Do you want your other wrist smashed?"

"I'm sure you're very welcome to them," said Sammy, with the perspiration dripping off his agonized face.

"Now, that watch and chain. Quick, you brute; I never could bear to wait."

"So help me——"

"Have you begun that again? Then there must be something else up your sleeve. What's in that closet? Fancy shirts, a dress suit, embroidered waistcoats—for the Lord's sake, a fur lined overcoat! Bundle them into that case lively. I can find some use for them."

But the loss of his finery was the last straw for poor Sammy.

"I don't see where I'm coming in," he snivelled.

"You'll see where you're going out," threatened Nooks, standing over him grim and terrible, "if you make another kick. The last partner who tried to queer me I dropped out of a window in Frisco. It was higher than this, but I don't want to be too hard on you——"

"I was only fooling," explained Smiles, as he hastily packed up his goods and chattels.

"It isn't healthy to get out of your class when you fool; remember that. Now, since we've got down to equal terms, fetch out those letters."

As Sammy fumbled in the back of the closet, Nooks with a deft movement took a package from his pocket and spread the contents over the table mat, on which rested the drop light.

"Here they are," said Smiles a moment later; "every one of them."

"You know you're lying," retorted the dire Nooks, after a careful examination; "you are holding some of them back."

But Sammy, rendered desperate, and clinging to his last hope, persisted in his protestations.

Then the mood of the formidable Nooks changed. He tipped back his hair, he kicked up his heels, he roared like a bull.

"I'm feeling kittenish," he cried, "let's break out, let's do things, let's have a rough house."

"For God sake, be careful," entreated Sammy, "are you drunk, are you mad? The lamp, man, the lamp!"

But even as he begged, Nooks's foot crashed on the fixture, and instantly a volume of flame and smoke shot up to the ceiling.

"Who cares? Let her burn," yelled Nooks, with a hideous laugh.

Sammy circled the room like a rat. He darted into the closet, and then out again, making for the door. But Nooks was upon him with surprising agility, tearing from his grasp the last of the incriminatory letters, choking him, banging his head on the table where the flames had already expired, kicking him into a corner, where he lay, disfigured, begrimed with blood and soot and tears, crushed by retribution.

"I think I now have everything," said Nooks quietly, as he arranged the letters in his pocket, and picked up the suit case.

"You are a devil," reflected Sammy in awed tones.

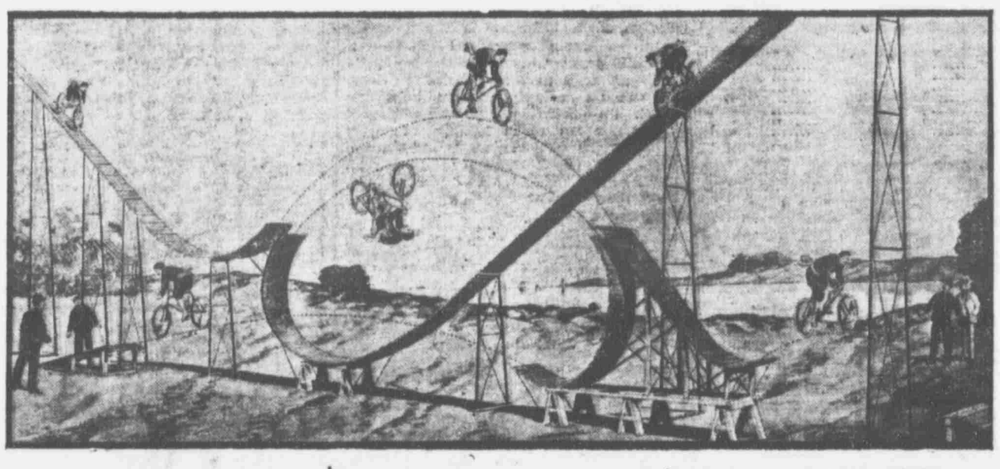
"No, I am Abe Cronkite," replied the other, as he cast off the close, thick beard, and gave a touch of decorum to his dress. "Perhaps you may have heard of me? If you have, just bear in mind that if you ever dare trouble the Spights again, mention their names, or even think of them, I'll come back."

"So help me," vowed the trembling Sammy; and his sickly smile gave assurance of truth.

The Gap Looped by Two Bicyclists Simultaneously

In addition to the act in which a woman loops the gap in an automobile, the management of the Barnum & Bailey show, which opened the season at Madison Square Garden Thursday afternoon, presents a second feat of the same daredevil order. This new thriller is known as the quadruple aerial paradox.

The new act is a combination of the human arrow, which Volo the Volitant made known to New Yorkers at Madison Square Garden last spring, and Ugo Ancillotti's feat of looping the gap on a bicycle.



The apparatus consists of two inclines, or chutes, set wide apart, each at an angle of forty-five degrees. The continuity of one of these inclines is interrupted at about the middle of its length with an opening, and at about the same place in the other incline is a break made by the loop the gap, which is the loop the loop with a section of the loop removed, leaving an open space. Near the extremities of both inclines are second interruptions or breaks, over which the cyclists must leap before their feat is finished.

Two performers, the brothers Ancillotti, start from the top of these inclines on bicycles and go coasting down. On reaching the first gap in the incline the performer takes a sudden turn upward and forward, clearing the forty-five foot opening and landing on the second section of the structure. From here he speeds on, when again he is seen to shoot up in the air and clear another gap thirty feet wide. Then suddenly striking the opposite side, or third section, of the incline he wheels down the track into the arena. He thus makes two midair flights.

The other rider, starting even with the first one, races down the incline until he reaches the loop with the gap, when he flies across the open space, wheel and rider being upside down. Striking the opposite side of the open loop, he whirls around it and takes a flying leap across a 30-foot opening similar to the one in the other incline.

At the precise moment one brother is leaping the gap in an inverted position, his body underneath the wheel, his head pointed to the ground, the other brother, also in midair, is in the act of passing him while flying across the 45-foot gap. Both the brothers are seen in this curious situation without more than a few feet of space separating them. Both riders are thus seen in the air for an instant going in the same direction, when, as a matter of fact, the exploit causes them to strike the earth together at the end of the chutes and take opposite paths. Hence the paradox of the title of the act.

...THE... Repentance of La Bretonne:

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STORY OF A FIRST NIGHT OUT OF PRISON

From the French of Andre Theuriet.

One night in November, on Saint Catherine's Eve, the iron barred door of the city jail in Auberive turned upon its hinges and a woman of thirty, dressed in a gown of faded woollen cloth, passed out. Her peasant's cap of white linen made a strange frame for the heavy face, stamped with the unhealthy prison pallor.

Arrested for infanticide, it was just six years before that the black prison wagon had brought her to the jail, and now the peasant woman, La Bretonne, as her companions had named her, was once more set at liberty. She was dressed in her own clothes again, and in her hand she held the tiny bag containing her hard won earnings and the stage ticket to Langres which is presented to every prisoner. Then the door was opened and she was free.

The coach for Langres had already gone. Frightened, timid, the woman walked hesitatingly toward the principal inn of the village and in a low voice asked for shelter for the night. But the tavern was full, and the hostess, caring little for prison birds, told her roughly to go to a cheaper place at the other end of the town.

Bewildered, the peasant woman groped her way to the door of the second inn, which was in reality but a paltry wine shop for the common laborers. The landlord looked at her with a suspicious glance, recognizing from what large boarding house she had come, and finally sent her away, pretending that the rooms were full.

La Bretonne did not dare to insist. She turned away, her head bent low and in her heart a sullen hatred for this outside world which repulsed her. There was nothing now but to try to reach Langres on foot.

Darkness had already fallen as the woman started on her way, and the cold north wind shrieked gleefully as it tore the withered leaves from the trees beside the road, striking and pelting her with them. After six years of sedentary life La Bretonne no longer knew how to walk; the muscles of her knees were like knots, and her feet, accustomed to sabots, ached wearily in her new shoes.

At the end of a mile she sank down, utterly exhausted. Shivering, she wondered bitterly if she must die there alone in the road, frozen with cold and racked with hunger.

Suddenly, in a lull of the wind, she raised her head curiously. Somewhere near her a woman was singing, softly and monotonously, as if to a child. La Bretonne rose and limped in the direction of the voice, until turning a corner she saw a light shining among the trees.

It came from a tumbledown cabin built against a large rock and covered with a roof of moss and earth. La Bretonne, her heart beating hard, knocked timidly at the door.

The song stopped abruptly and a peasant woman appeared on the threshold, a woman of the same age as the discharged prisoner, but already worn and bent with toil. Her jacket, turned down at the neck, showed her brown, wrinkled skin and her red hair hung in tangled masses about her thin cheeks.

"Good evening," she said, lifting the lamp she carried in her hand, "what do you want?"

"I cannot go any further," murmured La Bretonne, her voice ending in a sob of weariness. "The city is very far away—and if you would let me stay here—just for the night—I would be so grateful. I have some money and I will pay you for your trouble."

"Come in," replied the other, after a moment's hesitation. Then she added in a tone of curiosity rather than distrust: "Why did you not spend the night at Auberive?"

"They would not take me."

And looking down, La Bretonne, grown suddenly scrupulous, said humbly:

"You see, I am just out from the prison, and people do not trust jail folk."

"Ah! But come in, just the same. I am not afraid, for I have known nothing but misery all my life, and it would be cruel work to shut you out in a bitter night like this. I can give you a bed of heather at least."

From an adjoining shed she brought armfuls of soft moss and strewed them in a corner, near the fireplace.

"Do you live here all alone?" inquired La Bretonne, timidly.

"Yes, with my girl who is going on seven, now. I earn our bread working in the woods."

"Then your man is dead?"

"I never had one," said the woman sharply. "The poor little creature has no father. Ah, well! to each his own evils! Here is your bed all ready for you and two potatoes left from supper. It is all I have to offer you."

She was interrupted by a childish voice calling from a tiny closet separated by a thin wooden door from the main room.

"Good night," she added as she turned away. "I must go to the little one; she is frightened. Try to sleep well."

The woman took the lamp and disappeared into the adjoining room, leaving La Bretonne in darkness.

Eating her potatoes, the ex-prisoner laid hers if down gratefully on the pile of heather, thankful for the warmth of the low fire. Then she tried to sleep, but her eyes would not close.

Through the thin partition she heard the mother talking in whispers with the little girl who had been wakened by the stranger's coming and who did not wish to go to sleep again. The mother rocked her, soothing her with caressing words that strangely affected La Bretonne.

This outburst of tenderness awoke a confused instinct of motherhood in the breast of the peasant woman once sentenced for killing her newborn baby. La Bretonne remembered that "if things had not turned out so badly" her own little one would have been the age of this child.

At the thought and the sound of the low whispering she shuddered. A flash of something sweet and gentle filled her heart and she longed to be able to weep.

"Come, little one," said the mother's voice, coaxingly, "hasten now and go to sleep. If you are good, I will take you to-morrow to the fair of Saint Catherine!"

"That is the fair for little girls, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, my treasure."

"And is it true, mamma, that on that day Saint Catherine brings toys to little boys and girls?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Then, why hasn't the good saint ever brought any to our house?"

"Hush, dearest one. I think it must be because we live so far away. And, then, we are too poor."

"Does she bring them only to rich people, mamma? I wonder why? I should like to have some playthings, too."

"Ah, well! Some day, perhaps, if you are good and go to sleep quickly, perhaps Saint Catherine will bring you some."

"Do you think so really? Then I will go to sleep right away, so she can give them to me to-morrow!"

There was silence. Then a low, even breathing. The child had fallen asleep, and the mother with her.

Only La Bretonne was still awake. An emotion both tender and painful throbbed in her heart and she thought more than ever of the tiny boy who had lain for but a moment in her arms.

Thus the night passed and the gray light of the dawn stole through the narrow window. When the sun rose the mother and the little girl were still asleep. La Bretonne rose quietly from her bed of heather and, pushing open the door, stepped outside.

Hastily she walked back over the weary mile that she had travelled the night before, returning in the direction of Auberive. Not once did she pause until she reached the first houses of the town. Then, walking along the single street, she looked closely at all the store windows.

At length one seemed to strike her attention. Knocking at the door, she called to the shopkeeper to open it. In the window, among the calicos and ribbons and threads, were displayed some cheap little toys, rag dolls, Noah's arks and stuffed animals.

The tradesman appeared and to his great astonishment his early morning customer bought all the toys in the shop, paid for them and went out.

Her bundle under her arm, La Bretonne once more turned in the direction of the little cabin on the way to Langres. Suddenly a heavy hand fell upon her shoulder.

She started and trembled to see at her side an officer of the guard of police. The unhappy woman had forgotten the strictly enforced rule that newly discharged prisoners may not linger in the vicinity of the jail!

"Why are you not at Langres, where you belong, instead of lingering here?" demanded the officer severely. "Come now, start along!"

La Bretonne tried in vain to explain. It was useless! In the twinkling of an eye a wagon was procured, the woman was lifted to her seat beside a policeman and the driver whipped up his horse.

The rough cart bumped and jolted over the frozen roads. With pitiful, aching fingers, La Bretonne held tightly to the package of toys. Presently, as they turned a bend in the road, she recognized the straggling pathway that led to the thatched cabin; her heart gave a leap and she begged and pleaded with the policeman to stop and let her get out if only for a moment.

She had an errand with La Fleuriotte, the woman who lived there in the house beside the rock. She asked so earnestly that the guard, who had a tender heart hidden beneath his severe demeanor, yielded and the wagon stood still.

Tying the horse to a tree, they entered the narrow path. In front of the door La Fleuriotte was chopping wood. At the sight of her visitor returning in company with a policeman, she stood still, her eyes wide open.

"Hush!" whispered La Bretonne, "is the little one asleep?"

"Yes—but——"

"Take these toys and put them softly on her bed and tell her it was St. Catherine who brought them. I went back to Auberive to get them, but it appears that I had no right to do so and they are taking me to Langres——"

"Mary, mother of us all!" cried La Fleuriotte.

"Hush!"

They entered the house. Still followed by the policeman, La Bretonne strewed upon the bed the dolls, the Noah's Ark and the stuffed animals that she had bought. Then, kissing the bare arm of the sleeping child, she turned to the guard, who was furtively rubbing his eyes, and said:

"I am ready to go now."

Pack of Wild Dogs Near Atlanta.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Probably it is not known that within three miles of the city limits there is a pack of wild dogs which commit frequent depredations, and which are almost the terror of those who live within a wide radius of the woody forest that they inhabit.

These are not dogs which are wild because they have not been brought into contact with man and with civilization, but dogs, or descendants of dogs, which have reverted to the wild state because the circumstances were at hand, and they have gradually recruited their number until now, it is said by residents of that section, there are some forty or fifty of the wolflike animals on the hunt for prey. Between West End and Fort McPherson the old Campbellton road branches off from the East Point road. Between the Government reservation and the Campbellton road there is a vast forest, and along that road habitations are few, though, as is well known, the road to East Point is well populated.

Citizens of that section vouch for the fact that this forest is the home of the wild dog pack, and from this forest, it is said, they venture forth on nightly prowls, and no chicken, shote or even young calf is safe unless well protected from the hungry animals. These dogs are of no special breed; rather of all breeds, mongrel, as it were, but all that have been seen are of good size and well qualified to put up a hard fight should they be cornered.

29 Squirrels in a Hollow Tree.

From the Centre Democrat.

Twenty-nine red squirrels scampered out of a hollow birch tree which was cut down in Benner township, Centre county, last week.

A fall of fresh snow had lain on the ground for two days before the tree was felled, but not a single track in this fresh snow indicated the presence of the squirrels.

As not a single nut or other form of squirrel food was found, the *Democrat* cites the instance as proof that red squirrels hibernate.

TAKES A BLACK MAN TO MAKE A REAL DOG

A Proposition by the Brooklynite Who Has the Care of a Braced Up Terrier to Prove It.

"I wonder what there is in the make-up of a plain, ordinary, everyday black man and brother that tends to bolster up the character of a dog?" was the inquiry, calling for no reply, submitted by the Brooklyn man.

"I'm the owner of a dog whose whole nature and temperament have been revolutionized by two months of contact with a black man, and I'd like to know what the game of the black man is in handling dogs, so that in case my mutt ever backslides I'll be able to brace him up again in accordance with the black man's method.

"This mutt of mine is a fox terrier, about 4 years old. I've raised him from a two-weeks-old pup. He's a nice, clean, handsome dog, and I'd be afraid to name in dollars the enormous valuation that my wife puts upon him.

"But, all the same, that dog was a keen disappointment to me up to a very recent date. Why? Because he didn't appear to have any spunk. He wouldn't fight. He wouldn't get his dander up. He wouldn't show me how cute he could raise the hair on his spine and look mad and vicious.

"It was a moment of anguish when I first discovered that that dog had no grit, as I did find it out even before he'd got anything like his full growth. He'd four-flush around with his tail up and a cheerful look in his eye as long as no bother impended, but just as soon as he perceived that another dog that he met up with was even a teenchy little bit on the fight, that terrier of mine would begin to look as if four or five hired men had been trying to beat him to death with hoes. His tail 'd flop down, and his ears would droop back on his head, and he'd crouch and slink along in a manner that made me sore.

"He grew into a muscular and well filled out mutt, capable of putting up any old kind of a scrap with a dog of his weight if he'd had the pluck, but the truth was that he didn't have any more sand than a caterpillar. My wife considered that this was an admirable trait in the dog, and asked me if I wanted to have for a household pet a bat-eared bully of a dog that 'd be biting the heads off of smaller dogs in the neighborhood and chasing cats and finally getting himself poisoned by a neighbor.

"Nope, I told her. I didn't want any such dog as that around my premises. But I did want a dog that wouldn't crawl through the fence every time he saw a measly half starved yaller dog coming down the street. I don't think any man likes to have a dog on his staff that won't give trouble a little bit of a hug anyhow when it comes his way.

"I tried to arouse a sense of shame in that dog, but I couldn't get by with it. There wasn't any shame in him.

"I came pretty near scouring on him for good and all when, last summer, he permitted a common, snooping little runt of a black-and-tan dog to hop him one evening when I had him out for a walk, and nail him to an alley fence and give him all kinds of sass and back talk in the canine language. Nary a move did that dog of mine make to put up his maules and make a little sparring match of it. He didn't even show his teeth. He just took that miserable black-and-tan's slack without a word until I felt like kicking him.

"Well, when the medical man ordered my wife to Florida a couple of months ago and she persuaded me into accompanying her, we had to hunt up somebody to take care of the mutt in our absence, for we closed up the house. My wife was for having him taken to a regular dog doctor's boarding house, where the mutt would be pampered and coddled, but I couldn't see that. Instead, I put him in the keeping of a black man who has a sort of dog boarding house about half a mile from where I live.

"The dog looked very abject when I took him to the black man. He appeared to understand that he was going to be deserted by his family for a spell, and his tail was 'way down and he looked like he hadn't a friend on earth.

"'Look lak he ail hain't got much spunk,' said the black man to me.

"'That's a grand guess of yours,' said I to the colored man. 'That dog hasn't enough sand in his craw to keep him awake. He'd let himself be kicked to death by guineapigs rather than put up a bit of a scrap for his rights. He's been spoiled by his mistress, and, so far as being a regular dog-dog is concerned, he's no account.'

"'Ah'll fix him out all right,' said the black man. 'Yo' all will have a diffuh'nt dawg w'en yo' gits back, suh.'

"I told the black man to go as far as he liked if he had a way of spunking a mutt up some, although I didn't have much hope for the dog. I thought he was too old ever to have his spine stiffened.

"Well, we got back from Florida one morning last week, and my wife sent me over to the black man's place first thing to get the dog.

"Somehow or other that dog looked different to me as soon as I caught sight of him running around the black man's yard. He had a certain air of confidence about him that I'd never seen before.

"'Now yo' all's dawg is whut yo' kin call uh suah 'nough dawg, suh,' said the black man in turning the mutt over to me. I was in too much of a hurry to ask him any questions, and so I just whistled to the dog and started home with him, letting him tag along after me.

"We hadn't gone a block before a fox terrier, a good deal larger than my dog, came prancing up to mine to look him over and investigate him generally. My dog stood stock still, and for the first time I saw the hair along the whole length of his spine go straight up. He didn't appear to be hunting for any trouble, but when that other dog gave utterance to just one short, low growl, my dog hopped him and he hopped him right.

"He got the other dog down and was beginning to swab up the block with him when I grabbed his collar and yanked him off. I had all I could do to pull him along with me, and he seemed bound to break my hold on his collar and go back and make a meal of that dog that had had the gall to growl at him.

"After dragging him a couple of blocks I turned him loose again. He hadn't been loose more than a minute before a big, good natured French poodle raced up to him and started in to try to play tag with him. My dog thought, or pretended to think, that the French poodle's friskiness in jumping around him meant fight, for he grabbed the poodle's right front paw like a flash and hung on to it until I gave him a whack in the short ribs and yanked him loose.

"That's the way it was all the way home. He tackled any old thing on four legs that he met up with after any sort of manifestation of hostility had been made, and he chased about half a dozen wicked looking old fighting cats up the trunks of trees.

"And now, instead of slouching off when he sees another dog, he sits perkily on the front steps and waits for challengers to come along, and then he hops out into the street and gives 'em battle. He's got his left ear pretty well chewed, and he's going to get a powerful hard trouncing some of these days when he goes up against the wrong proposition, but, all in all, I'm bound to admit that I'm common and ornery enough to enjoy that dog a whole lot better since he's shown me that he's able to do something besides eat chocolate creams out of my wife's hand.

"I took him riding alongside of me in the trap the other afternoon. When I pulled the horse up to talk to a friend that dog jumped out and tackled and drubbed a dog twice his size, and then climbed back to the trap seat, licking his chops in a satisfied sort of way.

"Just how that black man and brother contrived to hurl the proper sort of a canine spirit into that dog of mine within the short space of two months has got me guessing, but that he succeeded in converting a four-footed coward into a genuine fourply desperado is a fact that I'm in a position to prove any time you feel like fetching a dozen or so fighting dogs over around my way."

The Problem of Living: A Set of Rules With a Moral

"All cereals are good."

But they shouldn't be eaten, for they contain an excess of starch, when raw, and when cooked contain maltose, both of which are injurious to the human system.

"All breads are excellent."

But they shouldn't be eaten, because the yeast used in leavening is highly deleterious and injurs the human system.

"Meats are nutritious."

But they should not be eaten, as they entail too much work on the digestive organs, are either refrigerated or preserved with salicylic acid, are full of germs and clog the blood with waste matter, and are thereby injurious to the human system.

"Fruits and vegetables are wholesome."

But they shouldn't be eaten, for the raw ones are full of germs and unconverted starch, and in cooking the composition is so changed that they are injurious to the human system.

"Dairy and barnyard products are capital."

But they shouldn't be eaten, as they contain germs, and are so surcharged with concentrated tissue builders that they are injurious to the human system.

"Cakes and pastry are palatable."

But they shouldn't be eaten, as they are composed of ingredients that in themselves are bad, and in cooking the constituent elements are so modified that they become injurious to the human system.

"Alcoholic drinks are alluring."

But they shouldn't be drunk, because the alcohol, which is carbon, burns up the tissues and is harmful to the human system.

"Water is necessary."

But it should be avoided, as undistilled water is filled with germs and distilled water is rank poison, taking up necessary elements in the stomach, and is therefore injurious to the human system.

"Air is essential to human life."

But it should not be breathed, as it is full of germs, noxious gases, and never being of the right temperature is injurious to the human system.

So is the problem of life simplified. 'Raus with the human system!