THE REGENERATION OF JUDY.

I.

Situated in a wild glen, through which the Crazy river flows and from which the mountains ascend abruptly, range on range, to the farthest heights of the Holy Trinity, is the Wachapi Indian reservation.

It was in the Wachapi that Judy lived. The tribe to which she belonged had dwelt here for unknown years, beyond the memory even of the gray-haired Judy's grandfather, Comachsen, who was so old that his eyes and mouth were lost in the furrows of his face. Comachsen said that their race had originally issued from the depths of Mt. Tehatil, the greatest peak of the Holy Trinity, and that that mountains was their mother and that they were the children of the earth. But the missionaries invariably rebuked him for this and declared it was nonsense, whereat Comachsen would shake his head in senile pity for their ignorance and answer oracularly: "Was not Judy the mother of Inotlin, the little Dancing Flame?"

Now, the little Dancing Flame had gone out thirty years ago, which was nothing to Comachsen, but a great deal to Judy, and these references to the ancient sorrow still had the power to move her heart. For, incredible as it might seem, the gaunt and weather-beaten Judy had once been young and pretty. The daughter of a chief, she could have married any man in the tribe, but her choice fell on Tuosilt, the tallest and bravest, and the day that she knelt before him and held up to him in her arms the baby—ah, me! But within a twelve-month her young husband had died in her arms, shot to death by the white settlers in the old war. They called it "the war," these Indians, although it was but a border feud brought about by the lust of unscrupulous pioneers for the Indian lands, and which, further inflamed by the sale of whiskey, burst forth one summer day in bloodshed and then settled into months of reprisal, with the occasional killing of a white man and the more frequent killing of a red one, with starving Indian women and children hiding in the mountains.

And when, after the death of her young warrior, the fall passed and winter came, poor Judy's strength gradually left her young body, and the Dancing Flame cried for hunger as he lay upon her helpless breast, and so at last the little light had flickered and gone out.

Soldiers had been sent to the Wachapi in response to the settlers' demand and had ended the war by quelling hostilities and bringing the poor, broken remnant of the tribe back to their homes in the valley, which was then made a government reservation. Since then agents had come and gone, honest men and rogues, preachers, laymen, politicians and reformers, and through all these changes, good and evil, Judy maintained a sort of independence, supporting herself and the patriarch of the tribe, her grandfather, with her own strong hands and woodcraft. She was silent and repellant, ever remembering the great sorrow of her youth which the grinding years had not been able to match.

II.

One day the government at Washington reversed its Indian policy and placed the agencies in the control of army officers, and a Captain Baynot was detailed for duty at Wachapi. Now Judy had always been on good terms with the soldiers at the military post near the agency. They bought her fish and other small wares without haggling, and Mrs. Donovan, the wife of the quartermaster sergeant, taking pity on "the lone, lorn haythen," often hired her help on cleaning days, and in course of time taught her good, strong barracks English, with an Irish accent, which accomplishment Judy carefully concealed beneath the dignity of her original ignorance.

Shortly after the arrival of the captain, however, Judy, for the first time in her life, was taken sick with pleurisy, whereupon the new agent hearing from the doctor that there was a woman lying seriously ill in a wicking near old Jack's ferry, rode thither to investigate. Entering the smoky interior, he noted with a comprehensive glance where wind and rain found their way in through crack and cranny of the ancient lodge, and the dampness, dirt and desolation of it all, and forthwith ordered Juy's removal to an empty log house near the fort.

There were no "ifs" or "ands" or "by your leave," but she was taken up bodily within the hour and conveyed to the clean, dry house. Here, with an iron cot, a chair and a table, a fire crackling on the hearth, the smoke of which went out through the chimney and a young Indian woman to take care of her, the astonished Judy for the first time in her life had her weary body made comfortable and her wants supplied by others.

As a consequence Judy's mind was filled with suspicion and her eyes watched each movement of her benefactors with ceaseless vigilance in the effort to discover the secret motive of their conduct, which she dimly fancied had some design on that mysterious thing, her soul. But her soul was not referred to, either by Mrs. Baynot, who sent her good things to eat, or Mrs. Donovan, who came in occasionally "to hearten her up a bit," nor by Archie, the captain's child, a sturdy little chap of six years, who stole into the hut to solve the mystery of it.

Judy saw him peeping in at the door and feigned sleep. Then Archie, after staring at her for a while, urged on by curiosity, made strategic approaches from the door to the bed. A dog, a mongrel cur that no ill-treatment could drive from Judy's side, growled at him, whereupon Judy spoke to the dog, and, looking at the little boy, said in her queer Donovan English, "What you name?"

"Archibald Morrison Baynot," replied the child, with his hands behind him, and then added, "That's a nice dog; is it yours?"

"Yes," said Judy, with a grim smile at the only good word her wretched companion had ever received. Then, in spite of the curling of the dog's lip over its gleaming teeth, the boy ventured to pat its head. And somehow Judy thought of Dancing Flame. And when Archie went on to tell of a dog that he owned, she showed so much interest that he got quite enthusiastic. And she asked the little fellow to come and see her again, which he did, and they talked together, he with his pretty braggadicio of a boy child and she with ready assent and quick sympathy.

Finally the doctor pronounced Judy well and the captain dismissed her with a few words: "I hear that you are an honest hard-working woman, Judy," he said, "so I've had the men build you a wooden house of your own that you are to pay for in work. I'll give you plenty of time. I only ask you to keep it clean and to take care of yourself. Now you may go."

There is no word in the Wachapi for "Thank you," but Judy shook hands with the captain and said, "All right, sor."

III.

And after this when Judy, with old Comachsen, was fairly established in her wooden house, Archie came often to visit her and she gave him queer woodland treasures, things that boys love, such as birds' eggs and the skins of small animals, the rattle from a five-button snake and strings of wampum and red berries. And she made him a bow and arrow in true Indian style, with a quiver of a marten's skin head and tail complete, and taught him all the lore of the forest, so that he talked knowingly of "signs" and knew the notes of many beasts and birds.

It was Archie who took me, the writer of this chronicle, to call on Judy one summer when I was the guest of his father. This was two years after the captain had taken charge of Wachapi and Judy lived in comfort, with a vegetable patch and cows and pigs, all of which she had acquired by her own thrift and labor under the new order of things.

Often have I seen her and Archie hand in hand entering the verge of the forest just back of the captain's quarters on their way to examine the traps that they had set upon the hillside near the flume, the child's fair, bright face upturned to the drak, melancholy features of the Indian woman as he eagerly prattide of their ventures.

IV.

I had been at Wachapi about a month and summer was drawing to a close. The season had been unusually hot and dry and vagrant fires started by careless hunters and prospectors had spread in the bush.

One night the trees were ablaze along the edge of the road a mile below the agency and the Crazy river turned an awful red as it crept by beneath the shelter of its banks. The next morning the mountains were hidden behind a blue veil and out of this concealment came at intervals great billows of yellow smoke, rolling upward in a pale, lurid glare. Indeed it seemed at times as though the world was all on fire.

The captain and I were standing on his porch looking at this threatening display when one of the Indians came in and reported that a fire had started on the hills back of the post. I could see that this made the captain uneasy, although, as he explained to me, the clearing for the flume, which extended along the side of the hill for several miles, would act as a safeguard in a certain measure. He had just said this when Mrs. Baynot appeared at the front door and called out in that quiet, tense tone that preludes tragedy, "George, I can't find Archie!"

"Isn't he in the house?" asked the captain.

"No," replied his wife, her voice trembling, "I've looked everywhere," and she clasped her hands so tightly that the knuckles grew white.

"Maybe he's with Judy," said the captain.

"No, no, no," protested Mrs. Baynot. "He was in the yard a little while ago. He couldn't have crossed the parade grounds without our seeing him. He must have gone into the woods." And at this she burst into tears.

The captain, somewhat alarmed, hurriedly gave her a word of comfort and passing through the hall went out into the backyard, I following. The woods were so hazy with smoke that we could see but a short distance, and the cries of the frightened birds and small creatures constantly deceived us and decoyed us hither and thither to no purpose. Then as we stood for a minute rubbing our inflamed eyes and getting our breath, for the ascent was steep, we heard an omnious sound from afar off; a ripping, tearing noise, like water forcing itself through the nozzle of a hose, ending in a dull, muffled crash.

"What is it?" I said, staring at the captain's face, which had grown pale.

"A tree has fallen," he replied. And then exclaimed: "We're losing time; I must get the men out." And turning back he ran down the hillside.

By the time I reached the house I heard his voice shouting hoarsely on the parade ground, and a moment after the notes of the bugle rang out, sounding the assembly.

As I passed through the back yard I stopped for a moment at the hydrant to dash some water into my smarting eyes. There was a tub under the faucet, half full of the overflow, and I was just leaning over this, scooping the water up in my hands, when I was suddenly thrust aside so violently as to almost lose my balance.

Recovering myself indignantly, I recognized the Indian woman, Judy. She had a blanket in her hands, and with a desperate energy she was sousing it in the water. Her face was wonderful to see. She looked like one about to do battle to the death. I had but a glimpse of her when she was off and up the hill, her head down and partially covered with the blanket, running and leaping from stone to stone like a hound on the scent. She did not stop to look or listen, but sped on till in a moment she was lost to sight.

Then I heard the quick tramp of the infantry company coming across the parade ground at double time, and as it reached the edge of the woods, it deployed as skirmishers and advanced into the smoke, but as I toiled up the hill once more by the side of the agonized father, panting and with the sweat running down my face, I knew where the only hope of the child's salvation lay.

We had not penetrated far, though it seemed a great distance, when among the smoke-wreathed trees in front of us appeared a spectral thing. A tall figure, but whether man or woman it was hard to say, for its garments hung in smoldering rags about its limbs, while its face was buried in a bundle that its sinewy, blackened arms hugged tightly to its breast.

"It's Judy!" I cried. "It's Judy. She's got the boy."

A great shout went up from the men in hearing, and was repeated down the line. And at the sound the poor, scorched, blinded creature sank slowly to her knees and then fell prone upon the earth. In an instant a dozen strong hands were lifting her up and, while the captain relieved her of the boy, the rest of us carried her as gently as might be down the hill to the house.

The child was unconscious from smoke and fright, but the doctor soon revived him and pronounced him in no danger from his adventure. But when he examined poor Judy's injuries he slowly shook his head. All that he could do was to make her as free from pain as possible till the end came. She knew she was dying, and we could see how she suffered, but she endured the ordeal with marvelous patience and dignity. At the very last she said, with her quaint Irish accent: "Cap'en, I been a decent Christian woman for nigh on two year. When I die will I go to heaven?"

"Yes, Judy," said the captain.

"Well, see here, cap'n," she said. "I been thinking 'bout thot, an' I kind o' changed my mind. You see, I ain't sure my husband and baby'll be in Christian heaven, 'cause they don't know 'bout it, an' I don't want to take no chances, d'ye mind. So I guess I'll make sure an' go wherever they are. You can fix it for me, cap'n, can't you?" she added, rather anxiously.

"Judy," said the captain, in a voice full of emotion, "you've always been an honest, faithful woman, and you've just given your life to save that of a little child. I am sure that God will be good to you. Only ask Him for what you want."

"Well," said Judy, "all I want is to go where Tuosilt and Inotlin are, that's all. But if I got to ask God, maybe I'd better say thot prayer He likes. D'ye think so, cap'n?"

"Yes," said the captain, covering his eyes with his hand.

And as she began, in a failing voice, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name," we all reverently kneeled and joined in the petition. And when we said the final "Amen," the captain, who had been holding the poor creature's hand, gently laid it on her breast, for Judy's regeneration had been made complete.—Atlanta Constitution.

EVEN THE WORM TURNS.

There Were Limits Beyond Which no Man Could be Patient.

He was a plain man, neatly dressed, and might have been anything from a dry goods clerk to a merchant in a small way, and there was no more evil expression in his eye than in that of a man buying a pound of butter. Yet there it was on the docket—"aggravated assault." And there was the victim with his head tied up, both eyes in mourning, and the general air of one who has gone through a sawmill.

"Yer Honor," said the policeman, "he hed th' man by th' throat, an' wuz chokin' th' breath out of him. It tuk me main strength to pull him off."

"What have you to say for yourself?" said the justice sternly, while he prepared to put down "six months."

"It was this way, your honor," said the little man, who looked scared, but spoke up pretty confidently for all that. "I only knew this man slightly, and when he met me I just nodded, but he began to talk about the war."

"Do you mean to say that he is a sympathizer with Spain?" demanded the justice, glaring at the bandaged man.

"No, it wasn't that. We both agreed that Weyler ought to be burned at the stake, and if we hadn't both had families we would go to-morrow. Then the talk drifted to our families, and he began to tell me about the smart remark made by his eight-year-old boy, who, when he heard of the sailing of the fleet, said——"

"I understand," said the justice hastily, preparing to write the magic word "discharged" on the record. "Then you hit him?"

"No," replied the prisoner, smilingly, "I have a boy of six, and if your honor would like to hear a little thing he got off the other day about——"

"The court is rather pressed for time just now," said the justice, hastily. "Come to the point, please."

"Well, after we had talked about twenty minutes on family affairs, I tried to give him the shake, but he hung right on to me until we came to the corner of my street. Then I told him that my dinner was getting cold, and he said good-bye, and I thought he was gone, but he came running back, and caught me by the coat, and asked me a question."

"Still more family affairs?"

"No, your honor. He wanted to know my opinion as to what date the twentieth century began on. Then I beat in his face, and I think I would have done him up if the policeman hadn't appeared."

"Discharged," said the justice. "Call the next case."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Took His Cue from a Cabby.

Weekly Telegraph: At the end of the Long Walk at Windsor there is an equestrian statue of George III, which is locally so little respected that it is never called anything but "the copper horse." "Take you as far as the copper 'oss and back, sir," the local "flyman," or cab driver, proposes to every tourist who goes to Windsor.

One day, it is related, her majesty was entertaining a great Englishman—the great man's name is not mentioned—who, in the afternoon, had walked from the castle to Cumberland Lodge. At dinner the queen, always full of gracious solicitude for the comfort of her guests, said to this gentleman: "I hope you are not tired by your long walk."

"Oh, not at all, thank you, ma'am. I got a lift as far back as the copper horse."

"As far as what?" asked the queen, in astonishment.

"Oh, the copper horse at the end of the Long Walk."

"The Copper Horse!" exclaimed the queen. "That's not a 'copper horse.' That's my grandfather!"

In Love and War.

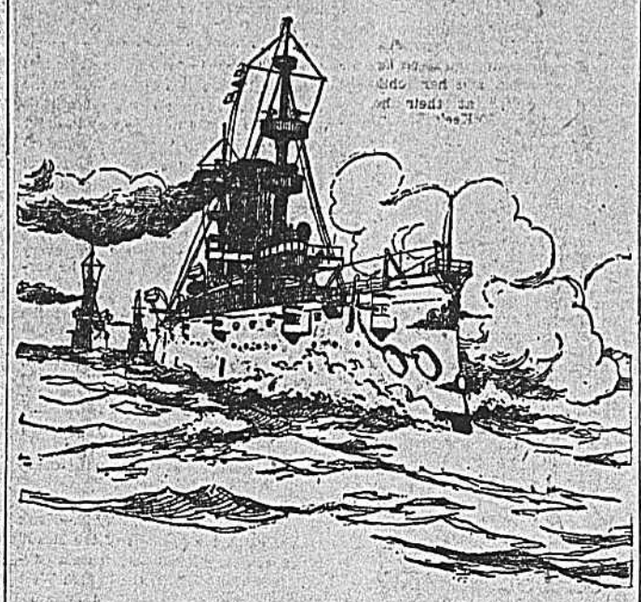
She—Congress was dreadfully slow about this Cuban war, don't you think? But that's the way with men folks.

He—How so?

She—It takes them forever to come to a declaration.

(He tremblingly makes the declaration he has been so slow about.)—Chicago Tribune.

GEN. WESLEY MERRITT.



CRUISER NEW YORK.

ALL ARE YANKEES.

The Spaniards Have Made the Term Non-Sectional.

Baltimore American: It seems so. The word has become national. Minister Polo called us Yankees in his farewell interview. The Spaniards know us by that name. The Cubans use it. The world accepts it. Even Fitzhugh Lee is a Yankee. And he smiles obligingly when he hears the designation.

What does it mean? The origin is in doubt. One version is that it was the Indian name for the English colonists. Another is that is was from a word meaning bright and smart. But the accepted definition is clear. It was a native or dweller in New England, but now, by foreign extension, it has become an inhabitant of the United States. It was used in derision at first, but gradually it has grown more respectable, and if he were living to-day Lowell would find a change in his well known lines:

Ez if we could maysure stupenjious events
By the low Yankee standard of dollars and cents.

During the war the Yankee was the northern soldier, and for years the local application stuck, but gradually it has broadened, and now it is a synonym for Uncle Sam. No one will quarrel about it, for it is a name that stands for ingenuity, enterprise, principle and achievement, and it represents much of what is best and greatest in human history. So, if we are all Yankees, we will try to be the kind of Yankees that possess the virtues of New England with all the excellence of the other states.

Served Him Right.

"We like your house, Mr. Dawson," said the old gentleman who thought of renting it for the season, "but you say in your advertisement that you won't take people with children."

"That's true," said Dawson. "I can't really; they do so much damage."

"I don't think you'd suffer much from mine, sir," said the old gentleman.

"I cannot make an exception in your case, sir," returned Dawson, with some irritation, and the deal was declared off.

A few days later Dawson discovered that the old gentleman's children consisted of two unmarried daughters, aged thirty-eight and forty-two respectively.—Harper's Bazar.

So Exclusive.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "It is said that the Boston women are wearing red, white and blue garters."

"Of course, they are so exclusive that they show their patriotism only in their own immediate circles."

ON THE BEACH.

Will—A prodigal son ought to fare pretty well here.
Nell—Why so?
Will—There are so many fatted calves around.

THERE'S NO USE TALKING.

HIS LABOR LOST.

The Story Teller and the Men who Couldn't See the Point.

Johnson was dealing when Bixby began to tell his yarn, says the New York Sun.

"I heard a first rate story to-day," he said. "It may be old to you, boys, but it was new to me. Colonel Jim Williams, of Kentucky, was telling it, and he got all the points in, of course, much better than I can. No colonel in Kentucky can tell a better story than Williams. I don't claim to be much of a story-teller myself, but——"

"You in, Bixby?" asked Butler.

Bixby picked up his hand and played a pair of aces through to his loss. When another player began shuffling the cards, Bixby resumed.

"The story was something like this," he said. "Ike Doolittle was a private in the war. It was at the battle of Antietam. He had a grudge against Lieutenant Forrest. A shell came along, and——"

"Are we going to play for anything this time?" asked Johnson.

"Your ante," said Butler to Bixby.

Bixby anted. "This shell came along," he said, "and took off Forrest's foot. He saw Doolittle near him and called to him to take——"

"I'm in," said Walters.

"Raise it a couple of reds," said Butler.

Bixby picked up three eights and stood the raise. He drew a fourth and won the pot. Then it was his deal. He shuffled leisurely, as he said: "The shell, it seems, took off Forrest's foot, and he called to Doolittle to carry him back to the ambulance. Doolittle lifted him to his shoulder and——"

"I had three kings to go," said Williams, referring to his previous hand.

"I had a straight four-flush," said Johnson, sadly.

"Doolittle lifted him up," continued Bixby, and——"

"Going to shuffle the spots off the cards?" asked Butler.

Bixby started to deal. "Doolittle was carrying him back," he said, "with his head hanging over his shoulder, when along came another shell, and——"

"Give me another stack," said Williams. He got it. While the hand was being played Bixby turned to Butler, who had stayed out like himself.

"Just then," said Bixby, "another shell came along and took off Forrest's head. Doolittle didn't see it."

"Where was this?" asked Butler, politely.

"At Antietam," answered Bixby. "During the war, you know. Doolittle was carrying Forrest back to the ambulance. He said he had his foot shot off. He was being taken back to the ambulance. He——"

Butler picked up three aces. "I'm in for a minute," he said. Johnson raised him ten. He saw it and raised back. Johnson stayed and they drew. Butler bet ten and Johnson raised him twenty. Butler hesitated and ran over his cards. Then he looked long and searchingly at Johnson. There was a curious intensity in the silence. Bixby turned to Williams.

"Doolittle," he said, "didn't know that Forrest's head had been shot off."

"Why didn't he know it?" Williams absently asked, watching the players.

"He didn't see it," explained Bixby. "He kept on carrying him back toward the ambulance. Private Canfield came along and said to Doolittle:

"'It's Lieutenant Forrest,' said Doolittle. 'I'm taking him back to the ambulance.'

"What can they do with him in the ambulance with his head shot off?' asked Private Canfield.

"I call," said Butler, shoving in his chips. Johnson won and Bixby picked up the cards to deal again.

"Private Canfield," he said, "wanted to know what they could do with him there with his head shot off. 'His head!' shouted Doolittle. 'The blamed fool told me 'twas his foot!'"

Bixby pounded the table and laughed heartily. His companions looked at him wonderingly.

"Who was Doolittle?" asked Johnson.

"Why, he was the fellow that was carrying Forrest——"

"Bixby's been telling a story," said Williams.

"What's the point?" said Butler.

"The point is," said Bixby, "that Doolittle thought his foot was shot off when it was his head. He was carrying him back at the time, and——"

"I've got six cards," said Williams to Bixby.

"Yes," said two or three others, "give us the story."

"But I've got through with it," explained Bixby.

"Oh, have you?" said Williams. "That's good."

ABSENT-MINDED.

The Father of a Baby with Its First Tooth.

He was the only man on the train who was not glowering with black looks over the pacific news in the morning papers. He did not even unfold the sheet in his hand, or as much as glance at the double-column head as it lay face upward on his knee. Instead he gazed with unseeing eyes out of the window and whistled softly with a time broken now and then by a smile that crossed his bearded lips.

The girl directly opposite thought him handsome, and ascribed his pre-occupied air to romantic reasons. And the older woman who sat with her glanced sharply across from time to time to see what the young man meant by rudely whistling in a public conveyance. But the looks of youth and age were alike lost on him, and after a while he turned his face toward the light and sang with such hearty untunefulness that his spectacled neighbor felt bound to remonstrate.

"Young man," she said, grimly, "have you hired this car for your own use?"

He stared at her blankly a minute and then flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Was—was I singing?" he questioned, shamefacedly.

"You were making a horrible noise!" she replied, tartly. Then he laughed a wholesome, honest guffaw, and leaned forward confidentially.

"The joke's on me," he owned. "Tell the truth, my baby has just cut a tooth, and—and I was thinking how cunning the little chap would look when he grinned!"

The war light faded in the woman's eyes, and a smile touched the corners of her mouth as she beamed on the young father and questioned with deep interest:

"Upper or under?"—Chicago Journal.

Ruling Passion Strong.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A certain out-of town man who was widely known in Cleveland, representing one of the oldest families in northern Ohio, had many peculiarities. Among these was a remarkably fastidious care for forms of speech and pronunciation.

One day, when he was standing on the little landing at his island home, he slipped in some manner and went into the water with a resounding splash. There were a number of visitors on the island, and several of them were at the landing when the proprietor fell in. Among them was an old lady, who shrieked direfully as the host disappeared.

"He'll be drown-ded," she wailed; "he'll be drown-ded!"

Just then the waters parted and the head of the victim of the accident appeared above the surface.

Coughing and spluttering, he looked toward the agitated old lady.

"Drowned, you old idiot," he roared, drowned!"

And then they fished him out

HIS HANDS FULL.

Missionary—Wouldn't you like to join our ranks?
Native—No mum. I blongs to fow bicyclum clubs already.

DOING WHITEWASHING.

The Job Appeared Altogether Too Costly Until He Tried It Himself.

Detroit Free Press: "What!" exclaimed the Cass avenue man, who has a brief annual attack of looking after things about the house, "three dollars for that little dab of whitewashing? Does your license include the right to rob taxpayers, or did you think you had a woman to deal with here? I'll be liberal and give you seventy-five cents. Get at it now and rush it through."

"Can't do it, boss, hohow. I'se got to go by de union scale, sah."

"Oh, the union has a scale, has it? So has the whitewash, I suppose. But I'll make you just one last offer of $1.25, for we're in a great hurry here. Take that or get your traps off the premises. I haven't forgot how to whitewash."

"Good day, boss," with a profound bow.

"Here," yelled the head of the house through the 'phone a minute later, "send me up a bushel of lime, a couple of big pails, a brush for whitewashing and a long handle. Hustle 'em right along; special delivery if necessary."

He whistled about the back yard while he mixed up enough of the stuff to whitewash a three story house, tramped proudly through the kitchen with a full bucket in either hand, told the cook to have lunch early, as he could do that cellar in a jiffy; lit his pipe before starting down the narrow stairway and just began to realize that he was tangled up with too much freight, when he missed a step, shot out like a frog in the air, landed on the back of his neck, was submerged in steaming whitewash, yelled "Fire!" and made the usual mistake of rubbing his eyes.

When the doctors had brought him around so that he could see dimly, he gazed in the mirror at a shaven head, asked that a wounded leg be gently moved, swore, ground his teeth and said: "One hundred dollars and the job not finished."

"Churched" for Taking Chickens.

Topeka State Journal: It was a case of disorderly. The plaintiff was Mrs. Stevens. The witness was Miss Jones. The lawyer asked the witness:

"Do you like Mrs. Stevens?"

"I like her as well as I do you."

"Did you ever have any trouble with her?"

"Yes; she got me in trouble and I was churched over a common chicken. I told her if she would come out in the alley she would get whipped or I would. Then she hit me in the back with a rock."

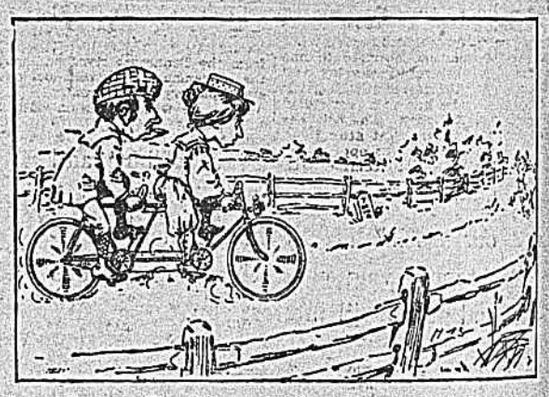
"Was that all?"

"Wasn't that enough?"

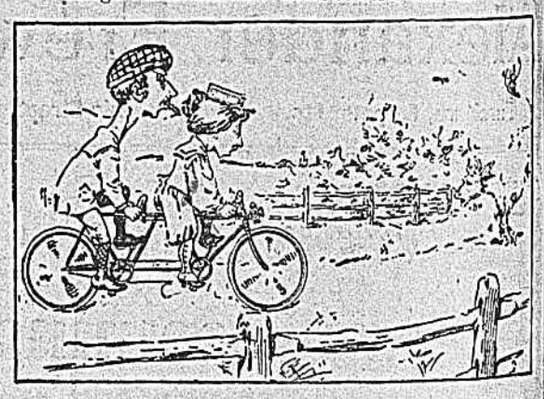
England and America.

London Spectator: The continental powers do not love the American republic, but we cannot imagine that they would be so mad as to risk a war with the whole Anglo-Saxon race, for that is the risk. . . . If America were really attacked by a great continental coalition, England would be at her side in twenty-four hours

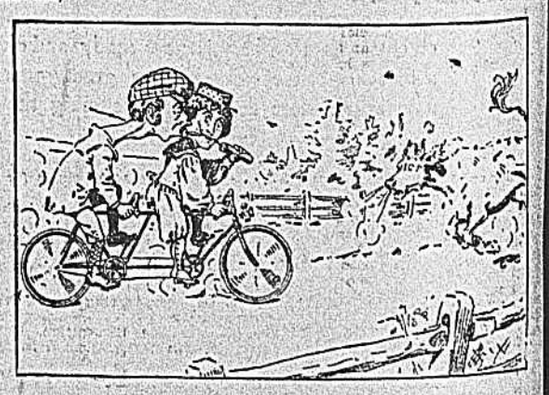
A MISCALCULATION.



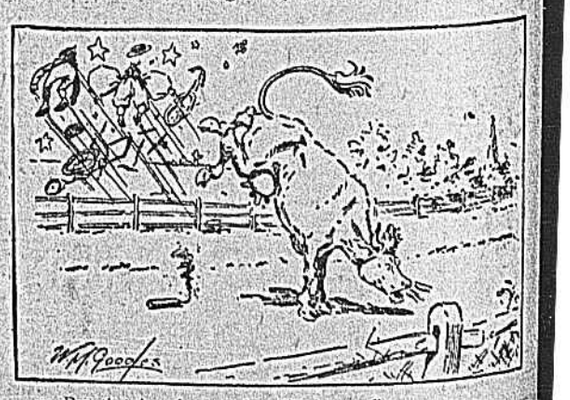
1—George—Great heavens! Here comes a wild bull.



2—Thoughtful Marie—Never mind, I have a shooting cracker with me,—



3—Light it on your cigarette, dearest.



4—But the shooting cracker didn't go off.

TO BE RECKONED LATER.

"I saw you taking home some nice cucumbers to-day. How much did they cost you?"

"Won't be able to tell until the first of the month, Jones. The doctor's up at the house now.