THE SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONTINUED.

There was a second of awful silence, then a report that would have done credit to a small cannon, and Samanthy measured her length on the floor.

"Land o' goodness! How it kicked!" groaned the prostrate damsel. "I reckon I'd orter p'inted it t' other way."

At the barn there had been a quick, sharp cry from the shadow in the doorway, a frightened oath from another inside, and then a man staggered and fell across the log sill, with a red stream of blood spurting from his breast.

"Are you hit?" cried the other, coming to his side and attempting to raise him to his feet.

"Yes," was the husky answer. "I guess I'm done for at last. Don't stay here. You can't do any good if you do. They won't hang me after I'm dead. Make tracks, partner."

"But I can't leave you in this fix," said the other "You may not be hurt as bad as you think. Couldn't you walk by leaning on me? Try it."

"It's no use," was the reply. "I'm shot through the body. Run for it if you want to save your neck."

His companion hesitated. It seemed too cowardly to leave a wounded comrade like this, even if remaining at his side could afford him no help. A hoarse rattle in the throat of the wounded man decided him.

"Well, then, good-by, old fellow," he said, putting out his hand and touching the other's arm at parting. "I'd stay if I could help you, if I hung for it," he added, still wavering between a desire to be loyal to an old companion in crime and a longing to seek personal safety.

The only answer was a gurgling sound in the throat of the dying man. He knew that his companion's life was ending, and he sprang over his body and fled into the darkness.

"I reckon I've convinced 'em we wa'n't all away from hum," said Samanthy, struggling to her feet. "I'll bet I'll be black 'n' blue to-morrer from the kickin' o' that gun. I never see nothin' like it."

"Are you hurt much?" asked Nannie, beginning to recover from her fright.

"Not seri'us, I guess," replied Samanthy. "Supposen you look out an' see if you can see anything."

Nannie went to the window just in time to see the man running toward the cornfield.

"One's running," she answered. "And, oh, Samanthy"—with a frightened quaver in her voice—"there's something lying in the barn door that looks as if it might be a man! Oh, Samanthy, what if it should be? What will you do if you've killed him?"

"Sha'n't wear mournin' fer him," said Samanthy, beginning to feel queer, as she afterward related this part of the story to her friends. "I wouldn't like to know I'd killed somebody, but ef 'twas a hoss-thief, somebody'd orter kill him, an' I dunno but it mought as well be me's anybody else."

"We ought to let Uncle Porter know," said Nannie. "Oh, Samanthy!"—suddenly—"I wouldn't wonder in the least if they'd got our horses, too."

"Like's not," said Samanthy. "Ef you'll go right down an' let 'em know what's happened, I'll stay here and keep watch."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare to!" cried Nannie. "What if I met one of the horse-thieves?"

"Then you stay here, an' I'll go," said Samanthy.

"Let's both go," said Nannie. "It wouldn't do any good for one of us to stay here while the other was gone."

To this plan Samanthy assented, and they set off on a run for the camp-meeting grounds.

"It cured my toothache, anyway," said Samanthy. "I declare 't was lucky I had it, wa'n't it? It sent me hum at jest the right time. Ef we 'd 'a' be'n five minutes later, they 'd 'a' be'n gone with the hosses."

Mr. Porter was in the midst of a stirring exhortation when the two women reappeared at the camp-meeting.

Samanthy went up to him and gave his arm a twitch.

"You 'd better come hum," she whispered. "There's trubble to the barn. Hoss-thieves, I reck'n!"

CHAPTER XXII.

ON THE TRAIL.

Mr. Porter broke off his exhortation very abruptly, and joined Mr. Boone, to whom Nannie had gone with the news of what had happened.

It was evident to all, from the action and manner of the women, that something unusual had taken place, and a crowd soon gathered about them for information.

Samanthy told all there was to tell in as few words as possible.

Five minutes later the services of the evening were declared ended, and the entire congregation set off for Mr. Porter's.

"Did you say Samanthy shot one?" asked Rhoda, coming up to where Nannie stood, with her mother and Mrs. Porter. "Oh, dear! Isn't it dreadful! I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night thinking of it."

"Neither shall I," said Nannie. "I haven't got the sound of that gun out of my ears yet. It doesn't seem to me as if I ever would. Come home with me, Rhoda. Your aunt will have plenty of company, and won't need you. Do come, please! I can't bear to think of staying alone, and you haven't stayed with me in a long time."

Rhoda consented, and the party followed the men from the camp-ground.

It was a crowd of stern-faced men that gathered about the barn, a few minutes later.

"She hit one, sure enough," said the foremost settler, as he paused at the open stable-door. "He's hurt purty bad, or dead, I reckon, jedgin' from the blood."

"Lift him up," said Mr. Boone. "Mebbe he's fainted."

Two men stepped forward and attempted to lift the figure in the doorway.

"He's dead," said one of them, after partially raising the body. "Neighbors, there 's one less horse-thief in the world," he added, solemnly, yet not without a sound of satisfaction in his voice.

There was a moment of deep silence in the crowd. The presence of death kept down the demonstration of the excitement that every man felt.

Just then Wayne came up, in company with one of the ministers.

"We heard you had caught a horse-thief, and came to gratify a curiosity to see what one of the animals looked like," he said with a laugh. But Mr. Boone fancied that he detected an uneasy sound in the speaker's voice, and that the laugh which accompanied the words seemed forced and unnatural.

"We have," said Mr. Porter, holding his lantern so that the light of it fell full upon the dead man's face.

Wayne started back with a frightened exclamation. He stood for a moment and looked upon the ghastly sight, then turned away with a shudder that he could not hide, and walked toward the house.

"The wrath of God smites the transgressor," said the minister, solemnly. "May He have mercy on this poor sinner's soul! Let us pray."

And kneeling by the dead, among an awe-struck company which stood with bared, bowed heads, the good man prayed, and the sound of his voice was all that broke the silence until "Amen!" was said.

A hasty consultation was held concerning the disposal to be made of the body.

Before it was concluded, Mr. Boone came hurrying up with the news that his horses were gone.

"I tell you what it is, men," said one of the settlers, as he listened to the tidings, "ef we ever git track o' the thieves, we've got to do it now. Them with Boone's horses can't hev more'n an hour's start of us, an' it seems as ef they must ha' left some track behind. This"—pointing to the body in the doorway—"'ll be quite likely to put an end to their performances in this neighborhood for a spell, anyway, an' we don't want 'em to git away if it's possible to find 'em. We've hunted fer 'em high 'n' low, an' hunted thurrer, but we hain't got on to the right trail fer some reason or anuther. We hain't never found out what they'd done so soon after they'd did it as we hev this time. Ef we turn out an' s'arch as ef we meant bisness, I can't help feelin' 's ef we could git some track of 'em. It seems so, anyway. An' I go in fer makin' such a hunt as we hain't made yit, though I don't know's we can be a bit more thurrer 'n we hev b'en. But we can try, anyhow; an' ef we do find any signs of 'em, we can foller 'em up ef we git right at it an' don't waste no time. What say, neighbors?"

A hearty murmur of assent went over the crowd.

Lights were procured, and a close examination of the premises about Mr. Boone's barn began.

"Here's their tracks plain 's day," declared Bill Green, as eager for the pursuit of the horse-thieves now as he had been an hour ago for pardon of his sins. "I feel's ef we was goin' to fetch 'em this time. I do so!"

An hour later there was unbroken quiet where, so short a time before, there had been so much excitement. They were on the trail of the horse-thieves at last.

The dead man's body had been placed in the barn to await burial on the morrow.

It was twelve o'clock when the lights carried by the men who were on track of the horse-thieves faded into faint glimmers in the distance, and finally dwindled into so many sparks, and then seemed to go out in the darkness of the night.

In the kitchen at Mr. Porter's, the women and ministers were talking over the exciting events of the evening.

Wayne had retired.

The clock struck one.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Boone, "I'd no idee 't was so late! Come, Mis' Holdredge, let's be goin', or we sha'n't git any rest right to-night, an' I feel clear beat out."

Mrs. Holdredge was a visitor from "down below," whom Mrs. Boone had invited home with her from camp-meeting.

"Are you ready, Nannie?" asked Mrs. Boone, as she and Mrs. Holdredge rose to go.

"You can go on, mother, and Rhoda and I'll come right along," responded Nannie. "I want to see Samanthy a minute."

Mrs. Boone and her friend took their departure, and Nannie called Samanthy into the pantry for consultation.

"Dick ought to know of what's happened," said Nannie. "It may be that the knowledge of it would be of great advantage to him. Hadn't I better write a few lines and put them in the hollow tree? He'll find them to-morrow, if he's already been there to-night."

"I reckon 't would be a good idee," said Samanthy.

So Nannie tore a blank leaf out of the front part of a hymn-book and hurriedly wrote a few lines, explaining the condition of affairs.

"I'll leave it there on my way home," she said. "Good night, Samanthy. I'm glad I didn't shoot that man, but I don't think you did wrong. Nobody does."

"Neither du I," said Samanthy. "But I do feel awful curi's over it somehow. He desarved it, but—I'd ruther some one else'd did it. But it's done, and can't be helped; an' I dunno'n I'm sorry or hev any cull tu be. Mought jest as well be me tu du it as anybody else, as I said afore; but—"

Nannie and Rhoda took their departure, and Samanthy went to her room and went to bed, but not to sleep. The face of the dead man alone in the barn seemed before her constantly. She was honest with herself when she said that she felt she had done right, and yet the thought that a man had come to his death by her act was anything but a pleasant one.

"He desarved it," she kept saying to herself, "but I'd ruther somebody else had did it."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RHODA OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION.

"Rhoda," said Nannie, when they were half way to Mr. Boone's, "will you wait here a minute while I go dow the road just a little way? I'll be back in no time. Some time I'll tell you all about it."

"I'll be right back," said Nannie, as she hurried away. "Don't be afraid, Rhoda."

"No-no," responded Rhoda, feeling sure that she was afraid, in spite of her assurance to the contrary.

She sat down on a log behind a clump of bushes to await Nannie's return.

The moon, which had been partially obscured, came out from behind a cloud, and tooking toward Mr. Porter's she saw that the window in the gable of the house was raised and a man was leaning out.

As she saw this she became conscious of a sound which she vaguely remembered to have heard before, since leaving Mr. Porter's—the call of a night-bird.

But as she listened to it now there seemed to be something peculiar about it, which she had never noticed in the call before.

It was given three times. Then the forest from which it came was silent again.

Looking toward Mr. Porter's she saw that the man who had been looking out of the window, apparently listening, was now climbing out upon the roof of the shed.

"It must be the singing-teacher," she thought. "But what can he be getting out of the house in that way for?"

The man she was watching dropped lightly to the ground from the shed-roof and came toward the road. Then he leaped the fence and came directly toward the spot where she was hidden.

"What shall I do?" thought Rhoda, frightened half to death. "I don't dare run and I don't dare scream. Oh, if Nannie would only come back!"

Being so badly frightened, she did nothing but shrink back closer into the screening shadow of the bush behind which she was sitting.

Then she heard steps coming from the opposite direction. Evidently Mr. Wayne had come to meet some one, and his visitor was approaching.

The two men met in the sheltering shadow of the old cottonwood, not fifteen feet away from where the frightened girl was crouching, her heart beating such a tattoo against her ribs that it seemed to her they must hear it.

"Is that you, Number Five?" asked Wayne.

"Yes, it's me," was the reply. "It's been a bad night for us, captain."

"Yes, it has been a bad night for us," responded Wayne. "Number Six has got through with his troubles."

"They got away all right with the horses from the other place," said the man called Number Five. "They're hot after us, but I think we'll be able to throw them off the scent, after all. When do we leave the swamp, captain? It's getting to be almost too hot for us in this vicinity, and the sooner we're out of it the better I shall be satisfied."

"I will join you to-morrow night, and we will leave at once," replied Wayne. "See that everything is in readiness for a start as soon as I arrive. How many horses are there in all?"

"Six," was the reply. "That is, there will be six if they succeed in running in those they got away to-night. There's the two from Deer Creek, the two from the cross-roads and to-night's haul."

[To be continued.]

A New Foe to American Trees.

Specimens of a strange caterpillar discovered last spring on pear trees in Cambridge, Mass., are pronounced by Professor Samuel Henshaw to be the "goldtail," hitherto unknown as an inhabitant of this country, although it is found locally in England, and is "abundant in central and southern Europe." When numerous, these caterpillars are very destructive, feeding on such trees and plants as the apple, pear, plum, hawthorn, bramble, elm, willow, beech, oak, hazelnut and hornbeam. At present the invaders in Massachusetts are said to be confined to a limited area in Somerville and Cambridge. The first specimens seen to have made their appearance a year ago, and thus far they have confined themselves to pear and apple trees. How they got across the ocean nobody apparently knows. It is suggested that by vigorous measures they may be stamped out.

The Use of the Garnet.

"The average man, I presume, imagines that garnets are used in our line of business exclusively," remarked a Chicago jeweler the other day, "whereas, in fact, the jewelry trade cuts a small figure in the garnet industry. About three thousand tons of garnets are used every year in this country for making sandpaper. A very small portion of the garnets have any value to the lapidary, and the best are only semi-precious stones. The costliest comes from the Adirondack regions and from Delaware County, Penn. Up in Alaska, near the town of Wrangel, is a veritable garnet mountain, and a corporation has recently been organized to develop it. The Alaska garnets are said to be usually fine."

Building Superintendent Constable in his recent report says that 3144 new buildings were erected last year in New York City at an aggregate cost of $73,781,945.

HOW COD ARE CAUGHT.

I have just returned from a voyage in pursuit of the live cod and henceforth and forevermore there will be added sweetness to the flavor of the fish whenever it is my good fortune to have it placed before me as it should be served, for the memory of the brave and sturdy seamen who risk their lives in all sorts of weather along a section of the coast that is strewn with wrecks of their kind will always remain with me.

No wind or weather daunts them; they face the freshening northeast breeze in the full knowledge of the message it may bring them, without a tremor, and battle with the storms and waves with the fervor that brave men display when their lives are at stake. All this along one of the most treacherous portions of the Atlantic seabord, and, although at times they come limping into port presenting sorry evidences of the hurricane's fury and reporting possibly the loss of a man or two, they patch up speedily, replacing a spar here and a breadth of canvas there. and are off again almost before you know it to make another try at the catch.

It was almost sundown when the fishing smack Kitty M. anchored close to a dock at Stapleton. Two of the crew put off in a dory and two more followed them shortly. The first boat returned in about half an hour with a load of big sea clams, which were stored forward. Each boat made several trips for the clams, which are used as the bait for cod, and when enough had been procured the boats were hoisted on deck and the anchor weighed. The lights were placed on the mainmast shrouds, and just as the Kitty M. swung around and pointed her bow toward the Narrows the cook gave the call for supper.

After supper the mate and his crew went to work, with very few words concerning what was to be done, although they joked, laughed and chaffed each other the while. Each man knew his duty and performed it mechanically. Baskets of clams were thrown up on deck and two of the men set to opening them. The clams went into pans alongside of them; the shells overboard. The other men, under the eye of the mate, picked over yard after yard of stout line strung with numberless hooks, strengthening the line and putting fresh hooks at various points. To me the lines and hooks looked hopelessly tangled, but under the rough hands of the men they worked out as smoothly as a skein of yarn is wound by a skilful housewife. Then the pans of clams were passed down and the baiting of the hooks began.

"You are not going to fish to-night?" I said.

"Oh, no," replied the mate. "We are getting ready for the morning. There's no time for this business then."

As soon as one pan of clams was emptied it was replaced by another full one, and as each hook was carefully hidden the long line was coiled so there would be no possibility of a tangle when it was taken up. The fishermen call this line a "trawl;" in the South it is known as the "trot line." The hooks are attached to the line by a long snell and are about four feet apart. In all a trawl line carries from four to five hundred hooks, and, as the Kitty M. was provided with ten lines, there was little loafing done in the fo'c'stle.

At eleven o'clock Captain Jack, the skipper, walked forward and found that six of the trawls had been baited. As the start had been made so late he said that this would do for the night. There was no time lost in "turning in," and speedily the crew stowed themselves away for the night—all except the lookout and the man at the wheel. At this hour the Kitty M. was bearing rapidly down the coast, and the lights of the towns on the northern shore twinkled far away in the distance like a row of stars that had paused a moment on the horizon to nod a friendly "good night."

Long before the sun rose every soul aboard the Kitty M. was awake and stirring. The Kitty M., rocking gracefully on the gentle swell, was at anchor about eight miles off Barnegat. Two of the dories had already departed, and the steady click of the oars against the locks sounded across the quiet water with startling clearness. The third dory, swung by the bow from the shrouds, was soon lowered, stern first, alongside. Then two trawls, nicely coiled, were handed over. After them came two small anchors—two kegs about the size of a small beer keg, painted red and white—a jug of water and the oars. Two of the crew, "Joe" and "Charley," took their seats and I was given a place in the stern. With a parting word of instruction as to location from the captain they pushed away, and the little dory went skimming over the water under the strokes of the sailors like a naphtha launch.

When they had covered about one-quarter of a mile "Joe" came to the stern and fastened a long line to the keg, which was dropped overboard. To the end of the line he next secured one of the anchors, and to this he fastened one end of the trawl. As he played out the anchor rope the trawl line followed, and when bottom was reached "Charley" started slowly ahead with the boat, and "Joe," standing up in the stern, kept the snarls out of the trawl with amazing dexterity and played out foot after foot, hook after hook, all baited and ready. The work was slow, for the hooks must not be twisted around the line, for when they are free and clear they are bound to hold any ordinary friendly cod that makes their acquaintance. Nearly two hours had passed when the end of the second trawl was reached and secured by another anchor and keg. Leaving the army of hooks resting snugly on the bottom of the Atlantic, where the tempting bait is most likely to be encountered by the lazy cod.' "Joe" and "Charley" rowed back to the Kitty M.

The other dories had not returned. Each, manned by two men, had taken out two trawls, and "Joe" and "Charley" were much elated that they had been the last to start and the first to return. When delays of this nature occur it is usually suspected that the lines have been tangled. When the other dories finally appeared and all hands were on deck again the captain ordered the four remaining trawls baited. The work was completed by eleven o'clock, and then dinner was announced.

After a ten minutes loaf and smoke on deck the men went to their dories, which had been left alongside, and I pushed off again with "Joe" and "Charley." Upon reaching the buoy the keg was detached and stowed away in the bow, and the anchor followed.

Taking up the trawl and standing in the bow this time, "Joe" began to draw in the line and "Charley" rowed slowly ahead, according to instructions. As the line came in "Joe" coiled it deftly, so it could be handled easily and without snarling. Some thirty feet of the line had been hauled up, when "Joe" suddenly cried:

"Here they come!"

A moment later two big cod, weighing about eight pounds each, were flapping in the bottom of the boat. While they were being unhooked "Charley" ceased rowing so as to keep the line clear of the bow. About eighty cod, running from three to twelve pounds, were gathered on this trawl, and on the second trawl nearly one hundred and twenty-five were taken.

One of the dories had beaten us back to the Kitty M., although the catch did not run more than one hundred, and as we drew alongside this dory put out again with a new crew and two of the newly baited trawls. "Joe" and "Charley" threw the fish on deck with scoops, and then each fish was picked over and examined. The lively ones were tossed into the well in the centre of the sloop, which is built after the style of a centreboard well. Hundreds of holes in the bottom of the tank allow for a full play of "fresh" salt water continually, and cod can live as well there as they could anywhere. Those that die, either by the handling or through their struggles while on the hook, and those which show signs of an approaching death are packed in the ice chests.

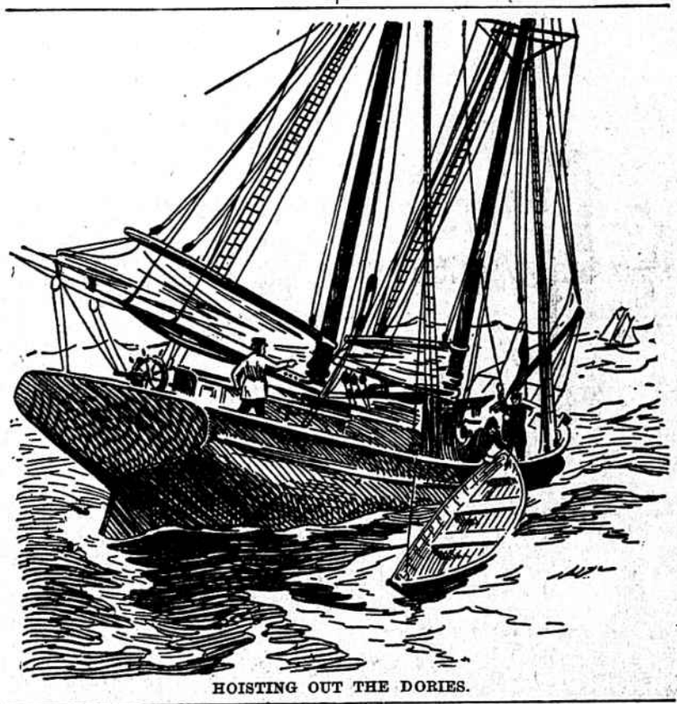
As the afternoon passed the wind freshened considerably, and at sunset, when the two dories returned from the short haul, the Kitty M. was tossing restlessly and tugging viciously at the anchor, threatening every moment to break away and run. Each dory brought back at least seventy-five cod.

The codfish grounds visited for the purpose of supplying the New York markets may be found all the way from Fire Island to Barnegat. No one can tell which will be the best ground until the season has well started. Some years all the cod school to one locality, and the next winter they all go to another ground forty or fifty miles away. Sometimes they divide up and send equal delegations to both conventions. This is not considered so fortunate by the fishermen as when they are all together. They are then caught more rapidly, and the trips are shorter and more profitable. The length of the trip depends entirely upon the catch, but at the outside it does not extend over ten days to two weeks.

During the season the crew seldom fail to bring in less than three to five hundred fish a day. That is considered an average haul, but on several occasions "Captain Jack" has taken close to two thousand in a single day. When this happens it means a very short trip, not extending over five or six days, and a handsome profit besides.

The next morning the sea was still running high and the dories were launched with considerable difficulty. As they sped away it seemed as if they would be swamped every moment. The oarsmen sliced off the tops of the waves with their blades, never losing a stroke, and disappeared in the gullies as calmly as if they were in a pleasure boat in a placid mountain lake. With the glasses I watched them play out the trawls. It was slow, tedious work, and they returned nearly an hour later than usual. The work of making the haul was even more troublesome, and a dozen or more of the fish were washed overboard while they were being transferred.

While codfish on ice is fresh and good and makes a wholesome repast, it loses flavor after death more rapidly than any other fish in Northern waters. As the live cod are therefore preferable, and for the reason that they bring higher prices, the fishermen who go out to sea in their stanch sloops take great pains to bring back as few fish in their ice boxes as possible.—New York Herald.



HOISTING OUT THE DORIES.

WHERE THE CREW LIVE.

TAKING THE FISH OFF THE HOOKS.

Photography and Shooting.

A miniature photographic camera attached to the barrel of a gun is the invention of Mr. Lerchner, of Vienna. By an automatic shutter, working in unison with the trigger of the gun, the sportsman is able to obtain a perfect photograph of the bird or animal immediately before the shot or bullet has reached it.

Ks in Great Demand.

"Gentlemen," wrote the editor of the Boomville Terror, "the Klondyke fever has hit this community hard. Please send me at once, by express, four pounds of cap K's and the same amount of lower case k's. Can't get this week's paper out till they come."—Kansas City Star.

Money Expended on Books.

Germany imports $5,000,000 worth of books yearly. Of this Austria-Hungary furnishes $1,800,000 worth. Switzerland $800,000, France $700,000, Holland and Great Britain $400,000 each, Russia $700,000, the United States $100,000, and other countries $560,000.

How to Shake Hands.

A new handshake has arrived from England. They say that it is to become the rage and will entirely supersede the kangaroo grasp which has been fashionable. The new handshake is not a shake. The hands meet and gently swing from right to left for an instant.

(As it was done a year ago.)

(The fashionable mode of to-day.)

IF.

If all our lives were one broad glare
  Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our paths were smooth and fair,
  By no deep gloom enshrouded,
Then we should miss the darker hours,
  The intermingling sadness,
And pray, perhaps, for storms and showers
  To break the constant gladness.
If none were sick and none were sad,
  What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
  We hardly could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
  Our tender ministration,
Life would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
  Its finest consolation.
If sorrow never smote the heart
  And every wish were granted,
Then faith would die and hope depart
  And life be disenchanted.
And if in heaven is no more night,
  In heaven is no more sorrow,
Such unimagined, pure delight
  Fresh worth from pain would borrow.

PITH AND POINT.

There are people who think that if a girl has studied in Europe she can sing—Washington Democrat.

The Missionary—"My friend, what would you do if you expected the end of the world in ten days?" The Tramp—"Wait for it."—Puck.

Geraldine—"I wouldn't marry you if you lived to be a hundred year old." Gerald—"Well, you've got sixty years to change your mind."—Truth.

Lady Cyclist—"Oh, dear, this hill is so steep I wish I had a donkey to tow me up." Gentleman (gallantly)—Can't I tow you, darling?"—Standard.

Class in natural history—"Name two animals noted especially for their ferocity." "Two cats tied across a clo'es line, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

"They say that the Italian count she married turned out to be an organ-grinder." "Well at any rate, he had a handle to his name."—Brooklyn Life.

Ethel (aged six)—"I wonder where all the clergymen come from." Frances (aged five)—"I suppose the choir-boys grow up into ministers."—Harper's Bazar.

"De man dat won' be saterfy wif nuffin but a sof' snap,' said Uncle Eben, "is ginerally de one dat does de mos' talkin' 'bout hard times."—Washington Star.

Raggs—"I wonder why a dog always turns around three times before lying down?" Jaggs—"Probably he thinks that one good turn deserves another."—Chicago News.

Flora (who has aspirations)—"Don't you think women can do a great deal to elevate the stage?" Ed.—"It wouldn't be necessary if they'd lower their hats."—Harper's Bazar.

Belle—"What makes that Miss Sprocket so proud?" Bertha—"Why, didn't you hear? She advertised her bicycle for sale, and they got it in this way, 'A beautiful lady's bicycle for sale.'"

Mr. Blinkins—"You know the old proverb, 'The best is the cheapest.' Mrs. Blinkins—"Oh, you are mistaken! The best is the dearest. I know, for I've asked the prices."—New York Weekly.

"The fact is," said Dawson, "I married because I was lonely. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy." "Well, old man," replied his friend Haley, you certainly have mine."—Chicago News.

"It hardly seems meet," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "yet it is undoubtedly true, that many a young woman is willing to trust with her heart a young man that no butchers will trust for a pound of liver."—Indianapolis Journal.

"How old are you?" was asked of a little English girl who is visiting in Allegheny. "I am six." And how old is your cousin?" "He is six, too, but he has been so longer than I." The boy was a few months the older.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Enthusiast—"The game of golf consists in getting the balls over the course with the smallest possible number of strokes. You can understand that?" Friend—"Of course. The players naturally desires to get through with it as soon as possible."—Puck.

Parisian Economy.

"In Paris nothing is wasted, not even the smallest scrap of paper," said an observant American who has recently returned from the French metropolis, to a Star reporter yesterday. "That which nearly every one in this country throws away becomes there a source of profit. Old provision tins, for instance, are full of money: The lead soldering is removed, and melted down into cakes, while the tin is sold to certain manufacturers, who convert the material into children's toys. Old corks are collected, and when the broken, or damaged, parts have been cut out they are put into water to clean and swell, and are then sold to dealers. Old shoes, however bad, always contain in the arch of the sole at least one sound piece of leather that will serve again, and generally there are two or three other bits in the heel and at the back of a boot that the cobbler will buy. Scraps of paper go to the cardboard factory, orange peel to the marmalade maker, and so on.—Washington Star.

A Railway to Mecca.

About 100,000 Muslim pilgrims visit the sacred city of Mecca every year on the occasion of the pilgrimage, and there is very considerable traffic between Yembo and Medina, the birthplace of the prophet. It is now proposed by a London syndicate to construct a railway between Yembo, Medina and Mecca. A difficulty, however, arises not from the natural features of the country, which are exceedingly favorable for the construction of a railway, but from the peculiar rites of the Hajj, or pilgrimage, which were instituted at a time when railways were never dreamed of. It is, however, probable that a railway will be constructed from Yembo to Medina, a distance of 130 miles, thus leaving the rest of the journey to the sacred shrine to be trudged on foot.

Five Little Pigs Sold For $1150.

That the prices of live stock are rapidly increasing in Iowa is shown by the records of some Poland China pig sales recently. E. M. Metzgar sold one pig to S. E. Shellenberger, of Camden, Ohio, for $683. A litter of five pigs born in February last brought $1150. In all forty-one pigs were sold, netting $3900.—New York Sun.