

MEN SHIELD PARTNERS IN GUILT

Remarkable Cases Which Have Come to Public Attention Recently, That Surpass in Dramatic Interest Anything in Balzac or Dumas, or the Famous Trial in Which the "First Gentleman of England" "Perjured Himself Like a Gentleman."

NEW YORK—What should the woman do? What should the man do? Questions these that have come down through the years—questions that have given theme to writers of romances and of plays and that have been the basis for discussions that have enthralled though they have not sold. No need there is to go to Dickens for the pathetic, nor to Balzac for the imaginative, nor to Dumas for the dramatic, nor to Hugo for the sensationally sordid.

There are stories of our own day and in our own courts told only to tabloid that more than match. There are men paying in prison cells the toll that their disordered sense of honor demands; there are women to whom a realization of justice has come only after the conviction of their former friends and accomplices.

Within the last few months three remarkable cases have been disclosed. In two of them men to shield the honor of a woman have gone to prison. In both instances the women have voluntarily confessed within a week and have confessed that they could have cleared the accused, but the men, knowing it would be at the cost of the women's good name, would not permit them to testify.

Berid Romance Here. But the third case, and now for the first time told, is as strange as any that ever was conjured by any master of romance. A man's peculiar and sordid plan for securing himself against what in his mind was a woman's beauty, a wife's duplicity, a divorce, imprisonment for one of the parties, penalty for the other and a scandal that it has taken all the influence of a family of great wealth and much distinction to keep from the public view.

In one of the exclusive families of the staid old aristocratic city of Baltimore was a man of fine presence and education, but with no moral sense. He had no conception of the difference between right and wrong. He would do the smallest of things and the meanest. Trusts were betrayed by him, and many times it was family influence and the family money chest that kept him from being branded as a criminal.

There was no reforming him, and decent men and women shunned him as they would a leper. Like most criminals, he considered himself a much wronged person, and he was particularly bitter because society outlawed him. One thing that the man viewed with alarm was the future. He was a coward at heart, loved the good things of life, and as old age approached and his opportunities for thieving narrowed year by year he became more and more uneasy. He gambled and drank—gambled in the vain hope of winning a fortune; drank to forget for a time what his remnant of a conscience constantly brought up accusingly before him. And each evening he sank a little lower than he was before. Then came the first act in a romance as playwright ever has given to the stage.

Scoundrel's Scheme. One morning he was idly sauntering up Charles street when he saw an Italian organ grinder and a girl of perhaps eleven or thirteen years who was playing the tambourine. The thing that attracted the attention of the man was the gypsy beauty of the girl. She had all the grace of form and as he gazed an idea seized him. Why not make the child the medium through which he might work out comfort for his declining days? She could be made a most alluring in the eyes of men. He could train her to his own ends and make of her an asset that would be worth all the trouble and expense. He spoke to the Italian and gave him a generous tip. He met him frequently, and after a lot of clever lying and maneuvering, telling the man he meant to adopt the girl and equip her as befitting her beauty, he actually purchased her for \$100.

He gave his name as Vaunce, and as Vaunce he she remained. He took the girl and patiently and fully he went to work to equip her for the life he had determined she should lead. She was kind and gentle when he thought that treatment best, and he had her when he considered that method necessary. He was generous in the extreme to her, going to the length at times of depriving himself in order to add to her comfort, a thing he never had



Finished at Fashionable School. When she was fourteen he was able to send her to a fashionable school for girls. She looked seventeen and seemed almost a woman. In this school she acquired the polish he deemed necessary. When she left it even Vaunce was satisfied. She was radiant. If she was charming before, she was fascinating now. Vaunce posed as her father, and she obediently called him "Daddy." She was brilliant in conversation, sang with a spirit that stirred the blood, and was so pretty that men and women stopped in the street to look at her. She was a bit capricious, perhaps. Some of the men thought her so.

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Vaunce had no tolerance for the young ambitious men who sought the girl. He had made it clear to her she was to accept the attentions only of the men he approved. He explained so much of his plans to her as he thought necessary, and she, dominated by his will, was content. He had fitted her, he said, to be the wife of a rich man. After she had riches she could think of love.

All of her suitors found her capricious, but capriciousness is not a fault as he thought necessary, and she, dominated by his will, was content. He had fitted her, he said, to be the wife of a rich man. After she had riches she could think of love. All of her suitors found her capricious, but capriciousness is not a fault as he thought necessary, and she, dominated by his will, was content. He had fitted her, he said, to be the wife of a rich man. After she had riches she could think of love.

Man's Chivalry Shown. An arrest followed. The woman could not acknowledge the man's innocence without proclaiming her own. He could have gone free if he had told the truth, but it would have involved her. He simply did what in his rudely chivalric mind seemed the proper thing to do. He took the brand of thief and went to prison, where he now is. The husband, who may or may not have had suspicion of the true state of affairs, brought suit for divorce, but named as the co-respondent the young millionaire. The latter man, though discarded, accepted the situation. The testimony was taken before a referee in secret, he divorced granted and the woman freed.

She has expressed no regret, the former husband has none, the co-respondent is silent, and only the firm is punished. Strange part of it, though, is that Vaunce, who would be the one that is injured. He cannot see any moral obliquity in his having gambled with a human life for his pecuniary advantage or in being the indirect cause of wrecking, if not the fortune, at least the happiness of a generous friend. All he sees is that his plans have gone astray and that he faces in his old age the pinching which he had planned so elaborately to avert, for the pension he thought so secure is paid no longer.

To Prison to Save Woman. But the alibi was weak. It led him away from his home, but whither? Where he was not was almost reasonably determined. It was where he actually was that was shrouded in mystery. It seemed to the jury the physician should have been able to account for himself on the night his wife died, and they found him guilty of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced to prison for life and would not affect him adversely. His pension was secure. Then there was the prospect of a new deal with the millionaire. This appealed to the criminal mind of Vaunce as something delightful.

Real Love Spoils Game. Vaunce watched the progress of the affair with the millionaire with complacency until one day he discovered an absolutely new element had entered into the game. The woman, who had no more affection for the millionaire than she had for her husband, had fallen in love—badly, violently, insanely, as only a Sicilian woman can. The person she had fallen in love with was a freeman, a clean-cut, blue-eyed, handsome young man, whom she had met in the street, and who had winked at her and flirted with her as if she were a shop girl. Clandestine meetings followed and

of milk. It is not an uncommon sight to see a year-old calf running alongside its mother. One late October day the cow was lazily lounging on the grass, but half-watching in his careless manner her calf and calf. Suddenly realizing that the calf was not with its mother, he raised himself quickly, and with apprehensive looks, he saw that the cow had fallen over the cliff which bounded the pasture on the north. A rocky bluff it was, with a sheer drop of one hundred feet. That the animal was dead was a certainty, for it was not the first time such an accident had occurred.

The Inivisible Man. Residents of one of our downtown streets were startled one evening by a streak of white which moved rapidly down the sidewalk along the way. It was its gloomy background was something to make one's flesh creep, especially as it seemed to be suspended in the air. Closer inspection under a corner light revealed the fact that the flying object was a negro, who was training for some athletic event. His white costume was of seashore dimensions, and the rest of him was too dark to be seen—New York Times.

Work of the Military Spy

ONCE in a while an army or navy officer is arrested for spying or attempting to obtain military secrets from a foreign government. Fractally every government, including the United States, has a law which makes this a crime. Usually there are more or less secrecy or aid from his government.

Within the last few months two British officers, Captain Brandon and Captain Trench, have been arrested and tried and imprisoned in Germany for gathering military information in that country which might be valuable to Great Britain in case of hostilities. A German officer, Lieutenant Helm, was arrested in England for sketching and photographing British fortifications. In the Philippines two Japanese spies were arrested while attempting to bribe private furnish them with photographs of the fortifications of Corregidor, Manila bay.

These incidents are only indications of a general system of secret military espionage which is in progress in all parts of the world. Although it will not officially admit it, practically every government has a secret service of army and navy officers whose duty is to travel in foreign countries to obtain information which might be useful to their own government. The shortage of officers of the United States has only engaged in this practice in time of actual hostilities.

Military espionage is, of course, a delicate subject, and it would be a gross violation of international propriety for any government to admit that it had secret agents spying on its neighbors. However, it is a well known fact that this system exists.

Not long ago officers of the war department had an experience which is still a mystery. One of the most important secrets of the army in recent years has been the details of the fortifications of the island of Corregidor, which is situated at the mouth of Manila bay. A British subject in the city of Calcutta found on the streets of that city a small packet of blueprints containing the details of the defenses of Corregidor. Recognizing the character of the documents he turned them over to the American consul general there, who in turn forwarded them to the state department at Washington. Finally they found their way to the war department where the blueprints were critically examined. The officers of the department were amazed when they found that the blueprints contained all the important details of the defenses of Corregidor. The whereabouts of which have never been ascertained. They were on a small scale, evidently made with the idea of carrying them in a pocket, and were very finely and accurately drawn. On some of the blueprints were tabulations giving the heights of the guns above the sea level, the location of searchlights, the control stations and other highly confidential information. The blueprints were evidently made from the original plans, the whereabouts of which have never been ascertained. They were on a small scale, evidently made with the idea of carrying them in a pocket, and were very finely and accurately drawn. On some of the blueprints were tabulations giving the heights of the guns above the sea level, the location of searchlights, the control stations and other highly confidential information. The blueprints were evidently made from the original plans, the whereabouts of which have never been ascertained.

The maker of the blueprints was not identified. Officers of the war department are content with the fact that the blueprints were abstracted and deliberately sold to a foreign government. But the most careful and comprehensive investigation which was made by the department failed to disclose the identity of the supposed traitor.

About a year ago two Japanese officers attempted to obtain photographs of the Corregidor fortifications by nabbing an enlisted man of the American army. On some of the blueprints were tabulations giving the heights of the guns above the sea level, the location of searchlights, the control stations and other highly confidential information. The blueprints were evidently made from the original plans, the whereabouts of which have never been ascertained.

Miner Finds Relics of a Town Which He Insists Are 10,000 Years Old. Still another "oldest city in the world" has been discovered. When T. Hewitt Myring found vases in Peru in ruins which were said to be 7000 years old it was imagined that the remains of early civilizations had been pushed as far into antiquity as they would ever go.

But A. Lefave, a mining engineer, has found the relics of a town in an Arizona tableland near Phoenix which he insists are at least 10,000 years old. The buildings are on a level stretch of country where neither silt nor wash was possible, and yet the ruins were covered with ten feet of prairie dust, which the discoverer claims required ages to accumulate.

The buildings of sandstone show great architectural skill, and in the walls were found a box of cotton bolls and a sealed jar of corn, both well preserved. The Arizona climate does not permit the growth of cotton in the wastes of the desert. The fact that sufficient time must have elapsed since the cotton which he found was grown to have wrought a complete change in the character of the country. This period he also gauges as something like 10,000 years.

Experience of Man Who Climbed the Zeneriffian Rocks—Learned Valuable Lesson. "To climb a mountain with a friend is a pleasure; to climb alone is an education," declares a man who has had many experiences with a foreign government. His arrest had been made in connection with another offense and the discovery of these papers was accidental. In 1907 an American ambassador at



Two Japanese Officers Spied on the Philippines. The Japanese officers were arrested while attempting to bribe private furnish them with photographs of the fortifications of Corregidor, Manila bay.

desired information and no questions in regard to the methods that he employed are asked. If he is captured while engaged in his work he is punished for attempting to obtain the military secrets of a foreign government, and his own country lets him severely alone. The diplomatic code books by means of which the confidential correspondence is carried on are often sought after by these secret agents. Several years ago the code book of the American legation at Bucharest "disappeared." Its loss was reported to Secretary of State Elihu Root by telegraph. Mr. Root sent for the chief clerk of the department.

"Mr. Smith," said the secretary, "the code book at Bucharest has been lost. I believe it is about time for us to have a new code for our diplomatic correspondence."

Some months later the missing book was offered for sale to the Japanese ambassador at St. Petersburg, who purchased it for a small sum and as an act of courtesy turned it over to the American ambassador there. A young man several years ago appeared at the American embassy in Berlin and offered to sell to the ambassador a copy of the state department's code book which he said he had in his possession. He left several specimen pages to prove that his book was genuine. A comparison with the embassy's code book proved that he had the real code, but where he had obtained it was a mystery. The ambassador knew that a new code was in course of preparation and would shortly be distributed by the department. The offer was politely declined on the ground that the embassy had a code book of its own and did not need another.

English Crumpets. One quart of warm milk, one cake of yeast, one teaspoon of salt, four cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one light, add one-half cup of melted butter, a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little water, and a very little more flour. Let it stand twenty minutes or until light. Grease some muffin rings, and then roll out two layers of dough, one half full of the batter. When done on one side, turn and bake the other side. Butter them while hot. Pile one on another and serve immediately.

Graham Prune Crackers. One pound of cold, dry stewed prunes; one pint of rich cream and graham flour. Cut the prunes in small pieces, sift the flour into the cream until it forms a paste thick enough to roll out; then roll out two layers of dough of an inch thick, sprinkle the prunes over one of these pieces, lay the other piece on top and roll out smooth. Cut into squares three inches square, prick deeply with a fork and bake until too crisp.

Caramel Pudding. Three tablespoons tapioca (pearl), one quart cold water, pinch of salt, one cup brown sugar. Bake a good two hours, stirring often when first put in. Serve with cold custard sauce, made of two cups of sweet milk, add one well-beaten egg mixed with three tablespoons sugar and a pinch of salt; flavor. Am sure you will like this. We, too, are fond of chocolate and if you have something nice please send it in.

Egg Fritters. Toast six slices of bread a good brown (stale bread is preferable); dip each in hot water to soften; beat thoroughly one egg with egg beater; add pepper and salt to taste and one tablespoon of milk; dip each slice in egg mixture and fry a delicate brown in spider with a little lard or butter; butter each slice plentifully and serve plain or with syrup.

Buns. One cup of warm water, one cup of sweet milk, yeast and sugar, with flour enough to make a stiff batter; let this rise over night; in the morning add a cupful of sugar, a cupful of raisins or currants, molasses, let this rise till light, then make into buns, rise again under a very light and bake. Use any spice liked.

To Save Towels. A piece of bed ticking about a yard square, preferably old, will save your kitchen towels and many a burnt hand. This square should be hemmed and a loop of tape by which to hang it fastened at one end. It is best in kind of holder for handling hot utensils or taking pies and cakes from the oven.

Croquettes. Take some fresh mashed potato, well seasoned, fry to a golden brown in hot fat, croquette shaped. Remove carefully to a hot platter. With a tablespoon make a deep depression in each one and fill with highly-seasoned minced chicken. Strew the croquettes with hard-boiled eggs over the tops.

Bread Pudding. One pint of bread crumbs, one quart milk, rind of one lemon grated into milk, yolks of four eggs, beaten and mixed with one-half cup sugar. Bake one-half hour. Spread meringue on top.

Time to Die. "When is the best time to die?" gravely asks a contemporary. "Just before you try to introduce an old friend to an acquaintance and can't remember his name."

IS GERMAN NATIONAL DISH

Open Fruit Tart, Made According to Directions, Cannot Fail to Please.

The open fruit tart is a German national dish not to be mentioned in the same breath with its favored British brother. Apples or plums are scattered not too lavishly on a surface of thick pastry, and speckled with brown sugar.

These tarts are often eaten with the preparation known as "Dick Milch," the forerunner of our curds for sour milk.

For its preparation all that is necessary is to keep a bowl of milk in the collar for three or four days, then skim off the cream and beat it quite smooth with a wooden spoon, and afterward add the milk very slowly, beating all the time. It is usually served with cinnamon or sugar.

SERVED IN PATTY SHELLS
Idea That May Be Something of a Novelty for Those Who Are Fond of Eggs.

Put six fresh eggs in boiling water for seven minutes and then in cold water for five minutes. Remove the shells and cut the eggs in slices. Wash a quarter of a pound of small mushrooms and cut them into slices, and cut into small pieces four chicken livers. Chop up five one-tablespoonful onions and cook them in a tablespoonful of butter four minutes, not letting them brown; then add the mushrooms and livers, and season with salt and pepper. Cook for seven minutes, stirring all the time, and make them two tablespoons of chopped parsley, two tablespoonfuls of sherry and the eggs. In the meantime have the patty shells warming in the oven and, when hot, fill each with the mixture, putting the remainder of it on a platter with the patties, and serve immediately.—Harper's Bazar.

Sauce Bernaise. First prepare a scented vinegar as follows: Place in a saucepan one slice of onion, one bay leaf, one teaspoon chopped celery (or one salted), one clove of garlic, one clove of garlic, mashed, and four tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Cook until reduced one-half, then strain, cool and set aside. Beat four yolks of eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and the above scented vinegar. Whisk thickened. Do not allow the water to boil underneath or the eggs will curdle. Stir occasionally. Remove from fire and add one-half tablespoonful of salt, one saltspoon of pepper and one saltspoon of mustard. Use cold as an accompaniment to broiled steak or broiled or planked fish.

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FREE



A trial package of Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address: Professor Munyon, 534 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to try this new medicine. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion, constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and causing blood, which often produces rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious fevers, and, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physics.

Regular size bottle, containing 45 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 534 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

GETTING FRIENDLY.
Tom—Making any progress in your suit for Miss Myrtle's hand?
Dick—Oh, yes.
Tom—Why, I heard her father kicked you out every time you called.
Dick—Yes; but he doesn't kick me as hard as he used to.

Had His Troubles.
"Michael Dolan, an 'is it yourself'?"
"Yes, it is."
"Well, ye know that blitherin' spalpeen, Widdy Castigan's second husband?"
"That I do."
"He bet me a bob to a pint of whiskey 'f I could get out an egg without breakin' the shell 'n' it."
"An' ye did it?"
"I did."
"Then phawts allin' ye?"
"It's on the table," having his hand on the lower part of his waistcoat. "If I jump about I'll break it and cut me stomach wid the shell, an' if I shake quiet I'll hatch and I'll have a Kiangai rooster scratchin' me inside."

FEED YOUNG GIRLS
Must Have Right Food While Growing.

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain that which is upbuilding and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervenes which, unless quickly using it, ripens into a chronic condition and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:
"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago that I finally quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness."
"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk at my meals, but at last it pallied on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum."

"I did so, only to find at first that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it made right—according to directions on the package—I found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what it has done for me. It has cured what I had long suffered from."

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than for a long while before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, and a full of human interest."

EXAMPLE OF REAL INGENUITY

Chinese Coolie Used His "Think Tank" and Family Got Its Usual Supply of Milk.

A returned missionary, who has acquired respect for the native shrewdness of the Chinese people, tells the following incident to justify her opinion. She lived for a time near the town of Chia-tung in the province of Szechuan. The region is rocky and precipitous, the sacred mountain of Cmseshan, covered with temples, rising in the immediate neighborhood.

"To the pasture lands at the foot of the mountain, just outside the city walls, the mission coolie led, and watched from morn to night, our cow and calf. Little cows these are, smaller than the thoroughbred Jersey, which give, when at their best, only two quarts of milk a day. Ofttimes has our supply for breakfast been but a cupful. To obtain even this bit, the calf is an all-important factor, for without it, the cow gives not a drop

of milk. It is not an uncommon sight to see a year-old calf running alongside its mother. One late October day the cow was lazily lounging on the grass, but half-watching in his careless manner her calf and calf. Suddenly realizing that the calf was not with its mother, he raised himself quickly, and with apprehensive looks, he saw that the cow had fallen over the cliff which bounded the pasture on the north. A rocky bluff it was, with a sheer drop of one hundred feet. That the animal was dead was a certainty, for it was not the first time such an accident had occurred.

"Trembling with fear, the coolie hurried down to the narrow road which led by the foot of the cliff. The mere fact that the calf was dead mattered little to him, but if the little animal was not beside its mother that night, we would have no milk for dinner, and not only that night, but for days to come. The coolie, however, was equal to the occasion. He took out his knife and carefully skinned

Dangers of Slope Climbing

raw in the work. I had worn no gloves all summer. Before I reached the higher summit a small cross-cornice—some freak of the wind—met me and brought me to a halt. And now, on a sudden, there was a faint stir in the air. A tunnel opened in the mist, and far away and below me I saw a vision of valley and stream, the stream flowing in a vague and uncertain way up-hill, as in a Chinese picture. It was a strange and sudden revelation that the rest of the world was there; then the veil fell, and cold, white silence shut me in again.

I returned to my cabin, and began to occupy the caverns I had cut out by one by one. There were snow slopes stretching down toward the valley. These slopes, seen from the vantage ground of a projecting rock above, appeared to be very gentle, and to end in a level plain of snow. I tried a snow-slide; but scarcely was I launched when my heels slipped on

concealed ice, and had I not managed to pull up on a rock, I should very probably have lost my life either by being crushed by a block of stone or by loss of blood. Ice, even when not studded with stones as this was, has a terrible rasping power. The thin coating of new snow had quite deceived me.

I learned a useful lesson, never to trust my estimate of the steepness of a snow slope that I had seen only from above, and never to try a gissade unless certain of not coming on ice. It was later that I learned how the lower part of a slope is often ice, from the water that drains down.—Youth's Companion.

On the Scaffold. Murphy—Patrick O'Flanagan, ye lyin' thafe, how dare ye go about sayin' as me father was hung?
Patrick—Sure, now, and it's yer self that told me that same. Didn't ye say only the day that yer father perished on the scaffold?
Murphy—Thru for you, Patrick, an' so he did; but he was a bricklayer and fell off it one day after a drop too much of the craytur.