KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Illustrations By Dearborn Melville.

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley; the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two. Hope learns that Gen. Waite, who was thought murdered, is at Sheridan, and goes there, where she is mistaken for Christie Maclaire, the Carson City singer. Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage. The plainsman tells Hope Waite of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

Keith's eyes lifted to her face, his ears quick to detect the undertone in her voice.

"Interesting? yes, for I was seeking after information, and met with some success. As to the other question, I am not sure whether I admire the lady or not. She is bright, pretty, and companionable, and in spite of her profession, at heart, I believe, a good woman. But really, Miss Hope, I was too deeply immersed in my purpose to give her personality much consideration. Among other things we spoke of you."

"Of me? Why?"

"I told her something of our adventures together; of how both Hawley and I had been confused. She was anxious to learn who you were, but unfortunately, I have never, even yet, heard your name."

"You have not?"

"No; I left you at Fort Larned believing you Christie Maclaire—supposing it your stage name, of course—and was confirmed in this belief by finding in the holster of the saddle you had been riding an envelope bearing that address."

"I remember; it contained the note the man brought to me from Hawley; he had written it that way." She crossed the room, sinking down into a chair facing him. "And you have actually confused me with Christie Maclaire all this while? Have never known who I was?"

He shook his head.

"I told you to call me Hope; that is my name—I am Hope Waite."

"Waite!" he leaned forward, startled by the possibility—"not—not—"

"Yes," she burst in, holding out her hands, clasping the locket, "and this was my father's; where did you get it?"

He took the trinket from her, turning it over in his fingers. Little by little the threads of mystery were being unraveled, yet, even now, he could not see very far. He looked up from the locket into her questioning face.

"Did I not tell you? No; then it was an oversight. This was about the throat of one of the men I buried at Cimmaron Crossing, but—but, Hope, it was not your father."

"I know," her voice choking slightly. "Mrs. Murphy found that out; that is why I am here. I heard my father came to Sheridan, and I wanted you to help me find him."

He was thinking and did not answer at once, and she went on in some alarm.

"Do you know anything about him, Captain Keith? Where is he? Why is he here? Don't be afraid to tell me."

He pressed the locket back into her hand, retaining the latter, unresisted, within his own.

"I have not seen your father, Hope, but he was certainly here a few days ago, for Fairbain met him. They were together in the army. I am going to tell you all I know—it seems to be a tangled web, but the ends must be somewhere, although, I confess, I am all at sea."

He told it slowly and simply, bringing forth his earlier suspicion, and how he had stumbled upon facts apparently confirming them. He related her father's robbery, his loss of valuable papers, and the conversation between Hawley and Scott which led to the suspicion that these same papers had fallen into the hands of the former, and were the basis of his plot. Hope listened, breathless with interest, her widely opened eyes filled with wonder. As he concluded speaking she burst forth:

"But I don't understand in the least, Captain Keith. Why did this man Hawley send me to the Salt Fork?"

"He thought he was dealing with Christie Maclaire. He had some reason for getting her away; getting her where he could exercise influence over her."

"Yes—yes; but who is she?"

"That is what makes the matter so hard to unravel. She doesn't even know herself. Hawley is going to take advantage of her ignorance in this respect, and convince her that she is the person he wishes her to represent—but who is the person? If we knew that we might block the game."

Both sat silent, striving to figure out some reasonable explanation.

"Do you know of any special papers your father carried?" he asked.

"No; none outside his business agreements."

"Has any one ever disappeared connected with your family? Did you have an older sister?"

"Fred and I were the only children. Why should you ask that question?"

"Because something of that nature would seem to be the only rational explanation. Your brother must have told Hawley something—some family secret—which he felt could be utilized to his own advantage. Then he saw your picture, and was immediately reminded of the remarkable resemblance between you and Christie Maclaire. Evidently this discovery fitted into his plan, and made it possible for him to proceed. He has been trying ever since to get an interview with the woman, to sound her, and find out what he can do with her. He has written letters, sufficiently explicit to make it clear his scheme is based upon a will drawn, as he claims, by Christie's grandfather. No doubt by this time he has fully convinced the girl that she is the rightful heiress to property—as he stated to Scott—valued at over a million dollars. That's a stake worth fighting for, and these two will make a hard combination. He's got the papers, or claims to have, and they must be the ones stolen from your father. I have been trusting you might know something in your family history which would make it all plain."

"But I do not," decisively. "You must believe me; not so much as a hint of any secret has ever reached me. There are only the four of us, Father, Mother, Fred, and I. I am sure there can be no secret; nothing which I would not know. Perhaps, if I could see Miss Maclaire—"

"I am convinced that would be useless," he interrupted, rising, and pacing across the floor. "If Hawley has convinced her of the justice of the claim, he will also have pledged her to secrecy. He is working out of sight like a mole, for he knows the fraud, and will never come to the surface until everything is in readiness. I know a better way; I'll find Fred, and bring him here. He would tell you whatever it was he told Hawley, and that will give us the clue."

He picked up his hat from the table, but she rose to her feet, holding forth her hands.

"I cannot thank you enough, Captain Keith," she exclaimed frankly.

"You are doing so much, and with no personal interest—"

"Oh, but I have."

The long lashes dropped over the brown eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"That I have a personal interest—in you, Hope."

She stood silent, her bosom rising and falling to rapid breathing.

"You don't mind my calling you Hope? I haven't got used to Miss Waite yet."

Her eyes met his swiftly.

"Of course, not. Such ceremony would be foolish after all you have done for me. Do—do you call her Christie?"

He laughed, clasping her hands closer.

"I assure you no—she is strictly Miss Maclaire, and," solemnly, "shall be to the end of the chapter."

"Oh, well, I didn't care, only that was what you called her when you were telling me what she said. Are you going?"

"Yes, to find Fred; the sooner we can get this straightened out, the better."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Mistake in Assassination.

Let his future be what it might, Jack Keith would never again forget the girl who held the door open for his passage with one hand, her other clasped in his. Interested before, yet forcing himself into indifference now that he knew who she really was, the man made full surrender. It was a struggle that kept him from clasping the slender figure in his arms, and pouring forth the words of tenderness which he sternly choked back. This was neither the time, nor the place, yet his eyes must have spoken, for Hope's glance fell, and her cheeks grew crimson.

"I do not need to pledge you to return this time, do I?" she questioned, her voice trembling.

"No," he answered, "nor any time again."

The hall was deserted, but a few men loitered in the office. Keith recognized none of the faces, and did not stop to make any inquiries of the clerk. It was growing dark, the lights already burning, and from the plashing of drops on the window, it must be raining outside. Hawley would surely have ended his call upon Miss Maclaire long before this, and left the hotel. However interesting his communication might have proven, she must fill her evening engagement at the Trocadero, and would require time for supper and rest. As to the result of that interview there could be little doubt. Providing the gambler possessed the proper papers he would have small difficulty in convincing the girl that she was indeed the one sought. Keith had probed sufficiently into her mind to feel assured that her inclination was to side with Hawley. Under all the circumstances this was natural enough, and he did not blame her.

He glanced into the bar-room as he passed, not in any anticipation, but merely from the vigilance which becomes second nature upon the frontier. Hawley stood leaning against the bar, where he could see any one passing through the hall. The eyes of the two men met, but the gambler never moved, never changed his attitude, although Keith noted that his right hand was hidden beneath the skirts of his long coat. The plainsman drew back, facing his enemy, until he reached the outer door. There was a sneer on Hawley's dark sinister face like an invitation, but a memory of the girl he had just left, and her dependence upon him, caused Keith to avoid an encounter. He would fight this affair out in a different way. As the door opened and he slipped forth into the gloom, he brushed against a man apparently just entering. The gleam of light fell for an instant upon the face of the other—it was Scotty with the red moustache.

They had been watching for him then—what for? Hawley on the inside, and this man Scott without, were waiting to determine when he left the hotel; would probably dog his footsteps to discover where he went. Keith loosened his revolver, so as to be assured he could draw quickly, and slipped back into the shadow of the steps, his eyes on the door of the hotel. There was a cold, drizzly rain falling, the streets almost deserted, appearing sodden and miserable where the lights shone forth through saloon windows. One or two men, seeking supper, coat collars turned up and hats drawn low over their eyes, climbed the rickety steps and went in, but no one came out. Perhaps he was mistaken as to the purpose of those fellows; they may have desired merely to know when he left, or Scott's return just at that moment might have been an accident. To be sure, the hotel possessed a back exit, but he could not cover both ends of the building, and must take his chances. It was too wet and disagreeable to remain crouched there, now that it was evident there was no intention of following him. With hand on the butt of his gun, suspicious and watchful, yet with scarcely a faster beat to his heart, Keith straightened up, and began splashing his way through the mud down the street. He knew where Willoughby would be most likely found at this hour—with cronies at the "Tenderfoot"—and he meant to discover the boy, and make him confess to Hope the truth. Matters had now reached a point where longer delay was dangerous.

Sheridan was seemingly dead, the long street silent, gloomy, black, except for those streams of saloon light shining across pools of water. A few wanderers ploughed through the muck, dim uncertain shapes appearing and vanishing in the gloom. He had gone a block and over, the struggle against the elements leaving him forgetful of all else, when a man reeled out of some dimly lit shack to his right, and staggered drunkenly forward a few feet in advance. He could barely distinguish the fellow's outlines, giving little thought to the occurrence, for the way was unusually black along there, the saloon opposite having shades drawn. Suddenly a flash of red fire spurted into the night, with a sharp report. It was so close at hand it blinded him, and he flung up one arm over his eyes, and yet, in that single instant, he perceived the whole picture as revealed by the red flame. He saw the man in front go down in a heap, the projection of the building from behind which the shot came, the end of a wagon sticking forth into the street which had concealed the assassin. The blinding flash, the shock of that sudden discharge, for a moment held him motionless; then he leaped forward, revolver in hand, sprang around the end of the wagon, and rushed down the dark alley between two buildings. He could see nothing, but some one was running recklessly ahead of him, and he fired in the direction of the sound, the leaping spurt of flame yielding a dim outline of the fugutive. Three times he pressed the trigger; then there was nothing to shoot at—the fellow had faded away into the black void of prairie. Keith stood there baffled, staring about into the gloom, the smoking revolver in his hand. The sound of men's voices behind was all that reached him, and feeling the uselessness of further pursuit, he retraced his way back through the narrow passage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Keith Saw the Man Go Down in a Heap.

Unusual Case.

"Gryson is the most secretive man I ever saw."

"He certainly is a close mouthed person. Why, if he knew a chorus girl and she tripped out on the stage with 19 other chorus girls, and Gryson was sitting in the front row or in a box with several friends, he wouldn't tell anyobdy he was acquainted with that girl."

The Meaning.

When the dirt so fast in flying,
Some one has to pay the toll;
Usually, 'tis signifying
That the digger's in a hole.

To Meet an Emergency.

"Madam, have you any old clothes to give away?"

"I have a suit belonging to my husband, but I fear it is too big for you."

"Oh! that will be all right. You just set me out a square meal and watch me eat enough so that I can fill it."

A Friend's Advice.

"A college has offered me a degree for a million."

"What's the use? Buy yourself a hundred dollars' worth of funny clothes, and save the rest of the coin."

He Was a Heavy Traveler.

She—Are you fond of travel?

He—I think I must be.

She—I've circled the globe six times—a matter of 150,000 miles—think of it! I suppose you have traveled more?

He—Yes—New York and Stamford—every week day—twenty-three years—a matter of 462,300 miles—just think—Great Scott! (Snaps his watch and runs.)

Note by Editor—New York to Stamford, 33½ miles x 2 x 300 x 23 is 462,300—Life.

The Reason.

"Why the Seaside?" was the question
the cynic
Had left on his article, fully in
view.
The wag came along and saw it, opining
'Twas likely the sea sighed because
it was blue.

Crowded Out.

"Anyway, her heart is in the right place."

"I don't believe it."

"Why, she is noted for her charities."

"I know it, but look how she is laced."

Endangering an Institution.

"The case against you," the prisoner's counsel said, "is very strong. So far as can see, you haven't the ghost of a chance. They have your finger prints."

"Yes, but you can prove an alibi," the prisoner insisted. "I can give the the names of 20 men that'll swear I was somewhere else when the swag was lifted."

The lawyer reflected a moment.

"No," he said, "that wouldn't do. No amount of swearing would counteract the evidence of finger prints, and the only result would be to cast discredit on the alibi as a bulwark of our liberties and a refuge for the otherwise helpless victims of man's injustice. You'd better plead guilty, old top."

Always Was Fortunate.

Rook—Taylor was always a fortunate man, but doesn't it seem wonderful that his luck should stay with him to the very last.

Raleigh—How was that?

Rook—Why, he was operated on for the removal of a pearl which he had accidentally swallowed while eating oysters, and when the pearl was examined it was found to be valuable enough to pay for both the operation and the funeral.

Unexpected Meeting.

Charles Dickens, taking one of his accustomed strolls in shadow land, suddenly met Mr. Podsnap face to face.

"My dear Podsnap," he said, with a beaming smile, "this is indeed——"

But Mr. Podsnap impatiently waved him aside and passed on.

"Well," reflected Dickens, momentarily chagrined, "that hurts a little—but he's living up to the reputation I gave him, anyhow."

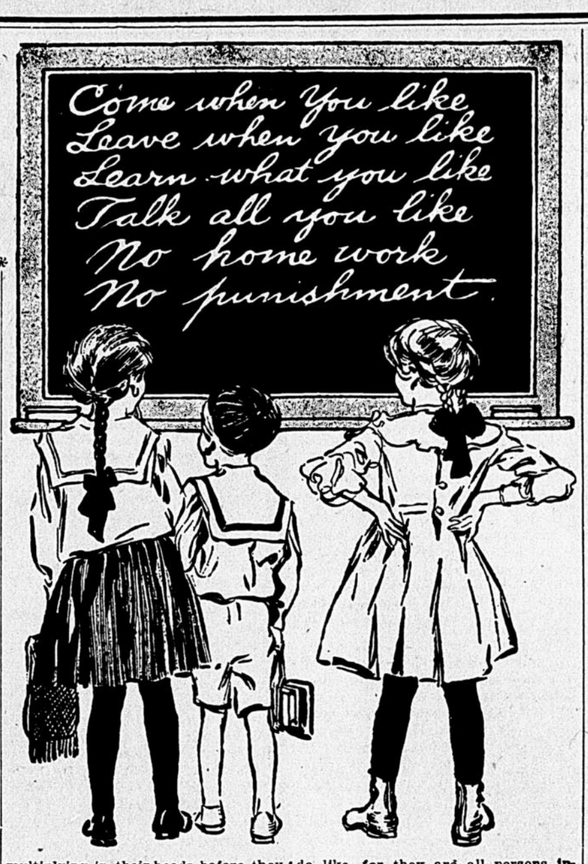
Doomed to Perish.

"I was in hopes that Strawson would write a truly great book."

"And he failed?"

"Yes. It became one of the six best sellers."

The Rules of This School:



NEW YORK.—A school in which there are no lessons, no home work, no examinations, no punishments, no rules, no regular hours! A school in which you can arrive when you like, learn what you like, talk when you like, laugh when you like, do as you like.

Is this a schoolboy's dream? No, it is a school right here in New York city. Its students are ordinary children, just such as you meet every day in the streets or see in the public schools; its teachers are men and women who differ from ordinary men and women only in their ideas about how boys and girls should be taught.

To be specific, the school is at No. 104 East Twelfth street. It was started by the Francesco Ferrer association. It is supported by voluntary contributions. Its teachers are Mr. and Mrs. John R. Coryell and its director is Bayard Boyesen, who until recently was a professor of Columbia university, says the New York World.

School having opened one morning recently—opened not with the ringing of a bell but simply through the arrival of Mr. Coryell and some of the pupils—a small seven-year-old boy, produced a "pudding stone" from his pocket, showed it to Mr. Coryell, said his father had told him it was sandstone, and asked Mr. Coryell's opinion. The teacher said it was "conglomerate"—so called because it was a jumbled up mixture of a lot of other stones, fused together by heat.

The boy asked how it had got the heat. This opened the way to a lesson in geology and physical geography.

Some of the other children were interested; some of them not. Those who were listened in silence; those who were not did something else or talked among themselves.

His System of Teaching.

Mr. Coryell traced back the changes in the earth, told how their history is known, described the animals, birds and plants that lived at the successive periods and of which traces are now found in the form of fossils.

It was not a lecture. He simply answerd questions. The boy who had brought the stone led all the way in the voyage through the ages, and Mr. Coryell merely acted as guide. Some of the other boys followed part of the way, but one by one they ceased to be interested and turned away to other things that interested them more.

The little inquirer, however, grew almost excited with interest. And when the journey ended he and his guide were standing on the edge of the Arctic ocean, to the north of Siberia, assisting in the work of cutting from the ice the body of a mammoth that had been standing there frozen in for tens of thousands of years. On the way they had formed the acquaintance of many extinct beasts with names as formidable as their pictures.

The journey had led over several lands. They had spent the greater part of the time in Siberia, and this involved a few words on the geography, history and government of Russia. No information was given that was not sought by questions.

Knowledge Cleverly Instilled.

A little girl brought to school a piece of kindling wood to which a small fan-shaped fungus still clung. She had never seen anything like it before, nor had any of those tenement dwellers among whom she lived. The children crowded around as she exhibited the strange object and asked what it was.

Mr. Coryell's explanation led several o fthe children to seek further information about funguses. Some of them asked if they were not poisonous. One wanted to know why so many Italians had been poisoned by them early in the fall. Mr. Coryell said that this was because at home in Italy they had been in the habit of eating a fungus which was quite harmless, but that looked almost exactly like one found here in America that was deadly poison.

As they were talking about wood a boy said that some one had told him that paper was made from wood, but he did not believe it. The teacher described hiw wood is ground into pulp and pressed out into paper, and he added:

"And I have a necktie made of wood."

A chorus asked him to show it to them. The following day he wore the cravat, one of those of woven wood fiber that so closely imitate silk. He took it off and passed it around the class. The little fingers felt it and the curious eyes scrutinized it closely.

The teacher explained how it was made. He went on to tell of other strange uses for wood and paper. That the latter is pressed into car wheels seemed to strike the children as only less extraordinary than that the former should be made into neckties.

Methods of Mrs. Coryell.

A group of small children sat around Mrs. Coryell at a table playing a game. She had distributed brass rings among them and asked them to see who could make the prettiest pattern with them. Instantly all the heads were bent over the table and in a few minutes stars and circles and geometrical designs were taking shape. The little ones were unconsciously learning form and order and were adding and multiplying in their heads before they even knew figures. Picture books with animals, flowers, letters, and so on are scattered about the table and the children take them up and ask questions about they just as they please.

One day when a visitor called to see the school at work he was told the children were playing. In any other school it would have been lesson hours. In this school lesson hours are those in which the children want lessons, play hours are those in which the children want to play. It being impossible to have any unanimity, some of the children play while others have lessons, and vice versa, just as the children please.

They arrive when they like and go home when they like. But the teachers try to make the school so attractive a place that the pupils will come early and stay late.

Defense of the Project.

"Radical?" said Mr. Coryell, when asked if this was not a radical departure from the ordinary school. "Yes, radical in the method of teaching, but not radical in the things taught. For we teach the same things that are taught in other schools. We go upon the same principles laid down by Herbert Spencer and by Froebel, which amount to this, that it is useless to try to teach children about matters in which they have no interest.

"We believe that every child inherits certain abilities and tastes from its parents, and that it is our duty as teachers to supply such environment as will best aid the child to develop itself along the lines to which it is best suited. We never teach doctrines or opinions. We teach facts and their meanings. We try to show the child how to think for itself and to form its own opinions.

"This can only be done in very small classes, for the work involves careful personal study of each individual child. The large classes of the public schools make it necessary to systematize everything and to teach children certain prescribed subjects, whether these be useful or beneficial to them or not.

"We agree with Dr. Saleeby of England that modern educational methods are like cramming a child's stomach full of a variety of indigestible foods and then giving him an emetic to find out what he has retained—the emetic, of course, being the school examination. We give the child only that which his appetite craves, then we need no examination emetic to find out what he has retained.

From Dunces to Great Thinkers.

"The fact of a boy doing well or ill at the ordinary school or college has no bearing on his future success. Many of the greatest thinkers the world has even seen were counted dunces by their teachers. That was merely because the teachers were trying to make them learn things for which they had no taste.

"I told one of my old professors at Harvard recently that the university men who had made great successes in life had done it in spite of, and not because of what they learned at the university.

"When I sent my three sons to Harvard I told them to disregard marks and to study what they liked best. One of them went through with honors, the other two were, from the college standpoint, failures, but this does not mean that they may not achieve as great success in life as their brother.

"It is just this principle that we are applying here. It is an experiment in education. It may fail for lack of support, but I do not think it will. The school has been open only ten days, but we have 15 pupils, a few of whom have not yet come, but are expected in a day or two. They pay nothing for tuition. Their parents subscribe or not, as they like, to the support of the school. As a matter of fact, they all do like, for they are all persons interested in the cause.

"The experiment is worth trying, for the older method is a failure. Our public school teaching, or lack of teaching, is largely responsible for the increase in crime. The most intelligent school teachers know this and many of them are watching this experiment of ours with deep interest."

"How would it be possible," Mr. Coryell, was asked, "to put such a system as yours into effect in the public schools? Would it not require a vastly larger staff of teachers, more and smaller class rooms and many million dollars more every year?"

Sees Saving of Millions.

"Certainly," was the reply. "But we should save more millions than it would cost, for it would largely depopulate our reformatories, prisons, jails and hospitals. We had far better take the millions these now cost and devote them to education of the sort that fits men for useful careers along the lines for which they are most suited."

The Ferrer school is not yet furnished. The walls are bare save for a few striking pictures; the floors are almost bare; the furniture is of the cheapest, but there are flowers on the tables and mantlepiece and brightly colored picture books for the smaller children, and everything is scrupulously clean.

They would not send a child home to wash its face or hands, but they would try in some way to give it an object lesson in the virtue of cleanliness; for instance it would not be allowed to handle a pretty book with soiled fingers, and then it would be up to itself to decide whether it preferred to be clean or dirty.

So cleverly are such lessons instilled that the children prefer to be clean.

Everyone Follows Races.

The Hippodrome, one of the finest race tracks in the world, is owned by the Buenos Aires Jockey club, and its enormous revenue is derived from this source. The Argentinians are born gamblers, and they wager almost incredible sums on horse flesh. The municipal statistics of Buenos Aires show that $25,800,000 in American gold was wagered upon the races at the Hippodrome last year. This is an average of 50 Argentine dollars for each man, woman and child in that great city. Naturally the reported figures do not include all the money wagered on horse racing, so that the true sum is no doubt several millions in excess of the reported figures. There are none so old and few so young that they will not wager a few pesos on a favorite. The tense faces of all present show the personal interest in result. The jockey club receives as its share 10 per cent of all bets, besides the entrance fees and seat sales.—Travel Magazine.

Plight of a Bibliophile.

The opening of the catalogues which arrive by post affords book buyers some exciting moments. Charles Monselet, in his "Curiosites Litteraires," tells of a friend of his living at Bordeaux who, glancing through a Paris bookseller's catalogue, saw the title of a book which he had vainly sought for 30 years. Looking at the clock, he found there was just time to catch the morning express for Paris. Stopping only to take some money from his cash box, he dashed off to the station, and arrived at the bookshop in time to secure the prize. As he wrapped up the book the shopman remarked: "I suppose you live in this street, monsieur." "No, I have just come from Bordeaux," was the reply. The man looked astonished, and the bibliophile discovered that, in his eagerness, he had traveled 360 miles in dressing gown and slippers, and had never noticed any deficiency of attire.

THEATRICALS 80 YEARS AGO

Few First-Class Plays Were Presented Then in Boston—Junius Brutus Booth.

There have been many comments during the past few weeks on the general excellence of the theatrical attractions which have been presented in Boston at the opening of the season. Of course, there are the old-time play-goers who continue to croak about the palmy days of the drama.

A comment on the recollections of some of these croakers is furnished by a few numbers of a rare theatrical magazine that have just been added to Boston's most notable dramatic library, says the Herald of that city. This magazine began at the opening of the theatrical season of 1829.

The season began with "Speed the Plow," followed by dancing before the after piece, which, according to the magazine, lacked wit or any other quality to recommend it. One evening the entertainment was given up entirely to musical plays, with, of course, extra dances between them, and "comic pieces," to use the words of the play bill, were very common. There would be a musical play, dances, a comic song and a farce on the one evening, and on another a musical farce in two acts, followed by a burletta with music in three, would furnish the entertainment.

Evidently the Bostonians of those days enjoyed farces and musical shows as much as their descendants of today, and apparently the management of the Tremont did not dare to give them an evening of "straight" plays. As a matter of fact, there were few high-class plays seen during that first month at the Tremont; and as that was the only theater open in the city, this should be taken as showing the taste of the playgoers of that time. A few standard dramas, like "Pizzaro," "The Rivals" and Colman's "Heir-at-Law," were given. Junius Brutus Booth was engaged and performed for one or two nights with fine effect. He was taken ill, however, and on recovering was announced to appear on a certain Monday evening as Ludovico in "Evadne." Hundreds were unable to gain admission. Mr. Booth faltered in his lines, jumbled scraps of other plays into his dialogue, asked the prompter for help, and finally was led off the scene, shouting: "I am a charity boy; I can't read; take me to the lunatic hospital."

The actor was immediately carried to his lodgings, and his disorder having increased, it was decided on Wednesday to have a consultation as to the advisability of placing him in a lunatic asylum. But when the attendants came to take him from his room it was found that he had departed. He was seen traveling between Dedham and Walpole on foot, going toward Providence, without his outside garments. He slept in the woods Wednesday night and reached Providence on Thursday, where kind friends took care of him.

The Two Great Smiles.

Knicker—The Mona Lisa has been stolen.

Bocker—Well, nobody has stolen the Taft smile yet.

WESTERN CANADA FARMER SECURES WORLD'S PRIZE FOR WHEAT

A ROSTHERN, SASK., FARMER THE LUCKY WINNER.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific Railway offered $1,000 in gold as a prize for the best 100 lbs. of wheat, grown on the American continent, to be competed for at the recent Land Show in New York. In making the competition open, the donor of this handsome prize showed his belief in the superiority of Canadian wheat lands, by throwing the contest open to farmers of all America, both United States and Canada. The United States railways were by no means anxious to have the Canadian railways represented at the show and a New York paper commenting on the results of the competitions says that they were not to be blamed, as the Canadians captured the most important prize of the show.

The winner of this big wheat prize was Mr. Seager Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, and its winning has brought a great deal of credit on the district. The winning wheat was the Marquis variety, and received no more attention from Mr. Wheeler than his other grain, but he is a very particular farmer. His farm is one of the cleanest and best kept in the Rosthern district, and this year he won first prize in a good farm competition which included every feature of farming and every part of the farm. Last winter Wheeler was a prize winner at the provincial seed fair in Regina.

Wheeler is a firm believer in sowing clean seed of the best quality procurable, consequently his grain is much sought after by the best farmers for seed purposes.

Wheeler is an Englishman. He is a pioneer of Rosthern, coming here fifteen years ago. In the last six years he has done much experimenting, particularly in wheat varieties. His farm resembles an experimental farm. A long driveway, lined on both sides with trees, leads to a modest house, the home of Wheeler, a modest, unassuming man with the appearance of a student rather than a man engaged in commercial pursuits.

There are now no free homesteads to be had in this district, and farm lands are worth from $20 to $40 per acre, which a few years ago were secured by their present owners, either as a free gift or purchased at from $5 to $8 per acre.

It is not many miles from Rosthern, where the farmer lives, who secured the first prize for wheat last year at the National Corn Exposition at Columbus and West of Rosthern, about 150 miles, lives Messrs. Hill and Son, who won the Colorado Silver Trophy, valued at $1,500, for the best peck of oats, also awarded at the National Corn Show at Columbus in 1910.

Not contented with the high honors obtained in its wheat, Canada again stepped forward into the show ring, and carried off the Stillwell trophy and $1,000 for the best potatoes on the continent. This time the winner was a British Columbia man, Mr. Asahel Smith, the "Potato King," of that province. The exhibit consisted of one hundred and one varieties drawn from all parts of the province aggregating in weight one and a half tons.

At the recent Dry Farming Congress, held at Colorado Springs, and at which time it was decided to hold the next Congress at Lethbridge, in 1912, the Province of Alberta made wonderful showing of grains, grasses and vegetables.

"At the Congress, Alberta got more prizes and trophies, ten to one, than any state of the Union," said Mr. Hotchkiss to the Edmonton Bulletin. "We brought back all but the building with us, and they offered us that, saying we might as well take all that was going. We would have brought it along, too, if we had had a flat car to put it on. Alberta captured nearly 50 first prizes, 20 seconds, 3 thirds, 9 cups, 40 medals, 50 ribbons and 2 sweepstakes. The grand sweepstake prize, for the best exhibit by state or province, a magnificent silver cup, was presented to us with much ceremony at a reception to the Canadians in the Empress hotel. The presentation was made by Prof. Olin, chairman of the judging committee, and the cup was received on behalf of the province by the Hon. Duncan Marshall.

SURE NOT.

The Pessimist—Fame is a bubble.

The Optimist—But it isn't the hardest blower that attains it.

Resigned.

The sick man had called his lawyer. "I wish to explain again to you," said he weakly, "about willing my property."

The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there," said he, "leave that all to me."

The sick man sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow. "You'll get it, anyway."

Some Undertaking.

The official undertaker of a small town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farm yard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.

"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

Two Women.

"I'm going to Vassar and try for a degree this year. Better come along."

"Thanks, dear, but I'm going to Reno and try for a decree."

Even though they are all cast in the same mold, the size of a dollar depends on how many of them you have.