THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

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SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged, with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Bess' advice, and on their way their carriage is stopped by Slosson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners. The pair are taken to Hicks' cabin, in an almost inaccessible spot, and there Murrell visits Betty and reveals his part in the plot and his object. Betty spurns his proffered love and the interview is ended by the arrival of Ware, terrified at possible outcome of the crime. Judge Price, hearing of the abduction, plans action. The Judge takes charge of the situation, and search for the missing ones is instituted. Carrington visits the judge and allies are discovered. Judge Price visits Colonel Fentress, where he meets Yancy and Cavendish. Becoming enraged, Price dashes a glass of whisky into the colonel's face and a duel is arranged. Murrell is arrested for negro stealing and his bubble bursts.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"You swear you'll do your part?" he said thickly. He took his purse from his pocket and counted out the amount due Hicks. He named the total, and paused irresolutely.

"Don't you want the fire lighted?" asked Hicks. He was familiar with his employer's vacillating moods.

"Yes," answered Ware, his lips quivering; and slowly, with shaking fingers, he added to the pile of bills in Hicks' hand.

"Well, take care of yourself," said Hicks, when the count was complete. He thrust the roll of bills into his pocket and moved to the door.

Alone again, the planter collapsed into his chair, breathing heavily, but his terrors swept over him and left him with a savage sense of triumph. This passed; he sprang up, intending to recall Hicks and unmake his bargain. What had he been thinking of—safety lay only in flight! Before he reached the door his greed was in the ascendant. He dropped down on the edge of his bed, his eyes fixed on the window. The sun sank lower. From where he sat he saw it through the upper half of the sash, blood-red and livid in a mist of fleecy clouds.

It was in the tops of the old oaks now, which sent their shadows into his room. Again maddened by his terrors, he started and backed toward the door; but again his greed, the one dominating influence of his life, vanquished him.

He watched the sun sink. He watched the red splendor fade over the river; he saw the first stars appear. He told himself that Hicks would soon be gone—if the fire was not to be lighted he must act at once! He stole to the window. It was dusk now, yet he could distinguish the distant wooded boundaries of the great fields framed by the darkening sky. Then in the silence he heard the thud of hoofs.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Judge Names His Second.

"Price—" began Mahaffy. They were back in Raleigh in the room the judge called his office, and this was Mahaffy's first opportunity to ease his mind on the subject of the duel, as they had only just parted from Yancy and Cavendish, who had stopped at one of the stores to make certain purchases for the raft.

"Not a word, Solomon—it had to come. I am going to kill him. I shall feel better then."

"What if he kills you?" demanded Mahaffy harshly. The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"That is as it may be."

"Have you forgotten your grandson?" Mahaffy's voice was still harsh and rasping.

"I regard my meeting with Fentress as nothing less than a sacred duty to him."

"We know no more than we did this morning," said Mahaffy. "You are mixing up all sorts of side issues with what should be your real purpose."

"Not at all, Solomon—not at all! I look upon my grandson's speedy recovery as an assured fact. Fentress dare not hold him. He knows he is run to earth at last."

"Price—"

"No, Solomon—no, my friend, we will not speak of it again. You will go back to Belle Plain with Yancy and Cavendish; you must represent me there. We have as good as found Hannibal, but we must be active in Miss Malroy's behalf. For us that has an important bearing on the future, and since I cannot, you must be at Belle Plain when Carrington arrives with his pack of dogs. Give him the advantage of your sound and mature judgment, Solomon; don't let any false modesty keep you in the background.

"Who's going to second you?" snapped Mahaffy.

The judge was a picture of indifference.

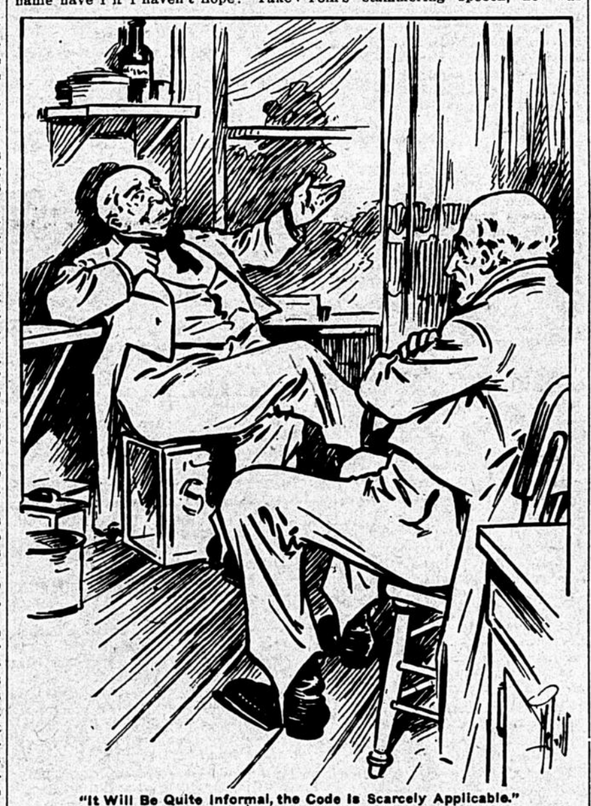
"It will be quite informal, the code is scarcely applicable; I merely intend to remove him because he is not fit to live."

"At sun-up!" muttered Mahaffy.

"I intend to start one day right even if I never live to begin another," said the judge, a sudden fierce light flashing from his eyes. "I feel that this is the turning point in my career, Solomon!" he went on. "The beginning of great things! But I shall take no chances with the future; I shall prepare for every possible contingency. I am going to make you and Yancy my grandson's guardians. There's a hundred thousand acres of land hereabout that must come to him. I shall outline in writing the legal steps to be taken to substantiate his claims. Also he will inherit largely from me at my death."

Something very like laughter escaped from Mahaffy's lips.

"There you go, Solomon, with your inopportune mirth! What in God's name have I if I haven't hope? Take



"It Will Be Quite Informal, the Code Is Scarcely Applicable."

grandson shall! He shall wear velvet and a lace collar and ride his pony yet, by God, as a gentleman's grandson should!"

"It sounds well, Price, but where's the money coming from to push a lawsuit?"

The judge waved this aside.

"The means will be found, Solomon. Our horizon is lifting—I can see it lift! Don't drag me back from the portal of hope! We'll drink the stuff that comes across the water; that from me and what would I be? Why, the very fate I have been fighting off with tooth and nail would overwhelm me. I'd sink into unimportance—my unparalleled misfortunes would degrade me to a level with the commonest! No, sir, I've never been without hope, and though I've fallen I've always got up. What Fentress has is based on money he stole from me. By God, the days of his profit-taking are at an end! I am going to strip him. And even if I don't live to enjoy what's mine, my I'll warm the cockles of your heart with imported brandy. I carry twenty years' hunger and thirst under my wes-coat, and I'll feed and drink like a gentleman yet!" The judge smacked his lips in an ecstacy of enjoyment, and dropping down before the table which served him as a desk, seized a pen.

"It's good enough to think about, Price," admitted Mahaffy grudgingly.

"It's better to do; and if anything happens to me the papers I am going to leave will tell you how it's to be done. Man, there's a million of money in sight, and we've got to get it and spend it and enjoy it! None of your swinish thrift for me, but life on a big scale—company, and feasting, and refined surroundings!"

"And you are going to meet Fentress in the morning?" asked Mahaffy. "I suppose there's no way of avoiding that?"

"Avoiding it?" almost shouted the judge. "For what have I been living? I shall meet him, let the consequences be what they may. Tonight when I have reduced certain facts to writing I shall join you at Belle Plain. The strange and melancholy history of my life I shall place in your hands for safe keeping. In the morning I can be driven back to Boggs'."

"And you will go there without a second?"

"If necessary; yes."

"I declare, Price, you are hardly fitted to be at large! Why, you act as if you were tired of life! There's Yancy—there's Cavendish!"

The judge gave him an indulgent but superior smile.

"Two very worthy men, but I go to Boggs' attended by a gentleman or I go there alone. I am aware of your prejudices, Solomon; otherwise I might ask this favor of you."

Mr. Mahaffy snorted loudly and turned to the door, for Yancy and Cavendish were now approaching the house, the latter with a meal sack slung over his shoulder.

"Here, Solomon, take one of my pistols," urged the judge hastily. Tom's stammering speech, he was still seeing his ghastly face, and he had come upon him with startling suddenness. He had chanced to look back over his shoulder and when he faced about there had been the planter within a hundred yards of him.

Presently Carrington's glance ceased to follow the windings of the path. He stared down at the gray dust and saw the trail left by Hues and his "You may need it at Belle Plain. Good by, and God bless you!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Bess Leads to Betty.

Just where he had parted from Ware, Carrington sat his horse, his brows knit and his eyes turned in the direction of the path. He was on his way to a plantation below Birard, the owner of which had recently imported a pack of bloodhounds; but this unexpected encounter with Ware had affected him strangely. He still heard party. For a moment he hesitated; if the dogs were to be used with any hope of success he had no time to spare, and this was the merest suspicion, illogical conjecture, based on nothing beyond his distrust of Ware. In the end he sprang from the saddle, and leading his horse into the woods, tied it to a sapling.

A hurried investigation told him that five men had ridden in and out of that path. Of the five, all coming from the south, four had turned south again, but the fifth man—Ware, in other words—had gone north. He weighed the possible significance of these facts.

"I am only wasting time!" he confessed reluctantly, and was on the point of turning away, when, on the very edge of the road and just where the dust yielded to the hard clay of the path, his glance lighted on the print of a small and daintily shod foot. The throbbing of his heart quickened curiously.

"Betty!" The word leaped from his lips.

That small foot had left but the one impress. There were other signs, however, that claimed his attention; namely, the boot-prints of Slosson and his men; and he made the inevitable discovery that these tracks were all confined to the one spot. They began suddenly and as suddenly ceased, yet there was no mystery about these; he had the marks of the wheels to help him to a sure conclusion. A carriage had turned just here, several men had alighted; they had with them a child, or a woman. Either they had re-entered the carriage and driven back as they had come, or they had gone toward the river. He felt the soul within him turn sick.

He stole along the path; the terror of the river was ever in his thoughts, and the specter of his fear seemed to flit before him and lure him on. Presently he caught his first glimpse of the bayou and his legs shook under him; but the path wound deeper still into what appeared to be an untouched solitude, wound on between the crowding tree forms, a little back from the shore, with an intervening tangle of vines and bushes. He scanned this closely as he hurried forward, scarcely conscious that he was searching for some trampled space at the water's edge; but the verdant wall preserved its unbroken continuity, and twenty minutes later he came within sight of Hicks' clearing and the keel boat, where it rested against the bank.

A little farther on he found the spot where Slosson had launched the skiff the night before. The keel of his boat had cut deep into the slippery clay; more than this, the impress of the small shoe was repeated here, and just beside it was the print of a child's bare foot.

He no longer doubted that Betty and Hannibal had been taken across the bayou to the cabin, and he ran back up the path the distance of a mile and plunged into the woods on his right, his purpose being to pass around the head of the expanse of sluggish water to a point from which he could later approach the cabin.

But the cabin proved to be better defended than he had foreseen; and as he advanced, the difficulties of the task he had set himself became almost insurmountable; yet sustained as he was by his imperative need, he tore his way through the labyrinth of trailing vines, or floundered across acre-wide patches of green slime and black mud, which at each step threatened to engulf him in their treacherous depths, until at the end of an hour he gained the southern side of the clearing and a firmer footing within the shelter of the woods.

Here he paused and took stock of his surroundings. The two or three buildings Mr. Hicks had erected stood midway of the clearing and were very modest improvements adapted to their owner's somewhat flippant pursuit of agriculture. While Carrington was still staring about him, the cabin door swung open and a woman stepped forth. It was the girl Bess. She went to a corner of the building and called loudly:

"Joe! Oh, Joe!"

Carrington glanced in the direction of the keel boat and an instant later saw Slosson clamber over its side. The tavern-keeper crossed to the cabin, where he was met by Bess, who placed in his hands what seemed to be a wooden bowl. With this he slouched off to one of the outbuildings, which he entered. Ten or fifteen minutes slipped by, then he came from the shed and after securing the door, returned to the cabin. He was again met by Bess, who relieved him of the bowl; they exchanged a few words and Slosson walked away and afterward disappeared over the side of the keel boat.

This much was clear to the Kentuckian: food had been taken to some one in the shed—to Betty and the boy!—more likely to George.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Had Nothing More to Say

How the Lady's Complaints Were Silenced by the Fluent Dairy Wagon Driver.

Fault-finding may be met in any one of several ways. The method employed by the dairymen of whom the Rehoboth Herald tells would not serve with some people; but apparently it served with the lady at No. 75.

He had been told on starting out on the route that No. 75 was inclined to find fault, but that she was a good customer, and he was on no account to be rude to her.

"Those eggs you left here yesterday were stale!" grunted Mrs. 75, on the dairyman's second visit.

"Those eggs," responded the dairyman, blandly, "was laid half an hour before you had 'em, by special quick-laying birds imported from the Mooly Yomps isles, ma'am, and they came down to this very house by marconigram, so you should have 'em fresh. A bit of twangy flavor they may have, but you can rest assured, ma'am, they weren't stale."

Mrs. 75 gasped.

"Well, the milk didn't seem as good as usual yesterday, either," she pursued.

"Well, the boss will be cut up when he hears that!" continued the dairyman. "He sent down to Alderney a-purpose for a cow that eats nothing but peaches and pineapples. 'Never mind the expense,' sezee. 'This cow we shall keep a-purpose for the lady at 75, and mind it sleeps on a feather bed at night,' he sez, 'and don't forget the eider-down quilt and the bed socks.' Was there anything wrong with the butter, ma'am?"

But Mrs. 75 shook her head, speechless.—Youth's Companion.

Independent Beggar.

William E. Kilganon, clerk of the juvenile court, found out Saturday afternoon that some men beg because they do not wish to work. An agile fellow, fairly well dressed, was about the courthouse asking for "just a dime." He "struck" Kilganon.

"I won't give you any money," said Kilganon, "but I can get you a good job." Kilganon remembered that a manufacturer had called him over the phone a short time before and told him he was in need of a good man. He said he would pay $1.75 a day.

Kilganon had taken the receiver from the telephone and was about to tell the manufacturer he had found a man for him when the beggar asked how much the job would pay. Gilganon told him.

"I wouldn't work for anybody for that," said the beggar.

"All right," replied Kilganon, "get out of here."—Indianapolis News.

Wisest Thing to Do With It.

"Heigho!" said Bildad, as Jimpsonberry flashed by in his motor. 'I wish I had an automobile." "Oh, nonsense, Bill," said Slathers. "What's the use? You couldn't afford to keep it." "No, by jimminy," said Bildad, "but I could afford to sell it."—Harper's Weekly.

Disliked the Flavor.

A kindergarten teacher in Philadelphia fell in love at first sight with a cherubic youth of four who was brought to her for instruction.

"Oh, what a dear!" exclaimed the young woman. "Have you any brothers like yourself?"

"Yes'm," replied the cherub; "me and Tommy and Dick. I like Dick best."

"And why do you like Dick best?"

"'Cause he did me a great favor. He bit Tommy's leg."

"But, dearie," protested the teacher, "why should you want Dick to bite Tommy's leg?"

"'Cause I hate the taste of Tommy's leg," explained the cherub.

Dropped Into Earth's Opening.

An earthquake in the Philippine islands recently brought forth a queer experience. According to the story, a native was walking through one of the towns when the shock occurred. The earth opened beneath his feet and he dropped into the fissure, saving himself from injury by grasping the edges of the pit with his hands.

LOST WITH ALL ON BOARD

Many Ocean Liners Have Disappeared, Leaving No Survivor to Tell of the Disaster.

A writer in Chambers Journal recalls the number of vessels which have from time to time disappeared mysteriously, leaving not a single survivor to tell the story.

In the North Atlantic service alone, between 1841 and 1890, no fewer than 24 big steamers were totally blotted out of human knowledge, together with their crews and passengers, numbering 1,451. The President, with 136 souls on board, was the first of these to be lost forever in 1841. The City of Glasgow disappeared in 1854 without leaving a trace, and she had 480 souls on boad. In 1856 the Pacific, with a living freight of 240, sailed from Liverpool in June, and was never more heard of. The Tempest, with 150 souls, mysteriously disappeared in 1859. The City of Boston, with 170 persons, vanished in 1870. The Huronian, an Allan liner, disappeared in 1902; and the British gunboat, Condor, was lost in the Pacific in 1901. In 1893 a cattle steamer, the Naronic, with 77 aboard, was lost.

As to the possible causes of the catastrophes, it is only possible to surmise. Capsizing, damage from within, such as explosion, breakdown of machinery, or fire; or damage from without, such as collision with an iceberk or with a derelict hulk, have all been suggested to explain the losses of vessels. The Captain capsized, and hundreds of lives were lost, and it is now generally assumed that the Warathah capsized by reason of topheaviness. As to the damage to machinery, there is the case of the City of Paris, which had a big smash in one of her engine rooms in 1890. She was near the Irish coast, but though both engine rooms were filled with water in ten minutes, she was kept afloat owing to her watertight compartments for three days till help came to tow her into Queenstown. In the case of a fire, everything, probably, would be consumed to the water's edge, and if this happened far from land, the chances of rescue would be remote. Heavy weather and tidal waves with the older vessels, at any rate, were probably other reasons for shipwreck.

Tracing the Dog's Descent.

It seems to be generally accepted by naturalists and the world at large that the domestic dog is in some sense a collateral descendant of the wolf or jackal, says a writer in Harper's Weekly.

A professor at the Natural History Museum in Paris has communicated results of his study of various canine skulls to the academy of sciences. He appears to have noticed certain peculiarities of growth which have hitherto escaped zoologists. He states that the skull of almost every species of wolf and jackal differs from the skull of the shepherd dog to an extent that makes it impossible that this dog should belong in the same classification. The skull of the Indian wolf, on the contrary, shows some points of resemblance. This, indeed, is the only savage canine the top of whose head projects like that of the dog.

There are, moreover, other characteristics which the Indian wolf has in common with the dog, and which the ordinary wolf does not share with them, although his origin and that of the dog have long been supposed to be a common one.

The conclusion of this scientist is that the Indian wolf is the progenitor of the shepherd dog and the bloodhound. There were two primitive races of dogs analogous to these which were first domesticated in central Asia, whence they passed to Europe, and there seems no reason to doubt that the bloodhound of today is the direct descendant of the dog spoken of by the ancients as "the dog of the age of bronze."

Value of Farm Scales.

The day for guessing on farm deals is past. If the farmer is to get the greatest profit from his produce marketed he must have the same means of protecting himself that the grocer, liveryman and hardware man has. When the grocer sells sugar, he does not guess at the number of pounds and does the weighing himself. If you happen to be out of feed and drive to the liveryman or feed store, you buy by weight and must pay for so many pounds. The hardware man sells wire, nails, etc., by weight.

Now, the point is this. A great many farmers lose enough in the run of a few years to more than pay for the platform scale by selling their produce, letting the other fellow weigh it, selling by measure, or by guessing it off. If the farmer is to hold his own and get what is due him, he ought to do business in a businesslike way. The farm scales will help to do this.

Valuable Document Stolen.

In the Spanish capital the police have arrested a Frenchman named Gaston, on a charge of stealing priceless historic documents in Paris. He attempted to sell three documents, which wer seized by the police. They were the secret treaty between Louis XIV. of France and Philip IV. of Spain, signed in 1659; the marriage contract of Maria Theresa and Louis XIV., when the latter declared, "The Pyrenees no longer exist!" and a parchment of the Emperor Charles V. The Paris police had given notice of the loss of these documents.

Matter of Credentials.

"I am honest, intelligent, discreet, industrious, and capable of making friends," said the young man who was looking for employment. "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "you ought to get along; although I have seen a lot of men go before conventions with those same recommendations and fail to get more than a complimentary vote."

Mere Matter of Choice.

"Marie," asked the star of her maid, gazing perplexedly at her reflection in the mirror, "what was I about to do—step into the bathtub or go on the stage?" Marie shrugged her shoulders. "How can I tell? Mademoiselle is dressed for either."—Judge.

Economy a La Mode.

"There's an economical girl for you."

"As to how?"

"Eats a 5-cent lunch every day."

"Yes; she's trying to save $30 to buy a willow plume."

Had Just Tried It.

"Pa, what's a blue funk?"

"It's the thing a man who has never been camping before gets into about the second day out."

The way of the transgressor is hard—or other people.

PACINOTTI NO PUSHER

ITALIAN INVENTED A DYNAMO WITH RING ARMATURE.

But He Let the Discovery Slumber, and Seven Years Later It Was Developed by Gramme, the Hustling Belgian.

At a moment when an admiring world echoes with the achievements of one Italian electrical inventor, there passes from the earth in deepest obscurity another Italian to whom the arts and sciences are also under obligation, and the contrast is dramatic, the Scientific American remarks. Incidentally, it may be noted that the country of Volta by some curious process of heredity or continuance always holds her own in the industry to which Volta gave birth, but only the student knows that alongside the gleaming name of Marconi may also be set those of Pacinotti and Ferraris.

As far back as 1864 the gentle Italian physician Pacinotti introduced timidly to public notice a small electro magnetic machine, with toothed ring armature, which, he pointed out with prophetic instinct, was available both as a motor and as a generator. And then nothing happened! But when the celebrated Gramme dynamo with its ring armature arrested universal attention, seven years later, the unobtrusive professor dug up his treatise and his machine and showed beyond a doubt he was entitled to the credit of the discovery, although he lacked the essential driving power to turn it into a device useful to mankind.

There perhaps lies the lesson of his career. We need physical discoveries and reverse those who seek the truth for its own sake. But mankind with keen instinct saves its warmest acclaim for those who also make discoveries of some avail in adding to the length of life, its joy, its possibilities and its conveniences.

Had not the hustling Belgian, Gramme, come along with his famous dynamo and sanguine French backers, Pacinotti would have let his model slumber forever in museums and cabinets, just where many things the world is waiting for linger now. The fact that Y. Pacinotti so little realized what he had done and what his really great inventive ability meant, is shown by the curious fact that the work and the studies of his later years were devoted to vine culture. If he did anything significant there the records of our time fail to show it, but meanwhile the glorious torrent of electrical invention has swept on so fast and so far to many people even this bold recognition of the amiable doctor's genius may seem a bit superfluous.

Berlin's News of Waterloo.

There has just been published Blucher's dispatch which gave Berlin the first news of the victory of Waterloo. It was addressed to the governor, and read:

"I inform your excellency that in conjunction with the English army under Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington I yesterday gained the most complete victory over Napoleon Bonaparte that could possibly be won.

"The battle was fought in the neighborhood of some isolated buildings on the road from here to Brussels bearing the name 'La Belle Alliance,' and a better name can hardly be given to this important day. The French army is in complete dissolution and an extraordinary number of guns have been captured.

"Time does not at this moment permit me to send further details to your excellency. I reserve them for a future occasion and beg you duly to communicate this joyful news to the good Berliners. BLUCHER."

The dispatch reached Berlin on June 24, 1812.—From London Globe.

Early Aeroplanes.

Not so very long ago a delver among literary antiquities turned up a notebook of Leonardo da Vinci's in which appeared sketches of aeroplanes, and now comes an amusing Frenchman with citations to prove that Dante must have flown. They are genuine citations. You can find them for yourself in the seventeenth canto of the Inferno, where Dante and Virgil go riding on the back of an immense beast, which is obviously poetic license meaning an aeroplane. Says Virgil to Dante: "Thou hast need to show strength and audacity;" then to the alleged beast, "Describe a wide circle in descending." Says Dante: "The beast continued to descend, slowly, slowly, turning as he went down. . . . I was aware of motion only because of the wind that whistled around me and over my head. . . . I ventured to look down a moment, but was chilled with terror." Q. E. D.

Killing With Electricity.

The French people, scientists as well as owners of slaughter houses and consumers of beef, mutton and pork, have become interested in experiments for the more humane killing of animals—especially for food products—not only to save the creatures from unnecessary pain, but to better the condition of meats which go to the consumer.

Dr. S. Leduc, who has been conducting the experiments at the abattoir in Nantes, has killed by electricity a great number of animals—oxen, bulls, cows, horses, hogs, sheep, calves and dogs—using a current of 110 volts, with an intensity of from 40 to 80 milliamperes. The current was interrupted 100 times per second, passing each time during one-thousandth of a second. The result was satisfactory, but no detailed report has been made, because the experiments are to be followed up at the abattoir at Rogensburg and also in Germany.

Has Them All Beaten.

A fashion has sprung up among Paris taxicab drivers of exhibiting notices on their cabs, saying "The driver talks German," "The driver talks English," and the like. Fired by their example a negro taxicab driver, who was formerly chauffeur to the king of Siam in Bangkok, has affixed the following notice to his car: "I talk Siamese."

Confidence of Youth.

"And now that you are through college, what are you going to do?"

"I shall study medicine."

"Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?"

"Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all."—London Opinion.

Useless Embellishment.

A lazy man has about the same opinion of efficiency that an octogenarian has of a ribbon on a cane.

PROPER CARE OF MATTING

Its Days of Usefulness May Be Considerably Extended by a Little Forethought.

For sweeping, a hair broom should be rather gently plied, always in the same direction, since stiff bristles, undue vigor and brushing across instead of along the mesh result in a frayed surface, which ruins the appearance and harbors dirt. A scattering of damp Indian meal, scraps of newspaper or common salt—on no account tea leaves or newly mown grass, of which a stray shred accidentally stepped on creates an ugly stain—simultaneously attracts the flying particles and enhances brightness, while a final rub over with a soft dry cloth, though not absolutely necessary, imparts a pleasing gloss.

Although plain water and soap, or, worse still, soda, invariably turn matting yellow, a periodical washing with bran water or brine is very beneficial, provided sloppiness is strictly avoided and the surface is not left wet. The latter should be gone over piecemeal, first with a large cloth, squeezed out in the chosen liquid, next with a second similarly wrung out in fresh cold water and lastly with a dry rubber. If the matting cannot be taken up and hung in a shady spot in the open air, windows and doors should be thrown wide for at least a couple of hours after this washing and sunlight meantime excluded.

HANGINGS FOR THE WINDOWS

Pretty Materials That Will Suit Almost Any Style of Furnishings. Are Offered in Profusion.

For bedroom windows and doors there is an endless variety of good things to select from, in all colorings and materials, and suited to any style of furnishing. The domestic cretonnes may be used for the less important rooms, but the colors are not as permanent as the imported ones, so that it is often cheaper in the long run to spend more on the material.

Some of the materials are partly covered with birds and butterflies, or trees yielding roses, peonies or fruit on the same branch. And there are pastoral effects on cretonnes, much used for bedroom windows. It is well to touch on the necessity of restraint, not only in coloring, but in pattern. Assuming that one has much elaborate detail in the carpet and chair coverings, curtains in such rooms should be in plain, simple colors.

With a plain carpet and wall paper a good background can be formed for chintz coverings to chairs and similar materials for curtains. The successful drapery or curtain should combine the quiet and gay in such a way that unity, harmony and variety are attained.

For Measuring Shirts.

What woman of enforced economies has not been worried almost ill over the measuring of a skirt? But relief is in sight, for in Europe they are selling a device consisting of a frame which may be attached to the edge of almost any table, and to this frame is hinged a pair of semi-elliptical wings, shaped to conform to a curvature of a skirt's lower edge. Loosely attached to one of these wings is a tape measure which slides along the skirt as a guide to mark its length. The other wing has a linen cover, which may be pinned to the waistband of the skirt to facilitate the marking of the latter.

Chiffonade Dressing.

This is extremely good to serve on lettuce, romaine, or any green salad. Into a glass jar put one hard boiled egg, finely chopped, one teaspoon finely cut chives, one tablespoon each chopped red and green pepper, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon paprika and one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one-half cup olive oil, three tablespoons vinegar and one teaspoon tarragon vinegar. Allow it to become very cold, and just before serving shake the contents of the jar thoroughly.

Milk Rarebit.

Grate one pound of cheese, add to this one-half cup of cream or milk. One small teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne; stir this in a chafing dish or double boiler until the cheese melts, add a tablespoonful of butter and two eggs beaten light; as soon as the eggs are well stirred in the lights should be turned off, as the rarebit is ready and the eggs should not be cooked for any length of time. Constant stirring is absolutely necessary during the whole process. Serve immediately on crisp toast.

Plum Salad.

Into a glass salad bowl put one-half pint each of green gages, stoned and cut in half, bananas, peeled and cut in slices, and any other fresh fruit that is at hand. Sprinkle well with powdered sugar; cover, and let stand one hour, then add one wineglass of sirup of preserved cherries, one of lemon juice and the green gage kernels, blanched and cut in half. Cover again and let stand until required. Serve with whipped cream and lady fingers. The cream and lady fingers should not be put on the salad but should be served separately.

Split Rolls.

One egg well beaten, one tablespoon of sugar, one yeast cake dissolved in a cup of warm milk, two teaspoons salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter; set to rise; when risen work in a large spoon of butter and flour enough to roll; roll out an inch thick; spread over with butter or lard; fold in half, cut with a biscuit cutter; let rise and bake.

Baked Lobster.

Take all the meat from two large lobsters that have been boiled, chop not very fine. Into the meat stir a little bechamel sauce, some fresh mushrooms cut in small pieces, salt and white pepper to taste and two tablespoons of melted butter. Cleanse thoroughly the body shells of the lobsters, fill them with the mixture, sprinkle buttered bread crumbs over and brown in a moderate oven.

Indian Tomatoes.

Cut half a dozen ripe tomatoes in halves, take out the seeds and turn them, cut side downward, on a dish on the ice. Make a rich curry sauce, adding cream and lemon juice, partly freeze the sauce, then mix in half its volume of minced anchovies, gherkins, olives and shrimps, finish the freezing process and with it fill the tomatoes, bringing the cream to a point, form a handle with a green stalk of parsley and dish them on a bed of water cress.

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Fitting Crime.

He—I know who egged you on to this.

She—Who egged me on?

He—That old hen.

Reservations.

She—Let me be the first aid to the injured.

He—If you're sure it won't be lemonade.—Baltimore American.

In the Hotel Lobby.

Mary—That tall man has been divorced five times.

Alice—Goodness! Who is he?

Mary—He's the man who invented the safety match.

How He Left.

The servants were discussing the matter below stairs.

"Master and mistress 'ad something of a row last night, I 'ear," said the butler ponderously.

"You should have heard 'em," answered the parlor maid in a shocked tone. "Scandalous is what I calls it!"

"They tell me 'e ran out, cranked 'is motor car and left in it."

"No," said the maid, positively, "he didn't leave in his machine; I distinctly heard the mistress say he left in a huff."—London Answers.

Child's Fear of the Dark.

If mothers notice that the brains of their little ones conjure up uncanny sights and thoughts from the shadows of a room more or less dark, let the light burn brightly. To force a child to become accustomed to the darkness is a grave error, if its nervous system is so organized that this forcing is productive of a fright.

The nervous system of a child is a very susceptible organization and the deleterious impressions made upon it will often make their influence felt throughout its whole afterlife. If the child asks for a light under such circumstances do not refuse it.

Matter of Justice.

Where shall justice begin, with those who have power or with those who suffer wrong? If exact and ideal justice were done, the weak would make an effort to give to the strong all that is their due, and the strong would try to put their affairs in order so that no just cause of complaint should exist anywhere. The unhappy element in the relations of the strong and the weak is that both are thinking too much about exacting justice and not enough about doing that which is just and right. "Pay what thou owest" is the cry most often heard. "Give me that which is my due, then I will pay you what I owe."—The Christian Register.

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