The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently had spent a large sum of money in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey arrive at Fortuna, near where the Eagle Tail mine is located. They engage Cruz Mendez to acquire the title for them and begin preliminary work. Aragon accuses them of jumping his claim. Hooker discovers that matrimonial entanglements prevent Mendez from acquiring a valid title. Phil, who has been paying attention to Gracia Aragon, decides to turn Mexican and acquire the title. Aragon fails in his attempt to drive them off the claim. Rebels are reported in the vicinity. A rich vein of gold is struck and work on the mine is stopped until the title can be perfected. Phil is arrested by Manuel del Rey, captain of the rurales and suitor of Gracia's. He is released on promise to stay away from Gracia. Phil is forced to enlist in the rurales. He asks Bud to take care of Gracia. The rebels are defeated in a fierce battle near Fortuna.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued

"What, senor!" she bantered; "you do not speak? Surely, then, your friend De Lancey was wrong when he said you would save me! For look, Mr. Hooker, I am promised to marry dear Phil; but how can I manage that when Manuel del Rey is watching me? It is impossible, is it not?"

"Seems so," muttered Bud, and in the back of his head he began to think quickly. Here was the fountainhead of his misfortunes, and if she had her way she would lay all his plans in ruins—and even then not marry Phil. In fact, from the light way she spoke, he sensed that she did not intend to marry him. Her grudge was against Manuel del Rey who drove away all her lovers.

"Well," he ventured, "there's no rush, I reckon—Phil's enlisted for five years."

"Ha!" she cried contemptuously; "and do you think he will serve? No! At a word from me he will flee to the border and I shall join him in the United States!"

"What?" demanded Bud; "Phil desert?"

In a moment he saw what such a move would mean to him—to Kruger and the Eagle Tail—and he woke suddenly from his calm.

"Here now," he said, scowling as he saw that she was laughing at him, "you've made me and Phil enough trouble. You let that boy alone, savvy?"

He stooped toward her as he spoke, fixing her with masterful eyes that had tamed many a bad horse and man, and she shrank away instinctively. Then she glanced at him shyly and edged over toward the open door.

"I will do what I please, Mr. Hooker," she returned, balancing on the verge of flight.

"All right," Bud came back; "but don't you call me in on it. You've made a fool of Phil—I suppose you'd like to get me, too. Then your father would grab our mine."

"What do you mean?" she challenged, turning back upon him.

"I mean this," responded Hooker warmly. "Phil holds the title to our mine. If he deserts he loses his Mexican citizenship and his claim is no good. But you don't need to think that your father will get the mine then, because he'll have to whip me first!"

"O-ho!" she sneered; "so that is what you are thinking of? You are a true gringo, Mr. Hooker—always thinking about the money!"

"Yes," returned Bud; "and even at that I believe your old man will best me!"

She laughed again, with sudden capriciousness, and stood tapping the floor with her foot.

"Ah, I see," she said at length, gazing at him reproachfully; "you think I am working for my father. You think I got poor Phil into all this trouble in order to cheat him of his mine. But let me tell you, Senor Gringo," she cried with sudden fire, "that I did not! I have nothing to do with my father and his schemes. But if you do not trust me—"

She turned dramatically to go, but when Hooker made no effort to stay her she returned once more to the attack.

"No," she said, "it was because he was an American—because he was brave—that I put my faith in Phil. These Mexican men are cowards—they are afraid to stand up and fight! But Philip dared to make love to me—he dared to sing to me at night—and when Manuel del Rey tried to stop him he stood up and made a fight!

"Ah, that is what I admire—a man who is brave! And let me tell you, Senor Hooker, I shall always love your friend! If I could run away I would marry him tomorrow; but this cur, Manuel del Rey, stands in the way. Even my own father is against me. But I don't care—I don't care what happens—only do not think that I am not your friend!"

She paused now and glanced at him shyly, and as her eloquent eyes met his own Bud felt suddenly that she was sincere. The gnawing and corrosive doubts that had eaten at his heart fell away, and he saw her now in her true beauty, with no uneasy thoughts of treachery to poison his honest love.

"I believe you, lady," he said. "And I'm glad to know you," he added, taking off his hat and bowing awkwardly. "Anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to ask for it—only I can't go against my pardners on this mine."

He bowed again and retreated toward the door, but she followed him impulsively.

"Shake hands," she said, holding out both her own, "and will you help me?"

"Sure!" answered Bud, and as her soft fingers closed on his he took them gently, for fear that he might crush them and never know.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A month of weary waiting followed that day of days in Fortuna, and still there was no word from Phil. Bernardo Bravo and his rebel raiders passed through the mountains to the east, and news came of heavy fighting in Chihuahua. Don Cipriano Aragon moved his family back to his hacienda and Gracia became only a dream.

Then, one day, as Hooker and the Yaqui were industriously pounding out gold, a messenger came out from town with a telegram in his hand.

Am in Gadsden. No chance to hold mine. Kruger says quit.—P.

"No, I'll be 'darned if I do!" muttered Bud. Then he sat down to think.

"Amigo," he said to the Yaqui, "are you a Mexican citizen? Can you get title to mine?"

"Me a Mexican?" repeated Amigo, tapping himself on the chest. "No, senor! Seguro que no!"

"All right then," observed Bud bitterly, "here goes nothing—nowhere! I'll turn Mexican myself!"

He passed the messenger on the way to town, took out his first papers as a citizen, picked up the mineral agent's expert on the way back, and located the Eagle Tail in his own name. Before riding back to camp he wired to Kruger:

Have turned Mex and relocated claim.
HOOKER.

It was his last card, and he did not expect to win by it. Fate had been against him from the first, and he could see his finish, but his nature drove him to fight on. All that Aragon had to do now was to have him summoned for military service, and Del Rey would do the rest.

Then he could take over the mine. A mere formality—or so it seemed—but between Aragon and his mine stood the Texas blood. Hooker had been crowded to the wall, and he was mad enough to fight.

The news of De Lancey's desertion followed quickly after his flight—it came over the federal wires in a report to Manuel del Rey—but by the time it got to Aragon that gentleman was too late. They rode into camp the next day—Aragon and the captain of the rurales—and at the first glimpse of that hated uniform Amigo was off like a buck. Bud went out sullenly to meet them, his black mood showing in his lowering eyes, and he halted them by the savagery of his cursing.

"You cock-eyed old reprobate," he snarled, advancing threateningly upon the paling Aragon, "this makes three times you've come into my camp and brought your gun with you! Now take it off!" he yelled, dropping suddenly into Spanish. "Take that gun off—do you understand?"

So violent and unexpected was his assault that it threw Aragon into a panic, and even Manuel del Rey softened his manner as he inquired into the cause.

"Never mind," answered Bud, smiling crustily as Aragon laid aside his arms; "I know that hombre well! Now what can I do for you, capitan?"

"Be so kind as to take your hand from your belt," replied Del Rey with a smile that was intended to placate. "Ah, thank you—excuse my nerves—now I can tell you the news. I regret to inform you, senor, that your friend, De Lancey, has deserted from my command, taking his arms and equipment with him. In case he is captured he will be shot as a deserter."

"Your news is old, capitan," rejoined Hooker. "I knew it two days ago. And you can tell Mr. Aragon that it is no use for him to try to get this mine—I became a Mexican citizen yesterday and located it myself."

"So we learned," responded the captain suavely. "It was part of my errand today to ask if you would not enlist in my company of rurales."

"Muchas gracias, capitan," answered Hooker with heavy irony. "I do not care to!"

"But your friend—" protested Manuel del Rey with an insinuating smile.

"My friend was in jail," put in Bud; "he was to be shot at sunrise. But mira, amigo, I am not in jail, and, furthermore, I do not intend to be."

"That is very creditable to you," laughed Del Rey; "but even then you are entitled to enlist. The country is full of turbulent fellows who have to be caught or killed. Come now, you understand my errand—why make it hard for me?"

"No, senor," returned Bud grimly, "I know nothing of your errand. But this I do know. I have done nothing for which I can be arrested, and if any man tries to make me join the army—" he hooked his thumb into his belt and regarded the captain fixedly.

"Ah, very well," said Del Rey, jerking his waxed mustachios, "I will not press the matter. But I understand from one of my men, senor, that you are harboring a dangerous criminal here—the same man, perhaps, whom I saw running up the canyon?"

He smiled meaningly at this, but Bud was swift to defend his Yaqui.

"No, senor," he replied, "I have no such criminal. I have a Mexican working for me who is one of the best miners in Sonora, and that is all I know about him."

"A Mexican?" repeated Del Rey, arching his eyebrows. "Excuse me, sir, but it is my business to know every man in this district, and he is no Mexican, but a Yaqui. Moreover, he is a fugitive and an outlaw, and if he had not been enlisted with the federals I should have arrested him when he passed through Fortuna. So I warn you, sir, not to hide him, or you will be liable to the law."

"I'm not hiding him," protested Hooker scornfully. "I'm just hiring him as a miner, and any time you want him you can come and get him. He's up in the rocks there somewhere now."

"So!" exclaimed the captain, glancing uneasily at the hillside. "I did not think—but many thanks, senor, another time will do as well."

He reined his horse away as he spoke and, with a jerk of the head to Aragon, rode rapidly down the canyon. Aragon lingered to retrieve his fallen gun-belt and then, seeming to think better of his desire to speak, he made a single vindictive gesture and set spurs to his champing horse.

It was merely a fling of the hand, as spontaneous as a sigh or a frown, but in it Hooker read the last exasperation of the Spaniard and his declaration of war to the knife. He bared his strong teeth in reply and hissed out a blighting curse, and then Aragon was gone.

That evening, as the darkness came on and the canyon became hushed and still Bud built a big fire and stood before it, his rugged form silhouetted against the flames. And soon, as quiet as a fox, the Yaqui appeared from the gloom.

"Did he come for me?" he asked, advancing warily into the firelight, "that capitan?"

"Yes," answered Bud, "and for me, too. But you must have known him before, Amigo—he seems to be afraid of you."

A smile of satisfaction passed over the swarthy face of the Indian at this, and then the lines became grim again. His eyes glowed with the light of some great purpose, and for the first time since he had been with Bud he drew aside the veil from his past.

"Yes," he said, nodding significantly, "the rural is afraid. He knows I have come to kill him."

He squatted by the fire and poured out a cup of coffee, still brooding over

"Take That Gun Off, Do You Understand?"

his thoughts—then, with a swift gesture, he laid open his shirt and pointed to a scar along the ribs.

"He shot me there," he said.

"And so you have come to kill him?"

"Yes," answered Amigo; "but not now. Tomorrow I go to my people—I must take them my money first."

"Have you got a wife?" asked Hooker, forgetting for once his accustomed reserve.

"No," grumbled Amigo, shaking his head sadly, "no wife."

"Oh, you take your money to your father and mother."

"No. No father—no mother—nadie!"

He threw up his open hands to signify that all were gone, and Hooker said no more. For three months and more he had worked alongside this giant, silent Yaqui and only once had he sensed his past. That was when Amigo had torn his shirt in lifting, and across the rippling muscles of his back there had been shown the long white wale of a whip.

It was the mark of his former slavery when, with the rest of his people, he had been deported to the henequen fields of Yucatan and flogged by the overseer's lash—and Amigo was ashamed of it. But now that he was about to go, Bud made bold to ask him one more question, to set his mind at rest.

"Perhaps this captain killed your people?"

"No, senor," answered Amigo quietly; "they died."

He spoke the words simply, but there was something in his voice that brought up images of the past—of peaceful Yaquis, seized at every ranch in Sonora on a certain night; of long marches overland, prodded on by rurales and guards; of the crowded prison-ships from which the most anguished hurled themselves into the sea; and then the awful years of slavery in the poisoned tropics, until only the hardiest were left.

Amigo had seen it all, as the scars on his broad back proved—but he withdrew now into silence and left his thoughts unsaid. As he sat there by the fire, one long, black hand held out to keep the gleam from his eyes, he made a noble figure, but the Yaquqi songs which he had crooned on other nights were forgotten, and he held himself tense and still. Then at last he rose and gazed at Bud.

"You pay me my money," he said. "I go now."

"Sure," answered Bud, and after he had weighed out the equivalent in gold on his scales he flipped in some more for luck and gave him a sack to hold it.

"What you buy with all that?" he inquired with a friendly grin; "grub?"

"No, senor,' answered Amigo, knotting the precious gold in a handkerchief; "cartridges!"

"What for?" queried Bud, and then it was Amigo who smiled.

"To kill Mexicans with!" he replied, and in those words Hooker read the secret of his thrift.

While his wild brethren fought in the hills or prepared for the battles to come, it was his part to earn the money that should keep them in ammunition. It was for that, in fact, that Porfirio Diaz had seized all the peaceful Yaquis in a night and shipped them to Yucatan—for he saw that while they were working the wild Yaquis would never lack.

All the time that Amigo had been doing two men's work and saving on the price of a shirt he had held that cheerful dream in his mind—to kill more Mexicans!

Yet, despite the savagery in him, Hooker had come to like the Yaqui, and he liked him still. With the rurales on his trail it was better that he should go, but Bud wanted him to return. So, knowing the simple honesty of Indians, he brought out his own spare pistol and placed it in Amigo's hands. Often he had seen him gazing at it longingly, for it was lighter than his heavy Mauser and better for the journey.

"Here," he said, "I will lend you my pistol—and you can give it to me when you come back."

"Sure!" answered the Indian, hanging it on his hip; "adios!"

They shook hands then, and the Yaqui disappeared in the darkness. In the morning, when a squad of rurales closed in on the camp, they found nothing but his great tracks in the dust.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was June and the windstorms which had swept in from the southeast died away. No more, as in the months that had passed, did the dust-pillar rise from the dump of the Fortuna mill and go swirling up the canyon.

A great calm and heat settled over the harassed land, and above the far blue wall of the Sierras the first thunder caps of the rainy season rose up till they obscured the sky. Then, with a rush of conflicting winds, a leaden silence, and a crash of flickering light, the storm burst in tropic fury and was gone as quickly as it had come.

So, while the rich landowners of the hot country sat idle and watched it grow, another storm gathered behind the distant Sierras; and, as empty rumors lulled them to a false security, suddenly from the north came the news of dashing raids, of railroads cut, troops routed, and the whole border occupied by swarming rebels.

In a day the southern country was isolated and cut off from escape and, while the hordes of Chihuahua insurrectos laid siege to Agua Negra, the belated Spanish haciendados came scuttling once more to Fortuna. There, at least, was an American town where the courage of the Anglo-Saxon would protect their women in extremity. And, if worst came to worst, it was better to pay ransom to red-flag generals than to fall victims to bandits and looters.

As the bass roar of the great whistle reverberated over the hills Bud Hooker left his lonely camp almost gladly, and with his hard-won gold-dust safe beneath his belt, went galloping into town.

Not for three weeks—not since he received the wire from Phil and located the Eagle Tail mine—had he dared to leave his claim. Rurales, outlaws and Mexican patriots had dropped in from day to day and eaten up most of his food, but none of them had caught him napping, and he had no intention that they should.

A conspiracy had sprung up to get rid of him, to harry him out of the country, and behind it was Aragon. But now, with the big whistle blowing, Aragon would have other concerns.

He had his wife and daughter, the beautiful Gracia, to hurry to the town, and perhaps the thought of being caught and held for ransom would deter him from stealing mines. So reasoned Bud, and, dragging a reluctant pack-animal behind him, he came riding in for supplies.

At the store he bought flour and coffee and the other things which he needed most. As he was passing by the hotel Don Juan de Dios halted him for a moment, rushing out and thrusting a bundle of letters into his hands and hurrying back into the house, as if fearful of being detected in such an act of friendship.

Long before he had lost his pardner Bud had decided that Don Juan was a trimmer, a man who tried to be all things to all people—as a good hotel keeper should—but now he altered his opinion a little, for the letters were from Phil. He read them over in the crowded plaza, into which the first refugees were just beginning to pour, and frowned as he skimmed through the last.

Of Gracia and vain protestations of devotion there was enough and to spare, but nothing about the mine. Only in the first one, written on the very day he had deserted, did he so much as attempt an excuse for so precipitately abandoning their claim and his Mexican citizenship. Phil wrote:

My mail was being sent through headquarters and looked over by Del Rey, so I knew I would never receive the papers, even if they came. I hope you don't feel hard about it, pardner. Kruger says to come out right away. I would have stayed with it, but it wasn't any use. And now, Bud, I want to ask you something. When you come out, bring Gracia with you. Don't leave her at the mercy of Del Rey. I would come myself if it wasn't sure death. Be quick about it, Bud; I count on you.

The other letters were all like that, but nothing about the mine. And yet it was the mine that Bud was fighting for—that they had fought for from the first. The railroad was torn up now, and a flight with Gracia was hopeless, but it was just as well, for he never would abandon the Eagle Tail.

In two months, or three, when the rebels were whipped off, his papers might come. Then he could pay his taxes and transfer his title and consider the stealing of Gracia. But since he had seen her and touched her hand something held him back—a grudging reluctance—and he was glad that his duty lay elsewhere. If she was his girl now he would come down and get her anyway.

But she was not his girl and, gazing back grimly at the seething plaza and the hotel that hid her from sight, he rode somberly down the road. After all, there was nothing to get excited about—every revoltoso in the country was lined up around Agua Negra and, with four hundred soldiers to oppose them and artillery to shell their advance, it would be many a long day before they took that town.

Twice already Agua Negra had fallen before such attacks, but now it was protected by rifle-pits and machine guns set high on mud roofs. And then there were the Yaquis, still faithful to Madero. They alone could hold the town, if they made up their minds to fight. So reasoned Hooker, mulling over the news that he had heard. But he watched the ridges warily, for the weather was good for raiders.

A day passed, and then another, and the big whistle blew only for the shifts; the loneliness of the hills oppressed him as he gazed out at the quivering heat. And then, like a toad after a shower, Amigo came paddling into camp on the heels of a thunderstorm, his sandals hung on his hip and his big feet squelching through the mud.

Across his shoulders he wore a gay serape, woven by some patient woman of his tribe; and in the belt beside Bud's pistol he carried a heavy knife, blacksmithed from a ten-inch file by some Yaqui hillman. All in all, he was a fine barbarian, but he looked good to the lonely Bud.

"Ola, Amigo!" he hailed, stepping out from the adobe house where he had moved to avoid the rains; and Amigo answered with his honest smile which carried no hint of savagery or deceit.

Try as he would, Bud could not bring himself to think of his Yaqui as dangerous; and even when he balanced the Indian's murderous bowie-knife in his hands he regarded it with a grin. It was a heavy weapon, broad across the back, keen on one edge, and drawn to a point that was both sharp and strong. The haft was wrapped with rawhide to hold the clutch of the hand.

"What do you do with this?" queried Hooker. "Chop wood? Skin deer?"

"Yes, chop wood!" answered Amigo, but he replaced it carefully in his belt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KNEW USE OF THE CEREALS

Evidence That People of the Stone Age Did Not Live Exclusively on Animal Food.

There is nothing to indicate that the men of the later stone age did not have buckwheat pancakes for breakfast. It has been learned that not only buckwheat but many other grains of the present day, such as corn, barley, flax, rye and oats, formed an important part of the daily bread consumed by the people of the latter half of the stone age, known as the neolithic epoch.

It is generally admitted that the men of the age of hewn stone were hunters. With Asiatic invasions the manner of living changed. The neolithics began to raise domestic animals and to cultivate certain species of plants, the remains of which are still to be found.

Corn is the most ancient plant known. Scientists have observed samples of it in the celebrated layer of the Mas d'Azil, or end of the hewn stone period.

It is believed that this kind of plant is essentially of Asiatic origin. It could have been brought into Europe by nerolithic invaders. Egyptian wheat has also been found. Barley is also pretty frequent, being represented by six distinct varieties. On the other hand, rye and oats were known, but were rare. Flax was represented by a different kind from the present species.

The other plants of that age were probably gathered in a wild state. Fruits were generally cut in quarters and dried; such as certain little species of apples and pears.

JULES VERNE ABOUT HIMSELF

Friend of the French Genius Tells Some New Anecdotes About the Fascinating Author.

Anything new about that wonderful man, Jules Verne, is invariably interesting. And in the Paris Temps Felix Duquesnel, who knew the author well, tells quite a lot about him that is "not generally known."

"I believe I invent possible things," Verne used to say, "which is very naive of me, because all that I write will be realized. Human knowledge will demolish the impossible." But if he believed in the realization of his imaginings, his friends did not at first believe that he would be successful as an author.

One day, according to M. Duquesnel, when Verne was in the company of a number of his friends, he exclaimed with great seriousness:

"Mes enfants, I think I am about to leave you. I have the idea which, according to Gurardin, is necessary to a man if he is going to make his fortune. I am going to write a romance in a new form of my own invention. If it succeeds, it will be, I'm certain, the lode of the gold mine."

The friends laughed. "Laugh away," said Verne, "we will see who laughs last." A few weeks later "Five Weeks in a Balloon" appeared and was an immediate success. He had found his "lode," which he continued to develop for half a century.

Lime Long Used as Fertilizer.

Lime was one of the earliest materials used to improve soil, being mentioned in the writings of Plato and Pliny.

BLUFF ON FIELD OF HONOR

One of the Many Good Stories Henry Labouchere Could Tell of the Days of His Youth.

A duel is always absurd, even when it is tragic; but it is rare indeed for one of the combatants to be troubled by its absurdity. Such, however, was the case with the famous English radical, Henry Labouchere, who once fought a duel during his early diplomatic career, while he was attached to the embassy in Stockholm.

"There was a want of logic about the entire proceeding that went to my heart," he confessed, later. "To be killed is bad enough, but to be killed paradoxically is worse. I never felt more dismal in my life."

Paradoxical the combat certainly was, since Labouchere had been the challenger, his ground of offense being that his antagonist, an Austrian officer, had presumed to criticize the British minister for having given social countenance to a fellow Briton who, disapproving of duels, had recently declined a challenge from conscientious scruples. The young diplomat, asserting with spirit that his chief had behaved properly, and that Englishmen were not so silly as to fight duels, had left the rest to his seconds—and found himself pledged to fight the next morning, with pistols, at seven o'clock. He had hoped for an apology, and admits he was dismayed; but he did not allow his feelings to be divined, and duly made his appearance upon the field of honor.

"The Austrian stood apart; I stood apart. The surgeon already eyed me as a 'subject.' The seconds consulted; then the Frenchman stepped out 12 paces. He had very short legs, and they seemed to me shorter than ever. After this came the loading of the pistols. Sometimes, I thought, seconds do not put in the bullets; that comforted me, but only for a moment, for the bullets were rammed down with cheerful energy. By this time we had been placed facing each other. A pistol was given to each of us. 'I am to give the signal,' said the Prussian. 'I shall count one, two, three, and then at the word fire, you will both fire. Gentlemen, are you ready?' We both nodded. 'One, two, three, fire!' and both our pistols went off. No harm had been done."

Labouchere thought it was all over, when his opponent, stepping up, remarked that he supposed he ought to allow him a second shot, but should nothing come of it, he would not consent to a third. Reluctantly on the part of both participants, a second shot was fired; and they both missed—if indeed either had aimed—again. Then Labouchere boldly demanded a third shot.

"The seconds consulted together; for a moment I feared they were going to grant my request, and I was greatly relieved when they informed me they considered that two shots were amply sufficient. I was delighted, but I pretended to be most unhappy, and kept up the farce of being an aggrieved person."

The whole affair was certainly farcical; but the fun depended upon the leading actors being both very bad marksmen.—Youth's Companion.

New "Cold" Light.

The rare atmospheric gas known as neon, which was first isolated in 1898 by fractional distillation of liquid air, is now used successfully in electric lighting. If a mild electric current passes through a tube that contains a minute quantity of neon, it produces a golden light that is soft and agreeable to the eyes, and makes the object it illumines stand out with remarkable sharpness. The neon tubes require less current than the mercury-vapor lamp, and give out less heat than any other form of electric light. Moreover, the electric current disintegrates the new gas very slowly; the tubes will produce light for from eight hundred to one thousand light hours without being renewed. Recently, four neon tubes, nearly one hundred and twenty feet long, were successfully used to light an exhibit at the Grand Palais in Paris.—Youth's Companion.

Grasshoppers His Burden.

While conducting an open-air service on the lawn of the Marcus Hook Methodist church the Rev. H. R. McDade was attacked by a swarm of small grasshoppers, which, attracted by the nearby electric light, flew about his head, alighted on his shoulders, and covered his coat.

As the bugs enveloped him an appropriate passage from the Scripture flashed into his mind: "And the grasshopper shall be a burden," found in Ecclesiastes 12-5.

Speaking of the circumstance Pastor McDade said: "Every time I opened my mouth it seemed to me that I swallowed one of the hoppers. They certainly were a burden to me, but as I was in a tight place I made up my mind to stick to it. I was determined not to be a quitter."

Quick Wit Balks Robbers.

John Neale and William P. Shepard, cashier and assistant cashier of the Sackett & Wilhelms Lithograph company, carrying a bag containing $9,500 were held up by three young men as they waited for the elevator in the plant of the company at Grand street and Morgan avenue, Williamsburg, N. Y. Two of the men drew revolvers and the third assailed Neale and Shepard with a blackjack. Neale hung on to the bag as he fell, but dropped it just as the elevator came down. Charles H. Booth, the elevator man, saw what was happening, seized the bag, threw it back into the elevator, and before the astonished highwaymen knew what was happening, he was shooting aloft. The holdup men got away, leaving Neale and Shepard badly bruised.

Vocational Work in a Building.

An experimental school of vocational education is planned to be opened in the Woolworth building, New York, by the Merchants' association, with the co-operation of the board of education and the employers of more than 100 of the boys and girls who work in the building. The school will be in charge of the association's committee on vocational education.

Frightened.

"What was the matter with Old Boozie when he called the doctor at midnight last night?" "He thought he had lost his sense of taste. His wife's hat was on the dining room table and he ate the grapes off it."—Exchange.

The Wakeful Bostonian.

That Boston professor who declares sleep to be an illusion has doubtless been lodging next to a good supply of canned music and cat fights.—Houston Chronicle.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

KAISER'S DAUGHTER POPULAR

Duke Ernest August of Brunswick and his duchess, born Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, were the chief topics of conversation throughout Germany just before the breaking out of the great war. In fact, the then possibility of war was lost sight of in the exhaustive discussions of the daily doings of the kaiser's only daughter and her husband, their comings and goings, their method of living and their plans for the future. Although the youngest of the sovereigns of the minor German states they have become the most interesting and prominent.

Duchess Victoria Louise is an untiring reformer, changer, meddler and molder. Immediately after she and her husband were installed as sovereigns of Brunswick the court and palace life, as conducted since 1907 by the Regent Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg—was radically changed in a direction opposite to local expectations. Brunswick awaited a reversion to the ceremonial court etiquette which flourished before 1884, when the last duke of Brunswick died. Venerable schloss butlers and maitres d'hotel, who remembered the duke, rejoiced at the impending revival of the famous Brunswick "dinner etiquette," the limit of old German tedium and solemnity. "Wait," was the refrain, "till the young duke comes into his own." Instead, the new sovereigns set to living in the simple way observed by Prussia's court on all except ceremonial occasions. Brunswick learned that the duke and duchess dined in a small room on an upper floor of the schloss, and were attended at dinner by a single servant. Simplification and modernization were to be the rule of the new court life.

BRITAIN'S WAR SECRETARY

Many have been the attempts to interview Lord Kitchener. Among these the best story is that of the Yankee who handed his card to the general, when he returned from South Africa, with the remark, "Sir, I represent that paper."

"How interesting," responded Lord Kitchener, turning his back on the would-be interviewer.

Another story comes from Aberdeen. Lord Kitchener was discovered one morning at Aberdeen station, having arrived there on his way to Balmoral by the night express. The youngest reporter of the evening paper was on the platform, and approached the great man, explaining that he represented a local journal. "Glad to meet you," said his lordship. "Now tell me, do you know Aberdeen well?" "Yes," said the youth, delighted to find his victim so complaisant. "Excellent," said Lord Kitchener. "Then you can tell me where I can find a good barber, one who really shaves well." "Oh, yes," replied the newspaper man, and he led his lordship to a barber shop. His lordship thanked him much, but the youth interposed with a request that he might state he had spoken to Lord Kitchener. He hoped for more of an interview.

"Certainly," responded the field marshal heartily, "and you can add that you are the most obliging and intelligent inhabitant of Aberdeen I have ever met!" The lad went back to his editor rather shamefacedly with his tale, but the expert was enthusiastic. "Write every word," he commanded, and himself supplied a string of headings, in which "Lord Kitchener in Aberdeen—Interview With Our Representative This Morning" were the least.

MRS. WILLIAM GRAVES SHARP

"I look forward with intense pleasure to the trip to France," said Mrs. Sharp, wife of William Graves Sharp, whom President Wilson recently appointed as ambassador to the French republic. "I personally deem the post at Paris to be the choice of the entire diplomatic list, because the interests and tastes of the country find great sympathy with those of myself and my husband. The artistic and scientific tendencies of my own nature will rejoice in the congenial surroundings that we shall find in France, and I can say that we are delighted with the prospect of the experience."

The wife of Myron Herrick's successor is cultured and progressive. She is abreast of the leaders in the march of intellect and the advance of learning. Her manner is frank and prepossessing. She speaks with precision. She organizes her thoughts and delivers them rapidly. In appearance she is matronly. Her hair is gray and she wears it in a soft, becoming style. Her eyes are dark and bright and her skin fair and rosy. She is dignified and distinctive in manner and carries herself with an admirable air of composure and poise. Her hobbies are painting and tree study. She is familiar with the trees of the world and has applied some of her training in setting out a choice lot of trees on her country place in Elyria, Ohio.

JOAQUIN BERNARDO CALVO

The retirement recently of Don Joaquin Bernardo Calvo as Costa Rican minister to the United States marked the culmination of one of the most remarkable careers in the annals of diplomacy. Senor Calvo was for 23 years the representative of Costa Rica in Washington and for many years dean of the diplomatic corps. He first presented credentials to President Harrison in 1891, and has survived six changes of administration in his own country.

Among his literary works is a history of Costa Rica. He is especially well known, however, for his advocacy of closer relations of the Americas by means of better understanding between the republics. He was active in the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics, since changed to the Pan-American Union; was a large factor in the Central American peace conference in Washington in 1907, at which the Central American court of justice was established at Cartago, Costa Rica, and has actively advocated the establishment of a trans-American railroad to link the continents, and expects to see its completion in the near future.

Lukewarm Invitation.

"And I thought I was making a hit with her!"

"Why, she invited you to come and see her sometime."

"I know it. When a girl adds 'sometime' to an invitation to call she means you needn't be in a hurry about it."

Women and Vice.

A gentleman addressing a graduating class at Atlantic City declared that women are taking up the vices that the men are discarding. They will not get very many vices that way, because the average man is a tightwad when it comes to parting with his vices.—Houston Post.

Missed an Opportunity.

Hoax—"Whatever else I may be I am not proud." Joax—"Well, that's something to be proud of."—Philadelphia Record.

His Speed.

Baseball Manager—Consider yourself unconditionally released. Maybe you can sign up with a circus.

The Bonehead (warmly)—What d'ye mean—I'm a freak?

Baseball Manager—Of course not. But the circus I have in mind has an elephant ball team.—Puck.

Practical Work in Schools.

The Philadelphia board of education is extending manual and industrial training in the public schools of that city. A subcommittee is investigating the practicability of a plan under which every boy in the elementary schools would be required to work for at least a half day each week in the "shops."

Model Marriage.

Our idea of a model marriage is for the husband to know it all and for the wife to tell it.—Galveston News.

MEAL COST CALF ITS LIFE

Owner of Money on Which Animal Had Made Light Lunch Got Most of It Back.

An amusing story that will interest those who read "The Dump" in the Companion is told by Mr. Jack Blasengame, an old Texas cattleman.

"A good many years ago," says Mr. Blasengame, "my brother and I were buying cattle in East Texas. In those days people were not quick to accept a strangers' check, and we had to take the cash along with us. We also carried along our branding iron, and put our brand on the cattle as soon as we bought them.

"One day we bought a little bunch of yearlings from a widow, and among them was a motherless calf that had been raised as a pet.

"We penned the yearlings in the lady's cowpen, and when we began the work of branding I pulled off my coat and hung it on a corner of the rail fence. In the inside pocket of my coat was a leather bill book that contained $750 in $10 and $20 bills. While we were busy at our work, the pet calf pulled the bill book out of my coat pocket, and in some way got it open; before we discovered him, he had swallowed the entire $750, and was chewing on the bill book.

"Of course there was nothing for us to do except to kill the calf. This we did, and in its stomach we found the mutilated money, but in the whole lot there was not a scrap larger than a postage stamp. We took the sticky mass of paper and spread it out on a wagon sheet, and sunned it until it was perfectly dry. Then we took it to the nearest post office and sent it to Washington. The treasury department redeemed $730 of the money."—Youth's Companion.

The Shopping Sex.

Woman (popping into mourning shop)—"That's a nice little 'at in yer winder, my dear. Yer might put it by for me, will yer? 'E's not gone yet, but you never know, do yer?"—Tit-Bits.

Housework and Health.

There is nothing like housework for physical culture. In the various actions performed by the different sets of muscles during the large number of movements incidental to housework there is an admirable system of gymnastics peculiarly adapted to the needs of women. A certain amount of exercise which arouses and interests the activities of the bodily organs is necessary to health, and housework undoubtedly complies with both of these conditions.