THE HERALD

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All communications, such as letters from the people and news notes of balls, lawn parties, dances and personal mention will be inserted in THE HERALD free of charge. No communication will be received unless signed by the sender. We do not publish your name in connection with the communication unless you so state, but we must insist upon having your name as a guarantee of good faith.

NEW ORLEANS, SEPT. 9, 1915.

Church of the Holy Name of Mary

NOVENA.

Next Sunday being the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, a preparatory novena was started last Sunday and will continue on until Sunday, the 12th. This feast is one of the principal feasts of the Marist Order. That is the reason of the elaborate preparation. The day will be fittingly celebrated by a solemn high mass at 10 and a special sermon by one of the professors of Jefferson College. The evening services are well attended, and it is expected that a large communion Sunday will prove the devotion of the faithful of the parish towards the Blessed Virgin. The children of Mary, both seniors and juniors, are expected to receive in large numbers on that day. The different societies of the parish are requested to assist at the principal mass in a body. Let this be another feast of joy and spiritual delectation.

HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

Monday night a special meeting of the Holy Name Society was held at the rectory for the purpose of electing officers for the grand rally that is to take place on the fourth Sunday in October. A complete list of these officers will appear in the next issue of this paper.

Men of the Holy Name Society, Sunday, the 12th, is the second Sunday of the month, and therefore communion Sunday for you. Improve on the last communion if possible. Many are coming every week, and all should receive every month. Many new members are expected to be enrolled at the next regular meeting on the third Thursday of this month. There should be 200 members in line at the rally. Let the Algiers spirit animate each member, and the largest turnout of this society will be the result.

VISITORS.

They have returned at last—yes, at last—just on the last day of the time limit, Fathers Quinn, McGrath, Dougherty and Daigneau, all refreshed and looking the picture of health. Fathers Quinn and Dougherty spent their vacations doing parochial duty in some of the Philadelphia parishes. Although they were kept busy Saturday and Sunday, during the remaining part of the week they found time and means of amusing themselves. It is perfectly legitimate for them to enjoy themselves during these short months, for the height of the Mississippi levee is about the limit of their high life during the year. Father McGrath spent an agreeable summer in Atlanta, Ga. His specialty was motoring. Several enjoyable and interesting trips were taken. The Chattanooga trip, however, was the most pleasing. It lasted for a week and took in the famous battlefields of the war.

Father Daigneau blew in Tuesday morning from Frisco chuck full of the Panama Exposition. What he does not know about the Fair is not worth knowing. He is improved in health and looks as fit as a fiddle.

Father Walls left early Tuesday morning with the first contingent of boys for Jefferson College. His departure at such an hour was intentional. He simply wanted to slip away from his friends, who would have tried to keep him here longer. He will be missed not only in the parish, but also at the rectory. His youthful spirit of enthusiasm was an inspiration to those upon whom the cares of years are beginning to tell.

These young fathers, to show their appreciation of the generous hospitality and of the many courtesies extended to them by their friend Father Larkin, gave him a little surprise in the shape of a luncheon at Fabacher's Rathskeller Tuesday noon. This came as a fitting climax to a most enjoyable vacation. Now for the hard grind of ten long months.

ATTENTION, PARISHIONERS OF THE HOLY NAME PARISH!

The Young Men's Club, realizing the great benefits they are reaping from their club, in their big-heartedness wish to share these benefits with the rest of the boys of the parish. Now to do this they need money. For this purpose they have decided to entertain their friends with a high-class moving picture show and with the proceeds make necessary improvements to place their club second to none. The question is up to you, good people. Will you turn down the good of your young men and children? Every nickel and dime that you will give for this show will have the double effect of procuring for you legitimate and well-deserved entertainment, and at the same time each and every one of these coins will come right back to you in your very homes by helping to make your children better physically, mentally and spiritually. Consider well where your best interests lie. Can you and will you turn down double returns for your money, and such priceless returns as the betterment of your young people?

SERVICES.

Sunday—Masses, 5-7-9-10; baptisms, 4-5.

BAPTISMS.

Mildred Renuse, daughter of Numa LeBlanc and Nellie Moore, 615 Atlantic avenue, born August 31, 1915, baptized Sept. 5th by Rev. J. A. Petit. Sponsors: Eunice Robichaux and Ethel Moore.

Rosalie, daughter of Anthony Ortolono and Congetta Desarro, 700 Slidell street, born August 9, 1915, baptized Sept. 5th by Rev. J. A. Petit. Sponsors: Frank Guccione and Congetta Poupinto.

Adrian Camille, son of Adrian C. Dupont and Marguerite Lange, 245 Pacific avenue, born August 16, 1915, baptized Sept. 5th by Rev. J. A. Petit. Sponsors: Gibbons Lange and Lydia Lange.

Madelene Theresa, daughter of Benjamin Cantin and Caroline Camus, of Newton street, born Aug. 1., 1915, baptized Sept. 5th by Rev. J. A. Petit. Sponsors: Frank Estopinal and Carrie Estopinal.

Catherine Valencra, daughter of Clavis Julian and Arsene Simmons, of McLellanville, born May 19, 1915, baptized Sept. 5th by Rev. J. A. Petit. Sponsors: Ike Simmons and Lucy Jones.

Convention Failure

Every newspaper in the State of Louisiana has assigned from five to twenty different reasons why the Constitutional Convention was not called by the people even after electing their delegates in advance.

Certainly that part of Louisiana outside of New Orleans has been well impressed with the fact that New Orleans people wanted this convention but after all it is the fault of New Orleans, or the New Orleans voters, that the convention was not called, for the fact that there were a sufficient number of registered voters to have overcome the big majority that was sent in by the State.

We might lay the fact of the loss of the convention at the feet of those who have not sufficient civic pride to take the little trouble required to go and cast their vote on election day. Too many of our registered voters took it for granted that, as we all believed that the convention should be held and they did not stop to think of a possible defeat, but had all of the registered voters of our city come out on that election day and cast their vote, we would now be in a better position to face the financial stringencies that are shortly to manifest themselves due to the conditions which were to have been changed through this convention.

We believe that there is as much if not more civic pride among the women to-day than among the men and had Louisiana been in the Woman's Suffrage column, we firmly believe that we would have had the convention. In all large undertakings in the city, where money is to be raised for charitable institutions, there is usually a committee of men appointed to honor the head of the movement, but it is only a short time until this committee gets busy and interests the women who really go out and do the work; they get the money; it is the woman who makes the undertaking a success, and while our Louisiana women were bidding for the vote in this Constitutional Convention, we firmly believe that it has not hurt their cause in the least, but has merely deferred it for perhaps a few months longer.

Women will surely vote in Louisiana; it is only a matter of time until the law is passed and then we may rest assured that the women will be heard from and they can be depended upon to find the way where men have failed.

Facts and Fun

PARISIAN IDEAS OF AMERICA.

The Paris newspapers, says the New York Tribune, contain the most amazing statements about America and Americans, for the Parisian, sure that his own city and country are the centre of civilization, does not have or desire a very accurate knowledge of other parts of the world.

One newspaper article declared: "In America the houses are heated by natural gas that comes from the Rocky Mountains in tubes or pipes, and enters the houses all over the country. No other fuel is now in use."

Another enlightening article relates that "All the country west of Chicago is a desert to the California; but it has been marked off with multitudinous ditches, which are kept filled with water from the great Mississippi river, and thus the land is made fertile and crops may be grown."

This about American Indians is amusing: "The American Indians are no longer a menace to civilization. They now live quietly on the outskirts of all American cities in quarters provided for them, and called 'Indian Reservations.' They may be seen at any time wandering the streets in their blankets and feathers."

Again: "The reason why so many of the great American fortunes are made in pork packing is because the staple of diet in America is pigs. Everyone eats pig three times a day, just as the Englishman eats roast beef three times a day."

The truly democratic origin of our great men is the subject of another article, which tells us: "The Presidents of the great American Republic have all been of humble origin. The great Lincoln was a tailor, and worked in great poverty for many years prior to his taking his place as President. President Cleveland was a New Jersey farmer, and was perhaps the most prosperous of all the Presidents in his early life. President Roosevelt is of Jewish descent, although not of the orthodox faith, his people having been converted to the Puritan faith soon after they emigrated to the New World. Mr. Roosevel was a policeman for many years before he entered political life, and was also a midshipman in the navy for a time. He has always plainly shown his humble origin, and during his terms at the White House he lived the life of a humble workman. Mrs. Roosevelt served his meals for him, so distasteful were servants to him."

Suffragists will be interested to read the following: 'In America, woman suffrage has been accepted. The women vote, enter all political positions, and it is said that ere long there will be a woman President. But the unfortunate result is that the American woman has become insufferable. She rules with an iron hand, and men are but puppets to her. A Frenchman cannot understand why American men submit to this 'bossing.' They seem to be afraid of their women."

TOUGH

"I just stopped to tell you about that flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, madam," answered the grocer, "that was the best flour I carry in stock. What was the matter with it?"

"Matter indeed! Why, it was so tough my husband couldn't eat the biscuit I made with it."

THE FIRST OFFENDER.

Each of two little Boston girls had a black-and-tan terrier dog, we read in the New York Evening Post Saturday Magazine. It was not long before the two dogs fought, and it required the efforts of a man to separate them.

Each little girl was disposed to blame the other's dog for starting the trouble, and one of them said to the other:

"I don't care, your dog is a sneaking little thing, anyhow!"

"Well, so is your dog!" was the reply. "And this time it snooked first, too!"

HIS ONLY GUIDE.

The distinguished and well-beloved bishop of a certain Southern State is so absent-minded that his family is always apprehensive for his welfare when he is away from them.

Not long ago, while making a journey by rail, the bishop was unable to find his ticket when the conductor asked for it.

"Never mind, bishop," said the conductor, who knew him well, "I'll get it on my second round."

However, when the conductor passed through the car again, the ticket was still missing.

"Oh, well, bishop, it will be all right if you never find it!" the conductor assured him.

"No, it won't, my friend," contradicted the bishop. "I've got to find that ticket. I want to know where I'm going."

Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church

Rev. C. Keugele and sister arrived Tuesday evening from Abita Springs and were met at the train by a reception committee composed of members of the board of trustees, but the formal reception in his honor will not be held until Saturday night, at 8 o'clock, when an interesting program will be carried out at the schoolhouse. The formal installation ceremony will be held Sunday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, at which Rev. Francke will officiate and Rev. A. Wismar, of Gretna, will preach. The entire congregation is invited to attend.

The voing members of the congregation will meet at 7:30 o'clock Friday night to complete details in connection with these events and to consider other matters of interest.

L st night the Helping Hand Circle met and business of importance was transacted.

There will be no service Sunday morning.

Special thanks are extended to the committee for good work done on the parsonage.

Methodist Church Notes

No news received this week.

Mount Olivet Church

The rector returned to the city on last Saturday, after a visit to North Louisiana. At Oak Ridge he preached the sermon at the opening service of the meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Archdeaconry of North Louisiana. "Christian Catholicity" was the subject chosen, and the text St. Matt. 28:19-20. The rector also visited the churches at Bastrop and Mer Rouge, after stopping over at Natchitoches, Homer, Gibsland and Ruston on the trip.

Sunday was a busy day, for besides the services at Algiers the rector officiated at St. Matthais' Mission on Hagan avenue, and at Grace Church in South Rampart street.

In addition to a baptism at St. Matthais' Mission, the rector officiated at the baptism of Joseph Iredale Cunningham, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cunningham, formerly of Algiers. Sponsors: Mr. P. H. Cunningham, Mr. A. R. Woolf, Mrs. Eleanor Iredale Nelson. Service at Mount Olivet.

Mr. Richard Nichols acted as Sunday school superintendent in the absence of Mr. Adolph Spitzfaden on last Sunday.

Mrs. M. Richards has been authorized by the rector to solicit contributions for the insurance on the church. Such contributions will most thankfully be received.

A special meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary is called for next Tuesday, Sept. 14th. At this meeting the "united offering" will be taken. The meeting will take place at the rectory at 8 p. m.

Thanks are due the Rev. J. Orson Miller for acting as priest in charge, and also to the Rev. Menard Doswell, Jr., for officiating in the rector's place on the last Sunday in August.

The Rev. W. S. Slack is expected in town on next Thursday, Sept. 16th. He expects to leave Panama on the 9th, stopping by Bocas del Toro and Havana. The Rev. Mr. Slack will leave New Orleans on the 16th for Mobile and Columbus.

Since last report the following have contributed to the funds of the Birthday Guild: Mrs. C. Schubert, Mrs. Jos. Koenig, Mrs. Ed Schmitt, Mrs. R. Williams; Misses Blanche Vallette, Cecile Stalcup, Lucille Christy, Bessie Pyle, Sigrid Johnson, Camille Mothe, Martha Carey, Leah Keller, Salome Kappler, Nellie Honnibal, Ethelda Goodlet, Edith Gerrets; Messrs. Chas. Nichols, Francis Meagher, H. L. Hoyt, T. Kent Christy, A. C. Heron, E. J. Huckins, A. Hartnett; Masters Clyde Bourgeois, Ed Gerrets, Wm. Erickson, Robt. Farrington, Osborn Hunter, Archibald Sinclair.

We regret to record the death of the Rev. Wm. Hart, a former rector of Mount Olivet Church. The Rev. Mr. Hart passed away early on Tuesday morning, August 17th, during the terrible hurricane which swept the Texas coast from the Gulf of Mexico. He was on his way to Galveston to officiate at the burial service of a friend, but was stopped by the storm at Virginia Point, where the hotel in which he took refuge collapsed and he was thrown with many others into the stormy waters of the bay. He died in the attempt to perform his duty as a priest of the church. The body was not recovered. A memorial service was held at Wharton, Texas, one of his charges. His name was remembered at Mount Olivet on last Sunday morning at the holy communion and the prayers of the congregation offered for him. His favorite poem (Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar") is strangely appropriate to the circumstances of his departure from this life:

"Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell when I embark;
For though, from out our bourne of time and place, the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar!"

Services on next Sunday, fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, as follows: 7:30 a. m., Holy Eucharist; 9:15 a. m., Sunday school; 7:30 p. m., evening prayer and sermon.

Presbyterian Notes

No News Received This Week.

AIKMAN GETS GOLD MEDAL.

J. W. Aikman, connected with Engine Company No. 18 of the local fire department, was presented with a handsome gold medal last week for disposing of the largest number of tickets for the Firemen's Festival held last Sunday. Mr. Aikman's record was 927 tickets.

The presentation was made at the Central station by Captain R. E. Dady, with the arrangement committee and the entire force of the station in attendance.

Mr. Aikman was highly commended for his work and enthusiasm, and when the medal was presented to him he responded feelingly and thanked the committee and officers.

FORMER POLICEMAN ARRESTED.

Charged with assault and battery, George A. Jacobs, a former policeman of the local precinct, was arrested last week at Rampart and Common streets, and was later paroled for a hearing in the First City Criminal Court. It is alleged that Jacobs got into an argument with Jay Brauning, 919 Iberville street, and struck Brauning with his fist. Jacobs vigorously denied that he assaulted Brauning.

Jacobs was a member of the department for a number of years, but resigned about two weeks ago.

CARD OF THANKS.

Mrs. C. A. Borden desires to thank the committee and the public in general for their assistance and their generous patronage at the lawn party given on Wednesday night of last week at the Elmira Pleasure Grounds for the benefit of the late Mrs. Ernestine Brune.

Special thanks are given to M. J. Rooney, Supt. J. W. Reynolds, Corporal J. Wheatley, Peter Rupp, Foster Olroyd, James Foster, Henry Duerr, John Moynagh, George Courtney and Officer Hyde.

All are thanked for their donations and for all services rendered in every way.

RESISTS ARREST.

William Johnson, a fireman on the steamship Orleanian, gave Sergeant Anderson and Patrolmen Hyde and Keogh a stiff fight when they arrested him at 6 o'clock Monday evening from Sprada's saloon, at the head of Morgan street, where he was creating a disturbance. John Courtney, engineer of the Orleanian, complained to the police. Johnson buried his finger nails in the right wrist of Sergeant Anderson. He was not subdued until Hyde used his baton, inflicting a slight scalp wound. Recorder Goff fined Johnson $2.50 or eleven days Tuesday morning.

BURGLAR FRIGHTENED OFF.

Albert Koppel, of 328 Delaronde street, believed that burglars were trying to get into his house at 12:30 o'clock Tuesday morning and sent a call to the Eighth Precinct Station. Officers responded immediately and searched the premises, but no trace of intruders could be found. Mr. Koppel told the officers that he saw the feet of a man gliding by on a gallery in front of the window of his bedroom on the second floor of the building and which opens on the gallery. Nothing was stolen.

AUCTION.

On Saturday, September 11, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at 125 Seguin, near Morgan street, I will proceed to sell at Public Auction one "Ford" Automobile, to the highest bidder, without limit or reserve. Terms—Cash.

HARRY LATTER,
Auctioneer.

BASEBALL.

The Algiers Cubs will journey to Buras Sunday morning, Sept. 12, where they will meet the strong Buras Club. The following players are to report at 7:45 a. m., Sunday morning, at the Grand Isle depot:

M. O'Brien, p.; Lucien, c.; E. Hardin, J. Spitzfaden, M. Abbot, K. Abbot, Delery, Spritch, N. Trosclair, J. Garrets.—T. Heitmier, Business Manager; N. Trosclair, Playing Manager.

PICNIC.

A most enjoyable picnic was given on Tuesday, Aug. 31, at City Park, by Mrs. B. Finegan to her music scholars. They all enjoyed their lunch under one of the beautiful oaks. The enjoyments of the day were many. Most of the time was spent on the flying horses, basket, frolic and scenic railway.

Those present were: Ruth Finnegan, Bertha Barras, Katie Spence, Blanche Vanderlinden, Daisy Stephenson, Mildred Murtagh, Mamie Nichols, Eula Judlin, Anita Langford, Josie Clesi, Anna J., Annie C., Jennie B. Hauer, May Hauer, Edith Lewis, Claire Cassidy, Nova Sadler, Master Ollie Sutherland, J. Hauffe, John Spence, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Murtagh, Mrs. Smith and baby and Mrs. B. Finegan.

Tending the Baby

But He'll Never Repeat the Performance

By M. QUAD

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It was in one of the waiting rooms of the Grand Central depot. I was sitting beside an honest faced, motherly woman of thirty-five, who had a baby about eight months old asleep in her lap. She had asked about the train up the river, when she suddenly cried out that she had lost her portemonnaie. She felt in the pocket of her dress and in the pockets of her cloak, and she shook out the baby's clothes, and by and by she said:

"I remember now. I left it at my sister's, in East Thirty-sixth street. My ticket and all my money are in it."

"Madam," said I, "you have fifty minutes before train time. You can easily go back and get your purse."

"But the baby?"

"He's asleep, and if you dare trust him with me I'll take care of him."

"I've most a mind to do so."

"Come on with him, and you needn't hurry a bit on my account. We'll both be right here when you get back."

She gave me a long, lingering look, so as to be able to swear to me in court, and hurried out, and she was scarcely out of sight when a "Rock-a-by Baby" woman about four seats away, who had heard and seen all and was no doubt jealous, got up and walked around and said:

"That shows how much mothers think of their offspring! Do you suppose I'd ever leave one of my children that way? Not much!"

She was still walking around with her nose up in the air when an old man with a cane and a satchel stopped to yell at me:

"Do you know if this is the New Haven depot or not?"

"No, sir, it isn't," I replied as I held up my hand warningly.

"Young un sleep, eh?" he shouted in still louder tones.

I nodded and cautioned him again.

At that moment the baby's eyes opened. I rocked him to and fro and crooned to him, and he'd have slept again but for a woman who came up and loudly inquired:

"Did you notice a hand bag on that seat when you sat down?"

"No, I didn't see any hand bag, and you woke this baby up!" I shouted at the woman.

"Oh, I have! State prison offense, I suppose!" she sneered as she made off.

By this time the baby's eyes had got below my hat, and they began to betray a great deal of anxiety. I kept my knees moving and sang to him. I had sung about a rod of "The Old Oaken Bucket," which I have always found to have a soothing effect, and he was looking at me with great curiosity, when a fat woman came sailing along and stopped to exclaim:

"Kitches, what a sweet little baby!"

Walking about with a baby in your arms is rather monotonous on the spine and knees and shoulders, but was invented as an offset for paregoric. I lifted up the baby and took a walk-a-by-baby walk. As I walked I tried to divert his mind into a new channel by telling him a bear story. He was gradually becoming interested and had probably made up his mind that I was at least his stepfather when a little old man who hadn't the slightest excuse for living blocked my way and shrilly observed:

"My wife died and left a baby about as big as him on my hands, and I know how to pity you. Are you raising him on the bottle?"

I went on with the bear story, but it was no use. The baby began to grow red in the face and to kick and claw, and he finally yelled out at the top of his voice. I changed him to the other shoulder, but it was no good. I got him down on my arm and tossed him up and down, but he piped the harder. No fewer than six full grown people at once gathered around to discuss the case, and because I couldn't stand still to answer their questions I heard them say that I was a heartless father and that the Humane society ought to station an agent at the depot.

I carried him over to the ticket office and the information bureau, but he was not in want of anything in that line. I walked and waved him to and fro; then I stood still and tossed him up and down; then I sat down and bounced him on my knee until his first tooth was almost shaken out. He had made up his mind that things were not according to Hoyle, however, and he stuck to his tune.

I don't remember all that was said by the waiting passengers, but here are a few sample specimens from the stock:

"No one can make me believe that he is that child's father."

"He doesn't seem to have a spark of love for the poor little thing."

"It's curious that the police haven't interfered before now."

"Dear me, but if he knew anything at all about children he'd know that a pin was pricking the poor thing to death."

There was just one faint hope left, and I seized upon it. I cantered the child out of doors, and the sudden change shut him up. Then I walked along until I got the sun in his eyes, so he could no longer see me, and he got a new train of thought and stopped kicking. While he was wondering who had been elected I began to sing "Old Uncle Ned" and gave him my finger to chew on, and when the mother returned he had both eyes squinted up, a smile all over his fat face and was as content as a pumpkin in a cornfield.

PARENT CLUB AT ALGIERS PLAYGROUND

Miss Eola Abbott, Supervisor Algiers Playground, is anxious to form a Mothers' Club. Every playground in the city can boast of one but Algiers. The supervisor has arranged to have a meeting at the playground on Saturday evening. We would like every mother whose children attend the playground to become a member.

E. L. ABBOTT.

James Pike Of Pikeville

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

The Pikeville gold fields were discovered and exploited by Jim Pike, who was as big a rascal as ever lived. There was not an ounce of gold within two miles of the place except what Jim had put there from some other mine, but it was enough when mixed with a certain red ore there was on the property he had staked out to sell to others to convince hungry gold hunters that he had struck it rich.

When therefore he gave out that he had several hundred acres and couldn't work more than one acre himself everybody clamored to buy a small slice of his surplus. It required a lot of persuading to induce him to sell, and every time he sold a lot he seemed to be heartbroken. "There goes a fortun'," he would say, "just because I haven't the funds to get it out o' the ground."

Nevertheless Jim was always persuaded, and if the would be purchaser hadn't the cash to buy with he would—just as a favor—take anything he could get. He sold one man who was down on his luck a lot fifty feet by fifty for a revolver. This transaction was talked about, and any man who had a horse, a watch or an old fiddle would go to Jim Pike and buy a bit of ground with it.

But none of these investors got any gold out of their lots. First there was grumbling; then there was cursing, and at last there was a putting together of heads, and the opinion was promulgated that Pike had swindled the purchasers. Those who had bought the best and largest tracts for cash consulted as to how they could get their money back; those who had bought with cats and dogs were not so wrought up, but among the whole them grew up a disposition to prevent Pike from getting away from the place with the booty.

Pike had a deep insight into human nature. It was his opinion that those who have been swindled once might be swindled again. Moreover, he believed that it is easier to swindle a community than an individual. "That's the plan," he said, "on which promoters work. If Tom is satisfied that a certain scheme is a good one Dick is ready to follow Tom, and the two together bring in Harry. Tom, Dick and Harry bring in the multitude."

So Mr. Pike concluded that, having by one swindle made a nucleus for another, he bethought himself what that other one should be. The object of his second scheme was not to take any more money out of the citizens of Pikeville, for he had got about all there was. What he desired was to get even with his plunder.

He gave out that in the kindness of his heart he had taken many odds and ends for his property for which he had no use. He had decided to raffle them and raffle them. He thought there were $1,000 worth of them, but he would call it $500.

Those who had invested money in Pikeville lots scorned to invest in Pike's lottery. Those who had lots of nothing of moment, thinking that their neighbors had bought with more valuable articles than himself and that the collection would be a fine thing to have, took shares. In this way the shares were sold to the most gullible of the population. Pike not only took the remaining 200 shares himself, but pledged himself if he won to put the names of those holding shares in a box and let a little child, blindfolded, draw a name. To the person whose name was drawn he would turn over the articles raffled for.

This seemed so fair, so generous that it caused quite a revulsion in Pike's favor. Those who had sneered at him did not do so any more for fear of exciting hostility against themselves. Indeed, there were several fights between scoffers and shareholders in the lottery.

While the shares were being subscribed for the articles to be raffled were exhibited. In Pike's yard were two horses, both blind, a cow, three dogs and a goat. In his living room were fishing rods, musical instruments, several articles of furniture, some new—much worn—and small articles of every description down to a jewsharp.

When the collection had been exhibited long enough to give everyone a sight, though too short to enable any one to judge of its worthlessness, it was announced that the drawing would take place the next evening at 7 o'clock. A little girl six years old was blindfolded, a plug hat with 500 names in it—200 being Pike's—was placed before her, she put in her hand and drew out the name of James Pike.

Mr. Pike stepped forth and said that he had understood there was no error in the names in the hat, that they would be carefully examined and the final drawing would take place at 10 o'clock the next morning. This was a cheer at this, and the generous Mr. Pike bowed and smiled affably.

The citizens of Pikeville arose next morning much excited. They had fed on excitement for months, and the feast had now reached a climax. But there was a sudden fall. The articles to be raffled for were all at hand, but the raffler had departed.

The singular part of this story is that while the shareholders might have drawn lots for the collection of articles that had been put up, not a person made any move to do so. The livery stock scattered in search of food, and most of the other things were bought up by the children.

All Have Three Forms.

All things in the world have three forms; these are gaseous, liquid and solid. Everything is moving from one of these forms into another. For instance, the sputum is a liquid. But in the open air, it soon becomes solid. Then, pulverized, it is taken by the air and circulates in minute dust particles, some of which are so small to be seen.