



FREE LANCE

By CHAUNCEY C. HORTCHISS

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

I will not go so far as to say how this certainly would have ended had there been no interference, but the end came in a manner totally unlooked for. I had worked the fellow backward through the room, hoping to get him where he could retreat no farther, and had forced him well toward the heavy settle whereon still sat the Quaker, when that white-haired patriarch rose with an exclamation, and seizing his staff, stepped behind Lowrey and brought the stick down on his bare head, felling him to the floor a senseless carcase.

Though the blow was serviceable to me, such an act of war on the part of a Quaker made me turn on my ally and regard him with astonishment.

"'Twas a foul thing to take a man from behind when engaged in front, my friend," I broke out, "and, though I give thanks for good intentions, 'twas an unseemly act, and you belie your deity."

"There has small time to pick fine holes in my service, friend," he answered, hurriedly. "Turn thee to the window and see my motive. I wish to make friends with thee, but we must hurry! Look yonder!"

I looked as directed, and to my amazement saw a squad of British cavalry about turning into the lane leading to the tavern. There was scant time for me to run for my arms and get to the window, but, as I was about to throw open the casement, the Quaker laid his hand on my arm.

"Not that way!" he cried. "It is a swamp land, and they would be mired in the night. Upstairs—'tis safer for now—leave the rest to me."

With mighty nimbleness for so old a man, he drew me toward the kitchen, and, throwing open the door, pointed to a set of boxed-in steps leading above, and then quickly drew back, closing the door behind him.

I had but gotten up the short flight when I heard him go to the barroom entrance and shout for help with all the might of his cracked voice. In a moment I heard the clatter of arms as the men entered the negro room, and at the same time the negro came bounding up the stairs behind me.

The moonlight through the hall window just showed me his black face as he ran toward me, and with a will to sell myself at high cost I lifted my sword to cut him down when he cried in a hoarse whisper, and without the slightest trace of dismay:

"Hold up, man! I'm yer friend! This way!"

As he spoke he indicated a door the latch of which he lifted, and, throwing it wide, placed his finger on his lips as he pointed to a passage with a window at its far end. With the words, "I have no time to explain; lie quiet till I get back!" he turned and left me, running downstairs as quickly as he had come up.

Now from the moment I had crossed swords with Lowrey till the present time had been so short that it was as nothing. I was not confused as regards losing my head, but mightily straggled it seemed that two friends had so suddenly arisen, and this fact was a trifle bewildering. In some blind way the Dove was still a Wing station (unless treachery lay hidden about), though what had become of young King and how I could come by Nick Stryker, were still puzzles. In the face of the action and words of the Quaker, whose blow had saved me from immediate capture, I could but think he was not what he seemed to be, even if he was a Quaker at all. That he was a friend to the cause was plain enough now, though at first, with the feeling that every man's hand was against me, I even thought his sending me above might be but a trap to take me alive. But this could not be, for on going to the window I saw the casement opened on a roof that sloped easily to near the ground—a common arrangement in architecture in those days, and one that still holds.

I had been alone in my five minutes when through the still night air I heard the sound of voices and the clattering of hoofs from the yard, and guessing that it was as nothing below had gone in haste to the north, for, my window being on the south side of the house, I saw nothing of them as they passed. All below became silent as the confusion melted in the distance. My nerves were like harp strings I stood and listened, but, as the time went on and nothing occurred, I breathed a trifle easier, and finally gathered enough confidence to reprimand my firearms. Had it not been for the damp I knew was in them, I should have used a pistol on the gambler at the start.

For all of an hour I waited in the passage, which turned out to be little more than a narrow lumber room, but at last I heard the door below open, and even as I was hoping for some one to guide me to my next move, the negro was before me. Like a spirit he entered the passage, for no sound of steps had heralded his coming, and the only words he spoke were:

"Pull off yer boots and follow me!"

His own were in his hand, and obeying, I trailed after him in and about two or three rooms and a hall, coming at last to a flight of steps that led down and out by a back way.

It was something like waking from a nightmare to breathe the outer air again and not feel the cramping of close quarters. Motioning me still to follow, he bent himself like an Indian seeking footprints, and thus we passed beneath the rear bar windows, soon being at a distance from the house and toward the stream I had noticed. Under some low bushes we stopped long enough to pull on boots, and then onward we went, now bearing toward the east and through a swamp which would have been fatal to me had I attempted to traverse it alone.

Save to caution my going, not a word my guide spoke, nor did I ask a question, only stepping close behind him as he made his way through a blind path he evidently well knew. Presently we came to something like a rod of firm ground slightly overgrown

with coarse weeds and low shrubbery. Here my guide halted, and, turning about with a chuckle, said:

"Considering they know nothing of yer going, 'twas an enough here."

"What the devil—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"'Tis plain enough, my friend. I know ye now, an' thought I did at first. Did ye mark me draw the light from ye at the table and shut the windows?"

"How did you know me?"

"Are ye not the man who bearded Clinton? Who would not know ye after the day's rumpus with searchin' an' descriptions?"

"Are there two o' yer shadow on the island? In no way, my friend. 'Twas I, the lucky ye fell afoul o' Nick Stryker instead o' others."

"By the 'Mighty! Are you Nick Stryker?" I asked, a light bursting on me.

"Nick Stryker is my name," he answered. "But ye thought you said Nat Burns was—"

"Who ever saw Nat Burns?" he broke in. "No one. He's always away. Come now, I've little to tell. What brought ye to the Dove?"

"And one calling himself Rex—" I began, but he stopped me by exclamation.

"Rex! An' ye asked for a man o' the name o' King? I know none such, but Rex—why, he it was that laid out the tory and saved yer neck. An' ye knew him not! Well, on my honor, 'twas a wonder!"

"Is it possible?" he asked more than a brother unborn would I have known him. Is Lowrey dead?" I asked.

"Ay, he's dead, an' ye ha' the credit o' it. Did ye not hear a party putting after ye to the island? 'Twas my name, 'twas I that palvered. Stay here until I guide the Quaker hither; he's makin' blind fools o' an officer an' three men over the body o' the tory, but his risk is great. I tell ye that Rex is sore beset himself, an' I would hang higher than Haman were I to be hanged. Ye see, he needs the other, for 'tis beyond me now to more than help ye out of the muss ye have just gotten in."

"What is the man's real name?" I asked as he turned to leave me.

"Ames," was the short answer as he made off, and in the small light of the moon that was now close to its setting I marked his figure grow less and less until the shadows swallowed it.

Now I saw where I had made a mistake in not following directions and asking for "Rex" in the first place. And equally stupid had I been in determining that Nick Stryker was openly known by his name. When I inquired for "King," it had never entered my head that Rex could be aught but the brother of Gertrude, and it now came to me that mayhap Clinton was inside the truth when he said that youth had perished in the flames. How, then, could the poor girl have fared since she left me? Yet her brother had escaped, according to Mrs. Parley, and 'twas possible that the girl had known where to join him. Either Clinton had lied or his mistress had been deceived, and 'twas a fair muddle to clear. Stryker had known me through reputation and description, and if my act had become celebrated so might have hers, and I determined to ask him if he knew aught of the girl for whom I had now more than a passing interest.

However, the matter was not to be cleared by thinking, and as just now I had need of my brains in my own behalf, I put it aside and came home, as charity should.

Where was I to pass the coming night? I would not rest fast again, though it came to entering a house and demanding a night's lodging, and I had no money. I had left a brother at Turtle Bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin. The youth was but a year or two younger than himself, and fairly helpless, having been stricken by the Almighty with dumbness from birth, and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle Bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin. The youth was but a year or two younger than himself, and fairly helpless, having been stricken by the Almighty with dumbness from birth, and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle Bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin. The youth was but a year or two younger than himself, and fairly helpless, having been stricken by the Almighty with dumbness from birth, and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle Bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin.

"We're quits, friend, we're quits, did they but know it," he interrupted. "Let us not stand here; we have Turtle Bay ahead and no bed nearer. The way is long and rough, seeing we are debarred the highway. These be well armed; give me a pistol, for as a Quaker I have not much as a bodkin."

"Being no Quaker, then, spare me your thees and thous," said I, thrusting a pistol into his hands.

"But I am a Quaker, in truth, friend," he answered.

"A Quaker, and fight!"

"I am a follower of one Elias Hicks, who takes a wider path than the orthodox. But the blood is not thick in me, though I am of the Quaker stock. I fall into the style when in need of concealment, and carry it out fairly well—eh, friend?"

"Faith," said I, "I take it you're on a broader path than Hicks' e'er trod. That blood would have you out of meeting were you a true broad-brim. And how did you cozen the party at the tavern?" I asked, as we stepped out.

"By sending most of them to the north after thee," he answered. "To the rest I outlaid the father of lies, and ended by getting them into a fair state of drunkenness, and after, as an old man, I pleaded fatigue and went to bed. I am in bed now, friend, to them."

Though he still clung to the Quaker style of speaking, he had laid aside the voice and actions of the old man he had represented, making a strange combination with his long, white hair, broad-brimmed hat, youthful tones, and sprightly behavior. Through all his words there was an undercurrent of dry humor, which seemed to take no account of the danger of Gertrude, and, in the end, to me, absolute blankness of the front.

Nor was this due to bravado or wonderful courage (though he lacked none of the latter), but, as he afterward told me, to the fact that with the failure to get help from Stryker—a help he had accounted as certain—he had given over hoping, and took a desperately calm view of the next day or two, surely believing that by then all would be over. Yet withal he in no wise abated his vigilance, though he considered the hand of death was near him, and when, finally, there opened up a bare chance for our escape from the island, he said it was as though he had come back from the grave. Ay, and so did I. It was as though, suffocating land placed over my mouth had been suddenly withdrawn.

On the start he told me little of himself (though I had thought to find him communicative), and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle Bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin. The youth was but a year or two younger than himself, and fairly helpless, having been stricken by the Almighty with dumbness from birth, and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle Bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin. The youth was but a year or two younger than himself, and fairly helpless, having been stricken by the Almighty with dumbness from birth, and I had to drag from him that he had left a brother at Turtle Bay, whom he was now journeying to rejoin.

As I was as black as seemed my chances, I left the weight of the old adage of life and hope being akin, and I was by no means overjoyed in knowing that we might be handicapped by a helpless youth should some chance open a way out from the surrounding danger. And this I frankly told my companion, though he did not seem to mark as strange that I should let this stumbling block the upper hand in our expedition. The truth is, I was fagged and not myself, and though I drove to a corner would have fought like a shrew, I had no head for five points on that night, and was growing timid.

"Anon we took the high road for a space to flank a swamp, and once a dog went wild at the smell of us, and they were unmolested. Not a house showed a light (though that was small wonder, it being past midnight), and now we felt the heat of the camp that rose in the cooling air, and could even mark the pondlike appearance of the mist as it lay in some black hollow of the land. Through brooks, small swamps and pools we went, I with heavy boots going dry-shod, though Ames, with his pumps and stockings, was wet to the knees, and I could not see the scurrying of water in his shoes as he walked. But there was little to choose about him after I had pulled him out of a ditch into which he stumbled, though he made a joke of it even while his teeth were chattering from the chill of his soaking."

It was fearful going in the dark. The Dove lay five miles from Turtle Bay by road, but with our circling and retracing, we must have gone three or four more. For the most part we spoke little, and, though much remained to talk about, I was in no spirits to ask questions—or answer them either, for that matter. With me there was now no thought of what lay behind or before, all that remained of my wit being a stupid, stubborn determination to get on and reach our destination, be it what it might.

I take it 'twas past one o'clock, and I had been following my leader in an aimless fashion for half an hour without a word between us when he halted and laid his hand upon me, pointing toward a house with the bulk of a barn looming through the gloom behind it. I seemed to wake then, and notice the glimmer of water stretching beyond, and knew we were on the bank of the Sound river.

"Is this the place, then?" I asked, as I tried to make head or tail of the black building that stood against the faint sky like a black block.

He granted an assent and climbed a fence, I following tamely behind, but instead of proceeding to the house, we cut around it, and finally entered what might have been a disused cow shed built against the rear of the barn. Going to the end, he laid his ear against the rough boards of the barn and began scratching gently. Nothing coming of this, he fumbled about, and presently, to my great astonishment, a broad board came away in his hand, leaving in the barn-side a long, black hole that looked to lead into the bowels of darkness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Thoughtful Pose. "Did you fall?" he asked the officious one of the man who had slipped on the ice.

"Fall!" roared the man, with thinking "no!" I merely sat down to write calmly over the expansion question.—Philadelphia delphia North America.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE.

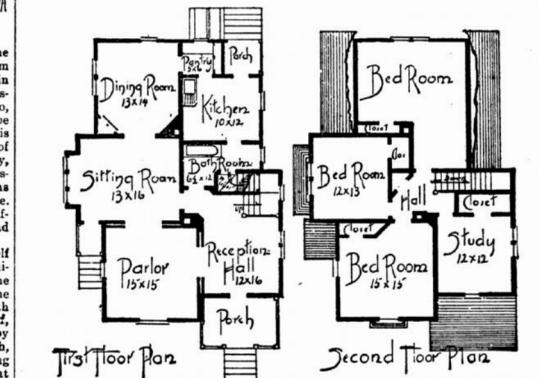
DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER.

THIS is a very desirable cottage of nine rooms, with necessary halls and closets, and needs but little explanation. It is well suited to the requirements of a small family. The convenience of the interior is revealed by a cursory study of the plans. The principal architectural feature of the hall, which is of goodly size, is an ornamental staircase of neat design, open to the first landing. The parlor on the right is quite large for a dwelling of this class, and is connected with the hall and dining-room by wide sliding doors. Thus these rooms may be thrown together for entertainment. The sitting-room may be entered from the front hall, or



COMPACT AND SENSIBLE NINE-ROOM COTTAGE.

from the outside by the side porch. A well-fitted china-closet is placed in one corner of the dining-room. The pantry is well fitted with all the modern conveniences. The passage from the kitchen to the dining-room is through the passage of kitchen doors into the dining-room. A bathroom is located on the first floor where shown and is accessible from the front hall or from the kitchen. A cellar is placed under the entire house, reached from the inside from the bathroom or from the outside at rear of the kitchen. A furnace is located in the cellar under the



FLOOR PLANS OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

sitting-room, and the hot air piped to all the rooms on both floors. This house is not "thrown together," as is so often the case with houses of this class, but is well and carefully planned and built.

The construction is shown in the following abstract of the specifications: Dimensions, 33 1/2 by 46 feet, not including the projection of the front porch. Height of ceilings: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet; second story, 8 1/2 feet. The cellar is excavated to a depth of four feet and the loose earth used to grade around the house at completion, leaving two feet of the foundation exposed in view on the outside. The foundation is of good rubble stone or brick, laid in good mortar 18 inches thick to top of ground, from which it is laid of brick 12 inches thick to top, neatly pointed where exposed to view. The chimneys are of hard brick and

nailed to each bearing. The outside floors are laid in paint. All door jambs are rabbeted plank, with 3-inch grounds and 5/8 reeded casing, with foot and head blocks. Panels are fast under the windows in each story of the house, and the base in all parts matches the casing. The closets are shelved and hooked in the usual manner. The doors are seasoned pine, paneled and milled, the outside doors being 1 1/2 inches thick, and the inside doors 1 1/4 inches thick. The front door is heavily milled and has heavy butts, lock with night latch and bolts. All other doors have suitable butts and mortise locks; sash fastenings to all windows.

All outside work usually painted has two coats best paint; inside filled and hard oiled on first floor and painted on second floor. The house is heated by furnace and has been erected for \$2,000. E. A. PAYNE.

THE HEALTHY MAN.

Qualities Which, According to a Medical Journal, Constitute a Perfect Individual.

One of our medical contemporaries, the Texas Medical News, thus sums up the qualities which constitute a perfectly healthy man. He should have a strong, healthy heart; one not weakened by the excessive use of tobacco, alcohol or other causes; lungs well developed and that expand rhythmically with ample breathing space for health and a surplus for work or disease; muscles well rounded and elastic, made hard and strong by use and carrying, like the camel's hump, reserve energy for trying journeys; a nervous, nature's electric wires properly insulated and connected, bringing all the various organs of the body into one perfect system, and all under the control of a brain of just proportions, well balanced and convoluted, not soft from disease or destroyed for the need of rest; educated for the high duties it was intended to perform, not only to stand guard over and protect the health and life of the individual, but at the same time to furnish feeling and thought and pleasure for the human being. All of these organs, when properly constructed and adjusted and perfect in every detail, go to make up a healthy individual and one possessing within himself a power of resistance not easily overcome by disease-producing organisms.

Wonders of the Cornstalk.

Six different commodities are now being manufactured from cornstalks—namely, cellulose, worth \$400 a ton, used by the government as an automatic hole-stopper for battle ships; excellent cardboard, a fine grade of paper, an unequalled foundation for dynamite, a patent cattle food and a superior glue. The value of the cellulose lining for warships is well known. When a leak develops, the cellulose swells in such a manner as to automatically close it. With 15 tons of stalks, worth \$90, one ton of such cellulose is made, for which, as already stated, the government is now paying at the rate of \$400 a ton.

Entitled to a Discount. "Ten dollars and costs." "Can't you make it a little less, judge; I'm a regular customer."—Town Topics.

PLACING THE BLAME.

The Trust is the Natural Offspring of the Accursed Gold Standard.

The more we see of the trusts the less of bitterness do we feel toward these institutions. We believe in laying the blame where it rightfully belongs. The trust condition is the natural offspring of the accursed and altogether abominable gold standard. It is not right, therefore, to visit the sins of the wicked father upon the legitimate progeny. We would crush the head of any other venomous serpent, and we would foster the germ of good that undoubtedly exists in the trusts for the benefit of all the people. The gold standard is so silly, so suicidal, so abominably unjust and wretchedly and irretrievably wicked that we cannot think of it with any degree of patience. It is the abomination of desolation, the pestilence that walketh in the night, the slayer of innocent women and children, the wickedness that is wholly wicked and altogether vile. But there is some good in the trusts. The children are better than the father, and such good as there is in them we would preserve and foster for all the people.

We would establish by law a certain date in the future, when and wherein every trust then in existence or to be thereafter organized, together with all its franchises and assets, should become public property and be operated by the government for the good of the people. Nor would we make the date very far in the future. The people now on earth who have suffered from the operation of the trusts ought to have some of the benefits. Yet we would not be so unjust as to confiscate trust property without giving them a chance to reform. The people are not wholly blameless in this trust matter. They have stood by and permitted scoundrels and thieves in high places to debauch the coin of the realm, which debasement has led to the formation of the trusts. We, the people, have committed the sin of omission in refusing to administer legal punishment to the traitors who debauched the coin and established the single standard. And now if we suffer a little for our own sin we must not complain. Atonement comes through sacrifice. Let us therefore give the trusts time—a little time—to prepare for the day of settlement, then if they fail to leave the warning let them do the rest of the suffering. Moreover, the competition forbids the enactment of ex post facto laws. We cannot create a crime out of something that was not previously criminal; but we can fix a date and say to all trusts, thus far and no farther shalt thou go. This is the thing to do with the trusts.

COMMON GROUND.

Propositions Upon Which All Anti-Monopolists Can Unite—Abolish the Gold Standard.

While it is always difficult to secure harmonious cooperation between distant and separate political organizations, there are times when this cooperation is both wise and necessary. In the campaign of 1896 the democrats, populists and silver republicans united in demanding the immediate restoration of independent bimetalism at the existing ratio of sixteen to one, and they agreed in declaring that the money question was of paramount importance at that time. The question now arises: Should these three political organizations act together in the congressional campaign? I answer without hesitation: Yes. Those who answer No must assume the burden of proving first, that cooperation was unwise in 1896, or second, that conditions have so changed as to make unwise now what was wise then. The defeat that befell the allied forces does not prove cooperation at that time to have been unwise, unless it can be shown that some one party would have been more successful than if we combined. Cooperation does not contemplate abandonment of party organization, or the surrender of any political principles, nor is cooperation defended on the ground that the platforms of three parties are identical. Campaigns generally turn upon a few issues, sometimes upon one, and events do much to determine which issue shall most attract public attention. If the democrats, populists and silver republicans were agreed upon but one question, that might be important enough to justify cooperation, although the parties differed on all other subjects; but those who advocate the union of the principal reform forces against the common enemy can point not to one, but to a number of reforms which are demanded with equal emphasis by democrats, populists and silver republicans.

Nothing is Forgotten.

One Story That Illustrates the Tenacity of the Subjective Mind.

A year ago a Chicago woman was visiting in a New York village. She went with her hostess to make a call on the next-door neighbor. The woman on whom she was calling incidentally mentioned that she expected a niece who was just graduating at some college. Her name was not mentioned. A few days later the Chicago woman left. On her way to the station she stopped next door to get a parcel. It was handed to her by a young woman. That is all there was to that end of the story. One day later the Chicago woman went on a lake trip. On the boat she met a young woman from a neighboring state. Each thought the other's face was familiar, but neither said anything about it. Finally a common friend happened to mention a Michigan summer resort to the Chicago woman. The Chicago woman had never been there, but had relatives who went there every year. This led to a mention of the New York village. In a flash the Chicago woman knew that the girl with the familiar face was the one who gave her the parcel the day she left. The minute the name of the village was mentioned to the girl she recognized the Chicago woman as the one to whom she had handed the parcel. This is a good example of what the hypnotists and "suggestionists" call the subjective mind. It illustrates very aptly the old saying that nothing is really forgotten, and that all impressions are indelibly engraved upon the mental retina. In this fact lies the explanation of many vagaries of the mind that on the face of things puzzle the scientists.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Little Nonsense.

Encouraging.—She—"Do you think my voice has enough volume?" Professor—"Good gracious, yes; to fill a library."—Detroit Free Press.

Cautious.—"Doctor, a year ago you predicted that I wouldn't live three months. You see you were wrong." Doctor—"Never mind; better luck next time."—Puck.

"There are two men in our golf club that I can't get along with." "Why?" "Well, Watkins gets mad when I call him Wilkins; and Wilkins gets mad when I call him Watkins."—Detroit Journal.

"The Circassian girl has refused the tattooed man." "You don't mean it? I thought she loved him." "She does; but she says she doesn't care to marry a man with an elephant on his hands."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Interviewer.—"There is a report started, senator, that you are intending to retire from politics." Senator Make-rover.—"Detroit Free Press."

Wearily.—"Madam, I haven't had anything to eat for three days." Mrs. Hard-pli—"You're doing pretty well; but I've just been reading' about a man who fasted for four weeks and worked every day at that."—Cleveland Leader.

A Coming Disease.—Dr. Squills—"What was the matter with that cadaverer you were called to see last night?" Dr. Kallomell—"As nearly as I can describe what ails him it is automobiliousness."—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing Too Good for Him.—Tommy—"I'm going to begin common fractions to-morrow, ma." Mother—"You shall do nothing of the kind, Tommy. You shall study the very best fractions they have in the school."—Louisville Dispatch.

The Modern Sandwich.

Made Now in Sixty-Four Varieties, and New Kinds Constantly Being Added.

A man of 50 who had chanced never to hear of sandwiches from the time he was a boy, when they were confined principally to three varieties—ham, tongue and corned beef—and when, aside from what kind he would take, the chief question was whether he would have mustard on it, might be surprised to learn that nowadays sandwiches are made in more varieties than his own years number; considerably more. In one big lunch establishment there are made sandwiches in 64 varieties. The differences between some of these varieties would be slight, but at the same time they would be clear and distinct; and there would regularly be found on sale on the counter more than 20 varieties always ready. The others include varieties more or less peculiar to some season, or sandwiches supplied to order, as many sandwiches are nowadays. Besides the familiar ham, tongue, corned beef, roast beef, turkey and chicken sandwiches, there are sold in these days, either already prepared or made to order, a dozen varieties of what may be called fish sandwiches, these including the commonly sold sardine sandwiches and anchovy sandwiches and sandwiches made with little fishes called sardelles, and salmon sandwiches, and sandwiches made with muskallong, soft shell crab sandwiches, lobster sandwiches, shrimp sandwiches, codfish sandwiches, and sandwiches made with a fried codfish cake between slices of bread. Of these sandwiches there are ten at least, including many regularly supplied and others made to order. There are sold nowadays sandwiches made of various kinds of salads, and orders for such sandwiches are not unusual. In a place where sandwiches in great variety are sold, if a customer asked for a salad sandwich the waiter wouldn't need to ask what was wanted, he would know and he would get it for him without question, as a matter of course, and the same would be true if the request were for a tomato sandwich or a sandwich made with watercress. Of combination sandwiches, made with more than one kind of meat, as sandwiches of ham and chicken, chicken and tongue and beef, and there are various kinds, and there are sandwiches made of various materials combined; as, for instance, sandwiches made of minced ham and chow chow, sandwiches of chopped chicken, sandwiches of minced tongue and chicken, egg sandwiches, and so on. So that it would not be very difficult to enumerate the 64 varieties of sandwiches made, and new varieties are being added all the time.—N. Y. Sun.

DEFECTIVE PAGE