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## HESTER'S LOVERS.

"To think I have a sister, Roy and she is coming to-day," and Hester Leighton raised her clear, soft eyes to her lover's handsome face.

"She was hardly a pretty girl this Hester Leighton, but she gave promise of being more than pretty in the future, for as yet she was barely seventeen, a shy, pale girl, whose principal charm lay in her girlish innocence and tender eyes.

"When do you expect her?" By Beldon said, "this unknown sister Hester, for whom you are preparing such a welcome."

"To-day—any time. To think that papa had a wife before mamma—a wife who only lived one short year—a little daughter before me, whose face he never saw."

"He cannot have been gifted with very strong parental affection," Roy said.

"Oh! you don't understand. He thought the baby died with his mother. It seems her sister lost a baby, and took papa's little one in its stead, and kept the secret up till papa was dying and so—"

"So you have a new sister, when you least expected it. It was sunny Spain your father's romance."

"Oh, Roy, there is some one coming. It is she, and it is only kindness in me to meet her."

As she crossed the room, a faint tap sounded on the door, and peering it she smiled a welcome to the newcomer.

As the stranger came forward, she threw back the veil that shaded her face, and Hester almost started at the wondrous beauty her eyes rested upon.

"You are my sister?" Hester said, putting her soft, white arms around the stranger's neck, and laying her pure, girlish lips to the vivid crimson curves of the other's beautiful, smiling mouth.

"Welcome to Suncliffe, welcome home."

Then Roy came forward and bent with haughty grace over Inez's slender hand, while his very soul seemed to drink in her beauty.

While they were standing there another gentleman crossed the piazza, and Hester flew to the window.

"Come in here, Deane. My sister has come, and I want you to welcome her."

The next moment Deane Stanley was welcoming the newcomer.

One hour later Inez stood before the mirror in the rooms allotted to her, looking at her own beautiful face, her thoughts reverting to Roy Beldon and his look of passionate admiration.

"And he is the promised husband of that little pale-face? well! with a faint laugh—if it were I did love her, which I rather doubt, I can love him for her, chain him to my side by the power of my beauty, and if Fate is kind, I will yet be mistress of his stately home."

He ever loved her? This was a question Roy asked himself when he thought of Hester, as the days rolled on and he felt the power of Inez's night eyes and curving lips luring him on to madness. He had no thought at first of being false to Hester, but as the summer passed, he felt the power of Inez's siren loveliness, holding him in a thrall he could not break. Not that he tried very hard, for self-love was a gift the gods had not deprived him of, and so

"Red lips smiling, lured him on.  
Bright eyes beaming, held his soul,  
Till a languorous, dreamy spell  
Bound his heart beyond control;  
Till faith, and truth, and honor gone,  
Till conquering passion stood alone.  
There love had snuffed before."

Hester watched it all with a strange, dull, aching pain at her tender heart that slowly turned to wonder and contempt. Was this her Bayard—her knight without fear or reproach—this wavering lover who had proved false to his troth?

She struggled bravely against the thought, and then—ah, then she could doubt no longer after the fatal day she stood beneath the drooping syringas in the old-fashioned garden below the western gable of the homestead.

She saw them together, Inez and Roy—saw him pleading for her love, almost kneeling before her in the passion of the moment, and then—may she was not mad nor dreaming—Roy had taken Inez in his arms, kissing the creamy palor of her face, the curving crimson of her lips, and calling her his darling, his beautiful one.

White as death, with a strange, deadly faintness stealing over her, Hester turned away, as she loved Roy Beldon, if not with a woman's deepest love, with all a girl's shy, sweet tenderness, and she had trusted him entirely—would have staked her very life on his honor and truth.

She turned up the pathway again. Suddenly a strange darkness seemed to envelop her, and dimly she saw Deane Stanley coming toward her—Deane Stanley who had been as a son to her father—brother to herself.

His face paled as he saw her.

"Hester! Child! What is it?"

She made him no answer, only held out her hands like a tired child, and then, ere he could reach her swaying form, she sunk white and senseless at his feet.

"He lifted her in his arms.  
"My darling! My darling! Oh! the coward, but his punishment will be deep enough, or my name is not Deane Stanley."

The strange deadly faintness was only momentary, and coming to herself, Hester heard the passionate "darling" and felt the kisses that fell upon her hands, and realizing with a feeling of pain, a pain that yet thrilled her strangely, that not as friend or brother Deane Stanley loved her, but as man loves the one fair woman in all the world for him.

With all her gentleness, Hester Leighton was singularly proud, and with smiling lips and cold, haughty eyes she gave Roy Beldon his freedom. What if the pallor of her face was

like death itself, her voice was scarcely calm and cool.

One evening some months later, they were all in the music room together, Hester at the piano, her slender fingers running listlessly over the keys, Inez, radiant in her imperial beauty, resting in a low easy chair, with Roy Beldon lingering at her side.

Deane Stanley had been abroad on business, and he had just returned the day before, and now he stood leaning idly against the piano, a peculiar expression in his eyes, as they rested on Roy Beldon.

"Do you know, Roy," he said, "I am more generous than I ever deemed myself, for were I not, the story I am going to tell, would be untold, till after your wedding day."

Something in his voice had startled Deane Stanley from his reverie, and Inez's beautiful face had grown strangely pale.

Suddenly Deane went over to her side.

"Confess the truth," he said, "and mercy will be shown you—confess you are not Inez Leighton, but the child of her mother's sister! That the changing of the children was a concoction of your own subtle brain—confess that the true Inez died in her infancy, and that you, having the proofs of her birth in your possession, usurped her place."

White as death Inez rose to her feet. There was no need to confess; the truth was written on her face.

She turned to Roy, with passionate, questioning eyes, but it seemed the glamor of her beauty had fallen from him, as he realized the truth, and he stepped back coldly.

"Is it true?" he said; "answer. Is it true?"

She looked at him with scornful eyes, then turned to Hester:

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"Nothing," Hester answered. "I will give you time to leave—time to go back to your own sunny land, before a word is spoken. We only know your sin—your own heart its temptation."

"You are generous," Inez said, looking at her with mocking eyes. "You even forgive me for stealing your love?"

Without another word she turned and left the room, and none there ever looked at her beautiful face again.

Without glancing at Roy, Hester laid her hand on Deane's arm.

"Come out to the garden," she said. "I feel as if I were dying in here. Oh, Deane, you proved your suspicions true."

Next day a letter was placed in Hester's hand.

"I dare not ask you to forgive, but in the future you may look with less scornful eyes upon my madness, and this hope I take abroad with me."  
—Roy.

Three years have passed—years in which Hester has passed from an unformed girl into a slender, graceful woman, with a face whose beauty would attract attention anywhere.

A polished woman of the world, the acknowledged belle and beauty of her set, she met Roy Beldon again.

If Roy had not loved her in the past, he certainly loved her now—the old passionate glamor with which a siren had enveloped him seemed a matter of self-contempt; but this was love, the best the purest love he was capable of—and who can give more?

Deane Stanley watched it all with grave, proud eyes, and smiled when people spoke of them as lovers.

All his life he had loved Hester Leighton, but what had he to offer her? A loyal heart and willing hands to the helms of Suncliffe!

One evening he sought her—sought her in the quiet stillness of the gloaming.

"I have come to say good-bye to you, and it may be years before I return."

Was he mistaken, or did the sweet face pale?

"Who are we?" he said, perfectly unconscious of his rudeness in the passion and pain of the moment.

"Well, it is rather egotistical to think I could mourn for the feelings of others. I meant society in general and myself in particular, Deane."

He laughed bitterly.

"Well, Roy Beldon can console you now, Hester."

She looked at him with questioning eyes, and then a faint smile curved her lips.

"It would take a great many Roy Beldons to console me. Oh, Deane, Deane," she broke down suddenly, a red flush sweeping her face.

"Hester, darling, do you mean—"

"I mean Roy Beldon asked me to be his wife, and I simply answered 'No.'"

"If I asked you, Hester, my darling—"

Whether he asked her then or not is only surmise, but one thing is sure, the gloaming fell around a pair of well contented lovers, and its shadows hid the passionate kisses of the lover who had won the purest, deepest love of Hester Leighton's tender heart.

**How It Seemed.**

When old Mr. Sawyer of Scramtown made his first visit to the city he saw and heard a great many new and strange things, but he was always wary in his comments.

One day his little granddaughter enticed him into a restaurant, and leading him to a small table, proceeded to order some eclairs, a delicacy of which she was extremely fond.

"I know you'll like them, grandpa," she said coaxingly and the old gentleman bravely attacked the unfamiliar object.

"Isn't it delicious, grandpa?" inquired the little girl, seeing a strange expression come over her grandfather's face as he took his first mouthful.

"Well, I presume to say it may be," said Mr. Sawyer, in a non-committal tone, "but doesn't it appear to you to be just a little mite under-baked in the middle?"

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

### INTERESTING MATTERS FOR THE CURIOUS.

#### Trolley, Storage Battery or Under-ground Wires—Which?—Baking Bricks by Electricity—Domes Made of Paper.

We cannot write as an expert on this electric railroad business; in fact, we merely belong to the class of growlers (though we are not on the front seat) which makes its duty, if not delight, to find fault with the electric motor, but who do not seem to be willing for one moment to stop and consider fairly what a vast progress has been made in this kind of devices says a writer in World's Progress. We must, if we would fairly consider all the difficulties that, at the outset, beset this new line of invention and development, duly estimate how new and untrod the field really was; what a mountain of expense was called for, merely to experiment.

"That the electric motor of to-day will be a great curiosity ten years from to-day, no one doubts, yet, for all that, it stands to-day, however considered, as a wonder of success in practical operation.

But no one can guess, even, on what line the final results is to be attained. So far as the grumbler can see, neither trolley, storage battery or underground wires the best means of method. Then the motors, up to date, are too heavy, and the expense of the current is too great. So far as we can see, there must be invented some motor that will go outside of present lines and combine in its structure all the elements of strong and easily controlled power, but that shall be comparatively small in size, light and cheap. We are wise enough, as the other grumblers are, to point out the most easy and rapid style some of the ends to be accomplished, but we duly confess that we are not able to go any further.

In the meantime, we honor the patient, untiring, intelligent toilers who have been and still are hard at work trying to solve the problem. We wonder, too, that capital, usually so fickle, is ready in such boundless sums, we were about to say, to help on the work. This, of itself, is an argument that capitalists see in the near future that the motor must be electric, and are willing to help on the work for the large gain that its success fully warrants.

**A Late Improvement in Metal Working.**

One of the latest mechanical improvements in metal working is a system of rolls for wrapping narrow plates of steel into a bar, which is much stronger than a solid piece of the same size. The reason assigned for this additional degree of strength, remarks the Boston Journal of Commerce, is the simple fact that, if the outside layer of metal is broken the inner layers are intact and will resist further strain while in the case of a piece of solid steel the rupture of the skin is fatal. The seams in these wrapped bars are said to be scarcely apparent to the naked eye, only appearing when the metal is bent over and twisted off, which, of course, requires a great amount of force. The advantage of using these wrapped bars under certain conditions will be better understood and appreciated when it is considered that steel frequently bears a stronger resemblance to a refined, ductile cast iron than to a fibrous wrought iron, and partakes so largely of the character of cast iron that a small scratch on its surface may cause serious trouble if the piece is solid and exposed to vibratory strains.

**Rapid Growth of Malleable Iron.**

The rapid increase in the capacity of malleable iron foundries through extensions of old plants, and the building of a number of new ones, and is attributed mainly to the expansion of the business of agricultural implement manufacturers, who are heavy purchasers of malleable castings. But the consumption of malleables has also increased in many other directions, and large establishments are to be found that do not to any considerable extent depend upon the agricultural trade. The growth of the manufacture of small wares, in almost infinite variety, is proceeding at a rapid rate, and for many of these malleable castings are demanded. Makers of coke pig iron are attacking with considerable success this last stronghold of charcoal iron, which has hitherto been deemed indispensable for malleable castings. Special qualities of coke pig iron are being made for this purpose, and it is asserted that the percentage of coke iron used has not reached its limit.

**Not Like Modern War.**

The following cut is taken from the title page of an ancient work on military science by Valerius, printed in Paris in 1512, or over 380 years ago.



piano a violoncello or a violin is attached and closely connected with the piano. The left hand of the piano controls the keys, while the right guides the bow of the string instrument. An ingenious mechanism causes the mellow clearness of the tone produced upon the string instrument to keep up with the established pitch of the piano and imparts a great purity and sweetness to the tone of the latter. It is also easy to produce the so-called tremolo as well as sustained organ tones on this new piano, which is something that is impossible to obtain from the ordinary pianos now in use. When the violoncello-piano embraces five octaves it is said to be capable of taking the place of every stringed instrument. It has met with the strong approval of leading musicians, and great things are expected from this startling innovation in the piano world.

**Domes Made of Paper.**

The dome of the new Observatory now in course of erection at Greenwich will be made of papier-mache. This roof, including the steel framework, will be over twenty tons in weight, yet the whole will be so constructed that it can be revolved almost by the pressure of the fingers. The Palais de Justice of Brussels, recently completed, which cost upwards of two million sterling—the finest in Europe—is supported by an immense dome made of papier-mache, weighing sixteen tons. The largest domes yet constructed have been of iron. That of the Great Exhibition at Vienna was 300 ft. in width; and the Albert Memorial Hall in London, an oval in shape, measures 219 ft. by 185 ft. in diameter. The largest existing domes are: The Pantheon at Rome, 142 ft. diameter, 143 ft. high; Baths of Caracalla, Rome, 112 ft. diam-

eter, 116 ft. high; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 115 ft. diameter, 201 ft. high; St. Maria delle Fure, Florence, 139 ft. diameter, 310 ft. high; St. Peter's, Rome, 139 ft. diameter, 330 ft. high; St. Paul's, London, 112 ft. diameter, 215 ft. high; St. Genevieve, Paris, 67 ft. diameter, 190 ft. high. The oldest of these is the Pantheon, which was constructed during the reign of the Emperor Augustus.—London Tit-Bits.

**Baking Bricks by Electricity.**

A Milwaukee man has invented a machine for baking bricks by electricity. The machine is a simple contrivance, consisting of a table covered with iron bricks molds, to which the electric current is applied. The table is 14x8 feet and holds 1,000 molds, which are joined together like a lot of "pigeon holes." Each mold is the size of a brick which has been pressed but not baked, and each has a loose cover so fitted as to follow the brick as it starts. The bricks are taken from the presses and placed in the molds, the covers adjusted and the current turned on. The iron sides of the molds form the "resistance" and the bricks are virtually inclosed by walls of fire. When the bricks have shrunk to the right size, the slaking covers of the molds automatically turn off the current, the baking is done and the bricks are dumped. When bricks are burned by the ordinary process, three days are taken for the baking. By his process he claims that he can bake them in three and a half hours. It is claimed at the same time that the bricks are baked harder and better than by the present process.

**A Late Improvement in Metal Working.**

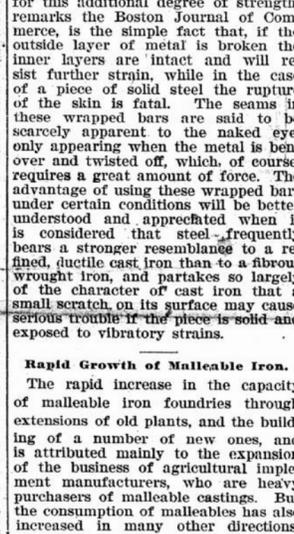
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**Strength of the Niagara Falls.**

One hundred million tons of water pour over Niagara Falls every hour. This is said to represent 16,000,000 horse-power. Some idea of this enormous amount of water may be had by understanding that all the coal produced in the world would not make enough of steam to pump a stream of equal size.

## REMARKABLE PROGRESS.

### WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENTS IN TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

#### The Exhibits at the Transportation Building at the World's Fair Are of Unusual Interest—Comparison Between the United States and Foreign Countries.

Jackson Park, Special Correspondence.—There are branches of industry and mechanical skill in which America is, of course, expected to excel all foreign nations, such as in heavier machinery and in labor-saving machinery, in leather goods and in manufactures in wool, and in electrical, lighting and motive power.

The great stretch of territory from Maine to California and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, with its moving tide of population, has also forced another branch of mechanical industry into great and rapid development upon this continent. The United States with 170,000 miles of railroad, more than that of all the rest of the world, had of necessity to develop the cheapest and most effective means of transportation for passengers and heavy commodities in order to compete with small nations in the markets of the world. Ten years ago the railroads of the United States carried nine times as much freight as the whole merchant marine of Great Britain.

The development of this stupendous internal commerce at the expense of our foreign trade and shipbuilding industries was quite enough for the energy of our people to undertake at one time. In forty years it has reduced the practical business of transportation almost to a science, and has separated into two branches, that of carrying the heaviest loads at the least expense and that of carrying passengers at the greatest rate of speed and at the least expense. Engines are now constructed which almost every day haul a hundred loaded cars. The greatest triumph in speed for a passenger train was registered the other day, when a special train now regular traversed the distance between Chicago and New York over the Michigan Central road in twenty hours, a sustained average speed, including all delays, of 49 miles per hour. During this trip the speed of upwards of 80 miles per hour was made. This makes an era in the history of rapid transit, and places the United States ahead in the matter of passenger transportation as it has been in the transportation of heavy goods and freight. There is no better way of seeing or understanding the wonderful changes and advances which have been made in transportation during the last fifty years. There is probably more to be learned of the industrial history of the United States in the transportation building upon the world's fair grounds than in any other of the great structures. Nearly all the railroad exhibits are taken up in the historical order, and consequently furnish material for the student no less than of thought to the casual observer. Taking the railroad exhibit as a whole, it is a very imposing one, and causes all displays from foreign nations of a similar character to dwindle into insignificance. There are cars designed for every imaginable purpose in the way of freight from carrying chickens, cattle, horses and hogs up to carrying the United States mails. There are heavy freight engines of all kinds—ten wheelers, one of which exhibited by the Baldwin locomotive works weighs 207 tons, large drive wheels, gray hounds for passenger traffic and many others.

There are many examples of compound engines and engines designed for turning short curves upon mountain roads. The Pullmans make a very fine exhibit of passenger coaches and a model of the works at Pullman nearly fifty square feet. The Northern Pacific Railroad company has a train consisting of an engine and three observation coaches filled with cereal, game and mineral products of the country through which they pass.

The English display is also a striking one. It embraces an engine with first, second and third class coaches. The engine is built with seven-foot drive-wheels, yet experts say that it will make as good time as many American engines constructed with only six-foot drive-wheels. The coaches are of the regulation compartment style highly finished within and without. No expense seems to have been spared in the upholstery business. The compartments are narrow and exclusive without the ordinary accommodations of the poorest American road. They are excellent, however, for a class of people who do not care to associate with the common herd or even apparently with equals.

The French exhibit amounts to comparatively nothing. The English have taken great pains to display the scenery by means of photographs along their lines of road and in this way are enabled to advertise their routes and at the same time make a very creditable exhibit as a competitive display.

In the matter of railway development, however, perhaps we have an unfair advantage over the foreigners, on account of the great incentive of our magnificent distances and the wonderful growth of our internal commerce, but there is another branch with which we compete with all the foreign nations upon an equal and common ground. I refer to the various vehicles of horse locomotion. The American display of carriages covers a vast area of the north end of the transportation building, and for variety, excellence and novelty excels anything in the opinion of veteran carriage men which has ever been made in the line of a vehicle display. From the lightest toy boy pony cart up to the heavy lumber and dry wagons everything imaginable in the

## line of road carriages and wagons are here upon display. The Americans have also exhibited a wonderful originality and taste in many of the new designs presented. They have not only excelled all the foreigners in originality of design, but in interior and exterior decoration of carriages and in the fitness of woodworkmanship, but also in taste in making the display and in variety and number of specimens exhibited. It presents in its fullest conception the glory of American originality and workmanship and perhaps more than any other exhibit appeals to the pride of the American who has been in the habit of seeing our countrymen excel in matters of decorative finish and decoration of all kinds when they come into competition with the foreigners. The only country which will at all bear any comparison in exhibit with that of the United States is France. The keenest competition was expected to come from Great Britain, in tandems and tally-hos, but they have presented nothing original in design or novel or attractive in finish. The American display has many new designs in hunting carts, family carriages, tally-hos, tandems, omnibuses, in all kinds of wagons, chaises, hacks, hansoms, sleighs, etc. American carriage makers are jubilant over general results, and feel that they will have no competition from foreign nations to speak of, except, perhaps, a few designs in tally-hos and some silver and gold-mounted harness. The most noticeable difference in the construction of carriages between American and foreign makes is the lightness and beauty of construction characteristic of all work of the kind turned out in this country. For instance, all light family carriages have the width of felloe reduced to fifteenth-sixteenths of an inch, while the foreign make cannot get below an inch and a quarter and more often an inch and a half. The spokes are also equally light and graceful in the inner rim, and the body is particularly graceful in outline and finish as compared with all foreign makes. The exterior finish of American vehicles is superior to anything which I have seen in foreign makes, and even in the upholstery where I expected to see the Americans suffer by comparison they are able to equal and often surpass the best French workmanship. Of course, much of the American superiority of workmanship is due to the superior excellence of American wood for fine work, but this cannot account for the finish nor the originality of design. I had a talk the other day with one of the leading New York carriage makers, who informed me that it appeared to him that Americans could have no competition now in the foreign markets if they really would take hold of the matter and push the sale of their carriages in foreign countries. He said that he had about come to the conclusion to send the inimitable American drummer right into the stronghold of the enemy in the European countries and endeavor to sell American makes of vehicles in competition with the best of them. He pointed out to me a hunting cart, so beautifully painted, that it looked as if it had been finished in white satin and said: "I do not think you can find a carriage finished equal to that anywhere in the world, and I consider it only an average specimen of American hand work. The American people are the stimulators of such work as that, because they are remarkably fine judges of good workmanship, and will patronize no other. It has stimulated us to do our best, and you see the results." The excellence of the workmanship seems not to be confined to any locality of this country but to the exhibits of all states from Minnesota to the Atlantic and southward to Tennessee. In contrast with this exhibit in the transportation building, however, we must put the remarkably fine displays of the great British shipbuilders in the line of models. The Cramps of Philadelphia have furnished models of all the great vessels built for the American navy in the model warship Michigan, on the lake, hence they do not come into direct contrast with the British models in the transportation building. The model of the British armored battle ship "Victoria" has nothing to compare with it in the American display. The United States, however, furnishes the great show of the transportation building and far overtops all competitors, Ralph McKenzie.

### A SMART YOUNG POACHER.

#### How a Cunning Lad Managed to Catch Rabbits Galore.

On a property where the rabbit shooting was strictly preserved, upon the southern coast of England, a boy was once caught with two dead rabbits in his possession, and nothing else that would account for their decease. A search of his pockets revealed nothing but two live crabs of small dimensions, and end of a candle and a box of matches. Under promise of release the urchin was persuaded to disclose his method of procedure.

First he selected a likely burrow and then he stripped off his clothes, putting his coat over one hole, his trousers over another and his shirt over the third. He lit the candle and dropped a little of the grease upon a crab's back and stuck the lighted candle thereon and then put the crab at an unoccupied opening. Straightway the frightened torch-bearer fled sideways into the darkness and explored the innermost depths, while the boy, expectant as a terrier, awaited events outside. Presently a rabbit bolted into the coat and boy, rabbit and coat all rolled over together, the boy rising from the fray with the rabbit in his clutches. What happened to the crab the history did not relate. The boy hoped that the candle was extinguished by other means than burning itself out.—London Spectator