\*

Perhaps it would never have happeried had a commade given him a word of encouragement. But the men were too intent on the grim work before them, so, in the hall of lead, when Private Cory dropped to the ground it was generally understood that a butlet had knocked him ever. Such, however, was not the case, as the amtolance corps, fedlowing in the tear, soon discovered. He had merely fainted from fright.

The doctor turned over the shivering bit of humanity to look for the wound, found more, and smiled. Cases of this kind were not unknown to him. "Poor fellow," be murmured. "Let him remain with the rest."

"No, he is not hurt at all," he said to one of his assistants. "Hits wound will come afterwards when he recovers | Yelled the doctor after him. from that faint, and God help him. him."

his comrade.

stretchers were now quickly deposit- If not-but he ran on. ing in the improvised hospital.

round."



A MOMENT OF TERROR. done seemed to rise up and strike him full in the face. He sank down again with a choking sob. He clutched the earth with his hands, as men do when struck down in battle with a mortal wound. It was a burning hot daythe wounded were suffering terribly from the intense heat-but he shivered the subdued but harsh growl of the sand voices were shouting at him and reproaching him for his cowardice. Then a human voice joined in the wild

"You bloomin' cur. Call yourself a man?"

It was the stern sergeant of his com-

with the best o' everythink the coun- on the old people going to church." He and bacey, and then yer go and-Pah!" and he broke off. "I couldn't hev be-

He stopped because the pain of his hard the piece of Cavendish he had in men took up the cue.

equal what Private Cory was now en- | naut. during. He quivered as if acted upon by some powerful electric current, but he made no answer to their taunts, and continued to lie with his face turned to the ground. He tried to reconstruct shricking shells outside still seemed to be telling the world that he was a miserable coward.

broth. He had been hours without man has often played practical jokes | food and the savory odor caused a on Crofutt, who wished to pay him eraving hunger to take possession of back in his own coin. But Blakeman him. A pannikin full was being pass- could not see the joke of losing his ed, from which men took a drink, their expectant comrades looking on with eager, wistful eyes. Cory raised his to explain, but Blakeman, very angry, head, hoping his turn had come, but he was immediately greeted with a storm of curses that caused him to drop it again. Fool that he was to expect it. He might have known,

At that moment the doctor came up. "Give Cory some of that soup. Hold up, my lad," he said, not unkindly; "you may make a soldier yet. Drink this," and he handed him the tin ves-

with laughter even by those who knew they had but a few hours to live.

Cory sat up. The soup seemed to put life into him, and he ceased to shiver. He was barely out of his teens, but his face, in its ashy grayness, looked more like that of a man who had passed his prime.

"Feelin' a bit better now?" began the sergeant

"He'll run for it as soon as he's able," remarked the other. "Whew! |-Boston Herald. listen!" he broke off, as a shell exploded just outside. "They seem to have got the range of us now. Nice Christians, these Boers, firing on the Red Crocs."

For a few seconds there was silence as the men realized their danger. The angry growl of the quick-firers was every now and then punctuated by the of me," sollloquized the horse. "That long, deep-mouthed baying of the

Boers' Long Tom. "They are aiming at us, by God!" shouted a man, running into the tent with his right arm hanging helpless

by his side. Immediately there was a violent conconston: the air was filled with dust,

of flame. In an instant three or four men sprang forward and the fire was extinguished.

"The devils are firing at us," cried HOW A PORTUGUESE COOK GOT the sergeant. The next shot will count

a bit if I am not mistaken. Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a huge rent suddenty opened in the canvas, and a shell dropped right in the middle of the tent. The wounded ducked under their covering, as if they would bury themseives beneath the ground. The doccor, with another, rushed forward; but Private cory was before them.

Not you, doctor!" he shouted, as Chicago Times-Herald: he seized the bomb.

"Quick, my man! Into the bucket with H! said the doctor. "No! There's Boothby, was cruising on detached no water! My God-

But Cory had dashed through the opening and was running like a hare. They were all dumfounded for a moment. Then a cheer broke from them when they realized what he was doing -a obser in which dring men joined. "Throw it away! Now! Throw it!

Still he ran. The music of what he then. There is no bullet wound that knew was their applause rang in his will give him the agony that is before ears. Nothing had ever sounded so sweet to him. He smiled. It reminded "Shall I throw a bucket of water him faintly of his achievements in the over him, sir?" asked a man with a football field, when the crowd roared blood-stained bandage around his their approval. The ball he carried head, but sufficient of his face left un. now was heavier, but the applausecovered to show his intense disgust at only he knew what it meant to him. and he clutched the destructive missile "No, you must not disturb him." was like a child hugging a doll. He felt the curt answer, and he turned to give inclined to kiss it. If he lived he his attention to the burdens which the would be a man and a comrade again.

Some one has wisely said that it re "Poor lad," he mused, as he bont quires often but the turn of a straw over his work, "I must give him a to make a coward a hero, or a hero a word of encouragement when he comes coward. Cory was now a man again. The paralysis of panic that But when, later on, Private Cory had seized him a few hours ago and staggered to his feet, the kindly doc- had frozen his heart existed now only for was too busy to notice him. He as a hideous dream. Another ten looked wonderingly around the tent, yards-he was quite fifty from the Then the remembrance of what he had tent. He heard them urging him to throw it. A few yards more, then with a tremendous effort he hurled it from him. Instantly there was an explosion, and Cory fell on his face. "Poor chap! He is done for, I

doubt," said the doctor, as several raced forward, followed by a number of wounded, who limped in pain. They knelt by his poor shattered

body. The sergeant, his old tormentor, regardless of his own wounds, had been among the first who rushed to his assistance.

Cory raised the only hand left him, which the N. C. O. clasped murmuring something about forgiveness. A smile of exultation played about his comrade's face for a moment, then the film of death gathered over his eyes. He tried to speak, but no words came in obedience to the moving of his lips, for his soul had taken its flight to that land where brave spirits are at rest .-Mainly About People.

Wit Half a Century Ago.

Alfred Montgomery was a member of the English board of internal revthe sessions of this body, held on a baking hot day, he was shocked to see the chairman's private secretary come into the boardroom with his coat off. As the secretary was leaving the room. Montgomery called him back and said: "Mr. Blank, if you should find it convenient in this hot weather to take off your trousers, pray do not pany, who had been brought in wound- let any feeling of respect for the board ed in three places before he had given stand in your way." One day a canon up. His face was gray with the pain wrote and asked if he must pay a lihe was enduring, but he must needs cense duty on a carriage which was give vent to his disgust at such pusil- only used to take his infirm parishionlanimity. A contemptuous smile play- ers to church on Sundays. "What do you say, Montgomery?" said the chair-"I call it gettin' money under false man. "Oh," answered he, "tell the pretenses. You're clothed and stuffed canon that the board will not insist complained of having been bitten a country house to a certain lord who was not remarkable for his personal cleanliness. "I never have been bitten there," said the nobleman, "No." wounds became so great, and he bit said Montgomery, "even bugs must draw the line somewhere." On anhis mouth to stiffe a groan, but other occasion, when his carriage ran away, he called out to the coachman: No agony of the battlefield could "Drive into something cheap."-Argo-

Boomerang Joke. Derby (Conn.) special New York World: James Blakeman's hennery, number of fine chicken's a fortnight | With quivering lips and pent-up agony ago. He offered a reward for the thief. On Monday George Crofutt, an intimate friend of Blakeman, told him A man was handing round some he had stolen the chickens. Blakechickens, and he had Crofutt arrested yesterday. The unhappy Crofutt tried would not listen to him. Crofutt told Judge Curtis to-day that it was all a joke and brought witnesses to prove he was at the White Hills Baptist church when the chickens were stolen. The judge reserved his decision.

The Way of the Transgressor.

The lot of the discharged prisoner is still anything but a happy one. "He is a broth of a boy," shouted a Here is Samuel Seely, released from man, and this poor joke was greeted the Brooklyn penitentiary after having served a five years' sentence for embezzlement, coming forth with just \$5 in his pocket, given to him by the penitentiary authorities, and finding his former wife divorced and remarried and his son with another name, which the courts have permitted him to take to hide his shame. This leaves the discharged prisoner all alone in the world, and with the fates against him.

> Horse Sense. The men standing about the horse that had slipped and fallen on the wet granite block pavement were encouraging the animal to get up by kicking him vigorously. "Yet why should I complain of their treatment is the way they treat one of their own kind when he is down!"-Chicago Tri-

Rather Confusing. Bilkins-There comes Jinks. He's a hateful fellow.

Wilkins-Is he one of those misermoke, and a pungent smell, and the able, low-down dead-beats who are aland of the tent lit up with a tongue | ways borrowing money?

HORRIBLE REVENGE.

EVEN

With Two Petty Officers Who Had Perseented Him Cut Off Their Heads and Served Them for Dinner to an Australian Prison.

The following story of most terrible revenge for a series of petty insults and injuries is told by a writer in the

In 1856 her Britannic majesty's fri-

ente Vernon, 50 guns, Capt. Travers duty in the Mediterranean. She carried an average crew of healthy, hearty tackies, and in the ship's company was hief cook, Carlos Ebrantes-the only foreigner aboard. He was a Portuguese, 30 years old, a giant in stature, with a magnificent beard and in the prime of manhood. They had picked him up two years before when the Vernon was commissioned for her eruise and he had made himself a general favorite with all on board save two men. These two, Ed Hedges, a boatswain's mate, and David Allen, another petty officer, did their utmost by a series of petty persecutions to make life miserable for the "Portugee." They spoiled his dishes whenever they could, insulted his nationality and made him the subject of every ribald jest their foul minds could suggest, seemingly finding the greatest amusement in the terrible fits of temper they aroused. One evening the Vernon was beating her way toward the English Channel, and later in the day she dropped anchor off the coast of Jersey. On the same day Ebrantes encountered his persecutors on the deck. as he fell. The cook said nothing. his staff, and the captain of the sloop of themselves. of war Petrel. Orders had been issued that caused Ebrantes and his assistants to surpass themselves in the preparation of the menu. It was the day of the old-fashioned dish-cover. Those in use on the Vernon were ponderous silver affairs, with carved handles, dishes be brought on and placed be-

After he had superintended the reparation of the principal meat dishes though the conductor and some of the and only waited for the formal order to "serve" Ebrantes sent his assistants out of the galley. Bound and gagged in two great flour bins where he had previously secreted them were Allen and Hedges. When the kitchen was closed he opened up the two bins and glared steadily at his two enemies. Both thought that, after taking this light revenge, he was about to let them go. But they were mistaken. Working himself into a frenzy of rage, he picked up a meat hatchet, and before they could attempt to struggle had felled both of them like oxen with the blunt

next 10 minutes it is not pleasant to dwell, but at the end of that time. when the assistants were admitted back into the galley. Ebrantes stood there smiling and as calm as ever. He told them he had been preparing the part of the story is that he followed 000,000, and he is said to have made piece de resistance in secret, and gave the string back, winding as he walked, orders for the immediate delivery of and in due time entered the bakery the first platter to the impatient cap- and restored the ball of twine. tain and his guests. A young lad, proud of the honor, carried it in through the covered way astern, and walking round the long mess table placed it at the head before the skipper and waited at attention for the re-

heads of his two petty officers. The dinner party broke up hastily, a tale of bitter persecution, slights and ship, including both officers and men. It was this testimony that saved him from a yard arm shift and subsestead of condemning him to death. of the Dawes mare deserves a place records; he became a mere number ticketed and put away from the rest of the world

One day in 1885 I walked through the corridors of the big convict prison Basking in the bright morning sunshipe and talking soothingly to a batmallee root with a big jack knife. "Good morning; you never tire of

coming here to see us, senor." "What ship is it you are modeling?" "Why, a British vessel. When I finish it every spar will be thus and thus and bolt. It is sold beforehand to the collector of customs down in the port. A beautiful day it is. See my old cuckatoo? Yesterday he cut his foot on glass. I bind it up last night, and to-day he hops about like a new boy again. Don't you, Jock? Some cuts so quickly they heal; others, not so."

It was Carlos Ebrantes. Ambush Campaign. "It must rejoice an honest politician to know that he has the people at his back." "Yes; if they are not incensed Kentucktans with guns."-Indianapolis Journal.

Fresh Woods. "What's become of all the dialect writers?" "Oh, they are busy getting up historical novels."-Chicago RecFIRE ENGINE THRILLS

There's Nothing Will Silr City People as Much as That.

The most exciting incident of everyday life in a city is the passing of a fire engine at full speed. After that hubbub, says the Pittsburg News, Jusi why a runaway with its greater possibilities of smashing things does not rank first as a stirrer of the blood cannot be told definitely, unless it is because of the clanging gong, the muscle to gain speed, and the thought

One of them tripped him up against have noticed, too, that it affects most Tom Sayers. his galley door, the other kicked him | men in the same way. The exciting sensation is more acute in some than That evening the party gave a dinner in others. I have known men who after leaving the fistic arena, though party to the governor of Jersey and | would run after an engine in spite | neither had much money when death

Attached to the Bakery.

A plausible tale of a man who bought a loaf of bread and took away more property than he paid for, is told by the Pawtucket correspondent and the ship's name and royal arms of the Providence Telegram. The man engraved on the top, and etiquette de- was in a hurry to catch a car. His manded that at a formal dinner the impatience made the clerk nervous. She forgot to snap the string which fore the captain, who himself uncov- bound the paper about the loaf, and ered the contents of each platter to his away sped the man with the loaf, while the string reeled off behind him. He caught the car all right, and alpassengers noticed, as he sat down close to the door, that the twine paid itself out as the car rolled along, the man did not discover the tangle until he alighted. In the meantime the conductor was having a good time; as passengers stepped on the platform he cautioned them not to walk on that string, and they did not. It might have looked mysterious to the people who saw the string moving along the street, for the unraveling continued until the bakery twine bobbin had been nearly emptied by the connected loaf a mile away. The man with the Over what must have followed in the bread felt a tug at his loaf as he stepped down from the car. Then he followed up the cord, winding as he went. He was one of those strictly honest men who want nothing that does not belong to them; and the best

The Dawes Mare.

The Pittsfield (Massachusetts) Journal reports a remarkable instance of animal sagacity. As the instance ocmoval of the cover. Lifting his hand curred in a well-known locality and briskly with a smile of anticipation at is vouched for by local authorities. his guests Capt. Boothby drew off the it must be accepted as true. The cover-and started back in horror. On story concerns an old mare, formerthe dish, staring at him with terrified by the property of ex-Senator Dawes, and wide-open eyes, were the ghastly but now belonging to a stable in Pittsfield. The "Dawes mare," as she is called, is used on the station baggage A guard was summoned to search for | wagon. One icy day recently the old the murderer, but the marines had no | mare fell twice in the course of the need to hunt very far. Seated on one forenoon's work. At noon she was of the flour bins, above the headless unharnessed and sent to the stall for bodies of his victims was Ebrantes, her feed. She is never hitched. At singing a Portuguese song. Taken be- one o'clock, when it was time for anfore the captain and accused of the other trip to the station, she was not in Huntington town, was robbed of a crime, however, his demeanor changed, in the stable, and no trace of her was found until about three o'clock when and hatred in his voice he poured out she walked in unattended, and took her place in the stall, as if nothing insults. His story was substantiated had happened. Then it was noticed willingly enough by dozens aboard the that she had been newly shod. Inquiry disclosed the fact that the sagacious mare, after eating her dinner, had gone to the blacksmith shop and quently caused the court-martial that waited her turn. Supposing that some tried him to send him to Australia in stable hand had sent her in there, the penal servitude of a life convict, in- blacksmith sharp-shod her. The name The words "dangerous in anger" were in the annals of equine intelligence as placed against his name in the prison that of a horse who knew what to do and did it .- Youth's Companion.

Diamond Cutter's Work. Not only is diamond cutting not a in Fremantle, Western Australia, specially highly paid occupation, but it cisco vigilance committee in its palmi- livering his wares to the students is one involving a most humiliating est days, and was by it thrown into while they were yet in bed, and also system of espoinage to the worker. prison. He was suspected of having compiled syllabi of the lectures for tered yellow-topped cockatoo was an Each man has to strictly account for been connected with a gang of burold, mild-mannered man with snow- the stones he receives on going to white hair and beard. He was carving work in the morning, and the count proved against him, he was put in jail a model of a ship out of a section of has to be carefully taken when the unfinished work is handed in at night to be locked up in a safe, against the return of the workmen the next day. his day, died in poverty, and were The possibilities of theft are great, buried with money raised by subscripthough a dishonest workman knows tion papers passed around among prize that an attempt to dispose of an un- ring supporters. -a perfect model. I know every stick finished stone would bring suspicion upon him wherever the attempt was

> a Modest Constituent. Here is a letter recently received in Washington by a western member of congress: "To the Very Honorable Mr. Blank-Kind sir and esteemed friend: I have the seeds. They came this morning and suit very well specially the cabbage seed which grows well in this soil. I as send me 2 loads of fertiliser and a new harren (mine is broke so it ain't no good) and if you could send me a man for a couple of days I would be obliged. With this help I know the garden stuff will turn out al rite and I will send some to you and the president. Your grateful well wisher and Supporter."

NEARLY ALL HAVE DIED IN POVERTY.

He ran after the engine that day and aristocracy in England. He was 77 it every time it passes his corner. "I monument surmounted by a lion was born and reared in a city," an couchant, and guarded by a sculptured old-time newspaper man remarked as gladiator holding a wreath, was put an engine went by, "and the fire en- up over his remains at Brompton gines are just as common to me as cemetery. Few or no other British street cars. Yet there is nothing so pugilists have died rich, though the thrilling to me as an engine going last resting place of three others are into action. Only my age and dignity marked by impressive monuments. prevent me from running after it. I They were Tom Cribb, Tom Spring and

> Two exprize ring champions have gone into politics, and amassed wealth called. One of these was John Gully, the Englishman, and the other was John Morrissey, the American, Gully got into parliament, and for a while "enjoyed the respect and friendship of many of England's most exalted per- ald. sonages." He made a part of his wealth out of racing, and the remainder in various speculative enterprises, Phenomenal Growth of Business in the some of which turned out disastrously. In his later years he was in constant fear of the workhouse, but he didn't

fall so low as that. and by following the commodore's advice was able to win heavily in Wall street. Morrissey also made money houses which he established-one in New York, in Broadway, and one in Saratoga. Morrissey's political rise began early in the '60s. For years he was so strong that he had a virtual monopoly as to gambling there, which he took advantage of by levying tribute on all the establishments of his fellow boss gamblers in town. He was sent to the house of representatives in 1866 by the Democrats and in the fight between Tweed, the Tammany boss. and Tilden, sided with the latter. At one time Morrissey's fortune was \$2,-\$600,000 in one deal in "Harlem," entered into on account of a tip from Commodore Vanderbilt. The death of the commodore was the beginning of bad luck for Morrissey. He tried speculation on his own hook, but without Vanderbilt to tip him off found it impossible to buck up against Jay Gould and the other expert Wall street operators of that day. Still Morrissey kept up a brave front as long as he lived, for till death he was supposed generally to have much wealth left. The late William R. Travers and Edward Murphy were his executors. On examination they found that his estate had dwindled practically to naught, and his widow, who had been a Hudson river steamboat captain's daughter when Morrissey was a deck hand, found herself plunged in poverty

instead of rolling in wealth. John C. Heenan, who, though a victor over Sayers, was himself defeated by Morrissey, ran a gambling den for a while and for a time did fairly well: but the tide soon turned the wrong way, and Heenan died of consumption appointed a junior orator by the in Colorado, in great financial straits. Princeton University faculty. Gans-Heenan was married to the erratic Adah Isaacs Menken. She died in blooded Indians. He was born in San-

manner he ran against the San Fran- the dormitories of the university, deglars, and, though nothing was ever and committed suicide.

Tom Hver.Mike McCool and Joe Coburn, each an American champion in

Several of those who have been prominent of late years are still well heeled financially, and some of them may succeed in making money at their present occupations. Most of them are now selling liquor, but there are exceptions. Frank P. Slavin is said to have been in the Klondike mines along guage, though this has been found with Joe Boyle for some time, and to have appeared in Seattle recently with \$20,000 in gold. McAuliffe is a bookmaker and reputed to be prosperous. Jem Smith, the Englishman, is alter- any time. I just select some man and nately making and losing money bet- look tenderly at him and presently he ting on the races. Charley Mitchell is gets up. Flora-And jumps off the a good saver, and so are Corbett and | car?-Indianapolis Press. Fitzsimmons.

Sympathy. Mudge does over losing his job. Potts-I feel worse. He's already touched me for ten. a woman her age.

CHAMPION PUGILISTS. PEDLER WAS A CHESS PLAYER.

Beat His Opponent on a Named Square in a Given Namber of Moves.

In Austria-Hungary there is a mar-

friend, as the little pedler put me cinnati Enquirer. again in check with his knight, 'Mate,' cried my opponent, as he swung his queen across the board. My king was on the queen's Sourth square. I gave him 10 florins, and he walked away shaking his head and hands with infinite satisfaction."-New York Her-

SIOUX CITY'S BOOM.

Iowa City.

pion, having defeated Heenan, and that only one city's receipts of hogs having sensibly refused to fight again. exceeded its receipts; that city was Morrissey numbered old Commodore Chicago and was only 2,000 hogs ahead Vanderbilt among his closest friends, of Sioux City. From a capacity in 1899 for killing 2,400 hogs per day the plants here now have a capacity for killing daily 8,000 hogs in winter, when in wads and rolls in the two gambling | there is outside refrigeration, and 7,000 hogs daily in summer. This increase promises to continue, but in less agile jumps. The increase is largely due to the opening of the plant formerly used by the Silberhorn Packing company, and long idle, by the International Packing company, which received a bonus which will not soon be forgotten in packing circles, it being \$550,000. In April the receipts of hogs at the Sioux City stock yards were almost double those of the April of 1899. being 25,007 more than in 1899, the total being 59.243. For the four months of the year the increase of hog receipts here was 103,638, the total being 256,-372. The increase in cattle and hog receipts has had the effect of swelling the bank clearings. The clearings for the first four months of 1900 were \$3,-114,811 more than in 1899, the total for 1899 being \$16,090,168; for 1900, \$19,-204,980. The increased business at the stock yards has had another effect, which may result in people having to live in tents during midsummer, the demand for houses for rent or purchase far exceeding the supply. Every house and store or office building in the city, which covers forty-nine square miles, has been rented, and the last ten years.

> TUSCARORA INDIAN. Descendant of Red Jacket, Chosen Prin-

ceton University Orator. New York Journal: Howard Edwin Gansworth, a Tuscarora Indian, was years old. He descended on his mothwas Frank Ambrose Murray, counted Red Jacket, who was once such a tergod thing as a miner, but in some conducting a newspaper route through Tit-Bits. pay. Meanwhile he held a high place in his studies. Gansworth's room in West College is decorated with many valuable Indian relics descended to him from his royal ancestors. He is noted for his modesty, and is widely popular with the other students. He resent that appellation.

Chinese Language by Telegraph. It is said that Chinese cannot be telegraphed, but that figures have to be used, which correspond to certain words. This code includes only about one-eighth of the words in the lansufficient for practical purpose.

Laura-Oh, I can get a seat in a car

Possible Finale.

Lawyer-Did the defendant to your Watts-I think I feel as bad as knowledge ever incite another to perjury? Witness-Yes. I once heard him ask GOLF KNEE.

A New Ailment with Which Our Doctors Are Wrestling.

At a recent meeting of a certain

velous chess player, whose name and medical club one of the members read residence are unknown, but who every a paper on the subject of the "Golf a funaway horse creates the greatest John Morrissey Left His Widow in now and then shows most remarkable Knee." Among other things he said: Want, Although Worth \$2,000,000 skill in the game. The last story of "In all seriousness, "golf knee" is a Once-Heenan and Tankee Sullivan him is told by James H. Hyatt, of pretty common thing to see among Philadelphia, who has just returned golfers. It resembles a bad case of from Budapest. "I was playing chess 'knock knee,' and it is caused by the Prize ring champions rarely amount with a friend in a cafe," says Mr. Hy- position assumed in driving. We all to much in the puglistic business att, "and plainly saw my defeat, when know how the tyro is taught to stand smoking machine, the magnificent, after they once suffer defeat. Like a little bit of a shriveled Pole with a for a driver, with the knees close towell-trained horses straining every John L. Sullivan, who has been on the tray of cheap jewelry stood in front of gether and one foot stack upright into retired list ever since Corbett defeated us and offered his wares in most per- the earth by the toe. That is a dreadthat comes at the sight that some- him in 21 rounds at New Orleans in sussive tones. 'Go away,' I said. You ful knock-knged pose, but it's very where beyond a big conflagration may 1892, they are thenceforward consid- can beat him, answered the pedler, golf-like, and artists always draw the be raging, all combine to arouse the ered old men, though still so young whose attention was on the game. golf player in it; so the fellow likes Imagination. But it is true that while that in most callings they would be 'What do you know about it?' I asked. it, and from the force of habit assumes we may turn and look after a runa- spoken of as in the prime of life. Of May I tell him?" he inquired, looking it not only on the links, in driving, way our first impulse is to follow the late years nearly every pugilist "too at my opponent. 'Certainly; crack but at home, at the club, in the office, old to fight" any more has "retired" away, came the reply in a tone of as- before the bar, while tossing off a It is such a common sight that the to some sort of a retail drinking shop. surance. 'Take his knight,' said my lemonade, and in many other unlikely excitement ought to have long ago This has become so common that the self-appointed instructor. I did so, to places. People say of him that he is worn away, but he is a phicgmatic per- public expects nothing more nor less humor him, though I lost my queen knock-kneed. He isn't though, really, son who does not feel his blood quick- from any ex-champion, though it was by the operation; but, much to my for the bones of his leg are still en when the engine rushes by. A po- by no means the invariable rule in surprise, I found that the very next straight. He has 'golf-knee,' which, if liceman who has been standing on cor- the earlier, more brutal, days of bare- move gave me the game. Let me play he is under 30, with bones still soft ners for years says he has the same knuckle fighting. John Jackson, who with you?" asked the pedler. 'I mate and malleable, would change to 'knock thrills now when he sees the engine was the British champion 100 years you in the moves you say and where knee but for medical interference. coming as he had the first day he and more ago, taught boxing after he you say.' 'If you do I will give you 10 That consists of exercises that tend came to town and was dragged out of had retired from the ring, numbering florins,' I answered, 'Take the white to cause 'bow leg,' and in quasi-hypthe way of a galloping team of fire among his pupils nearly all of the men. Mate me on my queen's fourth notic suggestion of the ungainliness of horses just in time to avert a fatality. young sprigs of fashion and scions of square in 22 moves if you can.' We the golfer's driving pose and the abstarted in, my friend keeping account surdity of assuming it on every occagot lost and he feels like running after at his death, in 1845, and an expensive of the moves, and moved rapidly. Aft- sion. With children and youths, whose er about a dozen moves I had the ad- bones are soft, a year or two of strongvantage of a bishop and a pawn, and ly marked 'golf knee' ends just as surewas assured I would defeat my aggres- ly in 'knock knee' as constant horsesive little opponent. When he let a backing with the very young ends in castle go by an apparently careless 'bow leg.' I have on my list of paplay I was sure of victory. Then came | tients now four children of fashionable a sudden change in the situation, and parents in the last stages of 'golf I had to move my king out of check, knee, who are threatened with the I was on the defensive and in rapid permanent deformity of 'knock knee' retreat. 'Twenty-one moves,' said my itself. But I hope to cure them .- Cin-

> INTERNATIONAL TENNIS Match Will Occur in Hoboken for the

Davis Challenge Cup. Almost positive confirmation has

now reached the American authorities from England in regard to the expected international lawn tennis match for the new Davis International Challenge Cup, and there seems little doubt that the match will be held at Hoboken, beginning on July 31. Persistent rumors Sioux City special to St. Louis Globe- declare that the famous Doherty broth-Democrat: Such strides has Sloux ers and H. S. Mahony, who was here City made during the last year that at three years ago, will make up the John Morrissey's post prize-ring the close of business April 30 reports challenging team, and they are expectdays were far more spectacular than show it stands among the first ten ed to arrive in New York late in July. Gully's. Morrissey retired a cham- packing centers of the country, and If the British team is made up as expected, the Doherty brothers will represent England in the doubles, and the older brother. Champion R. F. Doherty, and Mahony in the singles. This team would be the strongest that Great Britain could possibly produce, and the American experts would find it a difficult task to keep their new international trophy at home. A recent issue of the official organ of the lawn tennis players announces that unless some new man upsets all present calculations between now and the middle of July, or one of the old veterans shows unexpected form, the American team will be composed of Champion M. D. Whitman and D. F. Davis, the donor of the new cup, in the singles and Davis and Ward, the national champions, in the doubles. If this should prove to be the composition of the home team it will be curiously like that of the challenging visitors, as it will include the national champions of both countries in both singles and doubles, and the next best players in singles to help out the champion in that section of the contest. Neither side will be able to offer any excuse for defeat if the teams are made up in this way .- Cincinnati Enquirer.

> Getting Rid of Him. It was in the North of England, and

the owner of some large manufacturing works was competing for a seat in the house of commons. He was not a favorite among the several hundred building has begun with an impetus of hands whom he employed, so the that has not been known here during term "doubtful" might have been appropriately used in defining his chance of gaining their votes. Consequently, his opponent was smiling up his sleeve at the idea of a certain "walk over." But on the result of the poll becoming known the countenance of the latter can be better imagined than described, for the employer of labor had beaten him by a majority of nearly 800. Anxious to know if there had worth's father and mother were full- been any bribery in the affair, he employed an agent to sift the matter out. France a year or two before her hus- born, N. Y., near Buffalo, and is 21 The agent's first move was to the manufacturer's foundry works, and Yankee Sullivan, whose real name er's side from the famous Seneca Chief there the following conversation took place: Agent-How was it that you in his day and generation the greatest | ror to the pioneers in Western New | voted for your master, when you all figh er of his weight and inches in the York. His father's tribal name was have such a bad opinion of him? One United States, left the east and went Rowasneeah. Gansworth was a studi- of the workmen blurted out: "Weel, to California to dig gold after his suc- ous boy, and was sent to Carlisle In- ver see, mon, we voted fer 'im so as cessive defeats by Tom Hyer and John dian school, from where he entered he cud put hisself away in the house. Morrissey. Sullivan might have been a Princeton. He supported himself by We don't want him here!"-London

Rain Scares.

Some portions of the world never have rain. On the west coast of Peru. South America, it never rains, except at an interval of years, and children have grown to maturity without a conception of rain, and when it does come an immense damage is done to houses and exposed sections by washouts. The water used comes from the mountain streams running to the sea. In one locality in Norway it rains three days out of four, and on the western side of Patagonia, at the base of the Andes, it rains every day. The bay of Panama is a phenomenally rainy section, as is the Rio de la Plata, in South America. Port Angeles, in Washington, Straits of Juan de Fuca, has a big record as a stormy center, as has that whole section, particularly the west coast of Vancouver island.

It Spreads.

Examiner-Now, children, who can tell me what an epidemic is? What! None of you? Let me prompt your memory. It is something that spreads. And now-ah, I see one of you knows. What is it, my little friend? "Jam, sir."-Tit-Bits.

Why does the average person have a natural inclination to say he "done it"?-Chicago News.