THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

"Here's Yo' Guests, Old Woman!"

SYNOPSIS.

The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy. Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal. Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Trouble at Scratch Hill, when Hannibal is kidnaped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Balsam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff. Betty Malroy, a friend of the Ferrises, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attentions on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington. Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain. Hannibal's rifle discloses some startling things to the judge. Hannibal and Betty meet again. Murrell arrives in Belle Plain. Is playing for big stakes. Yancy awakes from long dreamless sleep on board the raft. Judge Price makes startling discoveries in looking up land titles. Charley Norton, a young planter, who assists the judge, is mysteriously assaulted. Norton informs Carrington that Betty has promised to marry him. Norton is mysteriously shot. More light on Murrell's plot. He plans uprising of negroes. Judge Price, with Hannibal, visits Betty, and she keeps the boy as a companion. In a stroll Betty takes with Hannibal they meet Bess Hicks, daughter of the overseer, who warns Betty of danger and counsels her to leave Belle Plain at once. Betty, terrified, acts on Bess' advice, and on their way their carriage it stopped by Slosson, the tavern keeper, and a confederate, and Betty and Hannibal are made prisoners.

CHAPTER XIX (Continued).

As they stumbled forward through the thick obscurity he continued his personal revelations, the present enterprise having roused whatever there was of sentiment slumbering in his soul. At last they came out on a wide bayou; a white mist hung above it, and on the low shore leaf and branch were dripping with the night dews. Keeping close to the water's edge Slosson led the way to a point where a skiff was drawn up on the bank.

"Step in, ma'am," he said, when he had launched it.

"I will go no farther!" said Betty in desperation. She felt an overmastering fear, the full horror of the unknown lay hold of her, and she gave a piercing cry for help. Slosson swung about on his heel and seized her. For a moment she struggled to escape, but the man's big hand pinioned her.

"No more of that!" he warned, then he recovered himself and laughed. "You could yell till you was black in the face, ma'am, and there'd be no one to hear you."

"Where are you taking me?" and Betty's voice faltered between the sudden sobs that choked her.

"Just across to George Hicks's."

"For what purpose?"

"You'll know in plenty of time." And Slosson leered at her through the darkness.

"Hannibal is to go with me?" asked Betty tremulously.

"Sure!" agreed Slosson affably. "Your nigger, too—quite a party."

Betty stepped into the skiff. She felt her hopes quicken—she was thinking of Bess; whatever the girl's motives, she had wished her to escape. She would wish it now more than ever since the very thing she had striven to prevent had happened. Slosson seated himself and took up the oars, Bunker followed with Hannibal and they pushed off. No word was spoken until they disembarked on the opposite shore, when Slosson addressed Bunker.

"I reckon I can manage that young rip-staver; you go back after Sherrod and the nigger," he said.

He conducted his captives up the bank and they entered a clearing. Looking across this Betty saw where a cabin window framed a single square of light. They advanced toward this and presently the dark outline of the cabinet itself became distinguishable. A moment later Slosson paused, a door yielded to his hand, and Betty and the boy were thrust into the room.

"Here's yo' guests, old lady!" said Mr. Slosson. Mrs. Hicks rose from the three-legged stool on which she was sitting.

"Hand me the candle, Bess," she ordered.

At one side of the room was a steep flight of stairs which gave access to the loft overhead. Mrs. Hicks, by a gesture, signified that Betty and Hannibal were to ascend these stairs; they did so and found themselves on a narrow landing inclosed by a partition of rough planks; this partition was pierced by a low door.

"In yonder!" she said briefly, nodding toward the door.

"Wait!" cried Betty in a whisper.

"No," said the woman with an almost masculine surliness of tone. "I got nothing to say." She pushed them into the attic, and, closing the door, fastened it with a stout wooden bar.

Beyond that door, which seemed to have closed on every hope, Betty held the tallow dip aloft, and by its uncertain and flickering light surveyed her prison. The briefest glance sufficed. The room contained two shake-down beds and a stool; there was a window in the gable, but a piece of heavy plank was spiked before it.

"Miss Betty, don't you be scared," whispered Hannibal. "When the judge hears we're gone, him and Mr. Mahaffy will try to find us. They'll go right off to Belle Plain—the judge is always wanting to do that, only Mr. Mahaffy never lets him—but now he won't be able to stop him."

"Oh, Hannibal, Hannibal, what can he do there—what can any one do there?" And a dead pallor overspread the girl's face. To speak of the blind groping of her friends but served to fix the horror of their situation in her mind.

"I don't know, Miss Betty, but the judge is always thinking of things to do; seems like they was mostly things no one else would ever think of."

Betty had placed the candle on the stool and seated herself on one of the beds. There was the murmur of voices in the room below; she wondered if her fate was under consideration and what that fate was to be. Hannibal, who had been examining the window, returned to her side.

"Miss Betty, if we could just get out of this loft we could steal their skiff and row down to the river; I reckon they got just the one boat; the only way they could get to us would be to swim out, and if they done that we could pound 'em over the head with the oars—the least little thing sinks you when you're in the water." But this murderous fancy of his failed to interest Betty.

Presently they heard Sherrod and Bunker come up from the shore with George. Slosson joined them and there was a brief discussion, then an interval of silence, and the sound of voices again as the three white men moved back across the field in the direction of the bayou. There succeeded a period of utter stillness, both in the cabin and in the clearing, a somber hush that plunged Betty yet deeper in despair. Wild thoughts assailed her, thoughts against which she struggled with all the strength of her will.

In that hour of stress Hannibal was sustained by his faith in the judge. He saw his patron's powerful and picturesque intelligence applied to solving the mystery of their disappearance from Belle Plain; it was inconceivable that this could prove otherwise than disastrous to Mr. Slosson, and he endeavored to share the confidence he was feeling with Betty, but there was something so forced and unnatural in the girl's voice and manner when she discussed his conjectures that he quickly fell into an awed silence. At last, and it must have been some time after midnight, troubled slumbers claimed him. No moment of forgetfulness came to Betty. She was waiting for what—she did not know! The candle burnt lower and lower and finally went out and she was left in darkness, but again she was conscious of sounds from the room below. At first it was only a word or a sentence, then the guarded speech became a steady monotone that ran deep into the night. Eventually this ceased and Betty fancied she heard sobs.

CHAPTER XX.

Murrell Shows His Hand.

At length points of light began to show through chinks in the logs. Hannibal roused and sat up, rubbing his eyes with the backs of his hands.

"Wasn't you able to sleep none?" he inquired. Betty shook her head. He looked at her with an expression of troubled concern. "How soon do you reckon the judge will know?" he asked.

"Very soon now, dear." Hannibal was greatly consoled by this opinion.

"Miss Betty, he will love to find us—"

"Hark! What was that?" for Betty had caught the distant splash of oars. Hannibal found a chink in the logs through which by dint of much squinting he secured a partial view of the bayou.

"They're fetching up a keel boat to the shore, Miss Betty—it's a whopper!" he announced. Betty's heart sank; she never doubted the purpose for which that boat was brought into the bayou, or that it nearly concerned herself.

Half an hour later Mrs. Hicks appeared with their breakfast. It was in vain that Betty attempted to engage her in conversation. Either she cherished some personal feeling of dislike for her prisoner, or else the situation in which she herself was placed had little to recommend it, even to her dull mind, and her dissatisfaction was expressed in her attitude toward the girl.

Betty passed the long hours of morning in dreary speculation concerning what was happening at Belle Plain. In the end she realized that the day could go by and her absence occasion no alarm. Steve might reasonably suppose George had driven her into Raleigh or to the Bowens' and that she had kept the carriage. Finally all her hope centered on Judge Price. He would expect Hannibal during the morning; perhaps when the boy did not arrive he would be tempted to go out to Belle Plain to discover the reason of his non-appearance. She wondered what theories would offer themselves to his ingenious mind, for she sensed something of that indomitable energy which in the face of rebuffs and laughter carried him into the thick of every sensation.

At noon Mrs. Hicks, as sullen as in the morning, brought them their dinner. She had scarcely quitted the loft when a shrill whistle pierced the silence that hung above the clearing. It was twice repeated, and the two women were heard to go from the cabin. Perhaps half an hour elapsed, then a step became audible on the packed earth of the dooryard. Some one entered the room below and began to ascend the narrow stairs, and Betty's fingers closed convulsively about Hannibal's. This was neither Mrs. Hicks nor her daughter, nor Slosson with his clumsy shuffle. There was a brief pause when the landing was reached, but it was only momentary; a hand lifted the bar, the door was thrown open, and its space framed the figure of a man. It was John Murrell.

Standing there he regarded Betty in silence, but a deep-seated fire glowed in his sunken eyes. The sense of possession was raging through him, his temples throbbed, a fever stirred his blood. Love, such as it was, he undoubtedly felt for her, and even his giant project, with all its monstrous ramifications, was lost sight of for the moment. She was the inspiration for it all, the goal and reward for which he struggled.

"Betty!" the single word fell softly from his lips. He stepped into the room, closing the door as he did so.

The girl's eyes were dilating with a mute horror, for by some swift, intuitive process of the mind, which asked nothing of the logic of events, but dealt only with conclusions, Murrell stood revealed as Norton's murderer. Perhaps he read her thoughts, but he had lived in his degenerate ambitions until the common judgments or the understanding of them no longer existed for him. That Betty had loved Norton seemed inconsequential even; it was a memory to be swept away by the force of his greater passion. So he watched her smilingly, but back of the smile was the menace of unleashed impulse.

"Can't you find some word of welcome for me, Betty?" he asked at length, still softly, still with something of entreaty in his tone.

"Then it was you—not Tom—who had me brought here!" She could have thanked God had it been Tom, whose hate was not to be feared as she feared this man's love.

"Tom—no!" and Murrell laughed. "You didn't think I'd give you up? I am standing with a halter about my neck, and all for your sake—who'd risk as much for love of you?" He seemed to expand with savage pride that this was so, and took a step toward her.

"Don't come near me!" cried Betty. Her eyes blazed, and she looked at him with loathing.

"You'll learn to be kinder," he exulted. "You wouldn't see me at Belle Plain; what was left for me but to have you brought here?"

While Murrell was speaking the signal that had told of his own presence on the opposite shore of the bayou was heard again. This served to arrest his attention. A look of uncertainty passed over his face, then he made an impatient gesture as if he dismissed some thought that had forced itself upon him, and turned to Betty.

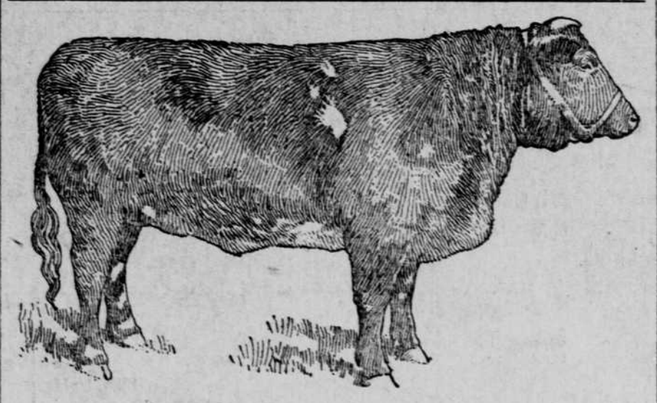
"You don't ask what my purpose is where you are concerned; you have no curiosity on that score?" She endeavored to meet his glance with a glance as resolute, then her eyes sought the boy's upturned face. "I am going to send you down river, Betty. Later I shall join you in New Orleans, and when I leave the country you shall go with me—"

"Never!" gasped Betty.

"As my wife, or however you choose to call it. I'll teach you what a man's love is like," he boasted, and extended his hand. Betty shrank from him, and his hand fell at his side. He looked at her steadily out of his deep-sunk eyes, in which blazed the fires of his passion, and as he looked, her face paled and flushed by turns. "You may learn to be kind to me, Betty," he said. "You may find it will be worth your while." Betty made no answer; she only gathered Hannibal closer to her side. "Why not accept what I have to offer, Betty?" Again he went nearer her, and again she shrank from him, but the madness of his mood was in the ascendant. He seized her and drew her to him. She struggled to free herself, but his fingers tightened about her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOOD VEAL DEMANDS MORE ATTENTION



Ten-Months Old Calf Raised in Missouri.

The high price of mutton during the past few years has encouraged, particularly dairymen, to pay more attention to making good veal, but there is a woeful lack of this kind of meat now on the market.

Most dairymen will not take the trouble to fatten calves, but send them to market just as soon as they are past the age limit, and the result is entirely unsatisfactory, both to the seller and the customer.

Well fatted calves, weighing from 120 to 150 pounds, always bring high prices, no matter what the condition of the cattle market may be. City people eat a great deal of veal and would consume much more if they could get what they want, but the stuff seen on the market is for the most part stringy, unfinished and not at all satisfactory.

Many calves are sold when a week old, at 3 to 4 cents per pound, when if fed until they weighed 25 pounds would bring double the money, but dairymen have not yet learned how to feed calves, in order to make good veal.

The European farmers make good money out of the right calves. The youngster is carefully fed from the day he is born, being confined in dark stalls. He is fed liberally on oatmeal, whole milk at the start and skim-milk later, with some roots, and when he goes to market he is about as toothsome a morsel as can be found anywhere. Englishmen are very fond of this kind of meat, and price cuts no figure with them.

There is no reason why our dairymen should not increase their profits materially by feeding their calves; and it has always been a source of wonder to us why they so neglect this part of their business.

The fact is, the American public, to a large extent, is so prejudiced against veal, having read gruesome tales about bob veal being too often marketed, that thousands are afraid to buy veal of any kind. If a better system of feeding calves were adopted, and the business systematized, we would have in a few years a line of choice meat that would sell readily at very high prices.

The first thing to be done would be to amend the laws, to prevent the railroad and express companies shipping veal under four weeks of age. The amount of immature stuff that goes to market every day is appalling, and we believe that 75 per cent. of it is unfit for food. How it gets past the inspectors is something no man can find out.

CHEAPEST HAY FOR FORAGE IN WINTER

Second Crop Clover Is First Class Feed for Cows and Sheep.

Second crop clover is a first-class winter forage for cows and sheep. Clover, when cured without being damaged by rain, is the cheapest and best hay for cows in milk and ewes with young lambs. Owing to the shortness of the hay crop throughout the country the young clover and foxtail and rag weeds growing in the wheat stubbles should be cut and cured before the fall rains set in. Second crop clover is worth too much as feed to plow under for manure. Save the crop for feed and plow under the stubble this fall and lime for corn in the spring. As food for poultry, when bulk is needed, poultry men say that no other clover, except it may be alfalfa, is equal to second-crop red clover, cut and cured free from rain and steeped in boiling water during the night for feeding the next day. Use the water in which the clover was steeped in for mixing with bran and corn chop, which, with the clover, makes one of the best winter foods for laying hens during the winter months.

In the grain-growing districts the second crop is usually cut for seed. If the first crop is cut early and the stubble dressed with 200 pounds of plaster to the acre a good crop of seed may be grown if the season is favorable. Bees are a great help in distributing the clover pollen. After the seed is harvested the stubble is plowed for corn.

NEED OF MOISTENING CORN WHILE IN SILO

Excellent Time is When Crop is Too Ripe or Severely Frozen

Ordinarily corn cut at the proper time does not need any water added to make good silage. There are times, however, when it is necessary to add water to the corn in filling the silo. The corn in the silo at the time of filling should feel moist, if not moist, water should be added.

Under any of the following conditions water should be added to the corn when filling the silo: First, when the corn is too ripe, and the leaves and part of the stalks are dried out to such an extent that they will not pack well. Second, when the corn is severely frozen before it has reached the proper degree of maturity, liberating the moisture and leaving the leaves and stems dry. Third, when refilling the silo late in the fall with shocked corn it is always necessary to add water.

There are two ways to add water. First, put a hose in the silo and thoroughly saturate the dry portions, especially around the walls. Second, where the blower cutter is used, run an inch stream of water into the blower when it is at work. This will add a sufficient amount of water to insure good results.

Biggest Bee State.

Texas is found to be the greatest bee state in the Union. Last year the state alone produced more than 15,000,000 pounds of honey valued at $3,500,000. The state holds approximately 600,000 swarms valued at $5,500,000 and they are said to be increasingly rapidly.

The Silo Floor.

Better put the silo floor level with the ground. Silos in the ground are rarely satisfactory after a few years' use.

LAMB RAISING PAYS FARMER QUITE WELL

Sheep Industry on the Average Farm is Considered Side Issue.

The farmer who will pay close attention to his breeding stock and raise native lambs of uniform size and breed, feed them intelligently and market them at the right time can make more profit from his flock than from any other farm investment. As a rule the "native" lambs sent to the markets are so badly mixed, both as to breed and feeding, that they are a torment to the buyer and of little profit to the owner.

This is one of the reasons why the western range lambs find great favor in the big markets. They the more uniform in size as they are fed in large flocks and go to market practically in the same condition. Only a small portion of the "native" lambs that are sold in the eastern markets can be called prime, and his fact is entirely the fault of the farmer.

As a rule, sheep-raising on the average farm is merely a side issue and little attention is given to it. The remedy of the present condition of the native lamb market lies entirely with the men who produce the lambs.

Whenever the farmers are engaged in the producing of prime lambs for market at any season of the year, the business has proven highly profitable.

Of course the best markets are just before Christmas and in the early spring; at this period the prices are always high.

America is becoming a great mutton-eating nation, and if the farmers will improve their flocks and their methods of feeding there is no reason why the native lamb market should not prove more profitable than that controlled by the range district.

HOGGING CORN CROP INSTEAD OF HUSKING

Some Farmers Find This Practice of Much Advantage at Times

In these days of expensive labor, farmers sometimes find it to their advantage to hog off some of their corn instead of husking it. The amount that should be hogged off should be decided upon beforehand, and should of course be proportionate to the number of hogs which are expected to consume it. There should be access to water, and the results will be all the better if the hogs, at the same time, can have access to a clover, blue grass or alfalfa field.

Corn should not be hogged off until it is pretty well matured; that is, until the grains are well dented. Hogging it off before that time means a waste of feeding value, for corn grows until the leaves are killed by frost or die naturally. There are many cases in which it is quite as well and much cheaper to hog the corn off than to husk it and feed it to the hogs, and the practice is growing more popular every year.

Value of Forest Trees.

A plantation of forest trees would not yield an immediate return, but it would cost little and would enhance the value of the land each year, besides providing for the needs of the future.

Corn and Alfalfa.

An acre that will produce $30 worth of corn in a season will with the right kind of care produce from $75 to $100 worth of alfalfa and the ground will be worth more after the hay crop is harvested.

WORST DESERT IN ALL ASIA

Hongwanji Temple at Kyoto, Japan, Crosses Takla-Makan Sand in Thirty Years.

Tokio, Japan.—Rev. Zuicho Tachibana, a priest of the great West Hongwanji temple of Kyoto, returned to that place recently after five years spent in exploration in the virgin parts of central Asia, writes a correspondent. His journey was undertaken for purposes of research under the instruction of Count Otani, the lord abbot of the Hongwanji temple and an enthusiastic geographer. Mr. Tachibana is a young man of twenty-two years of age and of such delicate physique that the natives said he must be a woman disguised as a man.

Mr. Tachibana proceeded from London to Omsk and thence by stage coach in Semipalatinsk, thence to Turban in Sinkiang ("the new territory") passable roads were found.

During his explorations Mr. Tachibana traveled across the Takla-Makan desert, which he describes as the worst of all deserts in central Asia. Neither birds nor even insects are to be found there.

Sheltered at the Edge of the Desert.

The desert is a sea of sand, where there is only the wind to hear and the moon to see. The party constantly met sand mountains over 12,000 feet high, and the men began to grumble, fearing that they would be buried by the constant sandstorms.

On arriving at Goma, on the right bank of the River Tarim, he caused considerable fright among the shepherds, as his was the first party from the south for thirty years. At first the shepherds fled, but were brought back. The feat of crossing the desert caused greatest reverence by the shepherds.

At this point he left the camel caravan to follow on slowly, while he proceeded on horseback to Kuchar, which place he reached after three days. This is a large town, though not to be compared with civilized cities. "Nevertheless," said Mr. Tachibana, "I felt on entering it as though I had suddenly been put down in Piccadilly."

Some time was spent in the neighborhood of Kashgar investigating the buried cities, and afterward the explorer proceeded through the valley to the east of Tzunling to Khotan, the districts previously explored by Dr. Stein (now Sir Marc Aurel Stein). Thence the party proceeded to Tibet for the purpose of geological ingestigation.

Several districts were visited by Mr. Tachibana which had been omitted by Dr. Sven Hedin. These regions are absolutely blank on the maps, and have never been visited before.

As soon as the records of the journey have been collated the Hongwanji temple will issue a report on Mr. Tachibana's exploration, which will without doubt be eagerly anticipated in scientific circles in Europe and America as well as in Asia.

STOWAWAY HEEDS A VISION

Explains That He Received a Divine Summons to Preach to Benighted Chinese—Is Shipped Back.

San Francisco Cal.—Harold Yates, a frightened youth, who had seen a vision and started for the Orient to preach to the Chinese, was brought back to San Francisco on the steamer Nile, which reached here recently.

Yates' "call," by which he was summoned to spread the message of the gospel among the heathen, led him to stow away on the steamer Manchuria, which left here Friday.

Captain Friele of the Manchuria listened to the young man's account of his vision, after he had emerged from his hiding place, but decided that it did not entitle Yates to free passage and the stowaway was transferred to the Nile when that vessel was met in midocean.

Yates, who was employed as a bellboy at a local hotel, was awakened with difficulty last Friday morning by another bellboy. He explained that he had been listening to a divine summons to the missionary field and hurriedly packed a few belongings and boarded the Manchuria, where he hid in the hold.

BREAKS JAIL TO FEED CATS

Nevada Miner Tramps Forty Miles That His Pets May Not Suffer—Act May Bring Freedom.

San Francisco, Cal.—When James Watkins, a miner, was placed in jail at Searchlight, Nev., recently, charged with having stolen a pair of lace curtains, he asked the jailer to see that his pet cats were fed. The jailer laughed at him, but when night fell Watkins broke jail and tramped forty miles across the desert to attend to his pets. The sheriff followed him next day in a motor car and found Watkins pouring milk for the cats at his cabin.

The charge against Watkins probably will be dismissed, his accuser having been impressed by the miner's affection for his pets.

Realm of Applied Science

How Work of Bureau of Standards in Cities Has Been Extended in Past Years.

The work of the bureau of standards has been greatly extended of late years, says the New York Herald. The operations of the office were at first limited for the most part to standards of length, mass, capacity and temperature, but the rapid progress of applied science created new demands which no institution was competent to satisfy.

Photometry, or the measurement of light, is a case in point. Thirty years ago it had no great commercial importance, but the extended use of electricity for lighting purposes, the discovery and manufacture of acetylene gas and the invention of numerous improvements in burners for ordinary illuminating gas have opened up a new field. Photometric apparatus is now necessary in hundreds, or even thousands, of factories.

Not only must the volume of light be accurately measured, but its chromatic composition must be determined. The most desirable light is, of course, that which comes nearest to sunlight in its color composition.

The pitch of tuning forks, of interest to manufacturers of musical instruments; the testing of optical surfaces, which is important to every one who wears glasses; the verification of thermometers, of gas, water and electric meters—in fact, the standardizing of all sorts of measures—are coming more and more within the scope of the bureau of standards.

Thoughtfulness.

It is a pleasant bit of thoughtfulness which many hostesses show in leaving reading matter on the table of their guest room. A guest is frequently not accustomed to the same hours of rising and going to bed as prevail in the house where she is visiting. She may have a habit of early rising or of sleeplessness, or she may have merely a short time in her room with nothing to do, when she does not wish to go down stairs or elsewhere to obtain books. At such a time a new book, an interesting magazine or two would prove most grateful. It is not necessary to have a whole guest room bookcase. One or two well-chosen books will serve the purpose quite as well. It is a distinct compliment to a guest to have put enough thought into her tastes and interest to be able to offer her just the book or just the article which she would wish to read. While this is not always possible, with the best intentions, something bright, readable and new will rarely go amiss.

Look Below the Surface.

When bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty, dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond good humor of the moment, remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

Much-Named Isle.

The Parisians, who are extremely fond of changing place names within their jurisdiction, have never equaled the record established in this respect in the case of the island of Reunion, which has changed its name four times in a little over half a century and with little or no reason for doing so.

In 1793 it was Bourbon, as it had been for a century and a half; but the convention then changed it to Reunion.

Under the empire it became Isle Bonaparte, at the restoration it reverted to Bourbon, and, finally, in 1848, it became Reunion once more and so far has retained that name.

Too Much for Him.

"Allow me," said the fresh young man in the Pullman dining car, as he passed the sugar bowl to a shy young girl; "sweets to the sweet, you know."

"Allow me," said the girl, as she handed him a plate of crackers; "crackers for the cracked, you know."—Ladies' Home Journal.