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Jamieson finished the last cigar in his | not possessed of the "stupendous efcase. Two hours more to New York | frontery" which brings circumstances and nothing in sight to amuse him. about and molds them to its will. He had devoured all the magazines on It was with a premonition of seeing his trip out. Up to the present mo- her again that Jamieson went alone ment he had smoked his way back. to the Delano ball, the opening event There seemed nothing for it but two of the New York season. His carriage hours of ennui and that he decided he stopped just short of the steps to alcould better endure from his comfort- low another to pull away. Jamieson, able seat in the Pullman.

He had not been in since noon, else he might earlier have discovered that a direction to the coachman and turned there was something on the train to go in. A glimmer of light fell which would help the hours to pass across her face and showed it to be with amazing rapidity. He discovered | Jessica. it at once on entering his car, for there in the seat in front of his, which had Jamieson groaned. "Western! Holy been vacant out of Chicago, sat quite | Smoke! But she ought to know she the most charming girl he had seen | can't go about in New York unaccomsince-well, since as acknowledged panied." leader of an exclusive coterie in New York he had repressed all his fore it stopped, and was beside Jessica emotions under the imperturable ex- when she passed through the great

terior which was his ideal of good form. Jamieson noticed with satisfaction that every detail of the girl's equipment was correct; that the elderly person beside her was likewise irreproachable in appearance and manner. Their conversation was distinctly audible to him and he gathered at once from the flat a's and distinct r's that they were from the far west. That was Jamieson's first shock. That any

It was mid-afternoon when Tom | only too glad to know her. But he was

looking impatiently out of the window. saw a solitary girl emerge. She gave

"Good Lord! is the girl crazy?"

He sprang out of his carriage be-



HARDY'S IDEA FOR "TESS." the hero with the stupendous-cour-

Their eyes met frankly in a glance Tragic Incident Lingered Long in of perfect understanding as the orches tra struck up the opening waltz. Jamieson rose and bowed formally: "I believe this is our waltz, Miss also, placed her hand in his.

FELT LACK OF HOSPITALITY.

Unfeeling Cruelty and Suspicion To ward a Dog and Some Dust.

Jack Mitten and his Newfoundland dog, Prince, of Skagway, Alaska, appeared at the Sherman house one night, but decided not to stay. Two difficulties stared them in the face. The first was that the gold hunter had run out of cash and had only a bag of yellow dust to offer in return for lodging. The second difficulty was the clerk's refusal to allow the dog to share the miner's room. "I wouldn't part with the dog for a

night," said Mitten. "Either we sleep together or not at all. We've weathered it up on the Skagway for three winters-tented together and all that, and we ain't going to part company here in God's country. That dog, sir, once saved my life." He offered the clerk an ounce of

gold dust, but received only suspicious looks. "This is Chicago," said the clerk.

"Only the coin of the realm goes here. Go down on Halsted street with your gold bricks." Mitten, when he arrived, still wore

his fur boots and sealskin gloves. His face was weatherbeaten and his collar was turned up about his ears. With his dog he started out to find another hostelry.

To a crowd of curious bystanders who surrounded him Mitten said that his companion was the prototype of Jack London's dog in "The Call of the Wild." "It'll be a hard winter up in Skagway," he declared, "but I'm going to get out of this man's land on the next train."-Chicago Tribune.

Odd Tales Revived.

Senator Depew's Gordon Ear story off my own tree," was printed in the Worcester Press so long ago as 1878, to this effect: A hears passing by, a stranger having asked of the sexton "Who's dead?" and "What complaint?" the sexton replied: "There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied." It was an old Worcester county drug store and told the proprietor | she had to give up her dog. they had made a soda water bet that would be satisfactory to the drugbet?" "My friend here," said one of the north, and I bet it won't."-New York

Author's Memory.

A rather striking story of the origin of Hardy's "Tess" has just been told by Neil Munro, author of "John Splen-Danforth," he said, and Jessica, rising did," who is one of Mr. Hardy's intimate friends. It seems that when Hardy was a boy he used to go into

Dorchester to school, and he made the acquaintance of a woman there, who, with her husband, kept an inn. She

was beautiful, good and kind, but married to a dissipated scoundrel who was unfaithful to her. One day she discovered her husband under circumstances which so roused her passion that she stabbed him with a knife and killed him. She was tried, convicted and condemned to execution. Young Hardy, with another boy, witnessed the execution from a tree that overlooked the yard in which the gallows was placed. He never forgot the

rustle of the thin black gown the woman was wearing as she was led forth by the warders. A penetrating rain was falling; the white cap was no sooner over the woman's head than it clung to her features, and the noose was put round the neck of what looked like a marble statue. Hardy looked at the scene with a strange illusion of its being unreal, and was

brought to his complete senses when the drop fell with a thud and his companion on a lower branch of the tree fell fainting to the ground. The tragedy haunted Hardy, and at last provided the emotional inspiration and some of the matter for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

NO LONGER HER DOG.

Blonde Woman Had Forever Lost Claim on "Goldie."

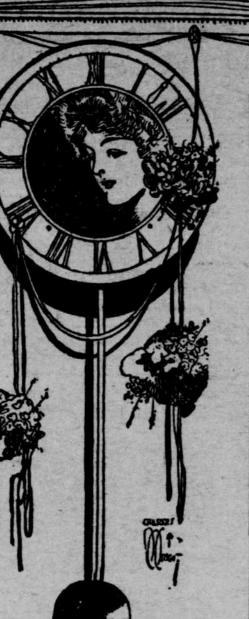
A big blonde woman descended viciously upon a less pretentious but determined woman she met walking in Park avenue, holding a handsome setter dog by a leather leash. "What are you doing with my dog?"

she shouted. "Come here, Goldie." Goldie established ownership by appearing overjoyed at the meeting.

"It may have been your dog once,' retorted the little woman, "but it has

been mine for four weeks." From a wrist-bag she took a document signed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledging the receipt of \$3 and giving her ownership of the dog. Cards were exchanged, and the case was sub story, antedating by generations the sequently investigated by an attorney story of the two men who went into a representing the blonde woman. But

save by taking a street car." It appeared the woman who was and would have their sodas now, and | leading the dog found him wandering when the bet was decided the loser on the street. He was not regularly would drop in and pay for them, if licensed and had no collar. She adverafter the sodas had been enjoyed he She was told that all lost dogs were of the word Hoosier. asked: "By the way, what was the killed there if not claimed within forty-eight hours. She asked to be men, "bets that when Bunker Hill claimed within that time. If not, she log cabins along a common road, and monument falls it will fall toward the would pay the usual fee and take him as the cabins all looked alike, it beaway. No owner appeared and she got the dog. Goldie was lost to the blonde woman forever .- New York Press. known as Hoosiers.'



ONLY WANTED INFORMATION.

to build trolley roads, he always pa-

tronizes them on principle whenever

possible and eschews cabs. When he

emerged from the Hotel Marie An-

toinette the other day a cab driver ac-

costed him with the regulation, "Keb,

"How much to the Long Island

"All right, sir; make it a dollar and

"Yes, sir; isn't that cheap enough?"

"Oh, I don't want a cab. I only

wanted to find out how much I would

ORIGIN OF THE "HOOSIERS."

sir, keb?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Is that your lowest?"

"All right then. Jump in."

ferry?"

"No.

a half."

As it is Capt. Frank Conn's business

again, shouted rather impatiently: "Speak up, I cannot hear you." Mr. Hay, Mr. Hay." "Mr. what?" "Mr. Hay-h-a-y, hay, dried grass-Secre- by our English cousins and of the tary Hay. Do you hear me now?" And he said he did.

GLORIES OF WAR.

Major General Corbin commanding the department of the east, tells the following with reference to a member of the militia of a northern state taking part in the recent manoeuvers

heroic efforts to get away with his first ration of army beef. A fellow soldier walking near him stopped to watch, with some amusement, the attempt of the northerner to masticate them. the meat. "What's the matter, Bill?"

"Oh, nothin' much," was the sullen reply. Then, disgustedly regarding a piece of the beef that he held in his

when they talk about the sinews of war."

A BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE. A West Virginia coal operator who

is represented in New York by his son recently wrote the following letter concerning a shipment of bituminous coal: - ---, October 16, 1904. "Jim: "DAD." In a few days the following answer

was sent: "New York, October 23, 1904. 'Dad: "JIM." Translated into the vernacular this

reads: "Jim, see my coal on. Dad.' 'Dad, coal on. Jim.'

ENGLISH HUMOR. Charles M. Pepper, the newspaper man who was appointed a commissioner on the Intercontinental railway commission, tells an amusing story in which the main figure is Henry Nor-

that of a Virginian gentleman you may do so; but I have my opinion of you! man, the British journalist. Norman visited Washington a few years ago. One evening just before the depar-

WOES OF A STAGE MANAGER. while we all felt that we had

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

the liking entertained for Americans

courtesies shown us by them," says

Bliss Carman, the poet, "I recall with

amusement the experience of certain

ladies of my acquaintance who on ar-

riving at Southampton were embar

rassed by the fact that a friend whom

they were expecting to meet them

there had failed to put in an appear-

ance. While they were casting about

in their minds what course to pursue

age, observing that the party were in

some doubt as to their movements.

approached and politely inquired

whether he might be of service to

"'Thank you so much!' exclaimed

"'You see, we are quite ignorant of

the best way to get to our destina-

tion, having just arrived from Amer-

"'Indeed!' replied the elderly Brit-

isher. 'Just from America? We have

quite a number of your countrymen

THE VIRGINIAN AND THE CLOCK.

At the luncheon following the

launching of the submarine torpedo

boat Simon Lake X. Mr. Foster M.

Voorhees, former governor of New Jer-

sey, told this story on a distinguished

The son of the Old Dominion had

been out with the boys. As he softly

opened the hall door the melodious

voice of his better half greeted him

"It is early, my dear," responded the

"How can you say so," exclaimed

his spouse, "when the clock has just

"All right," said the Virginian, his

voice indicating virtuous indignation.

"All right! If you choose to take the

word of a d---d Yankee clock against

one of the ladies, explaining the sit-

uation, an #adding:

in jail here, madam.''

Virginian:

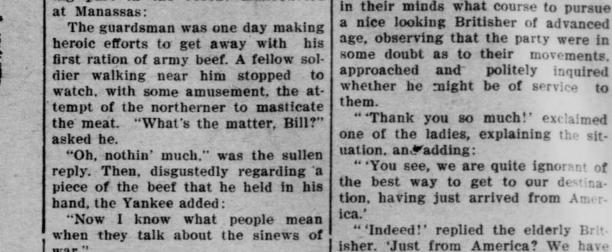
Virginian.

struck two?"

with the query:

"What time is it?"

"Whenever reference is made



girl bred outside of his own sphere should have such perfect poise and grace was incomprehensible. He pondered the problem while the pair in front busied themselves reading. At last a low laugh roused him. The elder woman looked up at the same time

"Oh, it is delicious, auntie! Such a situation, and the hero! What splendid nerve! You must read it."

The girl forced the open magazine into the unwilling hands of her aunt who apparently preferred to finish her own story. Jamieson, leaning forward to raise the shade, glanced down at the book.

"What was that story about, anyhow?" he wondered. "I certainly read it last week. Seems to me that hero with the splendid nerve faked acquaintance with a girl he had never met and she permitted it, knowing the difference all the time. Bad form! Bad form!"

He bought a copy to verify his suspicions, then eagerly awaited the aunt's comments. At last she looked up with a doubtful smile.

"It's very well told, my dear Jessica," she said, "but you know in real life if such a thing ever occurred-I don't suppose it could, of course, but if it did happen by any chance, it would be extremely bad form."

Jessica laughed gleefully.

"Of course it would be bad form. auntie; that's just the point. That's why I admire him. He wanted to meet her so much he couldn't wait for conventions and he simply took charge of events himself. I'd like to meet him-a man with just such stupend-OHS-

Jessica stopped to select her word.

"She wouldn't say brass or cheek, because they're slang, and she speaks well," meditated Jamieson, listening shamelessly. "She has used nerve once, so I'm betting that she will finish out with effrontery."

But Jessica did not finish her sentence. Something in the scenery attracted her attention and the story was stopped.

In the days that followed Jamieson often had visions of a lovely, girlish face turned distractingly away from him and a daintily booted foot which had peeped from under a mass of laces when the owner had disappeared in the shadows of a cab. The initials J. D. seemed transferred from her suit case to his brain. That he should



'Wasn't it effrontery?"

doors. He followed closely up the broad stairs, bowed politely when she entered the dressing room, though she was quite unaware of his presence, and when she emerged a few moments later he was there, waiting. He hardly knew what he was going to do. Only one thing was clear in the riot of invective against those who had allowed her to commit this unpardonable blunder-he should not allow her to walk alone into the reception room with all New York agape.

Curious eyes were staring when Jessica, surpassingly lovely, glided up to her hostess with Tom Jamieson a step behind.

"My dear Jessica!" said Mrs. Delano with real affection, "I am so glad you are here, and how sweet you look!" "Thank you so much. Do you know, almost missed coming, after all. Mrs. Osgood was called away an hour ago by her sister's illness, and as auntie went away yesterday there was no one to bring me. At first I was afraid I should have to give it up, and then, they came across an old negro, bent you know, we Western girls do a great many things that would shock you Easterners. Well, I thought it all over and decided that I couldn't afford to miss the finest ball of the season,

"So she let me bring her," interrupted Jamieson.

"Richard, you remember Al Danforth? This is his daughter Jessica.

Miss Danforth, my husband." Jessica flashed one glance at Jamieson, then dutifully followed her hostess' lead and passed on down the line. She heard the quiet voice behind her saving the proper things to the members of the receiving party. When she had reached the end she felt him gently draw her arm through his and lead her away. For a moment neither spoke. Then she looked at him cold-

"May I know to whom I have the

"I suppose my conduct seems unparget in. donable to you, Miss Danforth. The situation is so unusual-forgive mebut New York is so different from the West." Jamieson stopped, not knowing how to proceed.

I abould n

Spurned. They met on another planet When the thing that men call death Had freed them of foolish vestments And given them deeper breath. There, at the gate of a garden, He saw her serenely stand; He eagerly rushed to kiss her, She merely held out a hand.

"But, darling," he said, "we promised Ere we parted there, you know, That our love should last forever— Dear heart, why treat me so? swore that I would follow Wherever you should stray, and I have hastened, sweet one; I died but yesterday.

the looked upon him coldly And then she made reply: Hunt out some other darling, Good morning and good-by. Yeu said that you would follow But that was long ago-ou didn't pine and dwindle And die for me-ah, no! -Chicago News.

Coal of No Benefit to Him.

"Andy" Welch, one of the best-

known harness turfmen, and owner of Charter Oak park, in Hartford, and Oakley park, in Cincinnati, returned to Kentucky to visit his old friend Madden after the close of the harnessracing season at Memphis. Madden has the most beautiful estate in Kentucky, and Welch always visits him at this season of the year. While Welch and his host were riding along with age and shaking with the early cold.

"Which would you rather have, a quart of whisky or a ton of coal" asked Welch, seeking to jolly Uncle Jasper.

"Missur Welch, de Lord knows as ah allus burns wood," replied the uaking darky .- New York Times.

A Bad Pen.

writing with a noisy, spluttering pen. Laying the pen down, he smiled and said: "Once I was spending the evening with a friend of mine in Selma. We

sat in the dining room, and from the kitchen came a dreadful scratching sound.

"'Martha,' said my friend to the maid, 'what is that scratching in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to

"'Huh,' said Martha, 'dat's no dawg scratchin' de do'. Dat's de cook a-writin' a love letter to her honeysuckle.'

Mint Refuse Worth \$30,000.

"The United States government assayed the old mint at Denver recent ly," said R. W. Burchard of that city. "and got \$30,000 in the clean up. That sounds like a peculiar statement, but it is the truth.

"The new coinage mint, which had been in course of construction there for about seven years, was completed recently, and the government moved from the old mint, which had been oc cupied for about thirty years.

"When they got ready to clean out the old place every particle of dust and dirt was carefully saved. This was run through the assay furnace and it was found that the tiny par ticles of gold which had accumulated about the building in all those years had amounted to the snug sum I have

mentioned. "The particles had been carried through the air during the refining processes, and were so minute that they had not affected the weight of the metal assayed to any appreciable extent. It was all velvet for Uncle Sam and more than paid the expenses of moving to the new mint."-Milwau kee Sentinel.

Explanation.

A captain in the regular army made a gallant reputation during the late war, but at home he resigns command. He was at home for a few weeks awaiting orders, and his linen was consigued to his wife's bureau, usually occupied by her own things solely, ney to Harlem, while he remained in ogies and inquiries, he said, in disbut at this time jointly. The captain the Broadway theater district. is not a patient man, and when he wanted a clean shirt and went to the

bureau for it he formed a plan of pull-Senator Pettus of Alabama was ing the drawers out, tipping them over have for saving (or stealing is the on the floor till he got what he was

"scenes."

· One warm, clear day when we were the heading in a newspaper: "Trouble in the President's Bureau."

that means?"

"Oh, replied the captain, "I suppose the president wants a clean shirt."

At Half-Past Nine P. M. At half-past Nine P. M. when Jack Breathes low a last good night. I wish my heart but had the knack To hide its silly plight; But, ah! it flutters so, my will

tised once for the owner and then cepted as an authority on the subject, mined to put up a joke on him at the troubles of our own in the recent disgist. He answered that it would, and took the dog to the Animal Shelter. tells a picturesque story of the origin Press club. A Mr. Decker was select- astrous production of 'Bird Center,' in

"came to Indiana from the Carolinas a small bell from his pocket, address- "the stage manager's troubles eclipsed notified by telephone if the dog was and Kentucky they built their little ed Mr. Norman as follows:

"Sir, I have been designated by my fellow members to convey to you an came the custom for any one seeking expression of our pleasure. On befriends to go along the road calling half of the National Press club of fifty years in the family was brought out at each cabin: 'Who's here?' From | Washington I am instructed to give you thing ring.' this the original settlers came to be

As he uttered the word "ring" Mr. Decker rapped the bell smartly and placed it upon the table. H-A-Y, HAY-DRIED GRASS.

It was plainly to be seen that the As might well be expected, the name

evidence of his claim to a place in he replied: their memories was furnished recently by a little incident that happened National Press club, words fail me. I rabbit was evolved from the chafing while a farmer, rejoicing in his mono- am overwhelmed. With respect to this dish. syllable cognomen, was talking over gift, which I am pleased to receive, I the long distance telephone. "Mr. Hay" | suppose that Mr. Decker, as was only | the pump; but, to crown all, when the was given as an answer to the fre- natural in the embarrassment of the brandy was poured into the glasses quent telephone question, "Who is moment, for we newspaper men are (it was really ginger ale and had be-

there?" But Mr. Hay was requested notoriously poor speakers, has made come warm) it foamed up. Imagine to repeat his name, and his inter- a mistake, for he has, as you see, foaming brandy! After that we lost locutor, failing to catch it again and given me a bell instead of a ring!"

~~~~~ John Drew's Limitations. GIRLS, WATCH YOUR HATPINS. John Drew tells the following good Young Men Have Fad to Make Collec-

by the late Augustin Daly only a few tion of Them. "I can't find my hatpin," said the hours after his production of "The red-haired girl at the matinee. "Here, I'll lend you one," replied such as sell three for five cents. own buttons.

silver." "Are you ready?" inquired Mr. Tick-

er, who had taken both girls to the to turn up all right."

"I thought you knew," said the redfoolish fad sentimental young men Times.

word) hatpins from their girl acquaintsearching for. Of course, his wife re- ances. It is worse than the fad for monstrated, and then there were some stealing gloves a few years ago, when Clark of Missouri, "does not interfere on the table at meal time and stretch

all sitting on the piazza, the wife read It's candy to coal that your hatpin see things in our food which cause us is tucked away in Mr. Ticker's over. to revolt. coat pocket, and will soon be added

"Encouraged by the grateful smile,

bark of 2,426 tons, built of steel. She | my head, but I did not take my hands | three original "monarchs of the for-

Thomas Taggart, who may be ac- ture of the Britisher it was detered to be the perpetrator. This gen- New York," said George Richards "When the first settlers," he says, tleman arose in his seat and, taking who had a leading part in the play.

all the rest. Everything seemed to go wrong for him.

"One of the many slips that hap pened was when the piano heirloom, out. It proved to be a new upright of the most modern style. Then, in making the Welsh rabbit with baking powder it was supposed to swell up and lift the lid. To get this effect a cream colored toy rubber balloon was of the present secretary of state is Englishman was taken aback. After to be used and blown up at the proper familiar to nearly all Americans, and a good deal of hemming and hawing moment. They could only find red balloons, and so for the first time in "Mr. Decker and members of the the history of cooking a red Welsh

> "Then water would not come from all hope."

DO THEIR OWN "STRETCHIN'."

story about himself, and first told Girl Objected to Shuffling Things Around at Meal Times.

After being without a girl for Taming of the Shrew." Drew played | week, the mistress of a Harlem apart-Petruchio and placed great stress on ment was showing an applicant over the girl who was with her, passing the whipcracking episode in the play. the flat. She had been liberal in her over a cheap, black-headed hatpin, At one of the rehearsals the actor, promises of privileges in the way of cracking the great whip with much afternoons and nights off. She had "But I don't want to lose mine," noise but little care, clipped the leg even gone so far as to extend the hour said the red-haired girl. "It was a of a stage hand at the rear and en- of the girl's return on these nights. souvenir gift, and the top was solid | tangled the whiplash about one of his | and to agree to her using the sewing machine after her work was done.

The new girl seemed pleased and the mistress was beginning to hope. They walked back into the diningroom and the girl had actually remov ed one pin from her hat. Then her

"Do you do your own stretchin'? she demanded.

"Do we do our own what?" asked

"Stretchin'," repeated the new girl. "I don't understand."

"Stretchin'," repeated the girl a second time. "Do you put all the stuff

The family are "stretchin'" in earnest now, and will until they get a bune.

### A Long Wait.

In front of the residence of a judge Gretchen said: 'I worked hard mit it. in a pleasant village in New York

York Press. Ship on Fire Nine Months. A most extraordinary story of a derelict which has been burning and ished which she had baked.

floating about on the eastern seas has recently come to light.

The Fannie Kerr was a four-masted | I was tired and de sweat rolled from | state stand at intervals of a few feet

The smarting stage hand had in other days been connected with Hengmatinee. "We will leave word at the ler's circus, and his opinion of actors box office about the hatpin. It is sure as compared with the masters of the circus ring was small indeed. Stretch-The youth put the girls on a car and ing his head toward another stage smile faded and a question mark apstarted them on their homeward jour. hand and quite ignoring Drew's apol- peared.

gusted tones: "What a bloomin' fool! 'E'd never

haired girl's companion, "about the make a ringmaster!"-New York the puzzled mistress.

How She Kneaded the Bread.

"The worm in an apple," said Champ every girl found her dressing table with the eating; it is simply whisked for it, or do I have to shuffle it heaped with a supply of odd gloves. aside. In imagination, however, we around."

"A number of persons were seated girl who is willing to wait on the "Well," said she, "I wonder what to a collection in his room."-New at dinner in a private home, and the table as well as cook the meal. The was delighted and called on Gretchen,

compliments were generous for the matron's household vocabulary conalmost perfect bread. The hostess tains a new word .- New York Tritelling her how well the bread was rel-

| tain. She evidently was somebody,<br>and Tom Jamieson sooner or later met<br>all the celebrities and aristocrats of<br>the social world. It never occurred to<br>his well-bred, conventional mind to<br>insuire her out and force and acquaint- | eyes that was anything but forbid-<br>ding.<br>"How can I ever thank you? It<br>would have spoiled my whole season<br>if"<br>Jamieson smiled. "You see, I was<br>on the train when you came. Do you<br>remember the story you liked so much<br>the hero with the spiendid nerve?<br>I sat behind you and I couldn't help<br>hearing. I think you said you would<br>like to meet him in real life-the hero<br>with the stupendous | to use their combined influence to<br>stop the deafening noise they usually<br>had on the Fourth of July. Imagine<br>their surprise when a reporter asked<br>a doctor, one of their number and a<br>very influential man, the following<br>question:<br>"You are in favor, are you not, of a<br>sane and sensible observance of the<br>Fourth of July? The public, I am<br>sure, would be glad to hear your views<br>on | <ul> <li>The evening through. I'm frank to state<br/>My heart betrays no sign</li> <li>Rebellious; calm it is at Elght.<br/>Eight-thirty, yet, and Nine;</li> <li>A woman's will walks to and fro-<br/>Decorum's guard pro tem<br/>Until Jack takes his hat to go.<br/>At half-past Nine P. M.</li> <li>I bless the fate that keeps me cold<br/>And prim the evening through.</li> <li>But when a heart rebels so bold.<br/>Pray, what's a girl to do?</li> <li>'Gainst saying 'Yes' I'm firmly set.<br/>And kissing I condemn-<br/>But who knows what may happen yet<br/>At half-past Nine P. M.?</li> <li>British Arms.</li> <li>Sir Charles Dilke, in a paper read<br/>to the Young Liberals' league recently,<br/>said that while all other countries had<br/>rearmed their forces, there was not,<br/>with the exception of fifteen imperfect<br/>batteries hurrledly purchased in Ger-<br/>many during the Boer war, a single<br/>quick-firing gun in the possession of</li> </ul> | eargo of coal for San Francisco. After she had rounded the Horn in safety her cargo took fire somewhere in the Southern Pacific, and after trying for more than a month to extinguish the flames, the ship became so hot that the captain and crew were forced to abandon her and take to the boats.<br>This was on June 6. They landed at Kauai, an island of the Hawaiian group, and made their way to Honolulu, where the captain made his report and the crew was discharged.<br>On March 10, 1903, the captain of the steamship Heathdede, bound from Yokohama to Formosa, sighted a vessel adrift from which smoke seemed to arise.<br>Steaming forward, he found that she was the long missing Fannie Kerr, which had been gradually drifting | "From that moment the pile of<br>bread ceased to, diminish for the<br>guests saw in it a new ingredient." | having tarried too long at the wine<br>cup, decided to walk home. Chance<br>turned him in the direction of the<br>judge's residence. Suddenly locomo-<br>tion was arrested by direct collision<br>with the first of these famous trees.<br>A model of manners, the lawyer made<br>as profound obeisance as his condition<br>would allow, and with an earnest<br>"beg your pardon," moved on, strik-<br>ing the second tree. After securing<br>his hat and apologizing, he passed on,<br>only to run into number three. Ex-<br>tending the right hand of fellowship,<br>he humbly ejaculated:<br>"Stranger, excuse me!" And backing<br>up against the judge's fence he stood<br>with folded arms, bruised face and<br>lingered a full half hour when a<br>good Samaritan passed.<br>"I say, squire, what are you doing<br>there?"<br>"Why, don't you see, you fool!" |
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