

# A TWENTY DOLLAR BET.

It Was the Cause of a New York State Murder.

WATERBURY, N. Y., May 17.—The particulars have been received here concerning the murder of Henry Forney by William Monorief, six miles from Owego, in the Adirondacks, on Wednesday morning. It appears that the murdered man's brother, Leonard Forney, owed Monorief \$20 which he failed to pay when due. On Wednesday morning Monorief loaded his gun with a heavy charge of buckshot and went to Forney's house, which is only about forty rods from his own. There he demanded of Leonard Forney, the young man's father, who appeared and tried to pacify Monorief, who is an old man of ungovernable temper, but with no avail. Upon his father's returning to the house, Henry Forney, one of Monorief's best friends in the family went out and urged him to leave. Monorief then in a fit of rage raised his gun and discharged its contents into Henry's body causing instant death. Monorief then returned to his home where he was arrested in the afternoon. He submitted quietly to the constables although he had numerous fire arms ready in case of an attack from the Forneys which he said he had expected. The murder caused great excitement. The murdered man was about 27 years of age and was the pride of his family.

### Plead Guilty.

LONDON, May 17.—Sir Charles Russell accompanied by his clients, Arthur Newton, solicitor, and Frederick Talson, his clerk, charged with connivance in an attempt to defeat justice by facilitating the escape from England of persons charged with complicity in the recent Cleveland street scandal, was in court. Newton pleaded guilty. Sir Charles stated that it was his client's belief that in doing as he had done he was aiding to defend men who were about to be blackmailed. He had only done what he considered best for their interests. The court then announced that it would pass judgment on Newton on Tuesday. No evidence having been adduced to identify Talson with the affair he was discharged.

### Denies the Rumor.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 14.—President Myer of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad said: "You may say as coming from me that there is no truth in the rumor that negotiations are pending between the Richmond Terminal or any other company and the Baltimore & Ohio for any of the stock owned by the city of Baltimore or the Garrett estate. In other words, there is no foundation for the rumor."

### Given Two Days to Leave Town.

EATON, O., May 17.—A white cap notice was last night given Mrs. Elizabeth J. Nosset to leave town within two days. She is the woman Dr. Hawley mentioned in a note to the public as being the cause of his suicide. About twenty-five men visited the Nosset premises last night but Mrs. Nosset and her husband were not at home. This fact doubtless prevented a scene of violence.

### Will Sue the World.

NEW YORK, May 15.—Mr. Quay has decided to sue the world for libel on account of its recent publication of statements affecting his personal integrity.

### An Editor in Trouble.

DETROIT, Mich., May 15.—The Herald says John H. Wallace, editor and proprietor of Wallace's Monthly, has been robbed of \$50,000 by a relative named Robert L. Wallace, a young man less than 20 years of age, who was employed in the office of the elder Wallace. The young man has fled, but Leslie E. MacLeod, associate editor of the Monthly, is locked up at the police headquarters on suspicion of complicity in the theft.

### Suspended According to Announcements.

NEW YORK, May 16.—The Doran & Wright companies of this city and Boston, which were separately capitalized for \$100,000, suspended yesterday according to announcement. Letters and telegrams began pouring into the office, 10 Wall street, today and as secretary Williams said, some of them were of a character to make one weep. Some were from brokers whose only resources were placed with the firm. Mr. Williams said there were practically no assets.

### Knights of Honor in Session.

DETROIT, Mich., May 15.—Every state and territory is represented in the national convention of the Knights of Honor now in session here. Prominent among the delegates are Judge R. A. Savage, Maine, who is presiding officer; Judge George S. Hallmark, Pennsylvania, Fla., and C. H. McCurry of San Francisco. The convention will discuss the advisability of an assessment to make up for the drain on the treasury caused by the unusually large number of deaths during the past year.

### Strikers Will Compromise.

PRAQUE, May 17.—Negotiations looking toward the effecting of a compromise between the masters and their striking workmen will be renewed here. The men have receded from their original demand, and announce their readiness to accept a nine hour day with a 70 per cent increase of wages as a solution of the trouble. Should an understanding be arrived at the strikers will return to work tomorrow.

### Boulanger's Letter.

PARIS, May 15.—The dissolution of the Boulangerist committee is announced by General Boulanger in a letter he has written from the Island of Jersey. The general says that he no longer desires any intermediary himself and his followers in France. The letter is published without comment by Boulangerist papers.

### The Strike is Over.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 15.—The strike at the malleable iron company's works is practically over. Several hundred men in addition to those who returned yesterday, reported for work this morning.

### WHEN TRAIN WAS YOUNG.

A Glimpse of George Fennell When He Was a Great Favorite.

In 1857, during the Sepoy rebellion in India, Colonel Greene, the editor of the Boston Post, took a trip to Europe. In London he fell in with Mr. Train, and told him that he was about to make an application to Mr. Buchanan, who was then the American Minister at the Court of St. James, to procure him a ticket of admission to the House of Commons. "It is not necessary," said Mr. Train, "besides, it will take the old fool half a lifetime to put his specs on, and the other half to procure the ticket. Come with me; I know the Speaker." When they arrived at the vestibule of the House Mr. Train sent an official with a long rod in his hand courteously saluted Mr. Train and conducted him and the Colonel to seats on the floor of the House, where Mr. Train introduced the Colonel to several distinguished members, with whom he seemed on intimate terms.

After satisfying his curiosity, the Colonel wished to withdraw. "Now," said Mr. Train, "I will show you some of the live lions of the British Empire, Generals, Admirals and statesmen, who are taking their ease in withdrawing rooms, to which but few are admitted." Here they found men of all ages sitting in groups, at tables, some reading, others writing and others talking. Mr. Train introduced the Colonel to lords and others of high degree with an ease and familiarity which astonished him. All who remember Colonel Greene know that he was eminently handsome, above the middle height, well proportioned and of pleasant address. He made a favorable impression wherever he went, and was treated with marked courtesy by the gentlemen to whom he was introduced. An Admiral, who had served on the North American station, and who had visited Boston, invited the Colonel to take a seat by him, and entered into conversation with him about several families whose acquaintance he had made. As a conversationalist the Colonel had few equals, and in a very little time he and the Admiral were chatting away like old friends. Their conversation, however, was interrupted by loud talking at the next table. Mr. Train and an old Indian were discussing the Sepoy rebellion. "I tell you, sir," said Mr. Train, "you will never suppress the rebellion with your present tactics. You have not men enough; your means of transportation are insufficient; your Commander-in-chief is an old man, kept down the best part of his life-time, and before he gets ready to move his army will be gobbled up. Your Clives and Welseys are names of the past." The Indian calmly replied, with a pleasant smile: "Why, Mr. Train, you have but a limited knowledge of the vigor of Sir Colin Campbell, who has served many years in India, and I think a little more knowledge of India will lead you to a different conclusion." "My lord," rejoined Mr. Train, with energy, "I know all about India, its history, resources, castes, etc. I studied them all for I was three weeks in Calcutta. This drew forth roars of laughter, but George was not abashed. He contended with increased vehemence that India was lost to England. He had the last word. Colonel Greene felt embarrassed, and whispered to Train that he had an engagement to meet and gentlemen shook Mr. Train cordially by the hand, and some invited him to call at their houses. He was evidently a great favorite with the whole party. George was then young and handsome, had made the circuit of the globe, and seemed to know every one worth knowing. Where now is the irrepressible George? For years he has been a solitary man, whose principal business in summer was feeding birds with crumbs of bread and amusing children, and now he sheds the radiance of his intellect on the whitened stone which makes hideous to the timid the Charles Street Jail.—Boston Herald.

### Humane and Effective.

When Dr. Cyrus Edson, of the board of health, was a medical student he was, like most medical students, full of life and fun, says the N. Y. Herald. He lived with his father in the annexed district, and this story is told on him: He was much troubled by the crowing of an early rising rooster owned by a neighbor, which used every morning to take his place under the young student's window and raise such a racket that sleep was impossible.

The fowl was a favorite of its owner, and every effort to buy him or get rid of him in any way was futile. Young Edson puzzled his brains not a little to find a way and at last struck a bright idea. Early one morning, he armed himself with a sharp lancet, crept up behind the unsuspecting fowl, and caught him, and in less time than it takes to tell it had severed his vocal chord.

It made the coons laugh thereafter to see the rooster get up on the fence, flap his wings and go through all the motions of crowing with never a sound coming from his beak. Dr. Edson never had any trouble in sleeping after that, though.

### The Telephone in America.

There are more than 170,000 miles of telephone wire in operation in the United States, over which 1,055,000 messages are sent daily. About 300,000 telephones are in use in this country.

# MERLE'S CRUSADE.

BY ROSA SAUCHEITE CARLEY.

Author of "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," "Queenie's Whim," "The Search of Basil Lyndhurst."

### CHAPTER XX.—ROLF'S PENITENCE.

From a child that story of Casabianca had fascinated me, and I could see it fascinated Rolf.

"How I do like that fellow Cassy—what do you call him?" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, when I had finished. "I call that plucky, and no mistake, to stick to the burning ship. What a brave man he would have made if he had lived!"

"Yes, indeed; but he lived long enough to do a man's work in the world—faithful until death. Faithful in little, faithful in much. Rolf, Casabianca would never have disobeyed his mother, or thought he knew best, would he?"

"No, Fenny, in a contrite voice, and sidling up to me again.

"I am afraid you can never be a soldier, dear!"

"What do you mean?"—sitting up erect in bed, with his beautiful eyes glancing at me in the twilight. "I mean to be a soldier, I tell you, and use my father's sword: I shall be Colonel Markham, too, one of these days, unless I am killed in battle."

"You cannot be a soldier unless you learn to obey, Rolf; you cannot rule your men until you have submitted to rule yourself. Officers are gentlemen, and gentlemen are never cowards; and I call it cowardly, Rolf—quite a mean trick—to creep into the nursery in my absence. Honor should have kept you from crossing the threshold."

Now Rolf could not endure to be called a coward, so he lost his temper, and I am sorry to say, called me a nasty, spiteful old cat, "which you are, Fenny, you know you are, and a great deal worse!"

The next moment he had thrown a rough pair of arms round my neck, his penitence inflicting on me excruciating pain.

"There, there, never mind"—hugging me—"I don't mean it. You are a dear old thing, Fenny, and I mean to marry you when I grow up. You are such a plain young woman, as mother says, that no one else would ask you, so I will."

"Do you think I could marry a coward, Rolf?"

"There you go again!"—in a vexed voice—"but I shall never be a coward any more; I mean to be a brave boy, like Cassy—what do you call him? I mean to mind mother, and not to forget; and I will throw my cannon into the sea to-morrow, though I am so fond of it, and Mr. Rossiter (Walter I call him, but he does not mind) gave it to me. It cost a lot—indeed it did, Fenny—but, all the same, it shall be drowned dead."

"If I think you offend there, pluck it out." I think there was something very real in that childish sacrifice. It was his real repenting plaything, but it had tempted him to disobedience; he would fling it away in both hands. How few of us repent in that way! *Mea culpa*, we say, but we hug our darling sin close to us; it is not like Rolf's cannon, "drowned dead." Brave, poor little faulty Rolf, I begin to have better hopes of you!

So I kissed and comforted Rolf, and he clung to me quite affectionately. I asked him if he had said his prayers, and he said no, he had been too unhappy, because no one would forgive him; so we said them together, and afterward we had a little more talk. I was just going to leave him, when a light crossed the threshold, and there stood Mrs. Markham, with a lamp in her hand. She looked very ill and unhappy, and I am sure she had been shedding tears.

Rolf sprang up in bed. "Oh, mother, do forgive me!" he cried. "I am sure I have been miserable long enough. Fenny has been telling me about Cassy—you know the fellow; and I mean to be like him. I will drown my dear little cannon and I will never, never disobey you again!"

I think Mrs. Markham was looking in her heart to forgive him. She had suffered as much as the child. She said nothing, but sat down on the bed and held out her arm, and Rolf nestled into them. She kissed him almost passionately, but a tear rolled down her face.

"I think you will break my heart one day, Rolf, as you—!" She checked herself, and did not finish her sentence. Did she mean Rolf's father? Colonel Markham had been a brave officer, I knew, and had died in battle; but he had not made his wife happy.

"Oh, no, mother," returned Rolf, "I am going to be a brave man, like father, and fight for everybody. I mean to take care of you when you are an old, old woman. Won't that be nice? You won't mind my marrying Fenny when I am quite grown up, will you, mother? Because she is such an old dear—not really old, you know, but so nice."

Mrs. Markham smiled faintly at the boy's nonsense, but she looked at me pleasantly.

"Thank you for talking to Rolf, Miss Fenton, and helping him to be good. He is sorry, I think, and I hope this painful lesson will teach him to be less mischievous. But now you look very unfit to be up. You have done us all good service to-day, and we are all extremely grateful. Let me help you back to your room."

I was very much astonished at this civility, but I declined her assistance, and wished Rolf good-night. I was still more surprised when she held out her hand.

"You must be careful of yourself, Miss Fenton, for my sister's sake," she said, so kindly that I could hardly believe it was Mrs. Markham's voice.

I marvelled at her manner greatly as I retraced my steps to the night nursery. She was really grateful to me, I could see that. Probably she realized that my prompt action had saved her and her boy a lifetime of regret. To extinguish life accidentally must be a bitter and sore retrospect to any human mind. Rolf's boyhood would have been shadowed if his little cousin's death had laid at his door.

I tried to cheer myself with these thoughts as I laid awake through the greater part of that long summer's night. I could only sleep by snatches, and my dreams were full of pain. I imagined myself a martyr at Smithfield, and that the fagots were lighted about my feet. I could see the flames curling up round me, and feel their scorching breath on my face. Excruciating pains seemed to tingle in my veins; I cried out and woke Joyce, and then the misery of my burns kept me restless. I was quite ill the next day, but could not stir from my bed; but Mrs. Markham and Rolf came to see me more than once, and Reggie played on my bed, and was so dear and good, and Joyce kept

creeping up to me to know what she could do for nurse, and every two or three hours Gay's bright face seemed to bring sunshine into the room.

She had always some pleasant thing to tell me: a kind inquiry from Mr. Hawtry, and some flowers and fruit that Mrs. Cornish had arranged; a book from the vicar's wife, who had been very shocked to hear of the accident, and thought I wanted amusement; a message from Squire Cherton, with a basket of five yellow plums that he had picked himself;

and, later in the evening, a tin of cream and some new-laid eggs from Wheeler's Farm; that Molly had brought herself.

I begged to see Molly, and she came up at once, looking very respectable in her Sunday gown and straw bonnet, crossed with yellow ribbons. She shook hands heartily until I winced with pain, and then begged my pardon for her carelessness.

"Thank you so much for your delicious present, Molly," I said, gratefully.

"Oh, please don't mention it, Miss Fenton; it is pleasure to me and father to send it, and father's duty; and there is a chicken fattening that will be all ready for eating on Thursday; and there is a pot or two of cherry jam that I shall take the liberty to send with it. It is just for the children and yourself, as I shall tell Mrs. Rumble."

"Every one is far too good to me," I stammered, and the tears came into my eyes; for the old squire and Gay had been so kind, and there were all those beautiful flowers and fruit from the Red Farm, and now this good creature was overwhelming me with homely delicacies. Molly patted me with her rough hand, as though I had been a child, and then kissed me in her hearty way.

"There, there, poor dear; who could help being good to you, seeing you lie there as helpless as a baby, with your poor arms all done up in cotton wool, and the pain hard to bear? Never mind, the Lord will help you to bear it; and He knows what pain means." And with this homely consolation she left me and went in search of Hannah.

When Gay came to me to see if I was all comfortable for the night, I asked her rather anxiously if she expected to hear from Mrs. Morton in the morning.

She looked as though she were sorry I had asked the question. "Well, no—the fact is, I wrote the letter, Merle, but father forgot to post it, and it has not gone yet. I am very sorry," as I uttered an exclamation of annoyance, "but it cannot be helped, and it was all father's fault; he is so careless with letters; but now Adelaide has written to say how well Reggie seems to-day, and both of them shall go by the same post to-morrow morning. Benson shall take them."

It was no use saying any more. Gay was sorry, and it was not her fault, so I only asked her to add a word or two to explain the delay, and she promised to do so. She wanted to write to Aunt Agatha as well, but I would not hear of this. Aunt Agatha was very tender-hearted, and could not bear to hear of any suffering that she could not remedy, and I could see no benefit in harrowing her feelings. I would tell her myself some day.

Dr. Staples had given me a sedative, so I slept more that night, but it was three days before I could leave my bed, and all that time we heard nothing of my mistress. On the fourth day I put on a dressing-gown Gay lent me, with loose hanging sleeves, for my arms were still swathed like mummies, but the pain had lessened; and though I was weak enough only to lean back in an easy-chair and watch the children at their play, I liked to be with them, and it was pleasant to sit there by the nursery window and look out on the terrace and sun-dial and the sunny orchard, with the old white pony grazing as usual.

Gay had come up that morning with rather a troubled face. They had had a letter from Alice, she said, but he had not received either her's or Adelaide's. Violet had seemed so ill that he had taken her home to Prince's Gate, that Dr. Myrtle might see her. They had left Abergeile before their letters had arrived, and he could not possibly receive them until the next morning, but of course they would be forwarded at once.

I was much distressed to hear that the letters had miscarried, and still more that my mistress was ill. It was dreary taking her back to that great empty house; but then Dr. Myrtle understood her constitution, and would do me good than a stranger. I begged Gay to tell me what was the matter, but she did not seem to know. It was a collapse, Alice had said, a sudden serious failure of strength; he had written very hurriedly, and seemed worried and anxious.

"I wish I need not have told you all this, Merle," she finished. "It has made you paler than you were before. Violet has never been strong since Reggie was born, but I do not see that there is any need for special anxiety." But though Gay insisted on taking a cheerful view of things, I could not bring my spirits to her level. I felt nervous and unaccountably depressed. I had not sufficiently recovered from the effects of the accident to bear the least suspense with equanimity. In spite of my efforts to be quiet and self-controlled, I grew restless and irritable; the least noise jarred on me; it was a relief when Hannah took the children out, and I had the nursery to myself. My nervous fancies haunted my dreams that night, and I woke so unrefreshed that Gay scolded me for not getting better more quickly, and pretended to laugh at my dismal face when I heard there was no letter from Mr. Morton.

"It is nonsense your fretting about those letters," she said, in her brisk way. "Alice has them by this time, and we shall hear from her before evening. Do, pray, pull yourself together, and I will ask Doctor Staples if a drive will not do you good; your in-door life does not suit you."

I did not contradict her, but I felt there would be no drive for me that day; perfect quiet and rest were all I wanted, and I knew Dr. Staples would be of my opinion. The afternoon was showery, so the children played about the nursery. I did not admit Rolf, for his noisy ways would have been too much for me, but he was very good, and promised to stay with Judson if he might come to me a little in the evening.

I had gone into the night nursery to lie down for an hour when I heard footsteps coming down the passage. The next moment I heard Mr. Morton's voice speaking to Gay.

"You can go in and see the children, Alice," she said, "and I will join you directly, when Adelaide has finished with me," and then Joyce called out "Fardie," and I could hear Reggie stumping across the floor.

I waited a few minutes before I made my appearance. Much as I longed to see

Mr. Morton, I thought he would rather meet his children alone. I almost felt as though I intruded when I opened the door. Hannah was not there, and he was sitting in my rocking-chair with Reggie in his arms, and his head was bowed down on the little fellow's shoulder. He started up when he heard me, but I never saw him look so pale and agitated. I knew then that he was a man of strong feelings, that his children were more to him than I had dreamed.

"Miss Fenton," he began, and then he bit his lips and turned away to the window. I saw he could hardly speak, and there was Reggie patting his face and calling him "Fada, fada," to make him smile.

"Reggie is quite well," I said, feeling the silence awkward.

"Yes, yes," quite abruptly, "I see he is; thank God for that mercy; but, Miss Fenton, you have suffered in his stead. You are looking ill, unlike yourself. What am I to say to you? How am I to thank you?"

"Please do not say anything to me," I returned, on the verge of crying. "Dear little Reggie is all right, and I am only too thankful. Tell me about my mistress, Mr. Morton; we are all so anxious about her."

I thought he looked a little strangely at me. He held out his hand without speaking. That hearty grasp spoke volumes. Then he cleared his throat and said, quickly, "She does not know; I have not told her; she is very weak and ill. Doctor Myrtle says we must take great care of her. She has been overexerting herself."

To my dismay and his I burst into tears, but I was not quite myself, liable to be upset by a word.

"Oh, she is more every day than her strength will allow," I cried, almost hysterically. "It is my one's heart ache to see her so worn out and yet so patient. Oh, Mr. Morton, do let me come home and nurse her; she is never happy without the child dear; it will do her good to see them; she frets after them, too, and it makes her ill. Do let me come home; there is nothing I would not do for her."

I heard him beg me to be calm. "I was ill myself, I heard him say, and no wonder; and he looked pityingly at my hand-kerchiefs."

"Only wish you could come back to us, Miss Fenton," he went on, so kindly that I was ashamed of giving way so. "The home feels very empty, and I think it would do your dear wife good to have the children's feet patter overhead. She is too weak to have them with her just now, but it would be pleasant to know they were near."

I pleaded again that we might come home, and he smiled indulgently.

"You must get well first," he said, gently, "and then I will come and fetch you all back myself. Just now you require nursing, and are better where you are; and it is still hot in London, and the sea breezes will benefit the children a little longer. Come, you will be sensible about this, Miss Fenton."

And then, as Gay joined us, he turned to her and reiterated his opinion that I must stay at Marshlands until I was well. Of course Gay agreed with him; but I thought she was a little graver than usual. I knew Mr. Morton was right. I was no use to any one just now; but, all the same, it made me feel very unhappy to see him go away and leave us behind.

He could not stay any longer, he said, for fear of arousing his wife's suspicions. He should just tell her he had run down to have a peep at the children; that would please her, he knew. He bade me goodbye very kindly, and told me to keep up my courage, and not lose heart. I could see he was not vexed with me for giving way. No doubt he attributed it all to weakness.

I sat down and had a good cry when he had left us; and there was no denying that I was homesick that night, and wanted Aunt Agatha. I felt a poor creature in my own estimation. Perhaps I was impatient; Dr. Staples told me I was, and his eyes twinkled as he said it; but it seemed to me I recovered very slowly. The burns were healing nicely; and in a few more days I could put on my dress and enjoy the country drives; but I did not resume my usual duties for some time.

I could not dress and undress the children; walking tired me; and my spirits were sadly variable. The news from Prince's Gate did not cheer me; my mistress continued in the same unsatisfactory state. Mr. Morton wrote every day, and both Mrs. Markham and Gay had gone up to town for a few hours. I heard more from Mrs. Markham than from Gay. She thought her sister looking very ill, and considered there was grave cause for anxiety. She had an excellent nurse, and her husband was most devoted in his attentions; she had never seen any one to equal him. Here Mrs. Markham sighed; but her sister looked dull and depressed, and she thought she missed the children.

The bright September days passed away very slowly. I was growing weary of my banishment; and yet Marshlands and Netherton had become very dear to me, and I had grown to love the quaint old nursery. I was thankful when my strength permitted me to resume my mornings on the beach and our afternoons in the orchard. I felt less restless out-of-doors, and I liked to have Rolf with me, and a very little of Gay; just then she was busy with parish work. I heard from her usually one day that Mr. Hawtry had gone to Italy. I suppose I looked astonished, for she said, quickly:

"He called the other afternoon and asked to see the children, but Adelaide had taken you all for a drive. I thought he seemed a little sorry not to say good-bye to them, as he expected to be away some time. He hoped you were better, Merle, and desired his kind regards."

"And he has gone to Italy?"

"Yes; a young cousin of his living dangerously ill at Venice, and so this Dr. Quixote has started off to see after him. It is just like him; he is always doing things for other people." And with this speech she left me.

I was sorry not to say good-bye to Mr. Hawtry; he had been very kind to us, and it seemed such a pity that we had missed him that afternoon. I often thought about our visit to the Red Farm, and how pleasant and hospitable he had been. It seemed rather tantalizing just to make friends (and he had always been so friendly to me), and then not to see them again; but perhaps next summer we should come to Marshlands again.

### (To be Continued.)

An English traveling harpist has been discovered cheating the railroads by carrying his little girl done up in the green bag with his harp. He had traveled so all about England, and has paid no fare for the child.

# A TOUGH YARN.

Told by an Ancient and Truthful Mariner of the Lakes.

New York Dispatch: "Talking of life preservers," said the truthful mariner, "he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, 'you remember the old steamer Roustabout that used to run from Buffalo to Chicago? I was mate on her the year before she was lost. We were about sixty miles from Chicago when Mike Lanagan, who was doing something up on the mast, fell, struck on his head on the roof of the cabin and bounced clean out into the lake. Well, the captain he see him fall and he stopped and backed that old Roustabout quick-ern you could say 'cent.' Mike went down like a plummet, for he was knocked insensible, and I know'd there was no use to have a life preserver for him, so I just hurried up the boys in getting the boat down, although I didn't expect it to do much good. We had Jim King on board. Passenger from Chicago. You remember Jim King don't you."

"Can't say I do," remarked a bystander.

"Well, Jim was champion quito thrower in them days. He's dead now, poor fellow, but Jim was a boss on throwin' quito. I tell you quito were a great game them days. Every village had a quito club and the boys on the farms used to throw hose-shoes. It was something like base ball in these times, although I never could see as much fun in base ball as I could in a good game of quito."

"Oh, come off," cried the impatient listener. "What did Jim do, or did he do anything? Did the man drown?"

"Now don't be to fly. Who's tellin' this yarn?"

"Well, you don't seem to be,"

"Go on! go on!" said the crowd.

"Well, you know, in quito a 'ringer' was when you put the quito around the stake. It counted double. Well, Jim picks up the round life preserver—it's like a great big quito, you know and as the cap'n came running at Jim he sings out, 'Cap'n I'll bet you \$5 I'll make a ringer on that man if he comes within the length of this line.'"

"Bet you \$20 that you can't," said cap'n.

"Take you," said Jim, and just at that minut up bobs Mike's head about six feet astern. Jim threw it, and I'll be darned if that life preserver didn't go plump over on Mike's head clear down on his shoulders, and there it stood. We got down the boat, and when we got to Mike he hadn't come to yet, and didn't for some time after. He'd been a goner if it hadn't bin for that ringer, although it took the skin off his nose."

"Did the captain pay the \$20?"

"Pay it? You jist bet he did. And Jim he handed it over to Mike, and Mike blew it all in when we got to Detroit. I wish some of it was here now, fur I'm mighty dry. Thanks. Don't mind if I do."

### Leprosy Here and Elsewhere.

Dr. Hansen, the Norwegian discoverer of the bacillus of leprosy, came over to this country a while ago to trace the history of leaver immigrants who had settled in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota. Of 100 original leper immigrants he was able to find only 13; few were may be living, but nearly 174 are dead. Of all their descendants, so far as great-grand-children, not one has become a leper. In this country the disease does not increase nor does it appear to be hereditary. The failure to spread here is thought to be due to the improved conditions of living which the immigrants are able to secure on this side of the ocean.

The Sanitary Inspector, in speaking of a leper lately found at Brentwood, England, says that many persons believe that leprosy has entirely disappeared from England, yet there has probably never been a year in which a score of lepers could not be produced, and that though England used to have lepers enough, leprosy has become a very rare disease since English homes and English roads have been kept clean.—Science.

### Rat Plagues.

The plague which the agriculturists of England are now suffering from the ravages of rats is not without precedent in Canada. The nearest approach to this rat plague is the plague of mice which visited Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in the early part of the century. As long ago as 1690 the undue prevalence of mice in Prince Edward Island, or the Island of St. John as it was then called, was noted by the French settlers; and in 1774, both on that island and on the adjacent main land, a complaint arose that these animals were again too numerous and too familiar. In the latter year the mice visited the fields and ate up everything, including the potatoes, and having finished this disastrous work they turned their attention to literature, and consumed the leather binding of the settlers' books.—Ottawa Telegram.

### THE REASON WHY.

"The way was long, the wind was cold, The mistral was in full and old. He strode within the baron's hall, Yet no one blamed him for his gall. He always found his welcome kind— He didn't call 'the wind' 'the wind.'"

—Puck.

An in-come tax—The price of admission at a theatre.