The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Duponceau and I lifted the chest between us, and as silently as we had entered the woods our party of four withdrew from them. When we came to the edge we halted, and after a few whispered words turned towards the shelter of the cliff. We were some quarter down it when from the place at our back came a loud halloo. Almost simultaneously a man sprang out of the shadows before us, and called "Stop!"

"Run!" said Rodney, and, like a football player, lunged, lantern and all, straight at the man's knees. The two went down in a heap, and the man's revolver went off without harm.

"Run, Mr. Felix!" cried Charles, and I saw him jump at the struggling men and pull Islip free.

Duponceau and I ran, caring nothing for shelter now, but making straight for the Ship. The enemy must have numbered half a dozen. There were cries behind us, and a bullet whizzed into the cliff on our left. Another shout, and we knew they were in full pursuit, with Rodney and Charles acting as our rear-guard.

Luckily the chest was not heavy, and when we came to the rocks we could scramble over them without delay. Into the water we plunged, and, reaching the side of the Ship, heaved the chest on board. Then we scrambled up, dripping and we pulled our rear-guard over the side.

Another splash, and I fired straight down into the water. At the shot the enemy retreated, and, cursing, took himself back to the rocks where his friends stood, a mark against the sky.

"We'll get that pirate!" one of the men called. There was silence on the Ship. More threats and curses followed, and then the enemy retired, promising to rout us out next day.

Rodney was the first of us to speak. "Up anchor and off for the Spanish Main!" he cried. "I really feel like a pirate. Where's Duponceau?"

"Here!" We turned and saw our gentleman adventurer sitting on the chest.

Rodney burst into a laugh. "To think that not one of them knew what it was you two carried! They must have thought that we were foraging for food."

We had all four come out of the scrimmage unscathed, except for a few bruises, but were were too much excited to sleep. With much ceremony, we took the chest below and placed it inside of that other brass-bound box that had waited so long for a new treasure. I was sure that Rodney was eager for a look at the inside of Duponceau's box, and, to tell the truth, I also was hoping for a peep at it, but Duponceau preferred to keep its secrets entirely to himself. He was communicative only to a certain point; beyond that he was a very sphinx, and in some way the facts he told us seemed to enwrap him in more mystery.

I went up on deck, where Charles was pacing steadily back and forth.

"You saved Mr. Islip from a very bad position, Charles," I said. "How did you manage to quiet that fellow so soon?"

"With an upper-cut I learned in the old country, sir. I left him fast asleep. He'd been prowling round the kitchen, sir, and making himself generally disagreeable, and I was glad to settle the score."

"H'm, so we left one trussed like a pig in the woods, and another asleep on the beach. This begins to look serious."

"Yes, Mr. Felix; that's what I've been saying to myself for the last half-hour."

We spent that night in a state of suppressed excitement—that is, all of us except Duponceau, who seemed to regard a trial by bullets as nothing out of the usual.

CHAPTER XV.

I watched the east turn opalescent with the coming sun, and the sea pass through the pale, translucent colors of the shells beneath its surface, delicate reds and blues and the infinitely soft mother-of-pearl. Then the hues deepened, and the sun, not yet too bold for the eye, rose like the center of a gorgeous flower. The sea-world was his, and through and over the vast space of it glittered his tiny messages of living flame. They came even to the side of the Ship and shivered themselves radiantly against its old, gray-green, sea-worn boards.

I had the world to myself, the sea and its dancing colors, the Ship and its early-morning memories. That awe and veneration which steals over the watcher of dawn—as though witness to a birth both physical and spiritual—stole over me, and I wondered how often in the ages past solitary watchers had marvelled from this deck. Life was new and strange and sweet, and as boundless as the ocean before me.

I came back to reality, and wondered how it was that I, who only a week before had been busied with my manuscript in the study of my cottage, should now be facing a life as strange as it was daring. Man cannot live a life to himself alone, occurred to me, and I thought that he should not even if he could. The ordinary, normal course no longer appealed to me. I cared not if our opponents were servants of the law or of a private power struggling to overwhelm my friend. I looked down at the pistol in my belt and smiled; the life of an adventurer was not so bad when it gave one the sea and the sky and the fellowship of men.

Duponceau stood beside me, his face serene, delight in the fresh day mirrored in his eyes.

"Why will men fight and prey on each other?" he asked wonderingly.

"You should know," I answered.

"Yes," said he; "I should, and I do. Utopia has not come, and meanwhile we each covet what others have and we have not. Those men yonder merely represent powers that want to do what I have done."

Charles and Rodney came on deck, and we breakfasted on what was still left of our provisions—a scanty store, that stood in immediate need of replenishing. Then we held a council of war.

"If they are wise," said Rodney, "they'll settle down to besiege us. They could starve us out of here in forty-eight hours. I've an idea, however, that they're afraid to come at us for fear of legal consequences. I guess they'd rather have a personal fight."

I had the same thoughts; some French enemies of Duponceau's were trying to kidnap him, had been my conclusion.

"Look!" Duponceau was standing, and we followed his gaze and saw a sail-boat—my sailboat—round the cliff to the west and lie to in the open sea. "Not that way," he said; "there'll be no more swimming done. They're going to guard us from the ocean."

Then Rodney spoke up. "Perhaps I can get across the beach to the cottage and bring some of the tinned meats back."

"Unless they have confiscated my house as well as my boat," I suggested. "However, it's worth a try. Charles stays on guard, and I go with you."

So, a little later, the two of us, having an eye that the men in the sail-boat should not see us, lowered ourselves over the side, and waded waist-deep through the water. We crawled up the rocks and, lying low, peered through breaks at the beach. There was nothing but shining sand between our position and the house.

Carefully we stole over the rocks and, separating slightly, so that each might be unhampered by the other, advanced westward. I had an impression of what it must be to march across a desert in the face of an unseen foe. Only, we did not have the protection of the desert, for there were dunes above us on the right.

We had gone perhaps half-way when the silence rang with a shot. A little furrow blew up in the sand before me, and I saw a light cloud of smoke steal away from the dunes. An instant's silence, another report, and a furrow was ploughed in the sand ten yards to the rear. We were hemmed in by an unseen ring.

We faced to the dunes, standing stock-still. Two more guns cracked, and the bullets sped in the air, above our heads, but not so far that we could not hear them sing. Rodney could stand it no longer.

"Come out and show yourselves like men!" he cried, his voice high-pitched and straining. An instant's pause, and then two men leaped forward.

Islip's pistol cracked, then another man joined the two, and as by instinct we separated.

Then began a running fire while we beat a retreat. I kept close as I could to the water, emptying my revolver in such a way as to retard the enemy without wounding them: for we suspected that they were seeking to intimidate us, without actually resorting to bloodshed, and we, for our part, had no desire to have any deaths on our hands. They gained on us, for we retreated while they advanced, and it was only by taking full speed to my heels and making for the rocks that I won a temporary respite. The enemy stopped, and now we could pepper them, shooting to right and left as fast as we loaded.

I glanced backward, and saw the sail-boat very close—much closer than I liked.

"They're going to board the Ship!" I cried, and splashed into the water. I tumbled up the side and made for the farther bulwark, calling to Duponceau and Charles to stir themselves. As I did so two men came scrambling over the outer rocks and made for the Ship, while a third held the sail-boat to the shore. I heard shouts, and saw Rodney cross beside me. He stood a moment unprotected, and that instant a bullet took him in the arm and I heard him give a cry of pain.

"It's nothing—a scratch on the flesh," he muttered as he crouched.

The two men were climbing the seaward side. I waited, and as the first reared above me I was on him and with all the force in my body hurled him back, so that he lost his hold and fell splashing. The other was balancing, had one foot over, had sprung, when Duponceau and Charles seized him, and he went, legs swinging in a circle, beside his fellow in the sea.

We crouched, for the man in the boat was firing. The two below scrambled out of the waves and scurried back to the sail-boat. Then Rodney and Duponceau kept that side of the Ship, while Charles and I watched the other. There were a few more scattering shots, then the enemy made off.

In time we left Charles on guard and went down to the cabin, while Duponceau examined and bandaged Rodney's arm. Rodney was right; it was merely a flesh-wound in his fore-arm, but, slight as it was, it seemed to turn him into our hero. It was the first blood of the war.

When the wound was attended to we went on deck, all of us aquiver with excitement, and there we four sat, each with a pistol in his hand, and warm blood beating in his veins.

Noon came, and we lunched on scraps, and tried to make out on smoking many pipefuls of tobacco. The sun slowly crossed the western heavens and commenced to drop. Suddenly I discovered that I was parched with thirst.

"'Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink.' There's no use disguising it any longer; we'll be caught here like rats in a trap," I said. "We'd better get away before we fall to eating horse-leather."

"I have plenty of water and food in my house. If any of those rascals are living in it, I'd like to turn them out. What do you say?"

"It sounds pretty good to me," assented Rodney.

Duponceau nodded, and so it was arranged that we should leave the Ship. There were no two ways about it, to go or stay and be starved into surrender.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our change of base was to be made after sunset, between those hours when the darkness should first steal across the beach, and those when our enemy might expect that we would venture forth under the shade of night. We decided to leave Duponceau's chest where it was for the present, in the belief that the enemy would instantly turn their attention to my cottage, and that the box would be safest in some such place as that deserted hulk.

With night-fall we prepared, glad to be about something after eight hours of patient watching. We were to go in single file, I first, Rodney next, his wounded arm in a sling, then Duponceau, and finally Charles, with some little space between us. We cleaned and loaded our revolvers, and about 8 o'clock, when we could no longer see the sail-boat standing out against us, I bade good-by to the Ship, slid over the side into the water, crossed through it, and crept over the rocks, I turned and signalled to Rodney that the coast was clear, and saw him lower himself by one arm and find a footing. Then, with a silent prayer that no stray bullet might lodge in one of us before we reached cover, I stepped gingerly on to the beach. You have seen pictures of African warriors stealing tip-toe through the jungle, their whole bodies alert for any noise. So I went, my sense of hearing abnormally acute, my eyes straining into the twilight for peril. I could neither run nor stop, but stepped on with the precision of an automaton, hoping that in time the stretch of sand would have slipped past beneath my feet and I come to the refuge of the dunes. I did not look back, but knew that three other men were tip-toeing as silently behind me, keen as was I to break into a dash. So on and on I went, for endless time it seemed then—hearing only the sob of the ebb and flow of the tide and the soft, slurring rattle of the water as it slipped back over a stretch of stones.

I neared the cottage, had gone one-half, two-thirds, three-fourths, of the way, and then of a sudden a screaming gull whirled above my head, and, without thought save that I must break this tension, I shot forth full running for the house. I raced over the hard sand, over the soft sand, and when I came to my cottage fell panting in the wide arms of the dunes, quivering, breathless. A moment later the three others had fallen near me, and we all lay there like so many bags of meal.

"That's panic!" said Rodney. "I know now how it comes without any cause."

After a time Charles rose and stole to the kitchen-window. He looked in and shook his head. Then he disappeared around the other side. "Nobody there," he presently reported.

I looked at my pistol and led the way. The front door was ajar, and without any more ado I entered my house on tip-toe, keen-eyed as a cat. The others followed, and Charles closed the door and bolted it. I went into the kitchen, found it also empty, and secured that entrance; then, with the same care, we four filed up the stairs and into my study. A man sat in my Morris-chair, smoking my meerschaum pipe. I covered him with the revolver as he looked up.

"Hello!" said he. "Never mind the gun. I'm alone in the house, and my gun's not in shooting order."

"Suppose I see, sir," said Charles, and a moment later he found a revolver in the man's hip-pocket and appropriated it.

"Well," I demanded, "what have you to say to breaking into a man's house in his absence?"

The other—you could see he had a sense of humor from the wry smile he made—leaned back and cocked his eye at me. "I heard you'd gone to sea," he answered, "and wouldn't be coming back soon."

"Ah, that's where I have the advantage of you, and a very considerable advantage. What I want is the Frenchman over there." He looked past me at Duponceau. "I come in for gold when I capture him."

I signaled to Charles, and in a trice he had bent the man's arms tight around the back of the chair. I found a rope and tied him there fast. We bound his mouth securely, so that even his wry smile disappeared, and then left him.

(To be continued.)

LABELS.

They Are Meretricious Things if They Misbrand an Article.

"You can go right on talking to father, Mr. Jerrold," Madge Roberts said, gaily, "but I want Mrs. Jerrold to see my Virot hat."

"I am sure, just because I happen to be a mere man, you wouldn't be cruel enough to deprive me of a pleasure," Mr. Jerrold retorted.

Madge dimpled, and made him a courtesy. She could not help being happy that the hat was so becoming.

"And it cost, exclusive of the label that I begged from Cousin Adelaide, exactly six dollars and seven cents," she explained, triumphantly, to Mrs. Jerrold. "Every girl I know, except one that I've let into the secret, really thinks it is a Virot."

"Why not let them think it a Roberts and get the credit you deserve?" Mr. Jerrold suggested with, beneath the light words, a gravity which Madge was too absorbed to notice.

"If that isn't a 'mere man' question!" she responded. "To get looked down upon by lots of people when a simple little label can get me looked up to! I made my suit myself, and it's as big a success as my hat—and everybody thinks it came from Hammond's. It's my good luck to have rich cousins who can furnish the labels of the swell shops. I'm quite willing to keep my talents in the background; it counts a great deal more to be stylish than to be talented. I must run now—and take my Virot to the recital. Good-by, both of you!"

It was a careless scrap of talk—nothing was farther from the girl's thought than that it would influence her life. Yet only four months later, when her father's sudden death made it necessary for her to become a wage-earner, that winter evening returned to her in a way she was never to forget. She had gone to Mr. Jerrold to ask his influence in obtaining a secretaryship of which she had heard.

Mr. Jerrold was kindness itself, but he shook his head gravely.

"Miss Madge," he said, "I would rather lose a thousand dollars than say what I must say, yet I should not be fair to you if I did not say it. I cannot recommend you for the secretaryship because it is a position of responsibility, and demands a woman of irreproachable honesty and honor. It is the Virot label that stands in the way, Miss Madge. It is not that I should not trust you as far as you saw, but—I could not be sure that you would see clearly. I will do my best to help you to obtain some other position, but I could not in justice to the trust imposed upon me recommend you for this."

Two minutes later a girl hurried down the street, her cheeks burning and her eyes full of tears. But she had learned her lesson.—Youth's Companion.

Dad's Idea.

"Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple, enthusiastically, "Mandy is getting to be one of these here sure-enough artist folks. Would you like to see her wash drawings?"

"No," growled the old man, in crabbed tones. "Blamed lot of foolishness. I'd rather see her wash dishes."

You never do a good thing in your life without making an effort. There are no people who are good by accident.—Grimshaw.

UNCLE SAM'S OLDEST LIVING SOLDIER

Laying close siege to the century mark, Uncle Sam's oldest soldier recently celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday in Washington. He is Major General Daniel H. Rucker, U. S. A., retired, born ninety-seven years ago—April 28, 1812. In the whole history of the military service of the United States there is no record to parallel his, declares O. F. Schuette in the Chicago Inter Ocean. Probably in all the world there is no soldier who can look back seventy-two years to the date of his first commission. For it was in 1837 that the future general received his first commission as a second lieutenant from President Andrew Jackson. He was then a man of 25—little dreaming that he had before him three-quarters of a century of life. If he lives three years longer, and with his present vigorous vitality there is no reason he should not, he will cross the century mark of life and celebrate the end of three-quarters of a century of membership on the military lists of the United States government.

Away back in the dawn of our national greatness, our school book histories tell of the war of 1812. Yet Daniel Rucker was two months old before the first shot of that war was fired. A year later came the first Creek Indian war. Five years later came the hostilities with the Seminoles in Florida. And then came outbreak after outbreak of Indian conflicts. It was in this Indian warfare away back in the '30s that he saw his first service. He won his first promotion for bravery in the Mexican war. Then again he participated in Indian warfare. He was 49 years old when Fort Sumter was fired on. When the Spanish war broke out he was 86 years of age. But he had retired from active service sixteen years before, with forty-five years of service to his credit.

It is a far cry from the clumsy, muzzle-loading flint lock to the noiseless, smokeless, rapid-fire rifle of to-day. And it is a further cry from the wooden frigates that formed the fleet of the United States and won those splendid naval victories on the great lakes, when he was a babe in 1812, to the marvelous squadron of fighting ships that sailed home from a triumphant trip around the world.

When General Rucker first joined the ranks of Uncle Sam's defenders there was no such thing as breech-loading muskets, no sixteen inch guns, no torpedoes, no mines, no lyddite shells. No warship was propelled by steam and all the fleets of the world were at the mercy of the wind and of the waves. Then came the Civil War and the first ironclads. General Rucker had passed the half century mark of his life when the first battle of armored ships was fought and the triumph of the Monitor in beating off the Merrimac and turning the tide of the Confederacy on the seas. Yet that was but a toy experiment of what was to follow. Progress was slow, and it was thirty years before the armored vessel of to-day really came into being. General Rucker was 87 years old when the navy of the United States—worthy successor of the plucky little fighters of 1812—sent to the bottom in two hemispheres the successors of the proud Spanish armada.

It is a long jump from the clumsy frigate, with its muzzle loading guns, its shaking sails and its limited range of action, to the Dreadnoughts of to-day, with their heavy armor, their speed, their powerful engines and their wonderful range; and there have been other marvels just as great in the progress of his profession. When he took his first commission, and rode 200 miles on horseback alone to his post, no one had thought of automobiles or airships or wireless telegraph, much less of their revolutionary use in actual warfare.

When General Rucker was born Abraham Lincoln was a 3-year-old babe in the backwoods of Kentucky. General Rucker was 10 years old, minus just one day, when General Grant saw the light of day, April 27, 1822. Only one President of the United States died before General Rucker was born—George Washington. He was 14 years old when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died on that same Fourth of July in 1826. When James Monroe, the fourth ex-President to die, succumbed, on July 4, 1831, General Rucker was 19 years old. And out of the nation's twenty-six ex-Presidents General Rucker has survived all save one, Theodore Roosevelt.

General Rucker was but a boy when his parents moved from New Jersey to Michigan. It was there he got his first taste of army life, at a frontier Michigan army post. His father was averse to his joining the army, and his mother even more so; but the future general won out, and he applied for a commission as second lieutenant. There was plenty of work for Uncle Sam's soldiers in those days, with the boundless West just opening its wealth to the onward march of civilization. He was assigned to the First dragoons, then on duty at Fort Leavenworth. Lieutenant Rucker made his way overland by stage coach until he got to the nearest point which the stage coach service of those days could bring him to the Kansas outpost. He was then still 200 miles from his destination.

He had hardly settled down to the comparative ease of his frontier post before he was ordered into the heart of the Cherokee country, and for half a dozen years he was kept busy with his soldiers driving off marauding Indians, protecting settlers and emigrants' caravans and holding the hostile reds in check. He was still busy in this hazardous campaigning when the First dragoons were ordered off to Mexico as part of General Zachary Taylor's expedition. He took part in the battle of Buena Vista, and distinguished himself by an act of personal gallantry in the field. It was an act of bravery under the eye of a commanding officer, who recommended him for a brevet commission as major. When peace was declared Major Rucker's command was sent across the continent to Los Angeles.

The discovery of gold brought the rush of '49, and then there was more than plenty to do. It was a feverish time, and the soldiers of Uncle Sam had to hold in check the madness of the men that swarmed into the new El Dorado. Few of those who started across the mountains and the deserts that fenced off California knew of the hardships they must face. Each new arrival brought tales of horror from the trail. Lost and starving, the immigrants straggled off their paths, until sacrifice of life made terrible the days.

Finally Rucker was ordered east. He left San Francisco in a steamer for Panama, with Lieutenant Sherman—afterward General Sherman—as one of his companions. They made the trip across the isthmus of Panama by ponies and small boats and then sailed for Jamaica, where Sherman and Rucker paid a friendly call on General Santa Ana, whom they had worsted at Buena Vista. Major Rucker saw several years of comparatively peaceful service in the East and then he was again sent out to the frontier. This time his battlefields covered New Mexico, in constant warfare with the Apaches. While he was in this work the civil war broke out and he was ordered back to Washington.

In September, 1861, he was promoted to Colonel of volunteers and in May, 1863, President Lincoln made him Brigadier General of volunteers. In 1865 he was made Brevet Major General of volunteers and in 1866 he was mustered out of the volunteer ranks.

But he was made a Colonel and assistant quartermaster general of the regular service and served as such until February 13, 1882, when he was made Brigadier General and quartermaster general. At that time he had seen forty-five years of service and seventy-one years of life. He was then placed on the retired list as a Major General.

He is still hale and hearty and delights in walks in the beautiful portion of residential Washington, near his home; but he is leading a quiet life, and even the excitement of recalling the hard days of fighting is too much for his strength. With him lives his daughter, Miss Sarah Rucker. Another daughter, Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan, widow of the hero of Winchester, lives but a few blocks away, where she can see the statue of her husband that a grateful nation erected.

In all his years of service General Rucker was never wounded. What is more remarkable, in all the years of service and hardship he was never ill for a single day.

ATLANTIC GARDEN IN DANGER.

Old Relic of New York's Bowery Is Marked for Destruction.

The Atlantic garden, one of the few remaining buildings binding the Bowery of to-day to the old Bowery—the Bowery which saw the wealth and fashion of the town go nightly to the Thalia theater and slip into the garden next door for a bite and a sip between the acts—celebrated its fifty-first birthday Friday evening under a shadow. The shadow was cast by the Manhattan bridge, already looming large to the east and projecting itself nearer and nearer to the spot that still has the savor of the old days.

A rumor to the effect that the city, desirous of making a fitting approach to the great bridge, had already marked the garden for destruction, brought the oldtimers there in droves Friday night, the New York Sun says. They told stories of the old days, the days when if you wanted to hear German opera you had to journey to the Thalia, where Conried worked as a supe and where Mme. Geistinger drew her crowds. The old passageway between the theater and the garden is still there.

The garden was opened on May 8, 1858, by the father of the present Kramers, and part of it is the original Bull's Head tavern of the Revolution, one of Washington's many headquarters. It was the center of the German life of the town, and there Kramer first showed the great orchestra, the wonder of its time, which he bought from the grand duke of Baden. There, too, the German regiments of the Civil War made their headquarters and recruiting station, and there played all the famous bands of half a century ago. All this those at the long table recalled Friday night as they drained their schooners of Rhine wine and lit the candles one by one.

Couldn't Let the Chance Slip By.

Mother—Johnny, Johnny, why are you slapping little sister?

Johnny (sullenly)—Aunty made me.

Aunty—Why, Johnny, how can you tell such a falsehood?

Johnny—Well, you did. You said you'd never kiss me again if I hurted my little sister.—Judge.

THE NEW CURATE.

Mother (nervously)—You know what I told you, Johnnie.

Johnnie (who has been told not to make personal remarks)—I wasn't saying anything. I was only looking at it.—London Weekly Telegraph.

CLIMATE MADE IN FRANCE.

Means of Providing Paris Vegetables Weeks Ahead of Season.

The gardeners of Paris get their products on the market weeks before the regular season for them. This forcing of nature is described by Ernest Poole in Success Magazine.

The secret is simply this: The French maraichers have manufactured a climate to suit them. As one observes has said, "They have moved the climate of Monte Carlo up to the suburbs of Paris."

Some new prodigy of modern science, this? Not at all. Only enormous expense in money and in time. The gardens, whenever possible, are placed on land with a slope to the south, and are well protected by the walls on the north and east—walls built to reflect light as well as to give protection from the northeast winds.

The ground is practically covered with glass, not as in a greenhouse, but by glass frames in the open, "three-light" frames of uniform size, 12 by 4½ feet; and also by glass bells. These, too, are of a uniform size, about the shape of a chapel bell, a little less than 17 inches in diameter and from 14 to 15 inches high. The French call them cloches. You may often see over a thousand frames and over ten thousand glass bells in one two-acre plot in the suburbs of Paris.

A more recent innovation is the employment of hot-water pipes run under the soil, making of the earth a veritable steam-heated hotel, with this essential difference, that the hotel-keeper here is desperately eager, not to keep his guests, but to persuade them to leave on the earliest possible day.

Mr. Yoxall and His Hecklers.

Hecklers do not stand much chance of scoring off J. H. Yoxall, M. P. "Now then, sir, how many quarts of milk ought you to get out of a good cow?" was one of the questions put to him when he first sought to enter Parliament. The candidate had not the faintest idea of the quantity, and sought refuge in wit. "It depends on the distance from the nearest pump," he answered, and the audience laughed and applauded. Another night, when the question was, "What's the difference between a mangel-wurzel and a turnip?" Mr. Yoxall made reply, "I always know a turnip by its resemblance to the shape of the questioner's head."—Tit-Bits.

If you are in a small place it may be because you won't fit in a big place.

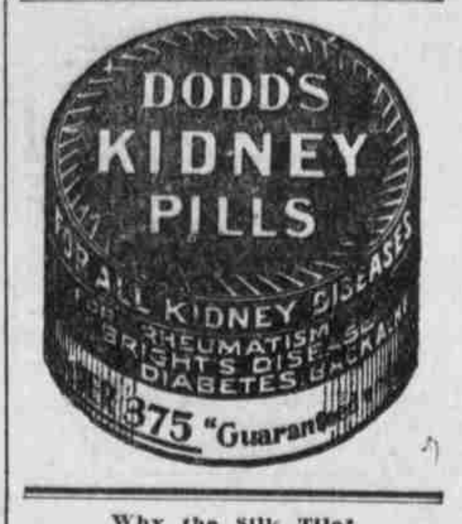
A Cyclone's Miracle.

Norman Duncan, at a dinner in Lawrence, said of a brother author:

"His nature studies are fascinating but false—false as so many of our Kansas cyclone yarns. They are hard to beat. I heard a new one yesterday. A stranger, on the way through the fertile farm lands of the State, pointed to a tall pinnacle-like something that rose up in the clear sky at the distance.

"'What's that tall chimney doing there?' he said. 'Is somebody starting to build a factory?'

"'Oh, no,' said a native. 'That's no chimney. It is Jabez Greene's well. Cyclone turned her inside out.'"



Why the Silk Tile?

It seems that the silk hat of advanced civilization has invaded Japan, though not with everybody there is it in high favor. A Japanese newspaper says that it is now an inevitable and laughter-provoking feature of public functions, but it can't understand how it happens that people who are famous for their artistic taste should have come to adopt it. The silk hat resembles whiskers in one respect. Almost everybody knows or can find out when whiskers originated, but nobody knows why they were tolerated. That is the case with the hat in question. It has been traced back to its beginnings, but why it was invented and worn has remained a mystery. As nearly as can be ascertained it was designed to be ludicrous, and yet that is about the only purpose it serves.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures tired, sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c.

Origin of the Corset.

The Corporation of Glovers and Staymakers of Paris has just celebrated the seventh centenary of its industry with a banquet and ball. The origin of the corset is essentially unaristocratic. A butcher in the thirteenth century had a talkative wife, who was, in addition, something of a virago. To reduce her to silence he imprisoned her body in the first pair of stays. Wives have imitated and improved upon the idea of the thirteenth century butcher, but stays and silence have ceased to be synonymous. As lately as two centuries ago they were forbidden in France in churches, at the King's Court when the King was present, and in the courts of law. In the first part of the eighteenth century they almost passed out of fashion, but Paris followed London in such matters, as it does to-day, and when in 1839 it was known that the London dandies wore six different kinds of gloves each day, the fashion returned to Paris, and has never left it.—Dundee Advertiser.

Doesn't Work Both Ways?

The long-haired orator had gathered a little crowd around him in one of the public parks and was making a fervid political speech.

"Yez'll have to stop that," said one of the sparrow cops, sauntering up to him. "We don't allow that kind o' talkin' in this pa'ark, sor."

"I see!" roared the orator, descending from his soap box. "You want to keep your park system in politics, but you won't allow politics in your park system!"

Conversational Opportunities.

"So your wife is a suffragette? Why does she want to vote?"

"She doesn't want to vote," answered M. Meekton. "She wants to make speeches."—Washington Star.

PRESSED HARD.

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says:

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach.

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.