INTELLIGENT DOGS.

If one may judge by the size of the claims presented in the various counties for sheep killed by dogs, we are rapidly losing the best of our sheep in Kentucky, and the dogs are showing an almost human discrimination in mutton, says the Louisville Courier-Jouranl. Sheep killed by dogs are valued at anywhere from \$6 to \$12 aplece. From this it appears that the dogs must be given to killing Cotswolds and Southdowns in full fleece. In one western Kentucky county it has been discovered that sheep are very generally listed for taxation at \$4 a head. In the same county the claims allowed for bucks, ewes and lambs killed by dogs range from \$8 to \$12. If the assessor's report is to be believed, there must be a tremendous lot of scrub sheep in that county to pull down the average to \$4 a head, and the dogs must exercise mighty good judgment in avoiding the "scalawags" when they go forth on a slaughtering expedition. The dogs are showing a marked preference for highclass mutton that presently, it is to be apprehended, there will be no blooded sheep left in that particular county. Dead sheep seem to be more valuable than live ones, and it is difficult to account for such a situation unless it be that Kentucky dogs are progressing extraordinarily in acumen and in fastidioveness. Under such circumstances it might be well to raise the dog tax or to import a considerable number of canines that are not so allfired smart.

To the long list of recipes for attaining old age must now be added a new one, highly recommendeded by a man not with a Teutonic, but with a Celtic, name. He is enthulastic about sauerkraut, which he maintains will enable any man or woman to live a century or more. It will conduce not only to longevity, but to happiness. It is both nutritious and appetising. It feeds the body and stimulates the mind. It is cheap. At least that is what its sponsor claims as the result of his personal daily experience with sauerkraut for about 50 years. He does not say how often one ought to eat sauerkraut in order to become a centenarian, but since he advocates two meals a day for the average persons, he would probably not recommend eating sauerkraut between meals.

A wise Connecticut hen rode on the pilot of an engine as far as a point known as Plymouth Rock-which was her own kind of a hen-and laid an egg on the pilot in payment of her fare. There is really no occasion to go fishing when stories like this can be picked up at one's back door.

One of the writers who sell stories to the magazines complains that he gets only \$35 for a story 5,000 words iong. Weil, if he isn't a cripple he can surely find a job as ditch digger or a farm laborer somewhere, provided money is all he wants.

The barem skirt for women is not enough, it seems. The Scottish Highlanders in New York were recently incorporated with the avowed object of encouraging the wearing of kilts on the public streets.

A Chicago doctor thinks that every one should have his vermiform appendix removed. Who will be the first legislator to introduce a bill making the removal of vermiform appendices compulsory?

The report is persistent that the queen of England doesn't like Americans. There are a whole lot of Americans toadying around royalty that we do not care much for either. The queen is probably justified.

We are advised that in eating grape fruit it is well to use a range-finder and then deploy the spoon so that the juice does not hit the eye. It is bound to hit the eye of somebody else at the table, however.

A manufacturing company in New Jersey has had a young man arrested for flirting with its girl employes. His case will perhaps come under the head of forming a combination in restraint of trade.

A St. Louis sword swallower tried the other day to swallow a fork, and it is going to be difficult for him to recover. The sword-swallower never should fool with pointed tools.

Ten thousand alarm clocks were recently shipped from this country to China, and a Philadelphia paper prints a joke about the waking up of the Hermit Kingdom.

A western railroad is going to put soda fountains on its summer trains, This will, without doubt, add to its fire-ical valuation.

London has a job lot of mummies for sale. Since the mummles are not titled ones they are not likely to arouse much interest in this country.

India has grown 20,500,000 in ten years. It now contains 315,000,000 inhabitants, or enough, such as they are to make three United States.

Iron ore fields have been discovered in the arctics. The iron ought make good chilled steel

## FAMILLE ANS

By ROY NORTON

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dall. Not that Big Andy was prepos-

sessing, for he was of the gray-eyed,

Jean's aplomb gave way to a te

be selected as sympathetic

tector stood erect.

up at my place."

aguin to each other.

men of much speech.

had to impart.

that might be.

lean-jawed type that would scarcely

pest of tears as he sought refuge in

the strong, shielding arms and buried

his face against the broad, out-

stretched shoulder whose blue shirt

pillowed his face. His ill-shapen peas-

ant hat fell off unheeded when he was

lifted clear of the ground as his pro-

"Boys," the miner announced, "I'm

goin' to take the little cuss. He looks

good to me, and I've got plenty of room

It was so like a decision that they

felt called upon to nod acquiescence,

and opened out for him as he marched

away up the hillside to his cabin in

the dull of the evening, picking his

way around boulders and carrying the

boy who was sans famille. They stood

without a word until they saw his

door open and close, and then turned

"Well I'll be hanged!" the agent

said; and in this they concurred, find-

ing great poverty of expression in

such an unusual combination of cir-

cumstances. Besides, they were not

The coming of Jean Guillot Lafay-

ette acted as a damper on Holcom!

that night, and in the huge log dauce

ball the singing of the fiddlers and

strumming of the guitars failed to

evoke the usual hilarity. Even the

games beneath their shaded tin lamps

were poorly patronized, and the gen-

tiemen who dealt them and garnered

much thrift thereby joined the group

which listened to all the stage agent

It was scant enough; merely that

the boy had been handed over by the

railway officials at Los Angeles, to-

gether with what was left of his tick-

t and a letter of instruction which

had been passed from hand to hand

in the course of its travels until it

was begrimed and stained by many

It was from the village cure of

Montigny sur Vingeanne," wherever

It was a kindly letter, in which the

good old priest bared a portion of his

heart in telling of the love he had

long felt for "the petit Jean, whom I

christened, and whose mother, a very

good femme of excellent family, I had

They couldn't quite understand the

use of the word "pleasure," but passed

it by as a slip of English. There was

an undernote of vanity also in the

naive statement that "he's good Eng-

lish speak because have not I the

cure on Montigny sur Vingeanne, him

Up in the cabin on the hill the ar-

came up, and the camp had lost some

of its interest and turned back to old-

strident invitation of the strings.

neither fitting nor natural that every-

thing should come to a halt because of

But Andy Kendall didn't come down

from his cabin that night, nor was

he thinking of the morrow's work and

his "diggings," the most prosperous

of all, where twenty men answered

his beck and call and tore for him

from the earth the scales of potent

gold. He sat on his threshold, total-

ly unconscious of the softened music

of the dance hall in the flat below

and in the wreaths of smoke from

his pipe built castles around Jean

When the sun approached in the

norning and by its call awoke the

thrumming life of the hills, Andy tip-

tood from his bunk, and with stentori

ous splutterings washed his face in

the tin basis just outside the cabin

He was interrupted by a foreign sal-

ntation, "Bon jour, monsieur," and on

peering up through the cascade of

coapy water, which rivulated from the

"Hello, young feller," he returned,

with a kindly grin. "Feelin' better,

And then, his nose rubbed to a shin

ing ruddiness by the aid of a coarse

towel, he refilled the basin and ex-

tended a homely invitation for its

use. He whistled as he busied himself

frying crisp the long silces of bacon

for their morning meal, and laughed

when he discovered Jean watching in

open-mouthed amazement the deft-

ness with which he threw huge flap-

jacks into the air, turning and dex-

terously catching them in mid-flight

"Ret ees vaire clevaire," remarked

Jean in frank admiration. "Monsieur

is un bon prestidigitator. He is what

you call a zhuggiure. Eh, is it not

Once again Kendall broke into a

great hearty laugh, but it failed to pro-

voke so much as a smile from the

grave-eyed exile who merely looked

astonished. They sat down to their

breakfast together, and the boy an-

swered questions with no abatement

of seriousness. Apparently he was

studying the problem of this new life

are you? That's a good boy."

an unwonted happening.

Guillot Lafayette.

behold his guest.

as they fell.

so? Tres bien!"

thumb and finger marks.

the pleasure of burying."

E came to Holcomb quietly | prehensive glance was big Andy Kenand unobtrusively, with a large tag carefully tied round his left arm bearing a printed legend which bore evidence of laborious painstaking on the part of some one sot entirely acquainted with the English tongue. It read as follows:

These boy are nine-year old and orphing.
Hee fathaire are Michel Lafayette, who work in Holoemb. She's big camp in Sierm Madre. These boy have billet in enrelioppe to go to see hes fathaire. Betind and shove heem along, s'il vous piait.
Hee name is Jean Guillot Lafayette.

And Jean Guillot, a pathetic little

figure, worn by long journeying in steerage, second-class railway coaches bumping stages, bore ample marks that the instructions had been Sterally followed and that he had un dergone much "shoving along." He was the last to alight from the intestor of the old Concord when, with shrilling brake and loud clattering halt, it stopped before the "Gold Digper," and he was so stiff and sore from constant joiting that he almost fell when his wooden sabots struck the ground. He straightened himself up. frew his grotesquely big clock around him, and peered from beneath his shapeau with bright, fearless, inquiring eyes at the group of miners who surrounded him.

He was a curiosity to them, in his peasant garb which smacked so strongly of the provinces of far-away France, and beside, he was the first boy to invade this camp high up is the hills where men wrought for gold, fought for it and then with equal forvor gambled or danced it away when the day's work was done.

'A mighty little cuss to come so far sione," commented the stage agent as he looked from the letter of instruction in his hand to the boy. "Ain't sone of us here, I reckon, ever done so such travelin'."

"Might git him to give a lecture, ome one suggested, and others passed equally facetious remarks; but through it all Jean Guillet Lafayette. still studying the faces around him,

stood mute. The sun had set some time before. ainting the top of solemn Old Baldy's mow-cap a warm red and filling the ummer air of the dead day with a singular languorous quietude. Thus it was that when the stage-agent vented an exclamation on reading the tag on the traveler's arm it was heard by all. He stood away from the lad, shoved the brim of his hat back with an awkward gesture, and stared in perturbation at the others of the group.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated in disof the hills looked at him questionlogly. "Boys," he said, "this little feller

was seat for." They shifted on their feet at them taking a step or two forward, and waited for the agent to continue.

"Mike Lafayette was his father." They grew suddenly quiet. "And I expect the reason the boy came is because his folks in France is all dead. The tag soys he's an orphan.'

"And God knows he's one now, for sure," muttered another. "Anybody here who can talk

French ?" The silence which followed indicated that no one spoke that vastly foreign tongue. Spanish would have been at their command, but French-no. How in the deuce are we to tell him that his daddy-you all knew him -was killed in a cave-in almost a week ago?" the stage agent began; but that difficulty was unexpectedly evercome by the boy himself, who

spoke for the first time. "Bot ees to say, monsteur,' he said in painstaking English, "zat I now have no fathaire to meet? That he is mort? My fathaire Michel Lafay otto is keeled?"

He had planted himself squarely before the stage agent, selecting him as the man in authority. His capot had been thrown back with one wide appealing gesture until its two flapoing ends rested across his shoulders. exposing his sturdy brown legs and voluminous breeches of homely drill. His lips trembled vaguely and his serious brown eyes threatened a flood

of tears. The agent looked at him with a world of kindly sympathy, and then at the others. Jean stared at them one after another as if demanding an explanation, and each in turn dropped his eyes before this brave picture of

The boy's hands, after one impul sive, halting movement toward his eyes, waved an expressive, open-fingered gesture of despair, dropped back to his sides and then clusped themselves together. He was learning to know and cross palms with tragedy, and with none to help him in his battle.

"Eet ees, then, that I, Jean Guillot Lafayette, am suns famille; that I have nossing - nos-sing - no one. Votla!"

There was some bitter, vibrant undercurrent of grief in the plaintive, precise drawling of the "I have nossing, no one," that made a mournful appeal for sympathy, and with one impulse the men surged forward and surrounded him, those who were nearest dropping to a knee to bring their statures on a par. The first to proffer compassion and the one to whom the orphan turned after one quick com-

him, and coming to a conclusion. When his sparing meal was finished he drew his shoulders up with an inimitable little shrug of rare elegance and began:

"Monsieur-ah-pardon I do not know your name?"

"Kendell. Andy Kendall," the miner rejoined, staring at his strange interlocutor with his open mouth pursed into something approaching whistle of astonishment, while gray eyes twinkled humorously.

'Ab, merci! Monsieur Andahkendal, I am now sans famille. I must the work get. The good cure"-and here his eyes suddenly filled with moisture at abruptly recalled memories of home-"the good cure said to me when I the long voyage start: 'Jean my leetle son, remember zis: You must always pay as you go. Eet ees a long journay you take, all through your life eet ees a long journay Sometimes the way ees hard; but mon cher, you must always pay as you go: even if through your nose.' He pused and bravely blinked away

the gathered tears, while the miner coughed loudly to conceal his own strangely intermingled desires to laugh and cry.

"Yes," he questioned, "and what "I am without family and must pa; as I go," was the response in the

same precise English. "Don't you worry about that! are goin' to live with me. You don't have to work. You're to be my son. and-

"But eet ees not my fathaire you are," interrupted his guest, with a slight tone of wistfulness, "and-and must pay as I go."

Plainly Jean was declining adoption. although it appeared attractive. Big Andy made no reply but ate steadily, lifting his eyes between mouthfuls to stare in kindly fashion at the boy who gave an equally frank and unabashed inspection to his host.

"Don't you like me, young feller?" Kendall asked as he folded his arms and leaned dangerously far back on the rear legs of his wooden stool. Jean Guillot Lafayette slowly and

Job? Job? What ees you would

so help me God!"

ting lost.

from that time on; nor was it jested

about, for even brave men do not wan-

tonly triffe with ready death. His

guardianship of the kithless one was

thus established and undisputed. Be-

sides, as a distraction, there came oth-

er bables to the camp; two of them-

both tiny girls-the elder scarcely

more than five years of age, who in

soiled pinafores rambled in and out

among their mother's tubs, made mud-

ples on the dumps, and occasionally

upset the tenor of the camp by get-

They were the offspring of a for-

lorn and dilapidated woman who ir-

troduced herself as the derelict of

'Mike O'Shaughnessy, Mivin rist him,

as good a la-ad as iver filled two shoes.

A man, ivery inch of him, who hadn't

a stake of maneness in him as wide as

And "thim O'Shaughnessy kigs"

dropped into the life of Holcomb as

completely as had the general; but

the latter bestowed more attention on

Indeed, his little heart, with its bur-

den of working responsibility, had

longed for childish companionship, and

with a gravely patronizing air he as-

That they appreciated his interest

was shown by the fact that they often

the black of your finger nail."

them than did any one else.

anything to me about it."

stared.

That ees all!"

ably enlarged.

in hell!""

Andahkendal, and I follow the chil-

dren up the gulch." This with an air

of bashfulness. "Hah! They stop quickly. So!" And here he demon-

"Monsieur Andahkendall" sat for a

long time studying as to how he might

explain the dauger and death that lay

in the serpent with the "Z-z-r-r-rip"

on his tall, administer reproof for such

recklessness but at the conclusion of his homily was shocked by the discov-

ery that the general's vocabulary, by

camp contact, was becoming consider

"Eet ees not Monsieur Andahkendal

who would say to Jean Guillot Lafay-

ette: 'R-r-run away and let the sair-

pent eat the young ladies.' No. no.

no, no! He, the gr-r-rand monsieur

would say"-and here his voice as-

sumed a great depth of hoarseness-

The admonishment took the form

The general took to walking on

moonlight nights, unaccompanied; and

the miner, wondering at these peregri-

nations, shadowed him only to observe

that he strolled tentatively past the

O'Shaughnessy cabin a few times, in

the manner of a love-sick swain, and

then, satisfied that all was well, re-

turned nonchalantly to his home and

accustomed seat before the big fire-

place which now roared its cheer in

the crisp nights of fall. But the gen-

eral never told of his adventures and

It remained for the days of early

winter to bring about the general's

most important move and display his

promptness of action. It was when

the Widow O'Shaughnessy seized by

sudden heart failure, fell to the floor

between her tubs, abandoning them

forever in the great and last relin-

quishment. It was Jean to whom the

frightened babes appealed, and for

once he dropped his pall and ran as

fast as his little brown legs would

carry him to the tiny cabin; and then,

awed and stilles, and with startled

The miner in turn hurried to the

cabin, followed by others, and the

camp women laid out for burial the

first woman to occupy the cemetery

at the foot of the shielding pines. The

camp women also gave housing to the

weeping and wondering little girls

and, on the following day, kept them

away from the trying scene when the

widow was gently yielded to the fra-

grant earth which enfolded her in its

breast after all her years of work and

worry and weariness. The general

stood beside the grave, calm and un-

emotional, watching with his unfath-

omable eyes the funeral whose sig-

With the others he recurned to

work, but in an unusual mood of list-

lessness, and finally, as the day waned,

disappeared. The night came and the

sluices stopped. The lights glowed

from the cabin windows, and all the

dance hall music began its callous

whining. The moon came peering

over the tops of the silent, impassive

forests which bordered Holcomb, lifted

above them until it transmitted the

snow planes of the peaks into fields of

diamonds which gleamed in splendid

socitude, and then an alarm was given

by one of the women. The little girls

nificance he fully grasped.

eyes, returned to Big Andy.

rarely talked of himself.

of a discourse against swearing.

the newcomers.

give me? What you call 'job,' mon-Sleur?" "It's a-er-a situation. Employ

ment.

"Ah! Tries blen!" "And I'll pay you an ounce a month and you're to live here with me." He fathomed the look of perplexity and hastened to explain. "An ounce of gold is-let me see-I think it's about a hundred francs of your money, unless I've clean forgot all I learned

when I was a kid." The boy's eyes slowly opened until they were very big and round, and then relaxed into such a smile of delight that they were almost shut. It was a fortune, and the engagement was closed. And thus a water car rier was installed into the worksday life of the Jumper mine, which at first created much amusement for the rough but good hearted gang who

True, the creek, clear and limpid and cool, ran directly through the ground and nearly always within reach: but when the situation was explained the men went athirst rather than cause grief and disappointment by declining to drink from the bright tin pail. If they resorted to the brook it was surreptitiously, and no one could ever forget the look of anguish in the carrier's eyes when he discovered this breach of etiquette; but he said nothing, for he was en tirely undemonstrative and all of life with him was a very serious business in time he became "the general"

by common consent. Once the general's industrious legs grew tired and he succumbed to the inviting shade of a big fir tree which treacherously sang a song of the free winds and lulled him to sleep. It was hard to forgive himself for this lanse. and that night big Andy Kendall, smoking his pipe and reading one of those rare treasures, a month-old newspaper, heard a few small, whimpering sobs from his helper's bunk.

He went over and knelt beside it tenderly reaching a long muscular arm



"YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK. YOU'RE TO BE MY SON."

across and drawing the general to

"What is it, old man?" he said in

a voice of unaccustomed softness,

fancying that desolation and home

sickness were torturing his protege

Perhaps they did have something to

do with it. The little hands slid slow-

ly up around his neck, and he felt his

heart beat with sheer delight, but he

did not speak because he knew it

was not the way. He bided his time

until the general, stifling his sobs.

"You will me no longer like, Mon-

sieur Andahkendal, because, because

I went to what you call pound my

And the big miner, shuddering with

suppressed laughter, assured him with

many caresses that sleep was no

crime, but was considered a water car-

rier's inalienable prerogative and, in-

Andy Kendall underwent a subtle

change after the arrival of the general.

Before then he had gambled as did all

men of Holcomb. Before then he had

been known to drink when in the

mood, and had blithely danced when

so inclined; but now the mellow

green of the layout and he were

strangers, he seemed immune from

or two after the extle's arrival, was

long remembered. It was when some

of the women of the dance hall ven-

tured to protest against his laying full

claim to the boy whom many would

have taken to satisfy the ever hun-

gry mother love. They unwisely asked,

with reckless taunts and ill-tuned

leers, by what right he had taken the

him?" he snarled, backing up against

the log wall and defiantly staring

to care for him than any of you, or

"I took him, too, because I wanted

him, and if there's any man here

wants to jump my claim let him speak

"You want to know why I took

"I did it because I'm fitter

One speech of his, made but a day

drouth, and danced no more.

deed, a part of his bounden duty.

vouchsafed an explanation

dam ear."

with exactitude made parallel rows with his knife, fork and spoon across his plate, daintily wiped his fingers on the borders of his somewhat solled handkerchief and folded and placed it in his pocket before answering:

"Yes, Monsieur Andahkendal, I lak you vaire much. You are vaire big and kind; but-you eat the food wiz your knife."

There were great condemnation and reproof in his tone. Andy's arms unfolded, and his chair resumed its normal position on the floor while he gaped in open-mouthed astonishment at his monitor. Then with a shriek of amusement he doubled over the table. The boy, with the utmost gravity, as though fascinated by the widely open mouth and firm, white teeth scrutinized him until he gained self-

brown mop of hair across his eyes, "Do you think, General Lafayette," he said, "that if I were to stop knife gobbling and try to be civilized again, you could conscientiously adopt

control and assumed a look of con-

me as a father?" And Jean Guillot, after inquiring the exact definition of the unknown term, agreed that he would consider such a possibility, but politely added that he thought it might take some time to reach a conclusion. A strange dormant wisdom of fatherhood must have taught the big miner the right road to the little foreign heart which held him aloof and refused to enshrine him in a dead man's place, for from that minute he no longer urged the plan of adoption but treated with Jean Guillot on a different basis. He negotiated with him as a man, only the twinkling of his eyes betraying his discovery of humor in the situation.

"I'm a triffe short of help," he announced. "Now, you say you want to pay as you go. Well, I'll give you a chance: I'll hire you. Jean Guillot became all attention,

and with an unsmilling face watched him. "I want to hire a man to carry water to the miners, and if you think

and lifted the kitten safely to the fire-After the fire was out and the New

She has never run away from

any man in this camp."

around.

"Office workers should not take exercise after their day's work," said Dr. E. A. Walker of Boston. "The root reason is that though headwork is not exercise in the sense that it dovelops the body, it most decidedly is exercise in that it quickly induces far and physical lassitude. So it is al-

most pathetic for a man to expect any good to come from taking more exercise when the exercise involved in the day's work has already fired him

"One takes it that young people have had sufficient outdoor exercise reasonably to develop their frames be fore beginning office work. So when once they have started in the office in earnest it is much better for them to realize at once that their days of hard physical strain are over and that henceforth they must confine these efforts to week ends and holidays.

into which unkind fate had thrown | you're strong enough I'll give you the | up now and we'll have it out. We will, | were lost-had disappeared from the cabin where they had been left alone The challenge was so vicious that it for a brief time, and could not be went unanswered not only then, but

found. Everywhere they searched, even to the new-made mound out beneath the shadowy pines, but without result. The camp was in a turmoil of anxiety. Andy Kendall, returning from a late trip to his sluices, joined is the quest but with no more success than the others, and at last went to his cabin

to secure a lantern. In the doorway of his abode he discovered the general who, calm and imperturbable, was standing with something foreign in his attitude, some unaccustomed pose of independent determination. The miner's quick eye noted the change. It was the first time he had ever seen him with his hands in his pockets and a suggestion of a swagger. He started hurriedly away with the lighted lantern, and then, in quick inspiration closely akin to divination, whirled abruptly at the foot of the steps and faced the boy.

"Jean," he asked in a tone of unusual peremptoriness, "do you know where the little O'Shaughnessy girls

The general paused for a moment before answering, which hesitancy was also marked by his guardian; then, with slow grace, shrugged his shoulders until the right one was elesumed a very paternal attitude toward vated almost to his ear and answered very truthfully: "Yes, monsieur, I have them."

The lantern dropped from Big An transferred whole castles of mud to dy's hand to extinguishment, while his front door-step, and over them all its globe went tinkling away over the Big Andy would step with solicitous rocks in a cascade of slivered glass care and a merry gleam of understandand he started to say: "Well, I'll be ing in his eye. Only once in the long summertime was the lad given a lec--" then thought better of it. Right well he knew Jean Guillot Lafayette. "General," the miner said on that "Would you mind telling me, old memorable evening, "what's this the man," he said, with kindly condescen-

sion, "where they are?" big O'Shaughnessy girl's tellin' round Again the general considered for an the camp about your killin' a snake instant, and then gravely beckoned the a few days ago? You ain't never said miner inside. He took the sputtering candle from the rough pine table, tip-Jean Guillot Lafayette shrugged his toed to his own bunk, carefully deshoulders and turned his hands palms posited it on the edge, shielded the waoutward with an inimitable gesture vering flame with one tiny hand, and but declined to talk until Kendail in with the other gently drew back the "Eet was the evening in, Monsieur outer blanket

Soundly sleeping beneath, with their hair done up in rough little pigtails, clad in their white nighties and clasped in each other's arms, were "thim O'Shaughnessy kids."

strated by jumping to the floor and Big Andy Kendall took one look and fixing his eyes with dramatic fervor ran out of the cabin and down the on a charred spot, whereat the miner, trail shouting to all he met: "I've carried away by the recountal, also found 'em! I've found 'em! No need "Z-z-z-r-r-r-r-rip!" the general's to look any farther." And when the searchers clustered around him with R's rolled quiveringly. "I r-r-run to many questions he explained that the them. Eet ees a vaire angry sairpent missing ones were then in his cabin. whose head move so!" Now his slender hand wove to and fro in disand that he would "take care of 'em all right through the night." tant imitation of a rattler's head. "I The miner tramped slowly up the seize the stone! I hurl it thus! Voila!

hill to where the general was still standing quietly on the threshold, went in, closed the door quite softly, hung his white hat on a peg, and replenished the logs in the fireplace before speaking. "Jean," he said, "you brought them

"Yes, monsieur." "What are you goin' to do with them?"

"Keep them, monsieur," he responded with the utmost gravity, seating himself on the low stool which had been made for his especial benefit and watching the sparks that went roars ing up the blackened vault.

Big Andy waited for a moment and 'See him in hell first, Jean; see him then ventured another question:

"How will you care for them?" "On ze money I make-my hundaird franc. Eet ees a fortune, une bonne fortune." He turned to the big man, peered across the vivid pathway of light from the blazing logs, and then with great wistfulness continued: "I, Jean Guillot Lafayette, am sans famille. I shall adopt a famille. I shall work vaire hard for famille."

"And leave me---. Andy spoke very softly and was very curious, faltering note of bitter heart-break in his voice; some tone suggesting grievous disappointment that he who so loved the boy should not be taken into consideration.

He had tried, he said to himself, God knew he had tried to win this love and had wooed it with care; but it had always been elusive and unyielding. Even now, after all these months, he was but second in the exile's affections and the barrier seemed unbreakable. He bent suddenly forward and leaned his forehead upon his hand, shielding his eyes from the dancing glare of the fiames.

For the first time since they had met each other the boy crept over to him unasked, forced himself on the waiting knee and clasped his arms around the weather-beaten neck. "Monsieur." he whispered as if

afraid to voice his secret aloud. want them vaire bad: but I could not you leave even for them; because I luf you vaire much." Big Andy Kendall hugged him al-

most flercely and gulped out: "Well, general you don't have to leave me. You're my little boy, and if you're hankerin' after 'em you can have the little girls. We'll take care of 'em, me and you, and welcome. But I suppose," he said as an afterthought, following an interval in which they held each other very tightly, "that the whole blamed camp'll say I've started an orphan asylum."

The barrier was demolished now for ever, and they found that, after all, they were very dear to each other. And as the general for the first time snuggled into Andy's arms to sleep he turned drowisly over, and in his great happiness whispered:

'Ah, mon pere, I am no longer sans famille. Ees eet not, Monsieur Andahkendal, what zey call godem good to

have a famille?" And Big Andy Kendall, smothering

a chuckle and omitting rebuke, agreed. (Copyright, 1910, by F. L. Nelson.)

"The body and system easily attune

themselves to circumstances even to

overcivilized and consequently rather innatural circumstances, and indeor headworkers will seen find that a good state of health can be maintained with little or no exercise."

Better Be Careful. "I hope to grow gray in their ser-

"Very laudable ambition, very laudable. But don't scorn the hair dye too long. You know there's a fad now-

## FIREBOAT NEW YORKER'S CAT

Kitty Was Rescued From a Big Water side Fire That Swept Pier 14 Last Summer

The firebest New Yorker has for a house pet in the shore quarters of its mon at the Battery a out that was ressued at a waterside fire; the big fire that last June swept pier 14, North river, at the feet of Pulton street, says

While the New Yorker was ranging

throwing tons of water there was seen walking back and forth on the stringpiece a kitten. Death was close to it on both sides, on one hand from the are and on the other from the deep water, but whether from intelligence or just simply by instinct, the kitten stuck to the stringpiece, drenched with water. And now the pliot of the New Yorker sheered her in a little closer, and as she slid slowly past with all her pipes playing a man stepped up with one foot on the boat's rail and the other on the stringpiece of the wharf

Yorker had gone back again to tie up at the Battery they took the kitten ashore and installed her in the house

on the wharf. They have never given her a name; they called her Kitty when they got her and she's been alled Kitty ever since.

Kitty is now a full grown cat, and she is a trim, good-looking animal. She is at home everywhere about the house and on the wharf and not a bit shy

house to roam ashore; she always says at home, and it would be hard for her to find quarters more agreea

When Exercise is Harmful.