

**WESTERN CANADA
FARMER SECURES
WORLD'S PRIZE
FOR WHEAT**

A ROSTHERN, SASK., FARMER
THE LUCKY WINNER.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy of the Canadian Pacific Railway offered \$1,000 in gold as a prize for the best 100 lbs. of wheat, grown on the American continent, to be competed for at the recent Land Show in New York. In making the competition open, the donor of this handsome prize showed his belief in the superiority of Canadian wheat lands, by throwing the contest open to farmers of all America, both United States and Canada. The United States railways were by no means anxious to have the Canadian railways represented at the show and a New York paper commenting on the results of the competition says that they were not to be blamed, as the Canadians captured the most important prize of the show.

The winner of this big wheat prize was Mr. Senger Wheeler of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, and his winning has brought a great deal of credit on the district. The winning wheat was the Marquis variety, and received no more attention from Mr. Wheeler than his other grain, but he is a very particular farmer. His farm is one of the cleanest and best kept in the Rosthern district, and this year he won first prize in a good farm competition which included every feature of farming and every part of the farm. Last winter Wheeler was a prize winner at the provincial seed fair in Regina.

Wheeler is a firm believer in sowing clean seed of the best quality procurable, consequently his grain is much sought after by the best farmers for seed purposes.

Wheeler is an Englishman. He is a pioneer of Rosthern, coming here fifteen years ago. In the last six years he has done much experimenting, particularly in wheat varieties. His farm resembles an experimental farm. A long driveway, lined on both sides with trees, leads to a modest home, the home of Wheeler, a modest, unassuming man with the appearance of a student rather than a man engaged in commercial pursuits.

There are now no free homesteads to be had in this district, and farm lands are worth from \$20 to \$40 per acre, which a few years ago were secured by their present owners, either as a free gift or purchased at from \$5 to \$8 per acre.

It is not many miles from Rosthern, where the farmer lives, who secured the first prize for wheat last year at the National Corn Exposition at Columbus and West of Rosthern, about 150 miles, lives Messrs. Hill and son, who won the Colorado Silver Trophy, valued at \$1,500, for the best peck of oats, also awarded at the National Corn Show at Columbus in 1910.

Not contented with the high honors obtained in his wheat, Canada again stepped forward into the show ring, and carried off the Stillwell trophy and \$1,000 for the best potatoes on the continent. This time the winner was a British Columbia man, Mr. Asahel Smith, the "Potato King," of that province. The exhibit consisted of one hundred and one varieties drawn from all parts of the province aggregating in weight one and a half tons.

At the recent Dry Farming Congress, held at Colorado Springs, and at which time it was decided to hold the next Congress at Lethbridge. In 1912, the Province of Alberta made a wonderful showing of grains, grasses and vegetables.

"At the Congress, Alberta got more prizes and trophies than any other state of the Union," said Mr. Hotchkiss to the Edmonton Bulletin.

"We brought back all but the building with us, and they offered us that, saying we might as well take all that was going. We would have brought it along, too, if we had had a fat car to put it on. Alberta captured nearly 50 first prizes, 20 seconds, 3 thirds, 2 cups, 40 medals, 50 ribbons and 2 sweepstakes. The grand sweepstakes prize, for the best exhibit by state or province, a magnificent silver cup, was presented to us with much ceremony at a reception to the Canadians in the Empress hotel. The presentation was made by Prof. Olin, chairman of the judging committee, and the cup was received on behalf of the province by the Hon. Duncan Marshall.

A Born Quibbler.

"Didn't I tell you not to shoot any quail on this place?"

"Yassah," replied Uncle Raspberry. "You done told me an' I done heard you. The sin 'n' quail. Dis is a part-ridge."

When you hear two men talking so loudly that they can be heard in the next block, they are talking about something they know nothing about.

Sir. Whinney's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed.

**The Army of
Constipation**

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

WATERBURY'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

The BRONZE BELL
BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady, a student who has been disappointed by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares her to be the Mahar: Lal Chatterji. The appointed mistress of the house, a Hindu, enters as a man of high rank and presenting a mysterious little bronze bell. "The Toad," Amber is told, is a Hindu. In the wood, the girl calls Amber by name. He turns and addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quain. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island to secure the friend Amber is left marooned. His wanderings are finally reached a cabin and recognized as a Hindu. He is met in England by a friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying tells Amber to go to India on a secret mission. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to the Mahar, and a quicker route. On arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he has been mistaken in getting Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attempts to dispose of the token to a money-lender, is mistaken for a Hindu, and barely escapes being mobbed. A message from Labretouche causes him to start for Darjeeling on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their journey's end asks her to become his wife. A Hindu conducts Amber to a secret place, and in the presence of a beautiful woman who mistakes him for Rutton. Later Amber is dragged to the Hindu plot rebellion, and at Labretouche's instigation Amber returns to the woman Naraiah to discover the truth of the conspiracy. He learns they would make him their king.

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued.)

Again he failed to answer. Somewhere near him he heard a slight noise as of a man moving impatiently; and then a whisper: "Respond, thou fool!"

"Art thou come, O chosen of the Gateway?" the bell-voice rang.

"I . . . I am come," Amber managed to reply.

"Hear ye!" rang the bell. "Hear ye, O lords and rulers in Medhyama! O children of my Gateway, hear ye well! He is come! He stands upon the threshold of the Gateway."

A great drum roared like the crack of doom; and Amber's jaw dropped. For in the high roof of the temple a six-foot slab had been suddenly withdrawn, and through it a cold shaft of moonlight fell, cutting the gloom like a gigantic rapier, and smote with its immaculate radiance the true Gateway of Swords.

Not six paces from him it leaped out of the darkness in an iridescent sheen; an arch a scant ten feet in height, and in span double the width of a big man's shoulders, woven across like a weaver's frame with ribbons of pale fire. But the ribbons were of steel—steel blades, sharp, bright, gleaming. With their pommels cunningly affixed so that their points touched and interlocked, yet swung free, they lined the piers of the arch from base to span and all the graceful sweep of the intrados, a curtain of shimmering, trembling steel, barring the way to the mystery beyond. Which was—darkness.

"O ye swords!" belled the voice. "O ye swords that have known no dishonor! O ye swords that have sung in the grasp of my greatest! Swords of Jehangir, Akbar, Alamgir! Swords of Alludin, Humayun, Shah Jehan! Swords of Timur-Lenz, Arungzeb, Rao Rutton! . . ."

The invocation seemed interminable. Amber recognized almost every name noted in the annals and legends of Hindustan.

"Hearken, O my swords! He, thy chosen, prayeth for entry! What is thy welcome?"

One by one the blades began to shiver, clashing their neighbors, until the curtain of steel glistened and glistened like phosphorescence in a summer sea, and the place was filled with the music of their contact; and through their clamor boomed the bell: "O my chosen!" Amber started and held himself firmly in hand. "Look well, look well! Here is thy portal to knights and glory!"

He frowned and took a step forward as if he would thrust himself through the archway; for he had suddenly remembered with compelling vividness that Sophie Farrell was to be won only by that passage. But as he moved the swords clattered afresh and swung outwards, presenting a bristle of points. And he stopped, while the voice, indifferent and remote as always, continued to harangue him.

"If thy heart, O my chosen, be clean, unswayed with fear and guile; if thy faith be the faith of thy fathers and thy honor rooted in love of thy land; if thou hast faith in the strength of thy hands to hold the reins of empire . . . enter, having no fear."

ed jealously, closing round his body like cold, caressing arms; he felt their chill kisses on his cheeks and hands, even through his clothing he was conscious of their clinging, deadly touch. Abruptly they swung entirely free, leaving the entrance clear, and he was drawing a free breath when the moon glare showed him the sword returned to position with the speed of light. He jumped for his life and escaped being slashed to pieces by the barest inch. They swung to behind him; and again the drum roared, while afar there arose a furious, eddying walling of conches, and the light was shut out. In darkness as of the Hall of Eblis the conches were stilled and the echoes ebbed into a silence that held away for many minutes ere again the bell spoke.

"Stretch forth thy hand."

Somewhat shaken, Amber held out an open palm before him. Then out of nothingness something plopped into Amber's hand and his fingers closed convulsively about it. It was a hand, very small, small as a child's, gnarled and hard as steel and cold as ice.

Without any forewarning two heavy hands gripped him, one on either shoulder, and he was forced to his knees. At the same instant, with a snapping crackle a spurt of blue flame shot down from the zenith, and where it fell with a thunderclap a dazzling glare of emerald light shot up breast-high.

To his half-blinded eyes it seemed, for a time, to dance suspended in the air before him. A vapor swirled up from it, a thin cloud, luminous. By degrees he made out its source, a small, brazen bowl on a tripod.

In front of him he could see nothing beyond the noiselessly wavering flame. But presently a hand appeared, as if by magic, above the bowl—a hand, bony, brown and long of finger, that seemed attached to nothing—and cast something like a powder into the fire. There followed a fizz and puff of vapor, and a strong and heavy gust of incense was wafted into Amber's face.

Again and again the hand appeared, sprinkling powder in the brazier, until the smoke clouded the atmosphere with its fluent, eddying coils.

The gooseflesh that had prickled out on Amber's skin subsided, and his quams went with it. "Grack! fire burning in the bowl," he explained the phenomenon; "and a native with his arm wrapped to the wrist in black is feeding it. Not a bad effect, though."

It was, perhaps, as well that he had not been deceived, for there was a horror to come that required all his strength to face. He became conscious that something was moving between him and the brazier—something which he had incuriously assumed to be a piece of dirty cloth left there carelessly. But now he saw it stir, squirm, and uncoil, unfolding itself and lifting its head to the leaping flame; an immense cobra, sleek and white as ivory, its swelling hood as large as a man's two hands, with a biocular mark on it as yellow as topaz and with vicious eyes glowing like twin rubies in its vile little head.

Amber's breath clicked in his throat and he shrank back, rising; but this instinctive move had been provided against and before his knees were fairly off the rocky floor he was forced down again by the hands on his shoulders. He was unable to take his eyes from the monster, and though terror such as man is heir to lay cold upon his heart, he did not again attempt to stir.

There was no sound. Alone and undisturbed the bearded viper warmed to its dance with the leaping flame, turning and twisting, weaving and writhing in its infernal glare.

"Hear ye, O my peoples!"

"Amber jumped. The voice had seemed to ring out from a point directly overhead.

He looked up and discovered above him, vague in the obscurity, the outline of a gigantic bell, hanging motionless. The green glare, shining on its rim and partly illuminating its empty hollow (he saw no clapper) revealed the sheen of bronze of which it was fashioned.

Out of its immense bowl, the voice rolled like thunder: "Hear ye, O my peoples!"

A responsive murmur ascended from the company round the walls: "We hear! We hear, O Medhyama!" "Mark well this man, O children of my Gateway. Mark well! Out of ye all I have chosen him to lead thee in the work of healing; for I thy mother, I Medhyama, I Bharuta, I the body from which ye are sprung, call me by whatever name ye know me—I am laid low with a great sickness. . . . Yes, I am stricken and laid low with a sickness. . . . In the brazier the flame leaped high and subsided, and with it the cobra leaped and sank low upon its coils. . . . "I, thine old mother, have called ye together to help in my healing. From my feet to my head I am eaten with pestilence; ye, I am devoured and possessed by the evil. Even of old was it thus with thy mother; long since she complained of the Plague that is Scarlet—moaned and cried out and turned in her misery. . . . But ye failed me. Then my peoples were weaklings and their hearts all were

craven; the Scarlet Evil dismayed them; they fled from its power and left it to batten on me in my sickness. . . . A deep groan welled in uncounted throats and resounded through the cavern. "Will ye fail me again, O my children?" "Nay, nay, O our mother!"

"Too long have I suffered and been patient in silence. Now I must be cleansed and made whole as of old time; ye, I must be purged altogether and the evil cast out from me. It is time. . . . Ye have heard, ye have answered; make ready for the day of the cleansing approacheth. Whet thy swords for the days of the healing, for my cleansing can be but by steel. Ye, thy swords shall do away with the evil, and the land shall run red with the blood of Bharuta, the blood of thy mother; it shall run to the sea as a river, bearing with it the Red Evil. So and no otherwise shall I, thine old mother, be healed and made whole again."

Amber was watching the serpent-dazed and weary as if with a great need of sleep. Even the salvos of shouts came to him as from a great distance. To the clangor of the bell alone he had become abnormally sensitive; every fiber of his being shuddered, responsive to its weird nuances.

It returned to its solemn and stately intoning.

"Out of ye all have I chosen and fixed upon one who shall lead ye. Through his shall my strength be made manifest, my will be made known to my peoples. His must ye serve and obey; to him must ye bow down and be humble. Say, are ye pleased? Will ye have him, my children?"

Without an instant's delay a cry of ratification rang to the roof. "Yea, O our mother! him we will serve and obey, to him bow down and be humble."

The voice addressed itself directly to the kneeling man. He stiffened and roused.

"Thou hast heard of the honor we confer upon thee—I Medhyama, thy

The suspense grew intolerable. "Hast thou judged him, O death?" Instantly the white cobra reared up to its utmost and remained poised over Amber, barely moving save for the almost imperceptible throbbing of the hood and the incessant darting of the forked tongue.

"If he be loyal, then spare him." The hood did not move. Amber's flesh crawled with unspeakable dread. "If he be faithless, then . . . strike!"

For another moment the cobra maintained the tenacity. Then slowly, cruel head waving, hood shrinking, eyes losing their deathly luster, coil by coil it sank.

A thick murmur ran the round of the walls, swelling into an inarticulate cry, which beat upon Amber's ears like the raving of a far-off surf. From his lips a strangled sob broke, and, every muscle relaxing, he lurched forward.

Alarmed, in a trice the cobra was up again, hood distended to the bursting point, head swinging so swiftly that the eye could not follow it. In another breath would come the final thrust.

A scream exploded behind Amber, singeing his cheek with its flame. He fell over sideways, barely escaping the head of the cobra, which, with its hood blown to tatters, writhed in convulsions, its malignant tongue straining forth as if in one last attempt to reach his hand.

A second shot followed the first and then a brisk, confused fusillade. Amber heard a man scream out in mortal agony, and the dull sound of a heavy body falling near him; but, coincident with the second report, the brazier had been overturned and its light extinguished as if sucked up into the air.

CHAPTER XIX.
Rutton's Daughter.

In darkness the blacker for the sudden disappearance of the light, somebody stumbled over Amber—stumbled and swore in good English. The Virginian sat up, crying out as weakly as a child: "Labretouche!" A voice said:



mother, and these my children, thy brothers. Ye shall lead and rule in Bharuta. Are ye ready?"

Half hypnotized, Amber opened his mouth, but no words came. His chin dropped to his breast.

"Thy strength must be known to my peoples; they must see thee put to the proof thy courage, that they may know thee to be the man for their. . . . Ye are ready?"

He was unable to move a finger. "Stretch out thine arms!"

He shuddered and tried to obey. The voice rang imperative. "Stretch forth thine arms for the testing!"

Somehow, mechanically, he succeeded in raising his arms and holding them right before him. Alarmed by the movement, the cobra turned with a hiss, waving his poisonous head. But the Virginian made no offer to withdraw his hands. His eyes were wide and staring and his face livid.

A subdued murmur came from the men clustered round the idols, in semi-darkness.

The bell boomed forth like an organ. "O hooded death. . . . O death, who art trained to my service! Thou before whom all men stand affrighted! Thou who canst look into their hearts and read them as a scroll that is unrolled. . . . Look deep into the heart of my chosen! Judge if he be worthy or wanting, judge if he be false or true. . . . Judge him, O death!"

"Thank God!" He felt strong hands lift him to his feet. He clung to him who had helped him, swaying like a drunkard, wits awry in the brain thus roughly awakened from semi-hypnosis.

"Here," said Labretouche's voice, "take my hand and follow. We're in for it now!"

He caught Amber's hand and dragged him, yielding and unquestioning, rapidly through a chaotic rush of unseen bodies.

The firing had electrified the tense audience. With a pandemonium of shrieks, oaths, shouts, orders unheard and commands unheeded, a concerted rush was made from every quarter to the spot where the doomed man had been kneeling. No man could have said where he stood or whether he ran—save one, perhaps. That one was at Amber's side and had laid his course beforehand and knew that both their lives depended upon his sticking to it without deviation. To him a rush of a hundred feet in a direct line meant salvation, the least deviation from it, death.

He was now recovering rapidly and able to appreciate that they stood a good chance of winning away; for the natives were all converging toward the center of the cavern, and apparently none headed them. Nevertheless Labretouche, releasing him, put a revolver in his hand.

"Don't hesitate to shoot if anyone comes this way!" he said. "I've got to get this door open and . . ."

He broke off with an ejaculation of gratitude; for while he had been speaking his fingers busily groping in the convolutions of the sculptured pedestal had encountered what he sought, and now he pulled out an iron bar two feet or so in length and as thick as a woman's wrist. Inserting this in a socket, as one familiar with the trick, he put his weight upon it; a curved sandstone slab slid back silent-

ly, disclosing a black cavernous opening. "In with you," panted Labretouche, removing the lever. "Don't delay."

Amber did not. He took with him a hazy impression of a vast, vaulted hall filled with a ruddy glare of torchlight, a raving rabble of gorgeously attired natives in its center. Then the opening received him and he found himself in a black hole of an underground gallery—a place that reeked with the dank odors of the tomb.

Labretouche followed and with the aid of a small electric pocket lamp discovered another socket for the lever. A moment later the slab moved back into place. Labretouche chuckled. "Come along," he said, and drew ahead at a dog-trot.

They sped down a passage that delved at a sharp grade through solid rock. Now and again it turned and struck away in another direction. Once they descended—or rather fell down—a short, steep flight of steps. At the bottom Amber stopped.

"Hold on!" he cried. Labretouche pulled up impatiently. "What's the matter?"

"Sophia!" "Trust me, dear boy, and come along."

It was some time later that Labretouche extinguished his lamp and threw a low word of warning over his shoulder. Synchronously Amber discerned, far ahead, a faint glow of yellow light. As they bore down upon it with unmoderated speed he could see that it emanated from a rough-hewn doorway, opening off the passage.

Labretouche pushed Amber on ahead. Stooping, the Virginian entered a small, rude chamber hollowed out of the rock of Katlapur. A crude lamp in a bracket furnished all its illumination, filling it with a rook of hot oil. Amber was vaguely aware of the figures of two women—one standing in a corner, the other seated dejectedly upon a charpoy, her head against the wall. As he lifted his head after passing under the low lintel, the woman in the corner fired at him point-blank.

The Virginian saw the jet of flame spurt from her hand and felt the bullet's impact upon the wall behind his head. He flung himself upon her instantly. There was a moment of furious struggle, while the cell echoed with the reverberations of the shot and the screaming of the woman on the charpoy. The pistol exploded again as he grappled with the would-be murderer; the bullet, passing up his sleeve, creased his left arm as with a white-hot iron, and tore out through the cloth on his shoulder. He twisted brutally the wrist that held the weapon, and the woman dropped it with a cry of pain.

"You would!" he cried, and threw her from him, putting a foot upon the pistol.

She reeled back against the wall and crunched there, trembling, her cheeks on fire, her eyes aflame with rage. "You dog!" she shrieked in Hindi—and spat at him like a maddened cat. Then he recognized her.

"Naraiah!" He stepped back in his surprise, his right hand seeking instinctively the wrist of his left, which was numb with pain.

His change of position left the pistol unguarded, and the woman swooped down upon it like a bird of prey; but before she could get her fingers on its grip, Labretouche stepped between them, fended her off, and quietly possessed himself of the weapon.

"Your pardon, madam," he said, gravely. Naraiah retreated, shaking with fury, and Amber employed the respite to recognize Sophie Farrell in the woman on the charpoy. She was still seated, prevented from rising by bonds about her wrists and ankles, and though unnaturally pale, her anguish of fear and despair had set its marks upon her face without one whit detracting from the appeal of her beauty. He went to her immediately, and as their eyes met, her flames with joy, relief and—he dared believe—a stronger emotion.

"You—you're not hurt, Mr. Amber?" "Not at all. The bullet went out through my sleeve. And you?" He dropped on his knees, with his pocket-knife severing the ends of rope that bound her.

"I'm all right." She took his hands, helping herself to rise. "Thank you," she said, her eyes shining, a flush of color suffusing her face with glory.

"Did you cut those ropes, Amber?" Labretouche interposed curtly. "Yes. Why?"

The Englishman explained without turning from his sombre and morose regard of Naraiah. "Too bad—we'll have to tie this woman up, somehow. She's a complication I hadn't foreseen. . . . Here, you'd better leave me to attend to her—you and Miss Farrell. Go on down the gallery—to the left. I'll catch up with you."

The pistol which he still held lent to his demand a sinister significance of which he was, perhaps, thoughtful. But Sophie Farrell heard, saw and surmised. "No!" she cried, going swiftly to the secret agent. "No!" She put a hand upon his arm, but he shook it off. "Did you hear me, Amber?" said Labretouche, still watching the queen. "What do you mean to do?" insisted Sophie. "You can't—you mustn't—"

**A 20-year guaranteed
teaspoon with two
packages of
Mother's Oats**

This advertisement is good for 10 coupons—cut it out and send to us with two coupons taken from *Mother's Oats* (each package contains a coupon), and we will send you a sample teaspoon. Only one of these advertisements will be accepted from each customer on this offer. The balance of the set must be obtained through the coupons alone.

Description: These beautiful teaspoons are the best silver plate, guaranteed for 20-years. The design is especially attractive. The finish is the latest French gray effect, except the bowl which is hand burnished.

Buy a package of *Mother's Oats* today and send a postal for complete premium book of fireless cookers, silver, ware, cameras, household articles, etc.

Address
"Mother's Oats"
Chicago

HAND MADE copied Xmas and New Year post cards, new very attractive 1 doz. 12c. 2 doz. 25c. postage. Silver of any color. A. W. WHITE, Box 243, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Puttins Eye Salve FOR ALL SORE EYES



Resigned.

"The sick man had called his lawyer 'I wish to explain again to you,' said he weakly, 'about willing my property.'"

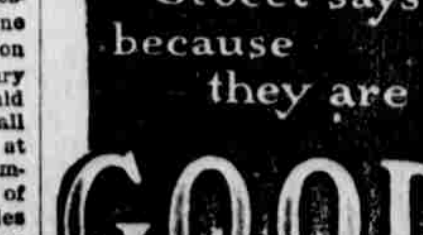
The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there," said he, "leave that all to me."

The sick man sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow. "You'll get it, anyway."

The fellow who goes around looking for troubles generally meets somebody who takes him at his word.

You have a corking good memory if you don't tell the same story to the same crowd twice.—Atchison Globe.

**For Instance
Post
Toasties**



The Memory Lingers
because they are
GOOD

Queer Blunders in Courts

French Judge Divorces Petitioner's Lawyer—Similar Error Made by Magistrate in England.

Some years ago, it is said, a legal blunder of a most extraordinary character was committed in one of the divorce courts in Paris. By some misapprehension on the part of the presiding judge, whose papers and mind had not yet cooled, he actually mistook the

name of an advocate who had been arguing a petition for the name of the petitioner himself, and in granting and signing the decree of dissolution of marriage of the petitioner unwittingly substituted the advocate's name for the petitioner's, and thus divorced the lawyer from his wife instead of granting the prayed-for release of the advocate's client. As the lawyer had no desire for separation from his wife,

and as there was no process for annulling an absolute decree of divorce, even to meet such a remarkable case, it became necessary, through the judicial error, for the man of law to remarry his spouse without delay, and this he did.

A somewhat similar error was committed in the English Court of Chancery. There had been a litigation over some property, which was held by one man and claimed by another of the same name. In evading some order of the court the holder of the

property had committed a contempt, and on this being called to the attention of the judge an order issued for the summoning, not of the guilty party, but of the claimant of the same surname, and the order, a very severe one, was actually in execution before the error was discovered.

Old Custom Maintained.
One of the peculiarities of the average Englishman is that he loves to perpetuate the quaint customs of his forefathers. The will has just been

proved at £144,631 of Sir Henry Tichborne, of Tichborne Park, Hants, over whose succession to the Tichborne estates and title the famous Tichborne case was fought. A curious provision in the will is that in which Sir Henry desired that the family custom should be continued of distributing a small silver coin to every person present at the funeral of a member of the family, one coin for every year of age of deceased. The custom also includes the distribution of 54 quarters leaves to the poor of the district.