

# The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee

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## CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Squire Hartwick, as complainant, opened the case at some length. He began by establishing the motive. He told minutely the relations between the two men, dwelling particularly on the quarrel at Moon Run. His daughter, he averred, had planned to give Karl the final answer on the day which had followed the murder. This had been the immediate cause. Jim had been seen driving toward Sugar valley on the night of the tragedy. A hammer with a F. burned into the handle had been found near the boat. As to the testimony of his daughter at the time of the first arrest, it was unreasonable and fantastic. She was temporarily deranged mentally as a result of her narrow escape at the forest fire. He had with him the opinion in writing of an expert. Then he went over the details of the robbery of his own store. He passed to the justice the handkerchief with Jim's initials, and he described the findings in the Farthing barn. He produced Karl Ketchline's stamp book and identified it by the printed description. He touched upon the cave episode. The fact of a robbers' retreat under the very noses of the Farthings threw upon them suspicions of the darkest kind. When Amos and Dan Tressler had once late at night investigated the cabin, they had found Farthing there. The finding of the second stamp book was a mere coincidence. In 1836, when Eli Smith, of Sugar valley, was the representative of the state, he had sent a copy of the agricultural report to every farmer in his district. It was doubtless the most widely distributed book in the locality. Nearly every household had one. Beyond a doubt many other postmasters had used it for stamp purposes. It was a mere coincidence, and could not in the least take away from the grave suspicions which the finding of two hiding places for plunder on the Farthing property had created.

The Squire took his seat with the air of one who has proved his case. James Farthing was called and sworn. He arose cool and alert, and he told his story in a convincing manner. He knew nothing of any of the robberies. He did not even know that the Squire's store had been robbed, until after his flight over the ridge. As to the goods in the barn, he could not even guess how they came there. That was not his handkerchief, he had never had one like it. All of his linen was marked with an indelible stencil, and he showed the mark on his handkerchief which he had in his pocket. He told graphically the events of the preceding afternoon. Flight into the cave, the shooting of Leona, and the exploration of the cave later in the night. As to the murder of Karl Ketchline, he was miles away at the time it occurred.

"Where was yeh?" cross examined the Squire.

"I rode down Gum Run."

"How far did you go?"

"To Gum Stump."

"What time were you there?"

"At 11 o'clock."

"Can you prove it? Did any one see you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"I'd rather not say."

"You have witnesses, and yet when I might save you from the gallows you refuse to tell who they are?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean Rose?"

"She was with me."

"And you have other witnesses and refuse to give their names?"

"Yes."

"You will note this fact, your honor. We have nothing but his bare statement. If he had witnesses, wouldn't he produce them? I have no further questions."

"Your honor, may I be called at this point?" asked Rose with a quiver of nervousness in her voice.

"Have you important testimony on the point at issue?"

"I have."

"Let her be called. You may testify, madam."

"Your honor, I object." The Squire was on his feet instantly. "I have with me expert opinion—here, look at this—that says she is not in a mental condition to testify. She must have run away. I give express orders for her to be carefully guarded."

"But, your honor, I have with me certain documentary evidence of great importance."

"You may present it."

She arose and advanced to the table with firm step. She was pale, but there was that in her eyes which warned all who knew her that something unusual was coming. She was looking straight at her father, as if he alone were the court. She held a paper in her hand. She read:

"Mr. Farthing has told the truth. I was with him at Gum Stump at 11 o'clock, and we had witnesses. This certificate will show you that we were married by preacher Gregg there at the parsonage in May. If you send for him, he will testify as to the hour. This was the reason why Mr. Farthing refused to name his witnesses." She passed the slip not to the justice, but to her father. A silence as of death reigned in the room.

"You married him?" he gasped.

"Yes, I did. I hated Karl Ketchline; I tolerated him at first just because your heart was set on it. But I couldn't marry him. I found that out; I couldn't drive myself to it. And I had got to give him his answer on the first of June. If I said no, I knew what would happen. You wouldn't rest night or day until you had ruined Jim completely, and you had the power to do it. Then you would have forced me to marry Karl. There was only one hope, and we took it. I thought that after he was actually my husband you would forgive us. I should have told that day at the store, but you withdrew all your charges. Then you hurried me away to Pittsburg, but Amos telegraphed me."

"Amos telegraphed?" he repeated, as if his mind had refused to accept.

"Yes, I got a telegram from Amos yesterday at 5 o'clock, saying, 'Come instantly. I don't know how I got away, but I did, and I caught the last train and rode all night.'"

"What about that admission you made at the store that day, Miss Hartwick," spoke up the sheriff. "You virtually admitted that you knew something about the murder."

"Why—why—I'll tell you." It was evident instantly that he had found a weak point. For the first time she seemed to lose her self-possession. She composed herself, however, after a moment. "It was like this. I went down to Gran'maw Miller's, and she frightened me. She said somebody 'd die—and it was because I went there. It came out just as she said. But, oh, I told her not to."

"Oh, pshaw!" ejaculated Amos from the doorway.

"Your honor," spoke up the Squire

suddenly, "I withdraw all my charges. Let the prisoner go."

"I'm judge here," answered the officer sternly. "I'll make my ruling at the end of the trial. Let the next prisoner be called, and the sheriff tappe the man on his shoulder, and he arose sullenly.

"What's your name?"

"John Clinca."

"John Clinca, hold up your hand and be sworn."

The fellow obeyed slowly.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"I don't plead."

"Mr. Clinca, you're in a bad position. There is evidence to incriminate you not only in robbery, but also in murder. The question with you is only concerning the degree. Who was associating with you? If you make a clean breast of it, it will not in any way harm your case."

"If your state's evidence, will it clear me," he asked, looking up for the first time.

"It will not harm your case, to say the least. I advise you to do it."

"The man that helped do these breaks was Leon Heller."

"Leon Heller?"

"Loney's brother."

"Did you make the break at Ketchline's? Of course you did, or that stamp book would not have been found among your effects."

"Your honor, I object." The Squire partially arose, but the justice did not notice him.

"I say you have no hope of trying to escape this charge; you made that break, isn't that true?"

"Yes, he admitted sullenly.

"Then you kill Karl Ketchline?"

"It was in self defense." He spoke eagerly. "He had Leon down, and was chokin' the life out of him. I tried to yank him off, but I couldn't break his hold. Leon was chokin', and I grabbed that pistol and swabbed him. I didn't try to kill him, so help me, I didn't, and I didn't know I had till next day. He so near finished Leon that I had to carry him all the way home."

"Did you break into Squire Hartwick's?"

"No."

"Have either of these prisoners here associated with you?"

"No."

"Do you recognize this book?"

"Yes, it's the one we got at Ketchline's."

"Sure?" The prisoner examined it attentively.

"Your honor," spoke up Amos, "here's the book found in the cave. The sheriff gave it to me last night to take care of." He handed it to the judge, who passed it to the prisoner.

"Are you sure this ain't the book?" the judge asked.

"I can't tell 'em apart. They look just like."

"Your honor," interposed Amos again, "Karl Ketchline's clerk is outside. I ask that he be called to identify the book."

"Bring him in," commanded the judge. The sheriff went out, and in immediately with a nervous young man who was duly sworn.

"Here are two books. Will you tell the court which of them is Karl Ketchline's stamp book? The young man picked up one of them instantly.

"That's the one," he said with decision.

"How do you know?"

"I used it every day for years; I know by the looks of it."

"It's the book found in the barn," announced the Squire.

"Nosh, it's not," retorted Amos; it's the other."

"You've got 'em mixed up; you can't tell now which is which," he sneered.

"Your honor," spoke up Jim deferentially, "I haven't examined the book found in the barn, but the one found in the cave has a knife cut on the back, where the Squire tried to mutilate it last night when I stopped him."

"Here—here; I object," thundered the Squire.

"Yes," interposed Amos with a drawl, "and if you turn to page 186, you'll find a little piece of paper with some of my writin' on it. I kinder thought they might get mixed up."

"I'm with you," the Squire here showed the genuine one," announced the judge decisively.

"Say, your honor, may I speak?" pleaded Amos.

"If you have any evidence bearing on this case."

"Well, now, I ain't very much on stickin' my nose into other people's swill barrels. I've allus called it was a man's first duty to mind his own business, but it sometimes takes judgment to tell when you're mindin' it. I'm with the Squire here about a right thing left of any one of 'em but yellin' fuz. I sorter like to see a good fight go on, but if folks, cats, or poosters fight before me, they've got to fight fair. I won't stand round with my hands in my pockets and see a man licked with a foul hold. Now it looks amazingly to me as if the Squire broke into his own store, and hid the goods there in the barn himself, and doctored up that book so as to get Jim here convicted of murder."

"Here—here, Judge, I protest," broke in the old man excitedly. "That ain't evidence. That's personal spite. I protest." He sat down, his face fairly purple; his hands working convulsively.

"You're out of order; you'll be seated, Amos," ordered the judge sternly. "Allen Farthing will arise and be sworn."

The man arose calmly and took the oath, the Squire eyeing him all the time like a lynx. The old man was laboring under high excitement; the veins in his face stood out like purple cords.

"I know nothing about this business," the man began in clear tones. "I've had no connection with it whatsoever. I've already proven to the Squire's satisfaction an alibi for myself and Tom and now an alibi has been proven for Jim. We, therefore, are concerned in no way with the Ketchline murder. Moreover, this man here confesses that he did it himself. An alleged robbery is committed in the Squire's store. He bases his suspicions on the finding of a handkerchief that we can easily prove never belonged to any of us. He leads the sheriff to the haymow in my barn, and uncovers the goods and the Ketchline stamp book. If that's the genuine stamp book, then the same parties that stole the book stole the goods, but, remember, we are free from all connection with the Ketchline business. The true stamp book is found in the cave, and there can be but one conclusion: the book found in my barn is a counterfeit, made deliberately to throw suspicion on to me and my boys. I do not lock my barn at night, and it could easily have been put into my haymow by any one who had wished to do so."

"Now, what's the motive? You all know that the Squire has hated me all winter, because I opposed him honestly in trade. I can call witnesses by the

score who could tell how he has tried to throw suspicion on me and rob me of my good name. I heard him say myself that he would ruin me if it took every cent of his property to do it. I came into this valley a year ago with only one thought, and that was to settle down and pass a peaceful and helpful old age. And I'm going to tell you just why I came. I was born in this valley. You have heard of me, some of you. I left the valley because of Ira Hartwick here. He was jealous of me because I took the lead of the boys. He insulted me, and I thrashed him, as he deserved. Instead of taking his licks like a man, he went home blubbering and lied to his father. The old man swore he would prosecute me for assault and battery with intent to kill. He sent for the sheriff, and I knew what was coming. You all know, and I say it fearlessly in the man's very house, that no jury in this region would have dared to bring in a verdict against the way of old Hiram Hartwick. I was young and inexperienced, and I ran away. I enlisted in the army, was wounded at Gettysburg, and the papers got it that I was dead. I did not correct the report. After three months in the hospital, I was honorably discharged. Then I drifted to Paoli, and wishing to cut myself off wholly from my past, I called myself Allen Farthing. That's the English for the German Heller. I didn't change my name, I simply translated it into English, just as the Zimmermans over in Sugar Valley have changed their name to Carpenter. I lived in Paoli until I saw the old farm advertised for sale in a Philadelphia paper. Then a longing to get back to the old valley to spend my last days came over me. I have always dreamed about the old place, and pined for it, and the temptation was overpowering. I bought it, as you all know, and I said nothing of my past simply to avoid unpleasantness. I'm a man of peace, and I knew that, if once Ira Hartwick recognized me, peace would be impossible. But it seems that even then I was not to escape trouble. The Squire has persecuted me every minute since I have been here, and now he has tried to hang me and my boys. He might have done a good deal to me without my retorting, but when anybody touches my boys, now I'll see him one step too far. Now I'll see him to the end of this business, if there's any law in the state to cover this crime. There's been enough evidence brought in here this morning to prison the man. He can't prove it, in a corner, his own making, and I'll see to it that he don't get out easily."

"It's all a lie," roared the Squire, fairly shaking in his wrath. "It's a miserable trick, the whole of it. You know that ain't Al Heller. He's dead and I can't prove it, a trick and a thin one. It won't work."

"Al Heller is not dead," said Farthing, looking him straight in the eye. "Recognize that watch? Recollect that picture in the back? Remember any little story connected with that picture? Remember what I said to you when you tried to get that picture and didn't? Remember what you called my father and my grandfather, and what I did to you for it? Oh, no, Al Heller isn't dead. If he is, then this is his ghost, and he's an awkward partner, during which all eyes were fixed on the old man."

"Squire Hartwick," said the judge solemnly, "what have you to say in view of the evidence against you that has been brought out here?"

"Father, I'm here well." Rose sprang to her feet anxiously, and went over to his side. "Don't, father. Let me get you some water."

"It's a lie from end to end," he gasped, rising to his feet as if all a shiver ran down his spine. "The trick was to ruin me. But he can't do it. It won't work. I'll prove it yet that he killed him! I'll make him suffer!" His face was twitching violently. He took a step toward Farthing, then fell to the floor. Rose was by his side instantly.

(Concluded Next Week.)

### Good Story, Even if Not True.

San Francisco.—Goaded beyond endurance by the taunts and gibes of a party given in Golden Gate park, Mary, an Alaskan bear cub, burrowed from the cage yesterday and made frantic efforts to reach her tormentor. The parrot, which is a huge bird of the gorgeous Mexican variety, has the freedom of the park, most of which it spends in a tree above the bear den yelling "naughty Mary" and other unseemly gibes at the Alaskan bear cub. Attracted by the holiday and the beautiful warm spring air, the park was thronged with visitors yesterday, and the rude bird took advantage of the occasion to revile Mary while the bear was receiving the attention of a host of children, who regard the cub and her mate, Nigger, as their special pets. This was the last straw for the long-suffering bear, and, burrowing through the rain-softened earth, she was soon in hot pursuit of the parrot.

John McHenry, caretaker of the children's playgrounds, who was playing with the bird at the time, made a hasty getaway and did not stop until he reached the park lodge, where he informed Superintendent McLaren.

McLaren and the park policeman, after a council of war, set out in pursuit of the bear, and were seen sitting under a limb on which the parrot was perched just out of reach.

The bird was fluttering its wings in the face of the cub and sputtering unseemly gibes when the police arrived. Various plans, from popping to shooting, were suggested as the best means of subduing the bear, but a park employe who knows Mary's pet weakness, told her back into the cage with a bucket of bread and milk. After partaking of the breakfast, Mary vented her spleen on her mate Nigger, whom she cuffed about the cage without rest for the remainder of the day.

### Proof Positive.

From Success Magazine.

A Western newspaper man visited Washington recently and told the following story on former Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, who was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day.

Cummings called his star reporter, Murray.

"Tom," he said, "go out tomorrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor."

It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at the city desk.

"They were," he reported.

### Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

Girls would be perfectly willing to learn to sew if it wasn't so useful.

A stout woman calls it losing flesh if she gains only a few drops of lemon juice.

If men have the brains they think they have, their legs wouldn't be strong enough to carry them.

A woman's idea of a friend is one that will talk about her behind her back only to the very best sort of people.

As part of the education of the English naval divers, the beginners are taught how to save themselves, should they become exhausted, by allowing their suits to fill with air and shooting rapidly to the surface. Mary vented her spleen on her mate Nigger, whom she cuffed about the cage without rest for the remainder of the day.

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## SUCCESS TALKS

DR. MADISON C. PETERS.  
ENTHUSIASM THE DRIVING POWER.



Madame de Staël says: "The sense of this world's enthusiasm among the Greeks affords the noblest definition of it; enthusiasm signifies 'God in us.'"

It is this spirit that urges men to do and dare, that makes them forget the narrow importance of self, and renders them proof against the taunts and jibes and ridicule of a scoffing world; it leads them on over obstacles and difficulties, past the threatening ghoul of envy and hatred, and points them to the shining land of brave deeds well done.

It was this divine essence in the soul that made the pioneer go out to unknown lands and explore their secrets; it was this that sent men down to the sea in ships in quest of adventure; it was this that sent Columbus to discover a new world; it was this that impelled Stanley to brave the dangers of darkest Africa, and it is this that today is inciting brave and daring souls to go to the uttermost corners of the earth, to open them up to commerce and trade and kindle the torch of civilization to illuminate their savagery. Every great deed, every brave deed, has enthusiasm behind it.

When a task is approached in a half-hearted, dead-and-dumb way, with neither motive nor interest, it will never be successfully performed—the vim, the force, the nerve, the enthusiasm which enables a man to put the best of himself into his work will be lacking, and the result will be but an inferior performance.

When impelled by enthusiasm men carry their work to the highest point of material success. As the tide will not allow anything to stem its flow, neither will enthusiasm let any opposition overcome it, every barrier is broken down, until the end is reached, the summit gained, the desire realized, the ambition attained.

To a man sneering at excitement, a western editor pitifully remarked: "There is only one thing can be done in this world without enthusiasm and that is to rot."

Enthusiasm is the inspiration of all that is great. It has led armies to victories, it has erected colossal temples and towers, it has chiseled the most perfect statues, it has painted the most beautiful canvases, it has stimulated the most sublime endeavors, it has given us the choicest gems of poetry, it has ravished our souls with the sweetest music and has conferred inestimable blessings on the world. Its very nature is uplifting, it strengthens the will, gives force to the thought and nerves the hand until what was formerly a possibility becomes a reality. It makes sunshine to all whom it blesses with its happy spirit.

If you do not have it already, get it; life is not worth living without it.

He falls alone who feebly creeps. If your feet slip backward and stumble, harder try. If fortune plays you false today, it may be true tomorrow.

Never dread danger, and from you it will fly. The real difference between men is enthusiastic energy, an indomitable determination and the spirit that, Micawberlike, waits for something to turn up. Turn up something yourself. Have the spirit of the old Indian, who, when wrestling with a much-dried venison, was asked: "Do you like that?" and boldly replied: "He is my victual and I will like him."

## HOUSEKEEPING HINTS

BY MRS. MAUD E. CILLEY.

If meat used for soup is cut into small pieces more nutriment will be obtained.

When tomatoes without scalding, rub them backward with the blunt edge of a knife.

Hammock pillows may be cheaply made of burlap trimmed with bands of Persian trimmings.

For the roast of cold lamb, course serve an egg salad, sprinkled with minced mint leaves.

The neck of a baby's frock should never be starched, as it will chafe the tender skin.

When selecting beef the pieces which are well mottled with fat will be found the richest and juiciest.

A cupful of liquid yeast is equivalent to half a compressed yeast cake or a whole dry yeast cake.

When leather arm chairs look shabby they should be wiped with a soft cloth moistened with olive oil.

Wooden bread boards are kept in better condition by rubbing them with sand than by simply using soap.

If in canning or preserving berries or other fruits they run short, a little pineapple added will improve them.

While two cupfuls of granulated sugar make a pound, it takes two-thirds of a cupful more to equal the same weight.

Lemonade can be greatly improved by adding cooked raspberry or strawberry juice. Current jelly may be melted and added.

Escaloped dishes are much nicer when made with a good, white sauce poured over them than with the more usual combination of bits of butter and milk and water.

For a tasty and slightly salad, cut peeled tomatoes into thick slices, arrange them on lettuce leaves, and spread with mayonnaise mixed with minced green pepper.

For the roast of a piece of meat that is to be served cold, wrap it in a piece of cheesecloth while it is still hot. It will prevent it from drying out or losing flavor.

A tempting salad for the summer luncheon may be made by sprinkling lettuce leaves liberally with fresh salted peanuts or pecans. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Cut roses or any cut flowers may be kept fresh for several days if the water is changed on them every day and a pinch of salt or a small lump of charcoal is added to the water.

Old pieces of soap can be put into a small packing box which has been punctured with nail holes, and the box then thrown into the dishpan and used as an ordinary soap shaker.

A small clean sponge and a bowl of water are essential upon an ironing board when fine lingerie must be frequently dampened. A bowl of clean water is also needed.

When making a fruit pie, brush the lower crust with unbeaten white of egg to prevent the juice from soaking through the pastry and making it soft and soggy, as often is the case.

For a delicious pineapple salad, use two cupfuls of diced fruit with one cupful of celery and the same quantity of nut meats. Serve with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

To clean children's "boots," made of chamorro skin, wash them in suds in which there is some ammonia, rinse with more ammonia water and dry with a towel. Do not dry near artificial heat.

A hard sauce that may be used on many a pudding is as follows: Cream half a cupful of butter and a cupful of powdered sugar. Add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and the flavoring desired.

Orange juice is very good for small children, and an alternating and equal quantity of lemonade at dinner time is half an orange strained through a lemon squeezer and very slightly sweetened.

Chamois gloves may be washed in water, soapy water, in a porous rag, squeezed through the fingers until the dirt is removed, and then rinsed in a change of water that is also slightly soapy.

To make a white sauce for asparagus, etc., without milk, cream, or butter, beat an egg, strain through a sieve and cook slowly for a few minutes. Season with butter, salt and pepper.

When adding butter and flour to soup to bind it, to insure that it will be perfectly smooth, melt the butter and then add the flour, stirring it until perfectly smooth. Then add the soup to this, stirring constantly as it is slowly poured in.

Clean ivory, wash well in soap and water with a small brush, and place, while wet, in the sunshine. This should be repeated several times a day for several days, still keeping in the sunshine. It will restore it to perfect whiteness.

The best way to make lemonade is to mix the lemon juice and the sugar in very little water, stirring until the sugar is fully dissolved. This saves sugar and can be kept for days, to be used with more water whenever it is desired.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

From the New York Press.

A girl's ideal of innocence is not admitting she knows.

The easier a man can kiss a girl the harder it would have been if he had asked her.

The average man is prouder of guessing the weather than he would be of understanding the tariff.

Even a man who is supported by a rich wife will grumble about how much it costs him to raise the children.

Even if a man should manage to go to heaven, he would want to drop in at the other place on the way for a chance to change his mind.

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## Tells Why Women Barred From Ships



MRS. ROBLEY D. EVANS.

Mrs. Robley D. Evans, wife of "Fighting Bob" Evans, whose picture is here shown, has told Boston friends that wives of naval officers are barred from warships because of their once held a revolutionist aboard a vessel in tropical waters, thus bringing about international complications.

### NIAGARA FALLS OUTDONE.

A Vivid Description of the Victoria Falls in the Zambesi River.

Lord Curzon in the London Times.

The Victoria falls excel in grandeur any spectacle of the same kind in the world. The cliff wall down which they are hurled is sheer from top to bottom, 350 to 400 feet, of perpendicular descent, uninterrupted save where in some places gigantic masses of basalt, split off or eroded by the same process as has formed the chasm itself, lie at the base and shatter the descending columns into a tempest of foam.

Conceive a black wall as high as Shakespeare's cloff, at Dover, nearly as high as the cross of St. Paul's and over a mile in length, and over the top of this tremendous precipice a continuous cataract of water topping down from the sky, save in the three places where larger islands, carrying their growth of jungle right to the edge of the abyss, have protected a section of the cliff and interposed a gleaming surface of ebullient rock between the snowy fleeces of the falls on either side.

In scenery, the surroundings of the Victoria falls greatly surpass their American rival (Niagara). For every spectacle of the verdure which is clothed from top to bottom, at least in the rainy season, with a clustering forest growth, and the contrast of the white storm of the cataract and the gloomy swirl of the torrent, with the brilliant green of the verdure which it pursues its course, is a fascination that never fails.

Never can there fade from the mind of one who has seen it the vision of these towers of descending foam, the glowing face of the cataract, the thunder of the watery palanques as they surge and reel and are shattered in the bottom of the abyss, or the spray spumes whizzing upward like a battery of rockets into the air.

Pointed Paragraphs.

From the Chicago News.

Some women's only interest in life is to dress to kill.

An idle rumor is about as busy as a pecky house fly.

The toper's peck of trouble is always full and slopping over.

Why is it that a fat woman seldom has a disagreeable temper?

Think what you please—but keep most of your thoughts to yourself.

Learning from the experience of others is like getting money in a letter.

The woman who builds castles in the air doesn't have to worry about house cleaning.

Music evidently has charms for those savages next door who pound the plant if hours a day.

And a man can see beauty in the homeliest woman who makes him believe that she considers him smart.

Poverty would soon be a thing of the past if every married man drew as big a salary as his wife thinks he earns.

If a man succeeds in keeping out of jail during his sojourn on earth he naturally expects to go to heaven when he dies.

Hypocrite in the Hereafter.

From the New York Tribune.

Dr. Madison C. Peters was discussing the question, "Will the coming man marry?" He instances a certain type of bachelor.

"This man," he said, "is a hypocrite. He uses his religion as a cloak."

"And what will he do in the next world, eh?" said the reporter.

"Oh," said Dr. Peters, "he won't need any cloak there."

THE RETORT OBVIOUS.

Stout Man—Hello! You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.

Bowlegged Man—You look as if you had swallowed one.

