

to call.

started, and smiled a little consciously.

'Mother, here comes Mr. Graeme!'

The whizzing of the wheel ceased with

"So it is, Jenny; and he is coming here

good-looking passes my comprehension.

I always thought him handsomer than

"Mother, what you think will never

"Don't be too sure," was the confident

She bustled out of the room, smiling

reply. "Stranger things have happened."

back encourngingly to her daughter, and

calling upon her not to be long in coming

as he came nearer to the bungalow. No,

she had not stated the truth when she

had denied his comeliness, for he was de-

cidedly good-looking, in a happy, com-

Lounging along in his cricketing flan-

nels, his hands thrust into his pockets,

unaware that any one was watching him

from the window, Jane thought him more

likable and attractive than she had ever

She found Mr. Graeme in the drawing-

room, discoursing in his happiest vein with Mrs. Knox, but he stopped short,

and jumped up to greet her as she en

"The other fellows were all at lunch-

You must stay and lunch with us,"

"Miss Knox must come and see the re-

sult of the cricket this afternoon," put

in the Adjutant. So, late in the afternoon, Mrs. Knox

and Jane, having promised Mr. Graeme,

strolled over to the cricket ground, which

was gay with flags and the colors of the

The artillery from a neighboring station

had challenged the -th Hussars, and a

number of people had assembled to see

how the contest would end. But the in-

terest was withdrawn from the game as

Jane hesitatingly approached, in her pret-

ty soft white cotton gown and large

white hat, glancing nervously at the

crowd of gayly dressed ladies, who as yet

had scarcely decided to receive her among

themselves. Most of them had heard of

Jane's short but brilliant triumph at

portly lady of middle age, to whom Mrs.

Dene had introduced her, beckoned her

smilingly to sit down beside her, and

stood beside them, and the Quartermas-

ter's wife felt as if fortune could have no

further favors to bestow. A furtive

glance around had assured Jane that Col-

onel Prinsep was nowhere within sight

"Which side is winning?" she asked

"Our side, of course; we always do,

'Who is playing now?" asked Mrs.

The Colonel is in; he and Mr. Graem

'Was that the man who was in just

"Yes. They were lucky in getting him

out for fifty runs; he is generally a very

brilliant player; but he has not been very

steady lately, and that spoils a fellow's

Mrs. Knox glanced at Jane, but the girl

made no sign of having heard Major Lar-

Just then a murmur of disappointment

broke from the crowd. Colonel Prinsep

vociferously as he came toward the tent.

He was stopped, however, by Sergeant Lynn, who divested him of his pads and

gloves, at the same time speaking to him

At last the conference between the two

unconscious rivals came to an end, and

the Colonel came on alone toward the

CHAPTER XIV.

When Colonel Prinsep left Jacob Lynn

he meant to make his way straight to-

ward Jane, whom he had seen as she arrived; but Mrs. Knox stood in his way,

and common courtesy compelled him to

stay and talk to her a moment-indeed.

talking to you just now?" she asked, di-

rectly she had shaken hands with him

"Yes. He is very anxious to run his

head into a noose, and seemed to expect

my congratulations thereon," answered

Not noticing her scared expression, he

"On his engagement to be married. He

is going to send the necessary papers in before long, I suppose, and wished to be-

Mrs. Knox, in uncontrollable excitement.

The Colonel looked at her fixedly. The

shaking with agitation, and she returned

"You think perhaps I ought not to have

say, he went on quickly to where Jane

was walking up and down between Major Larron and Valentine Graeme, who had

his gaze with one of breathless suspense

"Don't give lt-don't, I beg you!" eried

"Was not that Sergeant Lynn who was

she seemed eager to speak to him.

and exchanged the usual greetings.

the Colonel, smiling.

"On-on what?

speak my approval.

returned quietly:

in an evidently confidential manner.

had been bowled out, and they cheered

have made a tolerable score, but the high-

est score was made by Sergeant Lynn.

now?" asked the General's wife.

and she felt more at ease.

Major Larron.

ron's remark.

Knox.

eon, so I thought I'd just run across and

ask how you were after your journey,'

Jane stood and watched the Adjutant

any of the rest of the officers.

be?" she warned her gravely.

to the drawing room

mon-place way.

fancled him before.

he explained.

said Mrs. Knox.

How you could say he was not

a sudden jerk, and starting from her

seat, Mrs. Knox went over to her daugh-

CHAPTER XIL-(Continued.) "Father, have you ever told the Colonel

about me and Sergeant Lynn?" "You and Sergeant Lynn?" he repeated,

vaguely. Our engagement, father. Have you

told the Colonel about it? "Why, no, Jenny, I can't say that I

have. "I think he ought to know," said Jane, in her soft, low voice, which somehow now gave the Quartermaster a greater

idea of firmness than Mrs. Knox's shrill and more dictatorial tones.
"You are thinking a lot of nonsense, child," put in her father, good-humoredly. The Colonel is not an old woman, to be

so eager after every bit of regimental gos-You must find another reason before I go and bother him about a little thing like that."

"Then do it just to please me-because I wish it," pleaded Jane, too earnest to betray any trace of confusion in her

"Well, if you put it that way," said the and whistling a tune as he came along, my colors at once. You've been spoiled all your life, my girl, and it's too late to start a reformation now. Your mother will be very angry, I'm afraid. You see she reckons on that engagement coming to nothing, and it will be a blow to her. She is hoping great things for you,

But more was to happen to agitate Jane that day.

A well known voice struck upon her ear with a deadly chill, and turned all her

loving warmth to ice.
It was Jacob Lynn standing a few paces away from the veranda, calling and beckening her to join him. Mechanically she obeyed, descending the low, broad steps with a laggardness that told too plainly of the aversion she felt.

She went bravely up to her finnce, and touching his shoulder to attract his attention, she began:

'It seems you don't believe in me,

"How can 1?" he answered gruffly, not turning to meet her gaze. "I gave you my promise," she remon-

strated, gently, "A premise only!" he retorted. "Do

you think I can credit its fulfillment? It shall be fulfilled. I swear it!" He turned now and looked down at her sadly, incredulous still. But she did not avoid his scrutiny-instead she invited it.

"You don't want anything else, Jacob?" "You don't want anything else, Jacob?" Cawnpore, and some of them had seen she asked, gathering up her gown from her there. The General's wife, a kindly, contact with the wet grass, and making a movement to go in. "Want!" echoing her words with bois-

You ought to be satisfied," she said,

and ran away from him lightly up the

But as she reached the verandah a thought seemed to strike her, and she turned back slowly to where he still stood.

Thinking she had changed her mind, and was shy in saying so, he went forward engerly to meet her, and bent his head low to catch what she was going to

"No, no, it is not that, Jacob. You must wait for that until we are properly engaged," she told him, with a cold, flicker ing smile. "Then what is it, Jenny?"

"This application for leave to marryto whom does it go first?"

"To the Colonel." "O-oh! That is all, Jacob."

'Good-night, my love." "Good-night."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Knox, happily unconscious of what had passed between Jane and her father, and equally so of the conversation which occurred afterward between Janand Jacob Lynn, was living in a fool's paradise. The only name Jane r The only name Jane menweek's visit to Cawnpore was that of Valentine Graeme, and her mother had immediately concluded that he was to take the place of the obnoxious sergeant. She showed her conviction so unmistakably that Jane, first amused, grew afterward almost angry.
"Graeme is a very good Scotch name,"

declared Mrs. Knox, complacently, three mornings later, as she adjusted the work on the plate of her sewing machine. "Mr. Graeme's father was a brewer,"

put in Jane, slyly.
"Many of the best families go into I suppose he is very rich," said

Mrs. Knox. 'I dare say. He is not good looking." returned Jane, undergoing without win ing the piercing scrutiny to which her

mother subjected her. Was the child laughing at her or ex-pressing her real opinion? And was she mistaken in her conjecture? Mrs. Knox wondered.

'He is a gentleman," she persisted,

"They were all gentlemen that I met at Cawapore.

But though Mrs. Knox was silenced for the moment she was not quenched, and after awhile returned to the attack.

"I don't want to lose my daughter. I should like you to marry in the regiment, little woman always excitable, was now Jane," she began, rather nervously. 'I thought that was just what you did retorted Jane, now thoroughly spoken?" she said, timidly. The Colonel was too polite to press the matter, and seeing she had no more to incensed; for the open discussion, which seemed so natural and desirable to her

indelicate. The tears welled in her eyes and she was scarlet from mortification. Mrs. Knox drew herself up stiffly, but did not respond. The reference to Ser-geant Lyan had alarmed her. She knew it was best to let sleeping dogs lie, and was sorry she had said so much.

As be overtook them Major Larron was ance, and he took his place beside her.

At a sign from Mrs. Knox, who was coming up then with another officer of Mrs. Knox went on busily turning the

the regiment, they bent their steps away from the cricket ground. The down, and after the manner of the Indian climate, the air at once grew chilly. Jane shivered in her white frock, and Valentine Graeme, with what Stephen Prinsep inwardly termed officious haste, wrapped around her the warm white shawl he had

been carrying.

"Have you heard anything of Captain
Dene yet?" asked Jane, quickly, to hide
the embarrassment she felt at his rather
marked care of herself.

"Oh, yes; he is getting on capitally; the Colonel heard from Mrs. Dene the

other day."
"Let the Colonel speak for himself, Val," said that gentleman, laughing.
"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Graeme, rather taken abuck.

"Did Mrs. Dene send any message to me?" asked Jane. "She said she would write to you soon." "Then we'll have to come to you for news," put in Graeme, who seldom let an

opportunity slip. Just as they were leaving the cricket ground Sergeant Lynn came suddenly in their path. He had not seen who was coming, and fell back immediately with

"How do you do?" said Jane, bravely. A quick gleam of pleasure flashed into Sergeant's eyes, but he scarcely knew how to acknowledge the brief recog-They all passed on. The Colone and the Adjutant both liked Jane the bet ter that she had not been ashamed to speak to a former friend in their pres ence, but both felt the awkwardness of the situation, and were perhaps relieved that no stranger had been present.

Jane walked on, pale but composed, and looked neither to the right nor to the left. "By the bye, I suppose Captain Dene's illness will prevent our theatricals coming off just yet," observed Val, presently and the Colonel did his part so well.

"And so did Mrs. Dene." said Jane. But Mr. Graeme shook his head.

"I never thought so. She is very grace ful, and looks the part completely, but she lacks experience and pathos. Now you would be perfect in it." But Jane, unwilling to be praised at

her friend's expense, made no reply. They had reached the gate of their compound, and she stopped to say good-

"You are coming to see the polo to morrow?" asked the irrepressible Val.

"Perhaps," she answered, smiling, "I shall go and interview Mrs. Knox and make her promise to bring you," he said, and went off with his long, swinging

Stephen Prinsep and Jane looked after him for a moment, and then looked at each other—on his side with a gaze so tender as to be almost a caress, on hers with a sad, almost agonized expression. There must be an explanation soon, and

then she would lose all which might have made her life so fair. "Jenny!" At the sound of her nam

spoken by him thus, as though with the right to call her so, she turned a little paler. "Jenny, when can I speak to you "Alone?" she echoed, in confusion, a

warm blush mantling in her cheeks. 'Alone!" he repeated firmly. "Can you not guess what it is I have to say?"

That night, nearly an hour after his wife had gone to bed, the Quartermaster was startled by a faint rapping at his office door. He had stayed up to finish some of his accounts, and having completed them, was leaning back in his

terous merriment. "Why, I want you; I asked to be introduced to Mrs. Knox. want my wife, Jenny. When is she com: Then the Hon. Barry Larron came and bound hair falling about her shoulders. her eyes dim with weeping.

> bed long ago! Are you in trouble? You look as if you had been crying." "I came to speak to you about some

> thing else, about what I asked you the other day," she said, timidly. 'About Sergeant Lynn." She nodded affirmatively.

ways the Adjutant or some one in the orderly room when I am there. It would give the subject too much importance to a private interview."

ing to the Colonel. You see, there is al-

"I have done nothing yet about speak-

"Why not go to his house?" suggested "I might do that," he answered thought

fully. "Do, father. Will you go to-morrow morning?

"There is no hurry, is there?" "Yes; if Jacob spoke to him first he would think-I don't know what he would think!" she broke off excitedly.

"Well, let it be as you please. It is not worth arguing about. You will have to take my part against your mother; if she blows me up," he added, with a bois terous, good-humored laugh. "There, run off to bed, my girl; and don't spoil those pretty eyes of yours by any more crying Not a sweetheart in Christendom is worth it, as you will know when you reach my

Laughing still at his own joke, he stooped, and kissing her affectionately, pushed her gently from the room.

## (To be continued.) A Dakota Verdict.

There is deep indignation here over the acquittal of Alice M. Glies, who was tried last week for the murder of her husband. The prosecution developed what seemed to be absolute evidence, much stronger than was adduced in the trial of William Davidson, last week, for the same crime, for which he received a life sentence. The defense in the Giles case succeeded in getting one man on the Jury whom it could rely upon to hang it. The State found this out shortly after the commencement of the case, and could only hope for a disagreement. Imagine the surprise of every one-even the lawyers for the defense-when the jury came in with a verdict of "not guilty." After the jury had been discharged, one of the jurymen told the story of the verdict. The jury stood 10 to 2 for conviction, but after being out 36 hours the ten went over to the two, because, as some of them afterward said, they had to "get home to cut their hay." Another said he voted for acquittal because a new trial would be "such an expense to the county."-Belle Fourche (S. D.) dispatch to Minneapolis Journal.

Revenge is but the debasement of yourself to a lower level than that of your adversary.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.



The second state of the contract of the second state of the second secon

## KULPARKER'S AUTOMATIC BALLOON.

he gets safely through this mania while | a glance over the universe and realized ne is yet a boy. If the fever takes blim that although it was but a one-horse later in life he is certain to lose money affair at the best, the Cuban rebellion and reasonably sure of breaking his offered him the only chance of a satneck. It is said that there is no law to isfactory test for the balloon. His prevent a man making a fool of him-sympathies were with the rebels, as all self, but in this case there is, and it is our sympathies are, and so he opened the law of gravity, which was passed communications with the Cuban Revolt previous to the time this country took | Committee in New York. He saw there to making statutes, and it has never a most polished gentleman, Major Koamendments, nor has it been everturn- what Kulparker had to say. The ined by the action of a higher court, ex- ventor wanted \$20,000 for his patent

take a tumble before they get through provided the balloon did all that was with it, but Kulparker came to disaster claimed for it. If, therefore, Mr. Kulthrough remaining on the ground, parker would go to Cuba with his balwhich was a unique experience in the loon and wipe out a Spanish corps or nerial business. I met Kulparker at a two the money would be promptly paid health resort. He was there, as said, to him, and they would finish up the for his nerves. His nerves had gone rebellion in brilliant style with the Patback on him. He read to me an article ent Automatic, on nerves from Smiley's Microscopical | Kulparker demurred at this. He Journal, which article said that if you had no desire to visit Cuba at that mokilled a bundle of nerves and then got ment. There was danger of being capthem to die, you could see them through | tured by a Spanish cruiser before they any well-regulated microscope. It was reached the land, and in that case, with evident that Kulparker was now as the balloon and dynamite in his posmuch interested in the subject of nerves | session, Kulparker did not rightly see as he had formerly been on balloons.

"My nerves went wrong a few weeks ago," he told me, "and by the irony of fate the doctor informed me that I the Spanish cruisers occupied themshould go to Malaga in Spain and that place would put me all right."

"Why the irony of fate?" I asked; "and why didn't you go to Malaga in- Madrid busy apologizing, but that they stead of coming to this place?"

He sighed and said it was all on account of the Kulparker Automatic Bal- rebels up to date had had no trouble loon. When he said this I was in the in landing all the munitions of war they unenviable position of the questioner wanted. If the Revolt Committee sent who wanted to know how the other over the balloon without any one to man lost his leg, and was informed work it who understood its habits and that it had been bitten off. I naturally customs, the trial would doubtless be wanted to hear about the balloon, and a failure, and so no good would accrue Kulparker was good enough to oblige to anybody, while the Spanish troops, me, the account he gave being at once an explanation of how he lost his nerve desolate plains, would be deprived of and why he dared not go to Malaga.

merely because they want to fly; oth- camp, and, by blowing them up with ers, however, have humanitarian ob- dynamite, prevent their dying of ennul jects in view, desiring to confer great or fever. The committee were willing benefits upon their fellow beings. Kul- to pay Kulparker's expenses to Cuba parker belonged to the latter class. He and back, and, in the event of success. not only wanted to bestow lasting ben- to give him, in cash, double what he efits, but also dynamite upon his fel-asked, which offer, the major politely low creatures. It would be a little insisted, was all that any reasonable rough on humanity at the beginning- man could ask. even Kulparker admitted this-but as If wars had been plentiful, it is chair, having a quiet smoke.

"Come in," he called out in Hindoo- it would ultimately abolish war, he doubtful that Kulparker would have To his surprise, when the door opened, his own head. Inventors are somewhat that or nothing. it was Jane who slowly entered in a flowselves come in for any of the disadvantages. Such was Kulparker's in-

tention, but it missed fire. The Kulparker Automatic was very much like other balloons except that it had a propeller attached which was worked by compressed air. The compressed air scheme was very ingenious, If I understand it aright. If what Kulparker says is true, you can, with the proper machinery, compress something like a continent of air into the size of a drop of water. This drop you can put into a strong but light aluminum boller, if I may call it so, and the drop expands into a workable compressed air that will run a motor. If, therefore, you have a bottle full of drops of compressed air, and an automatic arrangement that will allow a drop to escape into the boller as needed, you have at your disposal a tremendous amount of energy stored in small compass and of comparatively no weight at all, which is very desirable when you are dealing with a balloon. The motor worked the fan which sent the balloon in any given direction.

So much for the motive power. The armament consisted of a tube through which was dropped at satisfactory intervals regulated by a clock-work mechanism, a dynamite cartridge which exploded when it hit the earth. The balloon, when fully loaded, contained fifty dynamite cartridges, and Kulparker's idea was that the balloon could be sent in any direction high above an army, dropping dynamite down upon nearly seared to death at the company the troops from its elevation above rifle shot, thus bringing discomfort, confu- him a ragged, unkempt assortment of sion and perhaps annihilation upon the enemy. Kulparker believed that the moment his balloon got a fair innings upon any warlike body of men, no country would, after the trial, open hostilities against any other nation. Thus war, and also the first army on which the balloon opened out, would be blot-

ted from the face of the earth. After much experimenting, Kulparker at last had a successful trial of his automatic balloon in the open country some distance west of New York. He mite cartridges, and they came down though they nearly sacrificed several ed for the mischlevous boys whom the indignant agriculturists thought were throwing the blocks of wood.

Unfortunately at the time the automatic balloon was completed there was no really first-class war going on, and Kulparker knew of no people, tired of life, who wished to have the balloon tried upon them. The China-Japan struggle had been brought to a close without the aid of the Automatic, and asked Gen. Carambo. Europe was in a state of profound

Some time in his life every man in- peace. However, it is hard to discourvents a flying machine, and it is well if | age a real inventor, so Kulparker took been interfered with by legislative tanzes, who listened with interest to cept, perhaps, in the case of Elljah. and the sample balloon. Major Ko-Most men who go in for ballooning tanzes said he would gladly pay double

what excuse he could make to the Spanish Government.

The major blandly pointed out that selves with capturing innocent merchant vessels of numerous neutral nations, thus keeping the government at never by any chance hit upon a real fillbustering schooner, and that the who sadly needed amusement on the the fireworks display which would Some men invent flying machines bring so much excitement into their

stance, thinking it was a servant asking thought the experiment worth trying gone to Cuba, but, as every one knows. as long as the dynamite did not fall on they were deplorably scarce, so it was

Kulparker was put aboard a lugger 1,000 rounds of dynamite cartridges. It was an anxious voyage, he knowing that there was such a quantity of sensitive explosive stuff in the hold, but the major proved to have been right about what he said of the virilance of the Spanish cruisers. The lugger land. ed without molestation in a little coveon the Island, and scouts were sent out to find the whereabouts of the rebel army, or some part of it. At last the deadly apparatus was loaded on mules, and thus they made for the bills, where Information had been received that Gen. Carambo and his men were stationed. Carambo was not in good humor when the outfit arrived. He had just had a brush with the Spaniards. who were encamped in the valley, and, although both sides had telegraphed to the world at large that each had achieved a great victory, Gen. Carambo did not appear satisfied with the result and had taken to the bills, while the Spanlards were busy contracting yellow fever in the valley.

When Gen. Carambo found that the committee had sent him a new-fangled balloon and a tenderfoot to work it, when what he wanted was something to drink, he made no attempt to conceal his anger. He wanted gunpowder, not dynamite; in fact, he had never heard of dynamite before.

It did not need Carambo's anger to frighten Kulparker. He was already he found himself in. They seemed to colored brigands; even the general himself had no boots on, and the villainous looking guns with which they were armed added to their terrifying appearance. If these barbarous cut throats were fighting for liberty, Kulparker wondered what sort of liberty they would establish when they got it.

Gen. Carambo curtly ordered him to get his bag of tricks in working order and let him see what there was in it. warning him at the same time that if there was any skull-duggery about it, used wooden plugs instead of dyna- Kulparker would be instantly shot, and the general would do himself the hapall right at the proper intervals, al- piness of apologizing to the United States for the action later on. With industrious farmers who vainly search- trembling hands. Kulparker got his gas machine in operation and inflated the balloon, while the rebels looked on with scarcely disguised contempt. At last the balloon arose with the fan whirling and moved against a light zephyr toward the Spanish camp. Its unfortunate inventor watched it with intense interest, for he felt that his life depend-

ed on its actions. "How soon will it begin to shoot?"

"It ought to begin in about ten min-

utes, said Kuiparker, looking at his watch.

"Very well. If it doesn't commence then, we will," replied the general ominously. "We are not here to be trifled

To inspire confidence in the inventor's mind the rebel general ordered a file of his ruffians to cover Kulparker with their guns, and to fire when he gave the order. Much as the unlucky scientist wished for an adequate test for his balloon, he did not yearn for it under these conditions, and it is probably the only case on record where a man on the solid earth was in more danger than if he had been up in the flying machine. Kulparker watched his invention with much anxiety, and it soon became evident that it was attracting attention from the Spaniards underneath. Puffs of smoke were seen in the valley below. They were firing

All at once Kulparker saw something drop from the balloon. It could not be a cartridge, for the balloon was not due to begin firing; besides, he could not have seen a cartridge drop at that distance. It came fluttering down very slowly and once as it overturned in the air be realized that it was the fan which propelled the automatic. A rifle bullet had doubtless deranged the machinery and the fan had whirred itself off. The balloon hung motionless in midair for a moment, then slowly the light wind began to drive it back over the rebel camp. Kulparker's hair began to bristle with the horror of the situation. He was between two fires, for if the balloon began to drop dynamite, he would run an excellent chance of being blown to pieces, while the moment Carambo noticed that it was returning, the suspicious wretch would see a plot in the whole scheme, and would order his prisoner shot.

Gen. Carambo had taken Kulparker's watch on the plea that he had none and wished to time the firing. The inventor did not expect to have his watch returned, and subsequent events justified this suspicion, but he now looked anxiously at the general, who was busy studying the face of the watch, wondering what would happen when he turned his gaze upwards and saw the

balloon returning. The automatic opened the ball by going into business on its own account. A shell dropped from it struck about half a mile down the hill. The explosion was terrific and startled the whole camp. Carambo slipped the watch in his pocket with an oath and it was only a few minutes before he took in the situation. The second shell dropped perceptibly nearer and rent the rock some distance below them.

"It is a plot," yelled the general. "He is a minion of the Spanlards, as I thought from the first. Shoot the low scoundrel. Attention! Fire!!"

The balloon answered his command, but not the soldiers. They, frozen with terror, were watching the approach of the aerial monster, which was steadily dropping bombs and raising consecutive earthquakes, and the accurate mathematical precision of a minute

"Shoot, do you hear?" shouted Ca-

The men tremulously raised their carbines, but the balloon got its work in from a deserted sand dune in Florida. first. The dynamite struck within a together with his balloon and about few hundred yards of where they stood and the concussion knocked down most of the squad and sent panic and flying rock amongst the rest. Carambo was stunned by a stone. Kulparker had flung himself face down on the ground and spent an eternity of wild suspense wondering whether he would be struck first by the bullets of the brigands or the dynamite hitting him in the small of the back, for the balloon seemed directly overhead. As he turned over after the crash he rolled down the hill for some distance, and there he flatters himself he lost his senses with the tumble, although I don't think he had any too much sense when he undertook to invent such an idiotic contrivance as the automatic balloon. The balloon floated gently over the ocean and it is to be hoped in the interests of the mercaptile commerce of the world that the dynamite bombs are all spent. There are dangers enough at sea as it is, without an irresponsible gas bag dropping shells unexpectedly on a vessel's deck from an altitude of half a mile.

Thus it comes about that Kulparker's nerves have all gone wrong, and that he dare not go to Malaga, in Spain, to have them put right again.-Free Press.

## A Vicarious Editor.

The busiest man in Havana is not Martinez Campos, military dictator, but an old chap, Jose something-or-other whose usefulness in life is of a unique but definite character. His profession is that of suffering vicarious imprisonment for the editors who offend the government. Of course, the press censor, especially in troublous times like these, sees to it that none but loval stuff and news favorable to the Spanish side gets into the papers, But now and then some bold editor sneaks in an insinuation or allusion which the censor skips. If then the editor be hauled up in court, as is very likely, he doesn't go himself. Not be, Instead he telephones for Jose something-or-other, who generally may be found at a certain corner saloon. "Are you editor of El Pais?" asks the judge. "I am," replies Jose. "Di. you publish this?" "I did." "Ten days in jail," and off to jail goes Jose. In these busy times he is generally satisfied with his sentences, but in more calm and dull seasons he occasionally asks the court to send him up for fifteen or twenty days instead of ten. Jose's regular compensation for representing journalists in jail is \$4 a day. He has been in the business several years and is a well-known character in Havana.-Walter Wellman in Ohicago Tribune.

Slander is the solace of malignity .-