Tige's Vindication

dack Mountains, was thrown into a sake of drinking their blood. state of much excitement. The finest In a few days they were to have been taken to the county seat, there to be | we were following. exhibited at the anual fair.

interest in the beautiful creatures, and that the wolf was in hiding near by, was sure they would have been award- If the animal intended another raid

The squire was naturally much indollars to the one who should trace such devastation.

It was known there had been trouble between the squire and Joe Kinney, a darkness, hunter who lived on the outskirts of illegal killing of deer, and at that time | the Adirondack forest. he had vowed to get even with Mr. Fenton, who made the complaint against him.

Joe owned several savage dogs, and | tack. It was thought he might know some-

thing about the killing of the sheep. The reward had stimulated the village constables, and rumors were current that Kinney would be arrested on suspicion and taken before the grand

Joe had often been my hunting com-

After viewing the dead sheep as they heard of the suspicions connecting him with the matter, and was giad enough to see a friendly face.

At his request I described the appearance of the slaughtered animals. minutes before letting the hound go on Seven sheep had been killed, the throat of each one being torn. Lying with to reach the other road before the the sheep was the squire's collie dog. The faithful fellow must have heard the disturbance, and died in trying to defend his charges. Traces of blood a short distance. In taking my stand on the ground proved he had made a hard fight before succumbing.

The village gossips thought no dog in the neighborhood was capable of do- narrow lane formed by the road and ing such cruel work unless it be Joe's its walls of dense cedar. big Tige (as one of his dogs was might need aid and urging on.

and I saw that he had a theory of his own. But when he heard the rumor muffled sound. that he had taken part in the massacre he grew indignant.

"Me and Tige are two dogs that have a hard name; so they lays all bad work to us. If Tige wanted to kill distely. Fenton's collie and sheep, he didn't need any help. But I tell ye he warn't there. He slept by my bunk last night; could easily get at them, there was a then don't you see he ain't got no slight pattering along the road, and, marks of fightin'?"

from the spot where he was sunning | me mixture of buildog and hound. He was tuous pursuer a lesson covered with the partially-heated Where I stood the cedars were so

humer, "and it warn't him, was it? was at my shoulder, ready to fire. To me it has the 'pearance of a wolf" I supposed he would either halt for

conviction to me. To be sure, it was in the neighborhood, but it was quite possible for one to have wandered

When Joe said Tige had not left the house the night before I believed him. Kinney, I had found him truthful, even in matters where most hunters are road, almost at my feet. willing to exaggerate.

As Joe's friend, I was willing to aid him in any way I could in proving his innocence. It was not yet noon, and fore I could recover from the mo real culprit.

By half-past twelve I had had dinner, and returned to the hunter's shanty, armed with my light rifle.

One of Joe's dogs was a small mongrel hound, which would track anything from a red squirrel to a panther. circuit about the Fenton sheep pas-

If our suspicions were correct, the hound would be sure to find the wolf's track. Once found, there would be little danger of losing it. Joe's favorite weapon was a long, old-fashioned musket. When this was brought out, and old Tige grappling with each other the villagers knew the hunter was bent in deadly combat. on bringing home big game.

He charged the musket with a handful of destructive-looking "slugs," put a chain on the hound, whistled to Tige,

and we were ready for the hunt. As we marched through the squire's

A stone wall, with a ditch parallel to it, stretched away from one end

ep pasture. As we resched wall the bound swiffed about.

ed out to me what

NE October morning the village a panther would kill one sheep and of Alden, which lies on the drag it off. Only a wolf was capable western slopes of the Adiron- of destroying an entire flock for the

Still keeping him chained, we let the sheep in the village, a small flock of bound guide us along the trail. Half Southdowns, owned by Squire Fenton, a mile beyond lay a cedar swamp, covhad been slaughtered during the night. ering about thirty acres of ground, and straight to this swamp led the track

Upon reaching the edge of the cover Every inhabitant of Alden took an Joe halted. He thought it probable on the sheep folds, this was the most natural place in which to secrete himcensed, and offered a reward of fifty self until nightfall, if he was ready to return to the mountains, he would be and kill the dogs that had wrought likely, after the night's effective work, to rest during the day in this swamp, resuming his journey under cover of

A wolf would never attempt to trathe village. The winter before Joe verse in daylight the thirty miles of had been tried and imprisoned for the farm land which lay between him and

> If the hunter was right in his surmise as to the animal's hiding place, it behooved us to form some plan of at-

On the east side of the swamp two wood roads used by furmers in drawing cedar for their fences led from the open into the center of the woods.

In Joe's opinion, the wolf, if started by the hound, would leave the thick cover by one of these two roads.

"For a wolf," he explained, "ain't like a fox or a rabbit, to scuttle along close to the ground; he's built higher. lay in Fenton's field. I strolled out and don't want his face slapped by to the hunter's little shanty. He had dead cedar branches any more than we want our'n."

Joe proposed I should hurry around the swamp and station myself in one of the wood roads; he would wait ten the scent, and then would himself try game was started

I easily found one of the paths, which I followed into the woods for I moved a step or two back from the beaten track, so that, while I was myself concealed, I could look along the

But a few minutes had passed aft called), and even Tige, they intimated, er reaching my station when the silence was broken by the hound's bay-The hunter listened with attention, ing. The foliage about the dog was so thick that his voice had a strange,

The dog could not be more than forty rods away. If the wolf had started and was coming in my direction, he would reach me almost imme-

As I was feeling in my pocket to know if the cartridges were where I peering through the bushes, I saw a Tige, at the sound of his name, rose tall, grayish animal trotting toward

marks of former battles, but had no thick that it was impossible for me to "Them fellers says Tige is the dog within twenty feet, then, slipping inthat done the business," continued the to the road, confronted him. My rifle

Joe said this in a way that carried an instant or turn and endeavor to escape. In either case I felt confident some years since wolves had been seen of putting a bullet through him; but the wolf had more courage than I gave him credit for, or else he attempted to run by me, for, instead of turning, he charged down the road directly at me. The peril of the moment compelled a The dog's appearance was one proof; hasty aim; the bullet went wide of the moreover, in my acquaintance with Joe mark, and I had no time to reload before the wolf was erouching in the

Clubbing the ride, I gave him a hard blow across the head, but his skull seemed proof against such attacks. Behe proposed I should go for my gun, mentum of the blow I had struck, the and then join him in pursuit of the wolf threw himself against my chest. My foot slipped and I went over back-

The rifle was dashed from my grasp, but as we fell I got a firm grip with both hands in the long hair at the crea-

The wolf stood over me. I was won-With this dog he proposed to make a dering how much longer I would be able to keep him at arm's length. His struggles and plunges were fast exhausting me, when something white flashed across the road, striking the wolf with such force as to knock him

from my grasp. Staggering to my feet, I saw the wolf

As they rolled about in the road neither animal seemed to be gaining any advantage over his opponent, yet the wolf was so much the more agile that I feared he would tire out the

dog and escape. Catching up my rifle from the group of men who lingered near the ground, I was about to interfere, when

a voice cried: 'Walt a minute: let 'em fight it out!" Joe scrambled through the bushes and stood at my side.

"They said be did it, so it's fair Tige had the first chance at him that did the killing. Tige's most interested and I next. I'll see he don't get away." But there was no need of using dog had managed to selse his antagnist by the throat, and in a mor

Joe called off the dog, and carefully examined the dead wolf. Besides the wounds which Joe said must have been made the night before by the squire's collie.

We slung the wolf across a pole and carried him from the swamp. A group of men leitered about the sheep pasture, among them being the tall figure of Squire Fenton. They watched us and our burden with curiosity.

When we were near the spot where we first discovered the wolf's track in the ditch Joe halted and shouted to the men to come forward.

When they had reached us, he point ed out the large track made the night previous in the ditch. Then close to impression with one of the wolf's

The two feet were exactly allke, He then called Tige into the ditch. Holt & Co, will publish shortly. The dog's tracks was fully a third smaller than the other two.

Tige was vindicated.

"That," said he, "is the fifty dollars reward which belongs to you." He ism and with human nature. wages. Will you take the place?"

A flash of pleasure at this proof of confidence lit up the hunter's face.

I'm too much of a backwoodsman to quit bunting and trapping. Howsom-

With this compliment to the squire, Joe whistled to his dog and moved

When I again visited Alden, several years later, the spirit of work had not yet taken possession of the trapper but there were no better friends in the Kinney.-Golden Days.

They Hid Their Keys.

Among the engaging ways of the eternal femining is the propensity to woman who carefully fastened her bet ter-half's evening clothes in his suiits key. This was annoying, to be sure especially as the man in question but him to a very smart dinner party. There is only one valid reason for being late at a dinner—if a member of one's famlly falls dead he is excused; otherwise not. Imagine the feelings of this mar tyr then, who had to break open the suit case, and even then arrived at bis host's house after the soup had been

Another wife's favorite hiding place for the key of the silver chest was in the pocket of her husband's seldom used hunting clothes. He did go off on himself and walked up to us. He was in no hurry, stopping to list with him, unwittingly, of course, and the way that the family had to borrow the people, like a new Burns. build, and looked as if he might be a clined to stop and teach the presump- forks and spoons when company ar told around that neighborhood.

hide things than lock them up. She their noses is likely to choke them.

It was at the London first night of one of his odd plays that George Bernard Shaw came before the footlights in answer to repeated and enthusiastic calls for the author. He had just opened his mouth to thank the applanders when a voice from the gallers called out, "I think the play was rot ten!" Mr. Shaw looked up at him quickly and said, "I agree with you absolutely, but what chance do we two stand against all these others?" If was another play of Mr. Shaw's, one that had been acted at a private matinee, which he quit town rather than see. At the end of the comedy, in answer to calls for the author, the stage manager came out and read a note from the author saying that, having seen the play once, he had gone many miles into the country rather than risk the danger of having to see it again Mr. McLellau, the American drama tist, who writes under the name of Hugh Morton, also never saw a performance of his uneven but remark Leslie's Monthly.

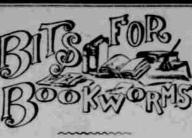
No Incentive for Dash.

"I danno what to do about Josh," said Farmer Corntossel. "He don't seem to have much enterprise."

"You've been complainin' 'bout the boy ever sence we went to that the ayter," replied his wife, reprovingly You've gone ahead an' cleared all the debts off the place, an' of there ain't any incentive for Josh to go out in the wide world an' hustle, so's he can come back an' lift the mortgage jes' as the landlord is about to foreclose, it's your own fault,"-Washing-

It doesn't make so much difference about the idle girls, but those who have to work all day should really have been born with curly hair.

As attorney who files a personal injury suit without alleging damage to the spine isn't onto his job. A jury can't see the spine.



D. Appleton & Co. have just issued a theater edition of "The Manxman," by Hall Caine.

The Canadian edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" is the largest edition of any single novel ever sold to the Canadian market in advance of publication.

this track in the soft earth he made an Edward W. Townsend has entirely abandoned his "Chindmie Fadden" vein and struck a novel idea in "A Summer in New York," which Henry

Frances Charles, the young San Francisco author whose "In the Country God Forgot" was favorably re The squire opened his pocketbook ceived a year ago, has written "The and put a roll of bank notes into Joe's Siege of Youth," a story of the present day, with its scenes in San Francisco. It deals with art, with Journal-

hesitated, coughed uneasily, and then, In "No Hero," the early publication continued: "Mr. Kinney, I fear I've of which is announced by Charles wronged you, or at least allowed you Scribner's Sons, E. W. Hornung is to be unjustly suspected. Now, I want said to be seen in an altogether differa reliable man to take charge of my ent velo from that presented by "The live stock, cattle and sheep. I can af. Amatour Cracksman" and "The Shadford to pay the right person good ow of the Rope," but with all the interest of these and former novels.

"A Daughter of the Pit," just published, is the first novel by Mrs. Mar-"Thank'ee, squire, thank'ee! But garet Doyle Jackson, whose father was an English army officer. Her early life was spent in the north of ever, if I ever do work, it'll be for England, where she saw a great deal of the colliery life which her novel

Henry Holt & Co. are sending Professor Kuno Francke's "History of German Literature" to press for the sixth time. One reason for the popularity of this work is the author's country than Squire Fenton and Jos remarkable sympathy with and understanding of the great modern German dramatists, like Hauptmann and Sudermann.

Dr. S. Welr Mitchell is one of the oldest story-tellers now writing for lock things up and hide the keys. And the English reading public; he also how it does exasperate their husbands | writes verse and he is one of the most Take the case of an amiable young famous physicians. His latest volume, "A Comedy of Conscience," about to be issued by the Century Company, is case, put the key to this in the bureau h "detective" story with distinct psy-locked the drawer and promptly los chological and ethical interest.

Frank L. Stanton is as much be loved in his Georgia home as friend but half an hour to dress and get to and companion, by those who know the house of the friend who had invited him best, as he is for his quaint and haunting melodies. Long before his songs made him known in the world of letters he had won an established place in the hearts of Georgians by his humorous and always good-natured and charming writings in the papers. The first songs were exceedingly brief, humble, and tentative. He was trying the flight of his muse. They were the prelude only, and soon, from a fuller and more strenuous throat. came the thrillingly sweet music of a hunting expedition to North Carolina Soil," published eight years ago, and the people's hearts in "Songs of the last winter, however, carrying the key to be followed now by "Up from Geor-

Distinguished literary men are just like ordinary folk, after all. They do The fact is the average woman has not live in a cloud of inspiration, and no use for a key. She would rather the incense that people burn under Mark Twain once told a hysterical adthe key basket has gone out of fashion. mirer that he had writer's cramp early And all who would might enter, no on in his career. When asked what he took for it, he answered, "Beefsteak," Samuel Johnson, although not an ordihary man in any of his ideas or habits, took a very common-place view of Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night his profession. He said that a man was a fool to write for anything but Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna for money, and when asked if he did not like to write, answered that it is not pleasant to write, but it is pleasant to Argonaut, an inquisitive lady was talking with James Whitcomb Riley about the poor material reward that comes to poets. "But, Mr. Riley," she said, "you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man, I understand you get a dollar a word for all you write," "Ye-e-s, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl; "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a single word."

First Nights in Philadelphia. Philadelphia is more like London than any other American city in its unmanageable gallery. Mr. Sothern produced "The King's Musketeer" ably clever satire called "The Girl there and the first performance lasted from Up-There," and explained his ac very late. In the last intermission the tions by saying that he was paid for gallery boys sang, "We won't go home writing the play, not for seeing it .- until morning," and when, in the final act, the queen majestically struck a gong, a boy called out, "Heavens, it's one o'clock!" Miss Ethel Barrymore, who was brought up in Philadelphia by her grandmother, the late Mrs. John Drew, long the favorite actressmanager of the city, made her stellar debut there in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." The gallery cheered the hang of her skirt that caused the her through the performance by calling her "Our Ethel," and reminding her at frequent intervals that "We knew your grandmother, and you're all right. At the end of the play, when she led Mr. Fitch forth, they showed very plainly that they didn't want him but only their "Ethel." "You're play's rot ten," they called, "but you're the real thing, Ethel!"-Leslie's Monthly.

In crying over spilt milk, a man stops long enough to claim it

There are some people who dress ! rube costumes and never know it.

FAVORITES

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown, Who wept with delight when you gave

And trembled with fear at your frown? In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben In a corner obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of granite so gruy. And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, Together we've lain in the noonday shade.

And listened to Appleton's mill. The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben The rafters have tumbled in, And a quiet which crawls round the

walls as you gaze Has followed the olden din. Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Relt, At the edge of the pathless wood,

And the button ball free with its motley limbs. Which nigh to the doorstep stood? The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt, The tree you would seek for in vain; And where once the lords of the forest

waved Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt.

With the master so cruel and grim And the shady nock in the running brook Where the children went to swim? portrays. She now lives in New York Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben

The spring of the brook is dry, And of all the boys who were school mates then: There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved Ben Bolt.

They have changed from the old to the But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth.

There never was change in you Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Since first we were friends-yet I hail

Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth. Ren Rolt of the sait sea gale Thomas Dunn English.

The Holy City. Last night I lay a sleeping there came a dream so fair, stood in old Jerusalem beside the tem

I heard the children singing, and ever as they sang. Methought the voice of angels from heaven in answer rang

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates and sing. Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your

And then metho't my dream was changed, the streets no longer rang, Hush'd were the glad Hosannas, the lit-

the children sang. The sun grew dark with mystery, the morn was cold and chill, As the shadow of a cross arose upon

lonely hill Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Hark! how the Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your

And once again the scene was chang'd. new earth there seem'd to be. I saw the Holy City beside the tideles

The light of God was on its streets, the

No need of moon or stars by night, nor sun to shine by day.

It was the new Jerusalem that would

F E Wentherly.

have written. The other day, says the largubbernecking" ACCIDENTS. Five Women Hurt Daily in Chicago Because They Will Stare.

police reports, are hurt in the shopping districts by street cars or other vehicles running into them. Some of the cases are serious and demand the the way I was told at the settlement removal of the injured persons to the and of course he got drunk." hospital or their homes. The great majority of these accidents, crossing policemen declare, are due to what is vulgarly called "rubbernecking."

"Nine women out of ten who ar hurt by street cars or vehicles drawn by horses have only themselves to blame," said an officer, who for several years had guarded a State street crossing. "I have seen dozens of women injured down here in the retail dis trict, and I never saw one who met with an accident who was not 'rubbernecking.' For instance, a woman will start to cross the street with an armful of bundles. Half way over, in the middle of the car tracks, she turns around to look at a woman who has passed her from the opposite direction. Perhaps it was the woman's hat, or other woman to stop and take ber in.' At any rate she stands there like a block of stone, deaf to the clanging of the car bell and the shouts of the people who see her danger. Finally after she has feasted her eyes on the hat or skirt, or whatever it was that caught her fancy, she wakes up and finds a street car or vehicle of some kind bearing down on her. Hhe is confused, and doesn't know which way to turn. The chances are 100 to 1 that she will step in front of the car or carringe, if she has to run five feet to do it, and then the ambulance is called. She tells her husband and everybody else that the motorman or gripman, as grinding whent on Mt, Lebane

********************** the case might be, tried to deliberately run her down.

"The same is true of a great many men who are injured down town. Two men out of five (that's the conservative estimate) will turn around tea times in walking one block to look at women who attract their notice. And do you know, it's a habit with a whole lot of men. I know some of the mos respectable men in Chicago, who is every other way are model husbands, who are victims of this habit of 'rub bernecking. If a woman attempted to filrt with them they would take to the woods, but they will turn around and secretly admire some women they nev er saw before and never expect to see again."-Chleago Tribane.

FOLLOWED THE RAILROAD.

Knobnoster, Missouri, Pulled Up and Moved North.

The story of a Nebraska village, Benton, on the Platte river, left high and dry by the Union Pacific Railroad, which "shied off" in another direction, has often been told. The Bentonites put their furniture, cattle, houses and barns on flatboats, and floated down to a location near the railroad and rebuilt there. The New York Sun tells the story of another western town called Knobnoster, which has done a sim-

than thing twice For years before the Missouri Padiffic Railroad was extended across the State from St. Louis, Knobnoster was a post village at which the stage coaches used to stop for water for their horses and food for their passengers, The civil engineers of the Missouri Pacific finally entered the country, and ran the line about two miles to the

north of the town. The old town waked up for the first ime in its existence. Most of the houses were put on wheels and moved over to the new site.

Just about the time the new Knobnoster began to look like a town, the railroad authorities concluded to shift the projected line. They decided upon a cut-off, which left the new town out In the grass and the hazel brush. A town site on the cut-off was laid out about two miles still further to the north. The railroad was constructed

and a station erected. The new town sulked for a while, but finally an old doctor moved over by the station to act for the railroad company, and his patients had to follow, One by one the houses, or most of them, were moved over by the station and rebuilt.

In a year the entire town had changed its location a second time, and wat huddled about the railroad station, where it has remained over since. But for a good many years the people watched the railroad with suspicion.

One of the theories of James B, Reynolds, the head of the University Settlement Society in New York, and now Mayor Low's private secretary, is that much of the drunkenness on the part of poor and ignorant men is cause ed by the fact that their equally poot and ignorant wives do not know how to cook nourishing food properly, and that, exhausted by manual labor and insufficiently nourished, their systems naturally crave stimulants. One day this theory came home to roost. The husband of an Irishwoman had beaten her unmercifully, says the New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and had been lock. ed up for it. The morning after the wife approached Mr. Reynolds.

"Oh, sir," she said, in great distress, come and help me get my Michael out. Sure, I had 'im locked up last night for beatin' me; but for the love of heaven come and help me get him

Her face was badly banged up, bet head was bandaged, and she walked with a limp.

"But you don't want to get him out," said the settlement worker. "He's ale most killed you. Leave him in. If will do him good. I'll see that you don't suffer for lack of his wages while he's in prison."

"Oh, no," she said. "'twas all my fault. You told me it was bad cooking Five women a day, according to the drove 'em to the rum shops, and faith, I cooked the praties in the same old way Of course he got drunk. "Twas my own fault. I didn't cook 'em to

What Did She Mean?

They were at supper. Between the courses the young man with the yoraclous appetite discoursed eloquently on things in general.

"Do you know, Miss Dash," he remarked, "I think there is a very intimate relation between our food and our character. I believe, don't you know, that we grow like what we are the most fond of."

The fair girl smiled sweetly. "How interesting!" she murmured 'May I pass you the ham, Mr. Jones!

I am sure you will like it." And the young man relapsed into deep thought.-London Answers

A prominent Philadelphia clergymau ells this story on himself: "It was Sunday morning, and I had started for church. The family were preparing to follow, when the youngest, a fiveyear-old, profested, 'I do not want to go to church.'

"I don't feel much like it myself, Fred, this morning, replied his mother, but we must go. Father has to gohas gone already, and he has to

" 'Yes,' said Fred, unconvinced, 'but we have to listen, and that's worse. -Philadelphia, Ledger.

Oil Grind the Wheat An oil motor from Judianas