

# LOVE IS BEST

By Florence Hodgkinson

## CHAPTER XII.

It was springtime at Easthill-on-sea, and things were settling down again. Mrs. Dynevor, with her son and daughter, still lived at the Up-lands, but with no fear now of the mortgage foreclosing. It was generally believed—and specially so by Harold—that the interest was paid to the young mistress of the Manor; really it went into the local bank account of "Kitty Dynevor," for Lillian knew that Alice Craven's wooing would soon end successfully, and wanted Kitty to have a nice little sum in hand for her trousseau.

Woodlands was a school no longer. Mrs. Tanner lived at the Manor as chaperon to Miss Dynevor; and Lillian, thoughtful in all things, had insisted on purchasing an annuity of two hundred a year for her friend, so that, as she put it, if she did not live long Mrs. Tanner need not open a school again.

Mrs. Dynevor and Kitty were often at the Manor, and loved Lillian even better than they had loved Miss Len- don; but Harold never went there, and when he met his cousin at Up- lands treated her with a cold reserve that almost broke her heart.

"Your brother was kinder to me when I was a poor little governess," she said to Kitty. "And that daniel, then on the eve of her wedding, lectured Harold pretty sharply on his manner to her favorite."

"You don't understand," he said coldly. "Lillian is rich, we are poor, and that makes a gulf between us."

"But it need not," Kitty persisted. "Lillian and the twins were her bridesmaids when the June day came that made her Mrs. Alice Craven; and somehow, when the happy pair had driven off, Harold found himself alone in the garden with the chief bridesmaid."

"It went off very well," he remarked. "I never saw Kitty look better."

"No, I think they will be very happy," she said quietly.

"I suppose yours will be the next wedding in the family, Lillian? It is high time you chose a prince consort for the Manor."

"Only that I am not going to do anything of the sort," she answered. "I thought I heard Mrs. Tanner say something about changes at the Manor."

"Yes; but they need not mean matrimony." She hesitated. "You were so kind to me in the old days, when first I came to Easthill, that I would like to tell you my plans. I am quite sure I am not fit to be a great lady, and I should like to feel that my life was of use to some one, so I am going to London to be trained as a hospital nurse."

"Lillian!"

"And as my life will be spent among sick folk, you see, I shall never want the Manor; and you are the last of the Dynevors—you would make me very happy, Harold, if you would go back to the old home which was to have been yours, which would have been yours if I had never been born."

"Lillian, you know it is impossible!"

"I know you have shunned the Manor lately; but if it was your own?"

"I have only shunned it because something it contained was growing all too dear to me. Lillian, did you ever guess my secret—that I loved you with all my heart, and but for the gulf between our fortunes I should have asked you to be my wife?"

"And I thought you hated me because I was my mother's daughter."

"I love you dearly; I have loved you ever since the old days, when I thought you were only a penniless little teacher."

"I wish I had been," she answered wistfully. "I don't think money has brought me much happiness. But Harold, when I go to the hospital you must take the Manor; the dear old place can't be left desolate."

And then Harold Dynevor's love conquered his pride. He took Lillian in his arms, and whispered that he would only take the gift with the giver.

And now Dynevor Manor is a happy home, and children who bear the old name make merry in the nursery Mrs. Craven had been afraid to use.

## Lesson in Astronomy

It was the third week of our trip across the plains. We were now just seventy-five miles from Fremont, and expected to make it very shortly; but on rising I was disgusted to find that one of the horses—we had only two—was dead lame. He had cast himself in the night. I was rubbing the strained tendons when the professor came and stood beside me.

"How long before he will be ready for work again?"

"I don't know," I said shortly. "Hand me that oil."

"What is a near estimate?" he inquired, with a touch of mild irritation. "Surely in these days of scientific exactitude so slight a matter as the length of a horse's lameness may be computed with reasonable accuracy."

"I just wish you'd try it, then," I said, sulkily. "He may be ready to-morrow—we may have to wait two weeks—unless you want to ride the mare in. I don't mind walking."

"And leave my specimens to the

mercy of any Yahoo that happens along? My dear Curtis, I could not think of it! Since there's only you and I we can make ourselves very comfortable. But I do hope the creature will be all right in a short time. I am anxious to be in Fremont to study the collision of the comet with my colleague there."

"Collision of the comet?" I repeated straightening up. "There's nothing so tiresome as rubbing a sprain."

"Certainly! That brilliant comet to which I have called your attention for several nights, will surely collide with the earth, in a few days at farthest. The phenomenon will prove a rare and wonderful one, though astro- nomers have often expected such an occurrence. Unfortunately, something always seemed to interfere."

"May the interference continue," I said, laughing. "I don't believe this old world will be smashed up yet awhile."

"I did not say it would be smash- ed," returned the professor with some dignity. "The most advanced theorists agree in saying that the comet itself is now only in a gaseous form, and that now only in a gaseous form, and that—"

"Hallowell," I interrupted, "go and make the coffee. We can discuss gaseous comets while we eat."

Three days passed, and the black was no better. As miseries never come single, his mate, a pretty mare, having the undue curiosity of her sex, experimented with a tempting weed, and was in a very serious condition when I found her. I dosed her with several remedies, getting little help from the professor. He was so busy watching a cloud that lay along the horizon that I was tempted to smash his telescope in order to bring him down to mundane affairs. Having done what I could for the poor mare, I came back to the wagon.

"I don't believe she'll pull through," I said savagely.

The professor squinted one eye up a little lighter.

"Amazing!" he murmured. "It travels with scarcely the speed of a locomotive. I marvel the velocity is no greater—doubtless the earth's gravely exercises a controlling influence at present." Then, in a different tone, "Curtis, there's a buffalo calf coming toward us. I suppose you would not be interested if I told you of the arrival of something really important."

I took the glass out of his hand.

"It's not a calf, Hallowell. It's a man—riding like the deuce. What do you reckon is the matter?"

Hallowell was from the east and was not used to southern localities.

"It is impossible to reckon anything on so slight a basis," he answered seriously—then made a wild dive at something that floated by. When he turned to me there was a shining bubble in his hand.

"The comet!" he shouted. "The col- lection has occurred."

"Do you call that thing a comet?" I asked contemptuously. "I might say to you with Festus—'Much learn- ing hath made the mad.'"

"It is a detached fragment from the main body of the gas," he replied, dancing triumphantly around. "The comet as a whole is that fatal cloud you see yonder."

"The deuce it is," I said anxiously. "We shall smother or be blown away. I remember you said something about its traveling like a train."

"Not blown away," corrected the professor. "We can take refuge in the hole by that hemlock yonder. As to our chance of smothering, I wonder you can mention such a trifle in the face of material of such overwhelming scientific interest. I think—"

We were interrupted by a cry from the advancing horseman. I saw that he was using whip and spur on his mount, and that the latter instead of responding was evidently played out. Indeed, as he reached us, the poor brute went down. His rider staggered up before I could lend my assistance.

"For God's sake let me have a horse!" he exclaimed entreatingly. "I am on my way from X—, to Fremont, with a pardon for my brother. If I do not reach the town before 12 to-morrow, the best man that ever buckled will die for no worse fault than putting a bullet through that hound, Pistol Pete. It is nearly 5 now!"

"You shall have the horse and wel- come," I replied, for the young fellow's manly face was haggard with an awful grief, "but one is dead lame, and the other is too ill to stand."

He made a rush for the horses to satisfy himself, and came back with a gesture of despair that went to my heart.

"Look!" he cried wildly, drawing out an envelope. "There's a life in that paper—and I have ridden—ridden—and met with one hindrance after another!"

The professor looked at him pity- ingly.

"How limited are the capabilities of the body compared with the desires of the spirit," he murmured.

"I cannot bear it!" cried the stran- ger, frantically. "They told me that was a good horse—the liars!"

For a moment I hesitated; then it dimly occurred to me that even a bookworm might have original ideas, and I said sotto voce to the new-comer—

"Do as he says; he's by no means as big a fool as he looks."

I rather think Hallowell overheard me, for he shot a distinctly ungrateful glance in my direction, but he could say nothing, as we were both now zealously obeying him.

He made us out the great cloth cover in two large sails, and these we fastened on the wagon under his orders. "Surely—surely," I gasped, "you don't think that you can make that cloud of gas help us? Why, it's fading away!"

"It is not fading," said the profes- sor, brusquely. "It seems much fainter because you are so near it and be- cause of the action of the sun on it. Do as I tell you—there's no time to lose."

When he was satisfied he made us scramble into the wagon and we sat there, waiting for—what? Three ap- parently sane men in a horseless wa- gon, waiting for a sky motor which mo- mentarily grew fainter! When ten minutes passed by outraged dignity as- serted itself.

"I won't be made a fool of," I said, angrily, and started to leave the wa- gon.

Hallowell pushed me back on my seat. Then I became aware of a sick- ening odor—a fresh breeze on my back—a pale mist around us shot with brilliant hues, and lo! we were run- ning over the plain at a rate that threatened to wreck the wagon—our sails swelled out like two great wings.

My hair was rapidly assuming a ver- tical position, but the two faces near me showed utter unconsciousness of danger. That of the stranger was burning with joy and reverent thank- fulness. To him it was a God-sent miracle for a good man's rescue. The professor was radiant over this new factor in his knowledge and he mut- tered his observations aloud. Neither seemed disturbed by the fact that from the speed and the smell-breath- ing was no easy matter. As to me—my one hope was that I might touch old earth again safely.

On, on we flew. Again and again I expected an immediate smashup, but our wagon was of fine and strong make, the plain was level, and we bade fair to reach the town shortly. In less than two hours we were not three miles from Fremont!

Then a terrible idea flashed on me which I had been too hurried to think of before. We should pass the town! Like the brook, we might go on for- ever—or at least far enough to wreck us on the broken lands beyond. As to the stranger, the trip would have been of no earthly use to him.

"I shall jump," he said simply, as if in answer to an outspoken inquiry. The professor was looking anxious but he said nothing.

But we had forgotten the little river lying near the town. We struck it like a cyclone, and its four feet of water was whipped into wild spray around us, while the wagon spun like a frantic top, then stopped with a lurch that nearly sent us flying. Either the force of our motor was lessening or perhaps, even at its best, it would not have had time or strength to loosen the wagon from the heavy snag driven between the spokes, for the pale gas rushed on, leaving three dripping men and some ruined specimens in the river, with Fremont not 500 yards away.

## TEUTONS IN FRANCE.

Parts of the Republic Are as Much German as the Fatherland.

The northern third of France and half of Belgium are today more Teu- tonic than the south of Germany. This should not occasion surprise when we remember the incessant downpour of Teutonic tribes during the whole his- toric period. It was a constant pro- cession of Goths—from all points of the compass—Franks, Burgundians, and others. France was entirely over- run by the Franks, with the exception of Brittany, by the middle of the sixth century, says the London Express. All through the middle ages this part of France was German in language and customs as well. The very name of the country is Teutonic. It has the same origin as Franconia in Southern Germany. In 812 the council of Tours, away down south, ordained that every bishop should preach both in the Romance and the Teutonic languages. The Franks preserved their German speech 400 years after the conquest. Charlemagne was a German. His courtiers were all Germans. He lived and governed from outside the limits of modern France. The Abbe Sieyes ut- tered an ethnological truism when, in the course of the French revolution, he cried out against the French aris- tocracy: "Let us send them back to their German marshes whence they came."

## Removal from County Jails.

One of the measures before the legis- lature of North Carolina provides that all criminals condemned to capital punishment shall be removed from the county jails immediately upon con- viction, to the state penitentiary to await the execution of their sentence.

## TWILIGHT

The day is gone, and from the east, afar  
Night's shadow comes across the rose  
Breathes out her vesper fragrance ere  
it closes:  
And yonder, godlike, gleams the evening  
star,  
In silence here, save just enough of  
sound  
To make its presence felt; there is no  
star.  
A robin's lullaby, a cricket's chirp,  
No moving air in all the trees around  
Think would I have life's busy journey  
end.  
With shadows sweeter than the glare  
of day  
With music soft, and in the damped  
sky  
Near after star, we here and there a  
friend  
Strides forth to bless the pilgrim on  
and gray.  
That, like the twilight, none his busi-  
ness by.

## A Forgiveness.

BY DABNEY MARSHALL.  
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Ostensibly Si was a farmer and blacksmith, and occasionally a cattle drover, but as the agricultural region about him was poor, and the pasturage though extensive was inferior, being covered chiefly with pine straw, a diet to which the sheep and cows did not take kindly and upon which with the perversity of dumb "critters" they re- fused to fatten, the income from even a triple employment like this would seem to be necessarily limited.

But genius is always superior to cir- cumstances, so Emerson says, and Si exemplified the saying by always hav- ing an abundance of the comforts of life and a plenty of money. His wife always appeared in a new dress at each annual protracted meeting, his boys wore store shoes, and always had powder in their gourd, and shot in their pouches. As for Si himself, he owned a breach-loading gun a drum- mer might not disdain, and used real smokeless powder cartridges. His neighbors told visiting friends from across the river in Amite county, that Si actually paid two and a half cents a piece for these, and the neighbors heard the statement with unbounded wonder at such evidences of wealth.

When collections were taken up for what the preacher called "the spread- ing of the gospel of the sweet Savior among the heathen in China and the poor Catholics in New Orleans," Si al- ways put a dollar in the hat. Mrs. Harbrook fifty cents, the boys a dime each, and little Lodelia, the only girl of the family, a silver quarter. In con- sequence Si passed for a deeply reli- gious man, and the parson always called him Brother Harbrook.

Nor was Si's generosity purely ec- clesiastical. He had been frequently known to leave the railroad with as many as two one-gallon jugs full of "licker," and arrive home with the jugs, owing to a liberal sampling of their contents on his own part, and a generous distribution of the same to all he met, who universally at first re- fused to drink, but finally consented being as how it was Si as offered the licker, and they would "moot a little, not as they were wine-bibbers and gluttonous, but would take a swig for 'the good of their livers.'"

Most of his neighbors drank what was offered them and asked no ques- tions and made no remarks. But some of them were deeply and audibly per- plexed as to where Si got all this money. Certain circumstances con- nected with Si would linger in their minds and what was worse break out on their tongues. They would com- ment how the cattle of neighbors near Si had a way of disappearing just when they were "most fit" for mar- ket. But in that great unenclosed coun- try what was there to prevent cattle from straying? "Dumb critters," said Si, "are mighty biggity and roaming some any how, and will some times just rush to their ruin."

Some times also in the fall country stores near him were robbed and their safes blown open just after the money had been received from the town banks to pay for the incoming cotton. It was a strange coincidence that after such robberies Si had more money and dis- tributed more "licker" than usual. But Si said "life is full of coincidences and a mystery according to the scriptures." "Leastwise," added he, "that is what the parson says the Word says, and I ain't the man to dispute a licensed min- ister of the gospel, nor is you nuther, neighbor?" he would ask of his listener as he lovingly toyed with the trigger of his famous gun.

"No, indeed," replied the neighbor with alacrity, edging off a little. "I don't dispute the parson nuther you, you air both right as far as I know on."

Still some folks would prove "too leaky of tongue" in regard to Si's af- fairs, and it was strange how the corn cribs and cotton houses of these "mealy back-cappers," as Si called them, had a habit of taking fire in the dead hours of the night.

But one day the grand jury actually indicted Si for grand larceny. He was accused of stealing ten head of cattle from Mart Smiggles. The chief wit- ness against Si was Dunc Swarrington, a good-natured farmer too stupid to be dishonest, whose farm adjoined the road over which Si had to drive the cattle to New Orleans. The testimony was strong for the state. Si could al- most hear the doors of the penitentiary opening upon him. "It was an awful experience for a Christian," he used to say in after years, but then he would add, "them the Lord loveth he chases."

Si went upon the stand and testified in his own behalf. He acknowledged that he sold the cattle. It was true he was a farmer, he said looking at the farmer jurors, a stockman if they would. He was uneducated too, no hanger around of lawyers and court rooms, for he thought an honest farm- er's place was in the field, and not loafing around among them that re- presented corporations and merchants,

and so he did not know such law, but he was a Christian and an alliance man and he hoped he did know what was right, if he did not know what was lawful. "Two mighty different things," he said, "as some amongst you knows, what has had homes closed out under deeds of trust for debts you never made and things you never bought."

The sale of the cattle, he went on, had come about this way. He was go- ing to New Orleans with a fine herd. Among them was a most likely male. "I wish you could have seen him, judge," he said deferentially to that magnate. "He had great shiner horns same as if they was polished up fer powder horns, and curls like a city gall right down between them horns. And was high-steppin as a preacher or a railroad conductor."

As he was driving this male by Mart's pasture, Mart's heifers had lo- ped out and mixed with his cattle. He had called for Mart, but he could not make Mart hear. He himself had driven the heifers out of the cattle four times at least, but they just would come back. The attractions of that male were simply terrible, no preacher was more powerful among the sisters. It looked like witchcraft or hoodoo or something to him what warn't natural. Finally he tired out driving such con- trary-minded brutes. "A man can't be expected even by the law to spend his whole time fooling with a passel of cows when he's got an honest living to make. So he was forced to let Mart's oil heifers go to thunder; but, would they believe it they had actual- ly followed him plumb to New Orleans. What was he to do with them? Leave them in the streets to be taken up and appropriated by the city folks? Not s'nteh! They already got a plenty of country folks' stuff any way by clos- ing out mortgages and deeds of trust without jist making them a present of the finest cattle in Marion county. So he had ben compelled to sell those heifers along with his own. Moreover he was teeter of heart and could not



"Don't shoo the kids, Si."

bear to part them from that likely male. It was true he had never offered Mart the money, but he had not had time to do so. With his wife sick, and Lodelia puning around all the time and gruss-just a whooping in his cotton, he had not been able to go over to Mart's and take the money. He was going to do so, on the very next day, when the sheriff had come and jailed him. "So show you gentlemen," he concluded, "that I ain't got no hard feeling agin Mart, though I ain't saying he ain't treated me wrongal, I will give him the vally of them heifers here sat now." With that he hung the money on the table in the court room. The jury retired and soon brought in a verdict of not guilty.

As the crowd was pouring out of the court room Si nudged Dunc on the arm and said:

"So, you swore agin ne, did you, Dunc?"

"I had to, Si; I war oath to tell the truth."

"That's all right about the truth," said Si sarcastically. "We all knows you jist loves the truth, ast fattens on it. And I ain't denyin that the truth is a good thing in itsplace, but I want to leave with you that the truth don't stop no lead."

As he walked homeward Dunc con- cluded that a change of air would be good for his wife's lungs. So he sold out his little property at a sacrifice and moved to Louisiana.

One night after family prayers Si's oldest boy said: "Pap, when are you goin' to kill that hound of a Dunc Swarrington?"

"When the crop is laid by, Sonnie. I am too busy now to indulge in pleasure. Business fust, my boy."

One morning when the last urus had been plowed, and there was no blacksmith work to be done, Si said to his wife: "mammy, hand me my gun, I guess I've got time to kill Dunc now."

A two days' ride brought him to Dunc's place. He slipped through the pine brush to the edge of the field where Dunc was plowing. He slowly trudged bare-footed behind a steer that dragged a worn out plow. His white wool hat, full of holes, flapped over his face, bronzed and drawn, hunger and over-work written all over it. Not far off Dunc's largest boys were plow- ing, followed by their sister, all bare-footed and ragged. Further and near the woods was a six year old youngster, Dunc's baby chap, with a long slender pole minding the gap in the fence Dunc had not yet had time to mend.

Si suddenly confronted him with his gun. Taken by surprise Dunc started and trembled a little at first, but soon recovering faced his enemy without blanching.

"Don't shoot the kids, Si," was all he said.

But Si replied: "Don't be nowise on- easy, Dunc. I have rode a hundred miles to kill you, but I guess you are worse off here than you'd be in hell. So I forgives you. Fully and freely forgives you."

Si then started off, but wheeled sud- denly pitched a silver dollar over in the field to the amazed Dunc, saying: "Here, buy that air peaked-faced young un' a square meal. He looks honry."

## TURNING TO LEFT.

Instinct Possessed Both by Man and the Lower Animals.

Instinct has been defined as a sort of inherited knowledge peculiar to the lower animals. That man possesses many analogous traits we all know; but there is one so subtly engrafted in his nature that, under certain cir- cumstances, he is unconsciously made to act in precisely the same manner as the wild animal, and that is in circle-traveling. It is a peculiar instinct which causes wild animals, when pursued for any considerable distance, always to travel in a circle; and man, when lost on the veldt, the prairies, or in the forest, unconsciously becomes controlled by the same instinct and is made to bend his course and travel in a circle, and return to the same place from whence he started. A notable instance of this is mentioned by Mr. Catlin, an American traveler of repute, which occurred while ascending the upper Missouri. He had left the steam- er on which he had been sailing up the river, with the object of reaching an Indian village by making a short-cut across a prairie on foot, accompanied only by a single attendant. "In our course," said Mr. Catlin, "we had a prairie of some thirty miles to cross; and the second day, being dark and cloudy, we had no object by which to guide our course, having no compass with me at the time. During the first day the sun shone, and we kept our course very well; but on the next morning, though we started right (aid our course), we no doubt soon began to bend, notwithstanding that we appeared to be progressing in a straight line. There was nothing to be seen about us but short grass, every- where the same, and in the distance a straight line, the horizon, all around us. Late in the afternoon, and when we were very much fatigued we came upon the very spot, to our surprise, where we had bivouacked the night before, and which we had left on that morning. We had turned to the left and no doubt had traveled all day in a circle. The next day, having the sun- shine, we laid (and kept) our course without any difficulty. On arriving at the Sioux village and relating our singular adventure, the Indians laughed at us very heartily, and all the chiefs united in assuring me that whenever a man is lost on the prairies he trav- els in a circle, and also that he invari- ably turns to the left; of which singu- lar fact I have become doubly con- vinced by subsequent proofs similar to the one mentioned.—Chamber's Journal.

Walter Cheatham, an employe of the city stables, has had the good fortune to find a very old coin of the realm of Great Britain in a trash pile, says the Knoxville Journal and Tribune. The coin is of the same size as an Ameri- can dollar and weighs just the same. Walter did not realize that the coin might have a big price offered for it, and while showing it to Stable Boss William Kellar, asked that official what he would give for the coin. Mr. Kellar does not know the value of old coins, and offered ten cents. Mr. Cheatham declined and Mr. Kellar proffered twenty-five cents and the bargain was struck. Mr. Kellar de- cided he would keep the coin as a rare novel keepsake, but now he would probably refuse an offer of \$500 for it, pending a thorough investigation of its value to numismatic collectors. On yesterday Mr. Cheatham returned to Mr. Kellar and tried to buy back the coin for a quarter of a dollar. Mr. Kellar refused, but jokingly said he would take \$5 for it. Cheatham was about to take him at his word, when Mr. Kellar said he intended to keep the coin. Its owner was then inform- ed that according to a coin collector's manual, King George's dollar was quoted as being worth \$1,500. The coin is much worn and the date is effaced, but King George's profile is stamped on the face of the coin, while on the back his majesty is pictured astride a horse in the act of slaying a dragon. "George III., G. B.," are some of the letters easily deciphered around the margin of the coin. The edge is worn smooth.

## JAPANESE BABIES.

They Get Good Doses of Nature and Thrive Well.

According to our modern scientific ideas as to the careful treatment of babies, those of Japan would seem to have a hard time, and yet there are no healthier, nor fatter looking little mortals on the face of the earth. We insist on a fixed temperature, on sterilized milk, on all sorts of improved things, while the Japanese baby gets a good dose of nature, and seems to thrive on it. It is dressed and un- dressed in a frigid temperature in win- ter, and in summer its tender little eyes are always exposed to the full glare of the sun, as it is carried on its mother's back. It is to be feared, however, that this latter treatment of- ten does affect the eyes of the children, though they get over it later in life. At Nagasaki, amongst the women coal- ers who coal the ship, you may see many with blisters on their backs. The mothers work all day in the rain, or in the sun, or the snow, and there baby sleeps, indifferent to everything, the top of its head alone visible, while the movements of the mother do not seem in the least hindered, and she accomplishes as much work as the men. It seems as if the babies of this class were born stoics!—Anna North- end Benjamin in San Francisco Bulle- tin.

## IN A TRASH PILE.

Old King George Coin Found in Knox- ville, Tenn.

Walter Cheatham, an employe of the city stables, has had the good fortune to find a very old coin of the realm of Great Britain in a trash pile, says the Knoxville Journal and Tribune. The coin is of the same size as an Ameri- can dollar and weighs just the same. Walter did not realize that the coin might have a big price offered for it, and while showing it to Stable Boss William Kellar, asked that official what he would give for the coin. Mr. Kellar does not know the value of old coins, and offered ten cents. Mr. Cheatham declined and Mr. Kellar proffered twenty-five cents and the bargain was struck. Mr. Kellar de- cided he would keep the coin as a rare novel keepsake, but now he would probably refuse an offer of \$500 for it, pending a thorough investigation of its value to numismatic collectors. On yesterday Mr. Cheatham returned to Mr. Kellar and tried to buy back the coin for a quarter of a dollar. Mr. Kellar refused, but jokingly said he would take \$5 for it. Cheatham was about to take him at his word, when Mr. Kellar said he intended to keep the coin. Its owner was then inform- ed that according to a coin collector's manual, King George's dollar was quoted as being worth \$1,500. The coin is much worn and the date is effaced, but King George's profile is stamped on the face of the coin, while on the back his majesty is pictured astride a horse in the act of slaying a dragon. "George III., G. B.," are some of the letters easily deciphered around the margin of the coin. The edge is worn smooth.

## When Anything Assumes the Form of a Duty some men feel incapable of discharging it.