

of merrily jingling bells from behind a piece of rising ground.

On they came, filling the air with the music of scores of bells of different tones, till I counted 12 great teams rolling down the descending ground.

As soon as I had made known to the teamsters the condition of the emigrant family there was a regular strife about going to their relief. All were going back to California with empty wagons, and all declared they could as well as not take the little emigrant craft in tow—their teams would never know it had been hooked on behind them.

Only a single team was needed. A fine, strapping young fellow, about 25 years of age, was driving the leading team of the train. All the other teamsters were much older and had about them the subjugated look of married men. So I said:

"Gentlemen, as there is a confoundedly good looking girl over there, and as most of you appear to be married men, suppose we say that this young buck goes?" pointing to my young chap.

With shouts of laughter and many sly jokes, this was agreed to at once, and I mounted to a seat on the wagon of my young fellow to act as guide.

My man had a team of 10 huge and splendid mules, all carefully selected and matched—a team worth a small fortune. Each mule wore housings of bearskin, and above the hames of each rose a steel bow filled with bells of various sizes and tones. His vehicle was a great "prairie schooner," as the immense freight wagons used in crossing the Sierras are called, and everything about both team and wagon was in perfect order.

On one side of the wagon—the huge hull of the craft—was painted in red a large wing, like the wing of some sea bird. In explanation of this hieroglyph my young fellow said, "You see, sir, I call her the Red Wing."

I told him the folks out on the desert would most assuredly look upon him as an angel, notwithstanding he had but one wing.

When we reached the forlorn family and our huge craft rolled up alongside their diminutive vehicle, we looked like a 74 gun ship bearing down upon a canoe.

The family had evidently never dreamed of such a wagon or such an array of animals for a team. Thomas rose from his seat on the rock, rubbed his eyes and gazed upon the whole rig in utter astonishment. The old grandmother pushed back her immense sunbonnet and giggled aloud, while the two boys stood and stared in open mouthed and speechless amazement.

Sticking his blacksnake whip under the housings of his saddle mule, my teamster, John Henderson by name, jumped to the ground, and teamsterlike first of all went to look at the old bald faced horse.

As young Henderson walked around the old horse and surveyed his many unusual "points," his face wore a curious expression—half sneer, half pity. Going to where the dead mare lay, he gave her a careless kick, which instantly brought a beseeching "Don't, mister!" from the younger of the boys.

Smiling good humoredly, Henderson turned away from the mare, and now for the first time deigned to notice the human beings present.

"Well," said he, turning to Thomas, "I s'pose you folks don't care how soon you get out of here. Ugh! with all these dead cattle about, this is no good camping place."

Said Thomas: "I must tell you plainly, mister, that we hain't got any money. We are—"

"Oh, Mumford! Oh, Mumford!" cried the old grandmother, and squatting upon the ground she began rocking herself to and fro.

Henderson wheeled about and surveyed the rocking figure in amazement. Then he began to look about in wild eyed fright. Seeing no one rush to the old woman's assistance, he stepped to my side and asked: "Is she sick? Does the old lady have fits?"

"Oh, no," whispered I. "A little peculiar, that is all. She enjoys these little tantrums."

"Enjoys them?"

"I suppose so. Mumford was her husband. They buried the old man at Green river."

"Ah! Yes, yes, I see!" said Henderson. "Poor old lady! It sets her about crazy!"

Mary and her mother had both been watching our movements from the wagon front, the mother in her anxiety having left her couch and crawled forward on her knees. Evidently mother and daughter thought, on seeing Henderson turn away from Thomas and seeing the old lady again agitating herself upon the ground, that some hitch had occurred and that the teamster was, after all, about to drive away and leave them on the desert. I heard Mary say:

"I can stand it no longer, mother! I must speak to him! He must help us!" Then, leaving the sick child beside her mother, she came rushing to Henderson with flying hair and streaming eyes.

"Oh, sir, do take us here! Don't, for God's sake, leave us here! If you will take us, I will do anything! I will work for you—I mean for your father and mother, sir. Oh, don't leave us because we have no money!"

"I have neither father nor mother in this country, miss. Why do you talk about work and money? I am not going to leave you—money would not hire me to leave you! For \$10,000 I would not turn away and leave you here in sickness and distress to die on the desert. I would want to blow my brains out the next minute! Just tell me where you want to go."

"Oh, sir," said Mary, "we want to go to California!"

"But to what part of California? California is a broad state."

Mary hesitated, looked confused and finally answered, "I don't know, sir—we only started to go to California."

"Oh, Mumford! Oh, Mumford!" groaned the old lady.

Henderson started at this second outbreak, gazed curiously at the Mumford relic for a moment, then gave me a look that said more plainly than any words, "Rum old gal, ain't she?"

"Well," said Henderson, gazing from face to face and addressing the family collectively, "as you don't seem bound for any particular port, by the beard of Baalam! I'll just bundle you all up, take you in tow of the Red Wing and land you all on my ranch in Sacramento valley. It's as good luck as any."

Nobody offered any objection. The short and emphatic speech made by Henderson seemed to have settled the whole matter.

The kind hearted teamster was now all bustle. He stirred Thomas up, telling him to do this and do that, and even found something for the small boys to do. All the valuable contents

of the small craft were soon stowed away in the capacious hold of the Red Wing, as were the extra harness and other traps. The water cask was unslung under the small wagon, and giving it a kick that sent it rolling Henderson said, "We shan't need that!"

At this the old lady, of whom nobody was thinking, cried: "Yes, we shall. Take it along. It'll come mighty ha...y to keep soap in!"

"Never you mind, granny," said Henderson, smiling at the idea. "We shall find soap barrels enough over the mountains."

Next he turned to Thomas, who was poking away at some box he was moving, crying: "Come, hustle up, my friend! We've got to get to Carson City as quick as the Lord will let us! I tell you, we've got to get some chickens, some fresh butter and milk, tea, fresh vegetables and a whole lot of things for these sick folks. It's a wonder you ain't all down with scurvy, such salt boss rations as you've been livin' on!"

At this speech I saw Mary's face light up.

"Oh, Kitty," I overheard her say, "hear that! Chicken broth to make Kitty and mamma well!"

Henderson spread his own mattress and part of his bedding in the small wagon for the sick woman and child, after it had been cleared of all the boxes and baggage it contained, making both quite comfortable. All hands of us then hauled the small craft into position, and it was securely lashed behind the big prairie schooner and taken in tow by the gallant Red Wing.

Thomas and the boys mounted into the large wagon, while all the women and little ones were placed in the small one.

As I assisted the tottering old lady into the vehicle, she paused when half way in, nodded her head toward Henderson and said to me in a triumphant whisper, "He's just like Mumford!"

"Goodby," was soon said all round, a crack like the report of a rifle rang out from Henderson's blacksnake whip, a shower of merry music was shaken out of the hundred bells as the 10 huge animals threw their weight into their collars and set the tall steel bows arched above to quivering. Then the two vehicles moved slowly away in the direction of the main road to Carson City.

At the distance of a hundred yards the old bald faced horse, as he went limping behind the smaller craft, seemed to suddenly become aware of the fact that he was leaving behind the mare, the old companion that for days, weeks and months had faithfully toiled by his side over huge mountains and across broad desert plains. Two or three times he turned and looked back with eyes that stared wildly from their sunken sockets.

He whinnied uneasily and strove to wheel about, but his strong rope halter each time brought him up with a jerk that must have made his teeth rattle in his skull and which nearly threw him off his trembling legs. So he gave it up, and they all moved on across the desert in the red light of the declining sun.

"Poor old devil!" said I as I stood there in the Desert Golgotha. "He feels as did the relic when she left Mumford behind under the trees on the banks of the Green river."

"Goodby, Red Wing and kind young captain!" cried I, wiping a tear away as I saw the two craft drop out of view behind a distant desert billow. "Goodby and farewell, Mary, Kitty and all of you! May you find a home and happiness in the bright land of flowers on the summer side of the Sierras!"

CHAPTER IV.
THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.

One night in the fall of 1867, either in September or October, I was at Chamberlain's Station in the Sierra Nevada mountains on the Donner Lake wagon road waiting for a coach of Roberts S. Company's line to take me northward the next day to the then newly discovered mines of Meadow Lake.

Alas, poor Meadow Lake! Meadow Lake, the glory of whose promise of greatness once tinged in rosete hues the high Sierras! Let there be raised a "lamentation" for Meadow Lake, the beautiful, for in the days of her youth,

even while the bow of promise stood bright above her, she withered as did the gourd of Jonah. Alas, the gold in her myriad of mines failed! She is now the "deserted village" of the mountains. Where once busy thousands had their homes nor dwells solitary Hermit Hartley. His ear alone hears the moan of the pines—a moan that seems a wail raised over the dead and buried hopes of the former dwellers.

At the station at which I was awaiting transportation to the then bright and bustling town of Meadow Lake many teamsters had gathered in. Chamberlain's was the most popular station on the road. The men freighting over the mountains always strove to reach that halting place. Until long after dark the sound of bells was heard on the pine bordered road, and the huge prairie schooner came rolling in. After supper I found the immense barroom almost filled with the teamsters, and more were still arriving, for a full moon was lighting up all the mountains. The men were all talking "horse" and "mule," and my head being filled with thoughts of mines and gold, I paid but a dreamy sort of attention to the conversation. Presently, however, one of the teamsters said, with a good deal of emphasis, "I tell you what, Johnny, if you hadn't 'a' hitched onto me and helped me up that air last hill, I'd 'a' bin at the foot of it yet!"

"That's all right, Bill. You know I never pass by and leave a man in trouble. No, sir, by the beard of Baalam, the son of Beor! I have my opinion of a man that will do a trick like that."

Instantly I was all attention. Although it had been seven years since I had heard that strange, mild oath—though I heard it then for the first time and had never heard it since—I at once recollected where and under what circumstances I had before heard it. I soon had the man who had sworn by the beard of Baalam safely cornered at some distance from the main throng of guests. I then asked him if he remembered having assisted a poor, wrecked emigrant family out of a desert over in Nevada seven years before.

"Do I remember that? Well, sir, I rather guess I do! Yes, sir, and mighty little chance now of my ever forgetting it. But, stranger, how do you happen to know about that? You ain't the—well, by the beard of Baalam! Yes, you are! You are the very fellow that came out on the road and got me to go down into the desert after the family! Give me your hand!"

Having recovered my hand from John Henderson's fearful grasp and straightened out my numb fingers, I said: "I did not remember your face, Mr. Henderson, for now you are bearded like the pard, but I recollected your peculiar style of oath. You used it once that day down in the desert. The moment I heard it here tonight there flashed be-

fore me a picture of the little wagon and the forlorn family, of the dead animals scattered about and of your huge Red Wing. I saw everything."

"Oh, you mean my saying 'by the beard of Baalam.' I don't count that swearing. If it is swearing, it must pass as the family oath. My father—and he was a pious son—always said, 'By the beard of Baalam, the son of Beor,' but I don't often find time for the whole. Back in the States they are not so hurried in their swearing as we are out here."

"What became of that poor family?" I asked. "Where did they finally bring up? Did you get them over the mountains all right?"

"Did I get them over the mountains all right? Well, I rather think I did, and I've got 'em all right till now."

"Till now? Then you know where they are at present and how they are getting along?"

"Yes, sir, I may safely say I do. Did you notice that oldest girl Mary? Looked a bit tanned and dusty there and used up like. Oh, you did notice her? Well, when she got rested and fixed up, and when her mother and Kitty got well, she was just a little the brightest, liveliest and best looking girl I ever saw anywhere. Why, sir, it is a square fact that I got dead in love with that girl before we got half way over the mountains. I first began to feel it comin' on about Yank's Station, at Strawberry Valley I was quite oneasy, at Brockliss Bridge I was sighing like a sick child, and at Placerville I was clear gone."

"You seem to have made quite a careful diagnosis of your case."

Henderson laughed and said: "That is just the way in which her kind words and her patient, helpful ways to all took hold of me. Then, when I afterward saw her sicked up—well, bet yer life I wasn't going to lose her!"

"Well," he continued, "as I was about to tell you, I took the whole lot right down to my ranch in Sacramento valley. Having on the ranch a great barn of a house that had been built for a wayside tavern, I put the family into it, set 'em up and told 'em to go to livin'."

"They did as I told 'em. Then I went to courtin' Molly in the dead earnest—actually neglected some of my teamin' business, I got so determined."

"To cut it short, in six months we

were married—bless the day! It was the makin' of me. The 'trip' to church with Molly was the best I ever made, except that one you know of. Lord, it seems like an old story now. Why, bless you, we now have two bouncin' lads and a rompin' little girl."

"And Thomas?" I asked.

"Thomas? Oh, you mean Anderson, my father-in-law. Well, he'll never set the world afire. He's a good sort of an old man though. He's got a little ranch of his own that I gave him off part of my big one. He's as contented as a lamb, he is. He jist putters and potters about and is happy."

"But Grandmother Mumford—the old lady, you know. Well, it was perfectly astonishing how she come out when she struck the California climate—her and that old bald faced hoss. Why, the old critter—the old gal, I mean—she got jist as spry on 'er legs as a quail. I often used to tell her, when I see her chasin' the young turkeys."

"Grandmother Mumford, you will be a-kickin' up your heels pretty soon, the same as your old Baldy out in the pasture!" That tickled her. She jist swears by me!"

"Does she ever do the 'Oh, Mumford!' act nowadays?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Henderson. "How do you know about that? Oh, I recollect now. She gave us a small specimen of that dodge out on the desert. Yes, she brings Mumford up occasionally when Father Anderson don't fly round to suit her—when she's put out with him, you know. Then she sets down and humps herself like, or comes over to my house and stays a month at a time."

"That must be agreeable!"

"Yes, sir, I like to have her about. I can tell you, sir, that she's a mighty bright, sharp old lady, and when she sees business goin' on right she's jolly and full of life and fun. Make you laugh tears to hear her tell her old Kentucky yarns, actin' out the characters."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, she's rich now! Some of her big, high toned relatives back in Kentucky—the Mumfords and Sylvesters, and among 'em—have died and left her, or it fell to her in some way, \$75,000 in clean coin! We've named two of our children after her—I mean the girl after her and the boy after Mumford, the one out on Green river. His name, it seems, was Isaac—not a name I would have selected, but—well, she somehow got round Molly in the fixin' up of her will. But this is too much like talkin' business, and I'm rich enough already—that is, almost."

"Do you know, Henderson, that I'm delighted to hear all this? I've a thousand times thought of you and of all in that family. When I saw your tall Red Wing pass over the ridge out of sight with the little craft in tow, it somehow left a sort of void in my heart that has never been filled till now."

"Ah, and we, too, have often and often talked of you, sir. All came about through you. I wish to God you'd let your mining business go and come down and spend a month or two with us. I can tell you we'd have a royal time. What a surprise and delight it would be to Molly! She often and often talks about you, wonderin' how you are gettin' along in the world and hopin' all has gone well with you."

"Bless her kind heart! Now, Henderson, you may tell her that you've seen me, and that I am happy and rich. Tell her that I have a half a million in one mine in Meadow Lake, with from \$100,000 to \$350,000 in two or three others. Also tell her that next year I shall make the tour of Europe—shall spend at least six months in Europe. I've got my route all mapped out. I wish to God, Henderson, that things were so with you that you could go along."

I may as well say right here that things did not turn out with me as well as I then anticipated. My mines "peetered," the "bottom" fell out of the whole district and left some thousands of us "flat broke." But to this day I am glad to feel that Mary always thinks of me as rich, traveling in Europe, dining with Queen Victoria and hobnobbing it with the czar of all the Russias.

A stout, handsome young man about 17 years of age then approached and was introduced by Henderson as "Robert Anderson, my brother-in-law. He's one of the boys you saw on the desert."

After some talk about the "great trouble" out on the desert, Henderson told me that Bob was driving one of his big teams.

"I had only one wing when you first met me, but now I have three—a Red Wing, a White Wing, and a Blue Wing. Whenever I get a new wagon I spread another wing. I want just one more wing, then I shall sail on evenly through the world."

"Have you the same old Red Wing that I saw?" I asked.

"Yes," said Henderson, "but like the man's jackknife so many new feathers have been put in here and there at various times that it is now hard to say how much of the original is left. I feel a great liking for the old craft, and I shall always consider that one particular trip to the Comstock with the old Red Wing the lucky cruise of my life—it brought me Molly."

THE END.

Tardy Lord Palmerston.

A political friend, who knew Lord Palmerston intimately, relates that he was not always to be depended on in keeping appointments. He once fixed 7 o'clock to dine with the officials of a provincial town, but failed to turn up. When 10 o'clock struck and he still was absent, the company in sheer desperation sat down and had reached only the second course when the great man appeared. All expected an apology for the delay that had spoiled their dinner, but Palmerston, with the blandest of smiles and an assumption of the most cordial and forgiving aspect, quietly said, "I am so glad you did not wait."

—Exchange.

HOCUS POCUS IN ART.

HOW SOME PERSONS WHO THINK THEY KNOW ARE SWINDLED.

Queer Tricks Practiced by Men Who Make a Living With Pencil and Brush—Cartoonists With More Than One Name—One Who Made His Ghost Famous.

Artists who sign their names to pictures that other men paint are quite plentiful in this town. In a little store on Fourth avenue, just around the corner from the American Academy of Design, there are some very pretty examples of water coloring for sale. The signature in the corner of each canvas is that of a woman. The dealer was in a communicative mood the other day, and as he was talking with a reporter he picked up one of the paintings and held it to the light for observation and discussion.

"That woman brings some very good work in here for me to sell," said he. "There is one peculiarity about her, though. She always writes her signature in my shop." The dealer paused as though to be questioned.

"Why does she do that?" was asked.

"Well, I suppose she doesn't like to put it on at the studios where the pictures are painted."

"She doesn't paint her own pictures, then?"

"Not all of them. It's easier to pick them up here and there and bring them to me to sell. I don't know how much she pays the artists who paint them, and I don't care. It's none of my business. All I know is that the work is very good and that I can get good prices for it. I suppose she is building up a reputation on the strength of these canvasses. Well, why shouldn't she? She gives work to a lot of people who would probably starve otherwise. You see, scores of persons can paint pictures and very few have the knack of getting them sold."

Sometimes an artist signs more than one name to his own work. This happens every day on some of the illustrated weeklies published for Broadway circulation. The publisher doesn't like to see one man's name signed to every cartoon or full page picture. He does not want it known that his staff of artists is so small. Not long ago one of the cleverest of the illustrators used to sign his own name to the big two page picture in the middle of the periodical and a nom de plume to the first page drawing every week. In a little while he began to receive letters addressed to the assumed name, giving orders for work and full of compliments. He had built up a reputation for the mythical artist which he could not get for himself. His pride was hurt, but he swallowed the humiliation and proceeded to increase the fame and the revenue of his ghost.

A New York artist who draws for the pictorial weeklies tells a story of his experience in England at a time when all the publishers were demanding French illustrators and had no use for native talent. This particular artist knew that he could cut corsages as low and skirts as high as any Frenchman that ever lived. He had spent several vacations and lots of hard earned money in seeing the particular side of Parisian life that the publishers were howling for at that particular time.

He assumed a very French name, wrote in that language altogether and submitted his sketches, which already out-Frenched the Frenchmen in their naughtiness. He made a big hit, his mail orders were numerous, and for many months he enjoyed a lucrative income under his title of De Boulanger or whatever it was, while all the other English illustrators were drawing for the religious weeklies, which cannot afford to pay half as big prices to their artists as their more wicked and perhaps more interesting contemporaries.

In the window of a picture store in Harlem there were exposed for sale not long ago two small canvases with the magic name of Corot in the corner. The price of each was \$250. Now, a genuine Corot is worth anywhere from \$1,000 up. Was it a mistake or an attempt at swindling? The pictures were in Corot's style, and only an expert could tell whether they were genuine or not.

The dealer would give no written guarantee. He said he believed the two canvases were genuine, and he explained the low price by saying that he bought the pictures from a man in hard luck who was ignorant of their value. The purchaser took all the risk. If the pictures were not genuine Corots, their real value was anywhere from \$5 to \$50. That is one of the queer things in the art business.

There are pawnbrokers in this town who have been known to go into a picture swindling scheme, as more than one credulous buyer has learned to his cost. It is not an infrequent occurrence for an amateur in art to be approached with a request to buy a pawn ticket calling for a lot of pictures pledged for, say, \$100. The pictures, the stranger says, are worth at least \$250. He will sell the ticket for \$25. If the amateur buys it, he pays not only the \$25 for the ticket, but the \$100 and interest to the pawnbroker.

It is a perfectly safe and easy method of swindling. Neither the pawnbroker nor the ticket seller is likely to be caught. The pictures may only be worth \$10. It cannot be proved that the pawnbroker knew this or that the other man knew it, for that matter. The victim has scarcely any mode of redress. Swindles like this would not be possible but for the fact that very many men believe they know all there is to be known about art, when, as a matter of fact, they know nothing at all. Or, in other words, "the crop of suckers never fails," to quote the old maxim of the green goods dealer.—New York World.

I Beg Pardon.

Solemn Stranger—All flesh is grass.

Deaf Man—Hey?

Solemn Stranger—No, grass.—New York Press.

GENIUS IS INDIFFERENT.

Surroundings Have Naught to Do With the Thread of Thought.

It might be conjectured perhaps that Scott's and Byron's genius was favored by the circumstances of their birth, that the wild scenes in which Scott's infancy was passed, and the local legends with which his head was filled determined him to ballad writing, and that the ballad writing led naturally in its turn to romance, and that the high station and undisciplined liberty of Byron's childhood fostered that passionate self will and brooding imagination which showed themselves in his fierce, scornful and moody verse. This, we say, might perhaps be conjectured with some probability, and the like might be said of Wordsworth's infancy.

But how shall we maintain that the conditions of Keats' cockney birth in a lively stable or his education in a dissecting room favored the growth of that most delicate and rich type or almost Hellenic clearness and beauty of imagination? And how shall we maintain that Dickens' menial task in the corking of blacking bottles fostered the growth of that wonderful humor and that microscopic accuracy of vision which filled the world with laughter and with inimitable caricature such as no comedy, not even Moliere's, had anticipated?

Again, who would have ventured to predict that a wild, despot, Irish evangelical spirit like Patrick Bronte, banished to the bleakest of Yorkshire moors, would have been the father of children so eager, original and vivid in their reveries as those who eventually produced the unique passion of Ellis and Currier Bell's genius? So far as we know anything of the origin of genius, that origin is usually a surprise.

It is the rare exception, and not the rule, when we find Chatham succeeding in producing such a hothouse flower as William Pitt, or James Mill succeeding in elaborating a specimen more perfect than himself of a thinker of his own type, in the studios, diligent, diffuse, lucid and rather dreary logician and economist who left his mark on the English philosophy of the third quarter of this century. Nor do we ever find in rare instances of this sort the higher kinds of original genius. Pitt and John Stuart Mill were considerable triumphs of training for a purpose, but that purpose was a very limited one and had none of the largeness and freshness of vitality which attaches to original genius.—London Spectator.

Negro Superstitions.

Among the superstitions of southern negroes are those which make it a most unfavorable time to see a black cat crossing one's path, or to turn back without making a "cross" in the street, road or path. The belief in witches is perhaps more general than any other, and an ex-congressman tells of a case in this section within the past 30 years in which a witch was killed in a very strange fashion. A negro called on a witch doctor, a very old woman, and was told that the cause of the trouble was a witch and that she must be killed; that the only way possible to thus put her out of the way was to go into the woods and cut the figure of a person on the bark of a big pine tree, mark a cross on the body and shoot this with a silver bullet, the cross representing the witch's heart. The shooting was duly done in the presence of quite a number of persons. This occurred in the northern part of this county. Cedar balls are carried in the pockets as a protection against witches. The negro belief in these is certainly fully matched by that of white men who carry in their pockets buckeyes and Irish potatoes, or who wear thick iron rings on their fingers as a preventive of rheumatism.—Cor. Washington Star.

Ex-Empress Eugenie.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has settled down into the solitude which best enables her to endure her memorable and cumulative sorrows. Her tall, sad figure goes in and out among us with only the recognition of silent sympathy. The empress likes to have communication with as few people as possible. For instance, when she shops—she does her own shopping—she likes to be waited on by the same salesman always. I was witness of an incident of this sort the other day. The empress walked into a well known west end shop and asked for Mr. —, naming one of the head men. She was told he was out, whereupon she remarked that she would call again and went away. I was told that she certainly would come again; that Mr. — always waited on her, and that she would not be served by any one else.—London Western Mail.

A Case of Contempt.

The prisoner was a bold faced vagrant, and the judge had it in for him from the start.

"How many times have you been here?" he asked.

"Really, your honor, I never kept count after the twentieth time."

"I'll give you six months," said the judge sternly.

"All right, your honor."

"But it isn't all right. It is all wrong, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Well, your honor," was the impudent response, "you oughtn't to complain. The state gets my services for nothing, and you make it pay you for yours," and the judge gave him 30 days more for contempt.—Detroit Free Press.

Sweets of Solitude.

Sheep and geese become restless when separated from the flock; the eagle and lion seek isolation. From quiet and solitude spring the greatest thoughts, inventions and formations. Our most valuable acquisition in the time of our development through nature, art and circumstance is the fruit of hours spent in quietude, desirable for our growing youth and absolutely essential for our future philosopher, poet and artist.—George Ebers in the Forum.



She came rushing to Henderson.



Give me your hand!