

JUST A BOY'S DOG.
No, sire, that dog won't bite;
Not a bit of danger!
What's his breed? Shore I don't know,
Jest a "boy's dog," stranger.

No St. Bernard—yet last year,
Time the snow was deepest,
Dragged a little shaver home
Where the hill was steepest.

Ain't a bulldog, but you bet
'Twouldn't do to scoff him.
Fastened on a tramp one dime—
Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—jest the same,
When it is all over,
Ain't a better critter round
Startin' up the plover.

Sell him? Say, there ain't his price,
Not in all the Nation!
Jest a "boy dog," that's his breed—
Finest in creation.

—McLanburgh Wilson, in N. Y. Sun.

An Unexpected Host.

BY FISHER AMES, JR.

For six lonely weeks Ned Talbot had been tramping along the upper St. Luchs. There had been no particular reason for his paying a visit to the settlement except to break the monotony of camp life, and Talbot found himself able to endure that.

But what he would not do for himself he was willing to do for his dogs. When the little red jiggers got into Jessie's ears, he started immediately down the river trail for a supply of Uncle George's "insect ointment," the desultory manufacture of which formed the old negro's sole business.

He started late, and it was past noon before he reached Uncle George's shack. The two old people were just sitting down to possum and roasted yams, and the perfume of the dinner was all that was necessary to second their hospitable proposal to set a plate for Talbot.

The possum was done to a nicety. Through the cracks in his brown, crisped skin the white fat laughed unctuously, and he dripped like a full sponge as Uncle George turned him about in the platter.

"I haven't had anything as good as this for a long time, Uncle George," said Talbot, plying knife and fork assiduously.

"No, sah. I reckon dat's right," beamed the old negro. "Mus' be mighty lonesome, too, feedin' all by yo'self. You been gone a right smart time sah."

"Any news in town since I left?" asked Talbot, taking another sugary yam.

"Yes, sah. Dey's been a heap o' news sagsashatin' round, but I disremember exactly what it is."

"De circus's been yer," suggested Aunt Lilly, somewhat reprovingly.

"Oh, it has, has it?" said Talbot. "Circuss don't often favor this town."

"No, sah. And I reckon dey's through favorin' fo' good an' all. Dey certainly done bus' her wide open."

"Who bust her open?"

"Nate Reynolds and his gang, sah. It was de corn whisky done it, I reckon. Dey was pirutin' round mighty obstrappolus hefo' dey cut de ropes. Dere was de bigges' kin' of a fight right den. De cages got broke, an' dey ain't cotched some of de animals yet. 'Dwan' look like dey would, neither, 'cause de circus is done gone."

"That was very reprehensible of Reynolds," said Talbot, lightly. In his eyes, just then, jiggers loomed larger than elephants. "Well, Uncle George, if you'll get the stuff ready, I reckon I'll start. Looks like I'd get wet before I get back."

With a sardine can full of the ointment in his pocket, Talbot started on his return to camp. The afternoon sky was rapidly growing black with low, greasy rainclouds. The dust aroused by Talbot's steps fell on the road again close behind his heels. Not a breath of air stirred the long needles of the pines. The mocking birds that had cheered his coming had fled to the hammocks.

He had been walking the better part of two hours when the first low growl of thunder broke the oppressive quiet. He was near the end of the road, where it dwindled away among the trees to the little trodden foot-path. Six miles up the path lay the camp.

The journey through the semitropical storm did not appeal to Talbot, and he resolved to spend the night at the abandoned Walton plantation. In the dim light he saw its broken fences just ahead.

The place had been a pretentious one in its day, but the great freeze of 1889-90 had ruined its master and driven him to humbler quarters. The blackened skeletons of the orange-trees across the way were all that remained of the ninety-thousand-dollar grove. Some scattering wild trees had sprung up, and their boughs, now white with bloom, gleamed among their dead kindred like votive garlands.

On the front walk weeds and shrubs elbowed one another for existence. The dilapidated veranda was full of pitfalls for the unwary foot. Talbot stepped across it, and passing through the short hall, entered what had once been the drawing room.

At one end of the room was a fireplace, with the remains of charred wood lying in the ashes. Fragments of laths and plaster and dead leaves littered the floor. The ceiling belled like a wind-filled sail. One corner of it had given away entirely, and a wide aperture showed the blackness of the regions above.

As the match flame dwindled, Talbot's hound, young Beppo, peaced against his master's leg, the muscles across his peaked head wrinkling suspiciously.

Talbot gathered several handfuls of leaves and laths and heaped them in the fire place. When these were burning brightly, he looked about for some larger pieces of wood to nourish the blaze. Below the wide break in one corner a portion of the ceiling hung down like a platform. He attacked this with his clasp knife, feeding the fire with a bit at a time, while the growing light gradually brought out every unwholesome detail of the decay that had fastened upon the room.

It was still sullenly dark above, however, and Beppo, who had regained some of his usual animation with the growing blaze, seemed to resent the fact. He stepped gingerly beneath the hole, and raising an inquisitive nose, inhaled dubiously. Then the freeful line along his spine erected itself in a little ridge.

In spite of himself Talbot experienced a feeling of irritation. He pushed the dog away with his foot and looked up; but the patch of shadow was impenetrable. His gaze shifted toward the wall, and suddenly remained fixed, held by a mark so suggestive that for a moment his heart tripped in its beating.

A patch of some velvety fungus had spread its fine nap over the plaster. In the center of this was what seemed to be the impression of a human hand. There was the print of the ball of the thumb and the shallow furrows where the fingers had lain. A large, square hand it had been.

Talbot eyed it a moment breathlessly. Then he stepped nearer. The blaze in the fireplace flickered and the resemblance vanished. It was nothing but fancy, after all. "Sho!" breathed Talbot. "That had me wingin'!"

He smiled and tossed the lath he had been cutting into the fire. A sigh of wind came through the window to the east. A cabbage palm outside drew its fans fingeringly along the eaves. The first fat drops of rain struck the roof like resonant and measured taps on a drum.

The beat of them quickened as a drummer quickens the movement of his sticks until the tattoo blended into one rolling volume of sound that filled the ear. It made the rotten shell seem cozy by contrast. Talbot stretched himself near the fire, his gun by his side, and pillowd his head on his coat with a sense of comfort that he had not felt a moment before.

For some reason, however, he could not sleep. The last stick in the fireplace snapped and threw up a momentary point of flame that sank to a greenish-red spot of combustion. Almost immediately Beppo got up from his place at his master's feet and slunk toward the door.

"Come here, you fool pup!" said Talbot.

But the slow pit-pat of the hound's footsteps did not stop, and Talbot heard him go out on the veranda.

There was something there within the four walls of the house besides himself. As the conviction broke in upon him in a rush, Talbot sat up quickly and swept a handful of the dried leaves he had gathered for a mattress upon the embers. As they caught fairly and a small, ruddy blaze illumined the room, his gaze swept it instantly. It was as empty as before.

With an odd, premonitory feeling of reluctance, he raised his eyes slowly until they stared directly at the yawning hole in the ceiling. Not a muscle of his body moved; but his breath escaped between his teeth in a sharp little gasp.

A face, with its human likeness made more terrifying by the vague, wild-beast body farther in the shadow, looked down at him with crafty, despairing eyes, above which the naked brows were set in speculative frowns. It was a huge, circular face, with great, flat, leathery cheeks. A broken ring of coarse red hair encircled it. Hair of the same rusty hue covered the thick arms down to the hands, which, black and powerful, clutched the edge of the gap.

The mutual scrutiny lasted but a moment. Then Talbot jerked his gun to his shoulder; but as his finger crooked on the trigger the little fire went out.

Although conscious that the ivory bead was not absolutely on the mark, he could not restrain his twitching nerves. The gun went off with a resounding crash and a spurt of flame. There was a rattle of plaster, followed by a heavy thud. But Talbot had no desire to investigate the result of his shot.

He sprang forward in the darkness, and brought up violently against a solid shape, apparently trying, like himself, to gain the doorway. The shock threw them both to the floor, the beast on top of the man.

He felt for a moment the pressure of a broad chest and two tremendously long arms. Then the creature drew itself slow away. Talbot had almost got upon his feet when a handlike paw shot out and caught his left wrist in a grip that numbed the whole arm.

Talbot felt his hand drawn wickily and irresistibly forward. The next moment he uttered a cry of pain and horror, for the sharp teeth of the beast met on the bones of his fingers with a savage crunch.

He dashed his free hand into the half-seen face of his opponent. His knuckles slipped from the tough, greasy skin. He struck again as fruitlessly. The third blow caught the creature squarely on his sunken nostrils, and he released Talbot's hand with a grunt.

As the man sprang back on the defensive the beast turned aside, and using his long arms like crutches, shuffled rapidly toward the door.

Uncertain whether the affair had ended or not, Talbot groped hastily about until his hands came in contact with the gun. Slipping a cartridge into the empty chamber, he walked cautiously to the door. The veranda was bare and rain-swept. Both Beppo and the creature had disappeared.

After a moment of hesitation he stepped out on the sodden grass and went to the corner of the house. As the weird, bluish light he saw the beast halfway up a magnolia within a few paces of him.

As darkness came again he heard the great brute leap to the ground and scramble away into the desolate grove. Then, except for the storm sounds, there was silence.

Certain confused memories of his school geography told Talbot that the creature was the great Borneo ape, or orang-outan. The rounded shoulders and massive chest had held the combined strength of two men. Talbot wondered, with a quick, involuntary look about him, if any more such beasts had escaped from the circus.

Presently Beppo came mincing up to him from somewhere out of the shadows. The expression on his puppy face was such a ludicrous mixture of fear and hope that Talbot laughed.

"Yes, he's gone, old fellow," he said. "But just the same, you and I'll go back to Jessie and Ripper tonight, wet or no wet. I'll be mighty restful to know there's nothing between me and the clouds but a few pine edgings."—Youth's Companion.

ILLINOIS PLOUGHING MATCHES.

Unique Institutions That Have Made Good Farmers and Housekeepers.

Hundreds of proficient young housekeepers got their first lessons in the art from the competitive drill of two ploughing matches near Chicago. One of these institutions has just held its twenty-seventh annual match, and the other, the offspring of the former, is now ten years old, and has just had a successful meeting. The first one is the Wheatland ploughing match, located in Wheatland township, Will county, and the other is the Big Rock Ploughing Match Association, located in Big Rock township, Kane county.

Both of these organizations were started by the pioneers of their respective counties—country gentlemen of the old school. The work was undertaken in each case for the purpose of encouraging boys and men to turn a furrow with such a degree of proficiency as to class it among the accomplishments of an artisan. Some of the best ploughmen of the great agricultural fields of the West and Northwest got their first lessons in ploughing in one or the other of these Illinois institutions, the like of which there is said to be nothing in this country.

The matches were hardly started before the women took a hand. They established in connection with the matches a fair at which were exhibited products of the needle and the kitchen. On the same day cash prizes were awarded for the best ploughing with walking, sulky, or gang ploughs to men and boys, and to young women for the best work in sewing and embroidery and in cooking, baking and preserving.

The men provided for the prizes in the ploughing matches by raising the money among them, and the women accumulated a fund by cooking and baking for a dinner to be served on the grounds. Over \$5,000 had been paid in prizes by the older organization, and in like proportion by the younger match. In order to show the high standard that was set for the ploughmen it is only necessary to state that the land is marked off with the precision that a tailor uses in cutting a garment. The ploughman, in order to be perfect, must turn the land in a given time, and the last furrow must exactly complete the land without a break. To use the expression of one of the old-time Big Rock ploughers, "the furrow must be so straight that you may stand at one end and see a mouse jump across it at the other end." The work is judged and scored by the best known ploughman, without knowing who has done the work.

With the same degree of proficiency the women have continued their efforts until a small army of drilled housekeepers has been produced in both counties. In a period of time, now over a quarter of a century, pace has been kept, step by step, with modern creations of both the needle and the kitchen.

In all the time during which these unique institutions have survived without a jangle of any kind the young men and the young women have gone to other homes. Both sexes have found the training that the ploughing match stirred up to be the most valuable asset carried away to distant lands. The graduates of these near Chicago tilling and housekeeping schools have not only taught many, but they have raised families of their own, who have gone forth and taught others. The great Middle West has had the advantage of their skill.—Chicago Tribune.

San Francisco has adopted the plan of taxing each theatre pass 10 cents for the benefit of the Actors Home.

PULSE of the PRESS

The prices of the new winter hats almost make them deserve the name of millinery.—Ohio State Journal.

No more fights now for John L. Sullivan. He has disabled his right arm signing temperance pledges.—New York Mail.

Another New York woman has lost a \$100,000 necklace. They all seem to have them to lose down there.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Business in Wall street is picking up. That is, part of the participants are picking up what the others are dropping.—Chicago News.

It looks as if the final charge against the officers of the Baltic fleet would be the familiar one, "drunk and disorderly."—New York Evening Sun.

We know an excellent old lady who is a good mother, womanly and deserving in every way. But she lies ten years about her age.—Athens Globe.

Germany is spending \$40,000,000 to put down an insurrection in German Southwest Africa. And still Emperor William covets more colonies.—Kansas City Star.

Somebody defines a true American as one who works his way up from the bottom. This would appear to bar the late George Washington.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is difficult to imagine the extent of the disaster which would ensue if one-half of the Russian navy should unexpectedly meet the other half on a dark night.—New York Sun.

Russia is very sensitive about her prestige, but there is nothing that will send it zeroing faster than a panicky fleet on the high seas, with all the world watching.—Boston Transcript.

There are some very economical people in North Carolina. The Kingston Free Press tells of a man who has been wearing the same shirt for twenty years.—Raleigh News and Observer.

The dispatches tell us that a man with a beard a yard long was hung in Indiana the other day. Then men with beards a yard long should get shaved. No use to run any unnecessary risks.—Raleigh (N. C.) Post.

"Has the cost of living increased?" is a question that stares one in the face from many different directions, but it is not half so important to a lot of people as "Is the hired girl satisfied?"—Syracuse Herald.

The terrible slaughter of soldiers in Manchuria is causing a revolt against war among all civilized people. The telegraphic accounts, far short of realistic description, are enough to dismay readers.—Louisville Herald.

Reformists are hunting a "cure" for divorcees. We know of no cure, but a good preventive might be discovered in raising boys and girls with less temper, higher ideals and aspirations that look beyond having "a good time."—Wilmington (N. C.) Star.

Regardless of the loudest canon of bishops or laymen, the New York divorce mill turns faster and faster. One judge's grist in three days was fifty-six cases. But one trouble in New York is it's so easy to get married in haste.—Boston Transcript.

And now comes the edict that bow-legged men must be barred from the navy. If this harsh rule had been enforced in "the rare old, fair old, golden days" many of the names that have made us famous would be missing from our roll of nautical heroes.—New York Herald.

Out in South Dakota the farmers are selling their best beef to the Beef Trust for 2 cents a pound—a record low price. In New York the trust has so fixed prices that you must pay from 20 to 27 cents for your beef. Beef was never lower when the farmer has it to sell, and never higher to the man who pays the retail butcher bill.—New York American.

FOREIGN LANDS

Emperor William's throat is reported all right.

Olga Nethersole was hooted in her new play in London.

Russia favors a commercial treaty with the United States.

A mutiny in the Black Sea fleet was suppressed by force.

The recent election in Italy indicates more power for the Pope.

The Irish Nationalist party has been split into warring factions.

An attempt is being made to establish woman suffrage in Finland.

Turkey is ordering modern batteries of artillery to cost \$10,000,000.

WOMAN IN LAW'S GRIP.

Mrs. Chadwick Taken Into Custody by Federal Officers.

With the arrest in New York of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick and her arraignment before a United States commissioner on a technical charge of aiding and abetting a bank official in misapplying the funds of a national bank, the second stage in this remarkable case was begun. Mrs. Chadwick is accused of getting \$12,500 out of the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, on a check of her own, dated Aug. 24, 1903, which the bank certified, although she has no money there. Section 5209 of the United States revised statutes makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by from five to ten years' imprisonment, to thus aid and abet officers of a national bank in misapplying its funds.

Men who profess to have an intimate



PRES. BECKWITH. Knowledge of the affairs of the woman have hinted that only a suggestion of the real case has yet become public. One man is credited with the statement that time will show this to be the most stupendous and far-reaching case of its kind in many years. Already the country has been startled by the disclosures which have followed one after another in quick succession since Mrs. Chadwick's affairs were brought before the public.

Since that time Mrs. Chadwick's known indebtedness has grown from less than \$200,000 to more than \$1,000,000, and her counsel has said that claims against her may amount to \$20,000,000, for all he knows. The validity of some of the claims, however, said the attorney, was another matter. In the same period at least two banks have taken official cognizance of the case and the federal officers have taken it upon themselves to investigate the validity of notes aggregating more than \$1,000,000 which bear the name of Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie, the iron master, has stated that he never signed any notes, that he never has had any dealings with Mrs. Chadwick, to whom the notes in question were made payable.

Probably not in the history of the United States has there been anything similar in unusual circumstances and magnitude to the Chadwick borrowings. It is known by the statement of President Beckwith of the insolvent Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, that notes for at least \$1,250,000 indorsed by Mrs. Chadwick, are outstanding; the securities said to be held by Iri Reynolds of Cleveland figure to the extent of \$5,000,000; Herbert D. Newton of Boston has claims for \$390,800 and it has been asserted by those conversant with the strange case that a number of banks not yet mentioned in public have made large loans to Mrs. Chadwick.

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ORIENTAL TABLE LINENS.

Chinese Grass Linen Embroidered in Grass Designs.

As in everything else, from wearing apparel to house furnishing goods, fashions in table linen show a decided trend toward Oriental effects, tempered, however, by American ideas in decoration. Not only is the Oriental fancy exhibited in the exquisite and delicate Armenian work, but in the rich-looking and elegant table sets in white and blue Chinese grass linen—a beautiful fabric—embroidered all over in dragon designs, roses, cherries and carnations.

Fine and lovely as these several styles of table pieces are, they possess that quality so appreciated by the housewife—the capacity for coming out of the laundry as smooth and dainty as before they were put to use. This cannot be said of other more expensive and elaborate table sets of rich and fine laces, which require great care during the cleansing process in order to preserve their beauty. Most fashionable among these, for the coming season, are such old favorites as duchesse lace and point de Venise, with the old-fashioned cut work—called by many Irish point.

For general use nothing will be more popular during the months to come than Irish linen in various qualities embroidered in white-mercerized cotton in dainty designs of shamrocks, fleur-de-lis, forget-me-nots, daisies, bow knots, chrysanthemums and graduated dots, of which pretty patterns the shamrock, fleur-de-lis and forget-me-not are most popular.

It will be observable that ornamental designs upon table cloths and pieces for the coming season are small and scattered daintily over the linen at intervals.—Harper's Bazar.

Reads Like a Miracle. (Special.)—Bordering on the miraculous is the case of Mrs. Benj. Wilson of this place. Suffering from Sugar Diabetes, she wasted away till from weighing 200 lbs. she barely tipped the scales at 130 lbs. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Speaking of her cure her husband says:

"My wife suffered everything from Sugar Diabetes. She was sick four years and doctored with two doctors, but received no benefit. She had so much pain all over her that she could not rest day or night. The doctor said that she could not live.

"Then an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and they helped her right from the first. Five boxes of them cured her. Dodd's Kidney Pills were a God-sent remedy to us and we recommend them to all suffering from Kidney Disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Diseases, including Bright's Disease, and all kidney aches, including Rheumatism.

In His "Weakest Part." Bishop David Sossams, of New Orleans, tells a quaint story—the experience of a Southern clergyman.

The clergyman, a Mr. Bobbett, had returned to a little town where he had been a minister many years before. To his amazement he found, as sexton of his old church, the same antebellum dandy who had filled that post during his incumbency.

"Well, Uncle Pete, are you still alive?" the minister asked.

"Jes' so-so, Mars' Bobbett. I'm powful troubled with the rheumatiz, but thank the Lo'd I can still hold my hair up and my limbs ain't gone back on me yet. But, Mars' Bobbett, how is you? I don't think you looking as peart as you used to do."

Bobbett shook his head, says the New York Times. He was suffering from the aftermath of a severe attack of nervous exhaustion, which found proof of its presence in racking headaches.

"I suffer a good deal with my head, Uncle Pete," he answered. "Sometimes it feels like it would set me crazy." Old Pete nodded his head in sympathy.

"That's jes' so, Mars' Bobbett," he answered. "I always have said that illness takes a man in his weakest spot. 'Deed, Mars' Bobbett, it's a fact."

The Rev