

PETE'S BABETTE
By IZOLA L. FORRESTER
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There had always been Pete. At least so the people down at St. Michel said when a stranger would ask where he had come from.

Everybody along the strait knew the quaint old figure, but no one knew of Babette until they saw her one morning fluttering along behind Pete.

When Landry Dubois from Algonac Island asked the question direct, Pete smiled and shook his head, his dark eyes deep set in the small brown face.

"She has no one but me," he said, with a dubious shrug of his thin, stooped shoulders. "Babette, who art thou, petite?"

Babette stopped playing long enough to flash a merry glance at him under the shelter of her thick brown hair. "Pete's Babette," she laughed.

And so, all through the isles of the strait, as far as St. Ignace and even down to Mackinaw, she was known as Pete's Babette.

One night he came home half frozen and with a dreadful cough. Babette sent him to bed and said he should go no more.

"The ice has come," Babette thought when she saw it from the lighthouse window one morning after she had trimmed the lamp.

It was three days later when Mere M'rie showed her the empty meal bag. She smiled. There were still bacon and rice and dried fish.

The following day Pete was delirious. Babette stood in the old kitchen, looking from the flushed, wrinkled face on the pillow to where Mere M'rie knelt over by the stove praying.

Her hands worked quickly over the lines of the boat, and taking advantage of a momentary lull, she pushed away from the small, tumbled down pier and struck out bravely for St. Michel.

and the sight strengthened and nerved her for the five mile journey to St. Michel.

Suddenly, when scarcely half a mile out, the boat seemed to strike a new current. Babette caught her breath sharply as she felt the strong, irresistible power sweep her from her course.

Already the little boat had disappeared in the whirlpool of dashing waters, and Babette's heart beat fast as she looked about her on her new craft.

With hushed breath she waited. The foe was heaving so that she could hardly retain her place.

She was opposite the town now. She could see the waves break on the pier, and yet there was no sign of help.

It was Landry Dubois. He burst into the warm back room at old Mme. Porteau's breathless and hatless.

"It is Pete's Babette," he cried to the crowd of fishermen and sailors huddled about the big wood stove.

In five minutes the news had spread, and the shore was crowded, while the strongest boat in the place was manned, with Landry at the rudder, and stout arms pulled away to the rescue of Pete's Babette.

"The light shall shine," promised Landry, and the waves that had laughed at Babette's little boat bowed before the masterful stroke of ten pairs of St. Michel's strongest arms.

The winter twilight was falling swiftly, and the wind had gone down like one tired with its mad play.

In the seventeenth century ladies wore masks in public, and great was the variety of face screens that were seen.

Babette took the fur jacket from its nail. Before she went out of the kitchen she leaned over the old half-breed woman's bent form.

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could learn to love me?" "I don't know," she answered.

CATCHING A THIEF.

An Old Method Utilized by a German Officer in China.

Thirty dollars was stolen at the Officers' club in Tientsin, China, and the members of the club resolved, if possible, to catch the thief.

A German captain volunteered to manage the affair, and the first thing he did was to summon all the native servants of the club.

"Some money has been stolen here, and I am looking for the thief. I shall find him in an hour, not before, since I need that much time in order to get instructions from a celebrated magician in Germany."

An hour later all the servants were again summoned, but this time into a dark room, in the middle of which stood the table on which the money stolen had been laid.

"Each of you, now," said the officer, "must go up to that table and press on it first your right and then your left hand, and when that is done you must raise your two hands over your head and step into the next room."

The servants did so, and as the last one stepped into the adjoining room the officer followed him, and after looking for a few moments at the many uplifted hands he pointed to one man and said, "You are the thief."

The Chinaman to whom he pointed nearly fled to the ground with fright and admitted his guilt and promised to make restitution.

Very simple was the method adopted by the officer for discovering the culprit. While the native servants supposed that his spirit was in Germany in communion with the celebrated magician he was carefully smearing the surface of the table in the dark room with fat and oil, which he then blackened by means of soot.

As a result, while the uplifted hands of all the others were coal black, his was of a natural color, and thus his guilt was clearly proved.—Detroit Free Press.

Licking Her Stamps.

We find the following anecdotes in a Naples paper: "At the postoffice yesterday, amid the large crowd gathered around the window, was a young English lady, handsome, well dressed and accompanied by her maid.

"Oh, I see, you want a job," said his hearer. "Well, how much do you want a month?" "I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for five dollars, but for twenty-five dollars I eat myself by Schmidt's home."—New York Evening Sun.

KILLED THE SPIDER.

Deadly Influence of a Small Magnet on the Insect.

An experiment made by a scientist to test the influence which a magnet will have on a spider is of interest.

Having noticed a small spider actively running along his armchair, he brushed it off upon the carpet, where it began to run, but was somewhat impeded by the roughness of the fabric.

The experimenter then placed the magnet within half an inch in front of the spider, and withdrawing it slowly, the latter followed it in every direction which the magnet took, both in straight and circuitous routes.

Gradually, however, the spider became so strongly magnetized as to be immovable for several minutes, the magnetic influence seeming to lose its further power.

The scientist ultimately placed a tumbler over the spider and the magnet, covering them both completely, and at the expiration of several minutes the spider, after a struggle to escape from the strong influence which the magnet exercised over it, was dead.—Exchange.

The Word Flattery.

At first sight there would appear to be little connection between flattery and the wagging of a dog's tail, yet in nearly all the northern languages the same word signifies both, and flattery is certainly derived from the word signifying to wag the tail.

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Good Intentions. "Don't trust too far to yoh good intentions," said Uncle Eben, "unless yoh has skill back of 'em. Good intentions satisfies de man what has 'em, but dey is de ruination of a heap of choir music."—Washington Star.

A Buttonless Coat.

"Is there any kind of coat that never has any buttons on it?" asked a mission teacher of a class of newsboys.

Patriotism is not the mere holding of a great flag unfurled, but making it the goodliest in the world.—W. J. Linton.

as a bird than most men are as men. Conspicuous by voice and action during the fall and winter, when other birds are quietest, he becomes silent when other birds are most vocal.

The Explanation.

Knox—I sat down in my easy chair last night and picked up that new novel of Scribner's and I didn't get to bed until 4 this morning.

Rivals. "Why don't that romantic star and that emotional actress get a divorce if they can't become reconciled?"

Her Mother. Jack—Charley, why don't you propose to the Widow Green's daughter? She's rich and is regarded as the pearl of her sex.

True to German Cooking. He was a stalwart young German, and as he walked into the barn he saluted its owner with, "Hey, mister, will you jop me?"

"Will I what?" returned the farmer. "Will you jop me? Make me work yet?"

"Oh, I see, you want a job," said his hearer. "Well, how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for five dollars, but for twenty-five dollars I eat myself by Schmidt's home."—New York Evening Sun.

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