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CHAPTER V .- Continued. For such a stroke there was no parry. Canute threw his shield before him, but the blade cleft wood and fron and golden plating like parchment, and falling on the horse's neck. bit it to the bone. Rearing and plunging with pain, the animal crashed into those behind him, missed his footing and fell, entangling his rider in the trappings. Bending over him, the

Ironside struck again. But the son of Lodbrok had still his left arm. Bearing his shield, it shot out over the body of his king. The falling brand bit this screen also, and lopped off the hand that held it. but the respite was sufficient. In a flash Canute was on his feet, both hands grasping the hilt of his high-

flung sword. It was a mighty blow, but it fell harmless. A sudden surge in the tide of struggling bodies swept the Ironsides out of reach and engulfed him in a whiripool of Danish swords. He laid about him like mad, and was like to have cleared a passage back, when a second wave carried him completely from view.

Canute cursed at the anxious faces that surrounded him. "What means it. this swaying? Who are flying?" "The English!" bellowed Rotngar. "The English are flying-Edmund's head! Yonder!"

Frode's daughter had Viking blood. but she hid her face with a cry. There it was, high upon a spear-point, dripping, ghastly. Could the sun shine upon such a thing?

To stare before him, Rothgar let the blood pour unheeded from his wounded arm. "Yonder Edmund rides now!" he gasped. "You can tell him by his size- Yonder! Now he is face it, a shout came from that directearing off his helmet-"



He said in English, "Canute's page by the Saints! Were I a Pagan Dane, would run my sword through him. But I am a Christian Englishmen. Let nights among the Wise Men of him lie. He will bleed his life out be council. By Saint Mary, I feel that fore morning."

While the warrior was turning,

some unseen informant. "Is he dead?"

Ah! the noble who had followed Edmund. A sound on the soft turf told that the horseman had alighted. "The bantling is of too good quality to leave," he said good-naturedly. "Catch

He made a quick step toward her then paused as suddenly, his chir his hand imposed a sudden silence. through which the sound became dis tinct to all ears-a trampling and crashing in the brush beyond the moonlit open. As they wheeled to



Nor was he mistaken; within spearthrow the mighty frame of the Ironside towered above his struggling guard. As he bared his head, they could even distinguish his face with its large elegantly-formed features and Ethelred's prominent chin. Brandishing his sword, shouting words of reassurance, exposing his person without a thought of the darts aimed at him, he was making a heroic effort to check the rush of his panic-stricken

Randalin stared about her, doubting her senses. But light had begun to dawn on Canute. He wheeled sharply, as Thorkel pushed his horse to their "Whose head was that?" he de

manded. Thorkel's face was a lineless mask "I believe his name was Osmaer." he answered without emotion. "It was unheart of good fortune that he should be so like Edmund in looks." The young king's face was suffused with bitterness. "Good fortune! he cried sharply. "Good fortune! Am I a fool or a coward that I am never to win except by craft or good for-

tune? Had you let me alone-" But what else he said Randalin never knew. Some unseen obstacle turned in their direction the stream of rushing horsemen. In an instant the torrent had caught them in its whirling eddies, and they were so many sentrate atoms borne along on the flood. To hold back was to be thrown down; to fall was to be trampled into rags. The battle had changed into a

Thundering hoof-beats, crashing blows, shricks and groans and falling bodies-a sense of being caught in a wolf pack took possession of the girl; and the feeling grew with every sidelong glance she had of the savage, sweating, dust-grimed faces, in their jungles of blood-clotted hair. The battle-madness was upon them, and they were no longer men, but beasts of prey. Amid the chaos of her mind, a new idea shaped itself like a new world. If she could but work her way to the edge of the herd, she might escape down one of those green aisles opening before them.

A little opening showed on her right. Though she could not see the ground before her, she took the risk and swung her horse into the breach. the stars revealed it above her-from His forefeet came down upon the body | the broad, comely brow to the square draw back. The man turned over with a yell, and used his one unbroken arm to thrust upward his broken sword. The blade cut her leg to the bone, of fear relaxed. With eyes still turnand she shrieked with pain; but her ed up toward his face, her lids droopstartled horse had no thought of stop- ed and fell; and her head sank upon ping. Making his way with plunges his breast and lay there, in the peace and leaps, he carried her out of the press sooner than she could have guided him out. Once on the edge, he broke into a run. The agony of the shaken wound was unbearable. Shrieking and mosning, she twisted her hands in the lines and tried to stop him. But her strength was ebbing from her with her blood. By and by she dropped the rein altogether and clung to the saddle-bow.

. They reached the wood at last, cool and sweet, and hushed in holy peace. The frantic horse plunged into one of the arching lanes, and the dir of the leaves. Above her, interlacing beech hunt dies behind her; silence fell like a curtain at their heels; even the thudding hoof-beats were softened on the leafy ground. Randalin lay along the horse's neck now, and her senses had begge to slip away from her like the tide from the shore. Bothewhere, there. was the soft thud of a falling hody: then the cool greenness closed

CHAPTER VI.

Lying drowned in cool silence, the girl came slowly to a consciousness that someone was stooping over her. Raising her beavy lids, her eyes rested on a man's face, showing dimly in the dusk of the starlightt.

new voice spoke. "Canute's page?" it repeated after

It was a young voice, and deep and soft, for all the note of quiet authority ringing through it. Randalin's eyes rose dreamily to find the owner. Above the black hedge, the square strength of his shoulders and the graceful lines of his helmed head were silhouetted sharply against the starry sky. Why had they so familiar a look?

my bridle, Oswin. Where is she wounded?"

thrust out in listening. A gesture of



"What he! Does the Lord of Ivars dale go there?" He whom they had called the Ethel ing drew himself up alertly. "I make "Come out where you can be seen." Mercia. Misgreet me not. Before cockcrow we shall be sworn brothers.

bear a message to King Edmund." The Etheling's anger leaped out like flame; even in the starlight it could be seen how his face crimsoned. "No. as God lives!" he answered

swiftly. "It is not to Edmund alone that the Gainer is loathful. Should he pass the King's sword, a hundred blades wait for him, mine among shall not have peace of us. Take yourself out of reach if you would not be sped with arrows."

A jeering laugh was the only answe out the tramping of hoofs suggested that his advice was being taken.

When the sound had faded quite away, the Lord of Ivarsdale breathed out the rest of his resentment in hearty imprecation, and, turning, came on his patient. With a touch as gentle as it was strong, he put aside her resisting hands and began swiftly to cut away the blood-stiffened hose Darkness closed around Randalin again, darkness shot with zigzag lightnings of pain, and throbbing with pitiful moans.

She came to herself to find that soldiers were lifting her up to the horseman, where he sat again in his saddle. She recognized the squareness of his shoulders: and she knew the gentleness of his touch as he slipped his free arm around her and drew her carefully into place, making of his stalwart body a support for her weakness. No strength was in her to struggle against him; only her wide bright eyes sought his, with the terror of a snared bird.

Meeting the look and understanding a small part of its question, he said in a reassuring word in his pleasant lowpitched voice: "Be of good cheer. voungling: there is no thought of eating you. I will bring you to a cup of wine before moonrise, if you hold

fast." It is doubtful if the girl so much heard him. Her eyes were passing from feature to feature of his face, as tempered mouth to the clear, true eyes. One by one she noted them. and shade by shade her strained look of perfect faith.

Tap-tap-tap-tap, like water dripping slowly. Drop by drop the sound filtered through the thick wrappings of Randalin's slumber, till she knew it for the beat of horses' hoofs, and stirred and opened her eyes.

The silver shimmer of starlight falling through purple deeps had given way to the ruddy glare of a camp fire, and she was lying just beyond its heat, cloak-wrapped, on a bed of boughs made an arching roof, under which the shadows clustered as swallows under eaves. Within the sylvan alcove, some four-score battle-stained warriors were taking their case after who had found her in the bushes. them. The eggs, which are shell-less,

her, was the leader himself gase settled woon him dreamfly. He had finished his meal, if meal it could be called, and was making some attempt at tollet. His captive's eyes were not the only ones upon him. and he was laughing a little at the comments his performance drew forth from three old caihts lounging near

"These are soft days, comrades. The last time I followed the old chief, of honored memory, we held our warcouncil standing knee-deep in a fen. We had neither eaten nor drank for two days, and three days' blood was

on our hands." The young chief took it with care less good humor.

When you leave off eating, in memory of that brave time, I will leave off washing," he returned. "I tell you. nothing but a warrior's life becomes ethel-born men, nor sluggishness nor junketings, but day under fire and I have never lived before! One week at the heels of Edmund Ironside is worth a lifetime under the banner of

any other king." A pause met his warmth somewhat coudly; and the warrior who broke the silence lowered his voice to do it. (To be continued.)

BOTH WERE VERY ILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Newrich Suffered from Similar Ailments.

"Everybody and his neighbor has been having a short or long pull with the grip, influenza, cold, or whatever you please to term it," said Representative Little of Arkansas, "and this fact reminds me of a good story told by our family physician out home.

"This good doctor was called to the home of a recently rich family to see his wife, who was suffering with a cold. She was dressed in rather showy, carefully made deshabille, and was clearly doing her utmost to make an impression and show the pill dispenser that she was 'somebody.' "'And how is the madam to-day?

of the easy chairs. "'Oh, shockingly ill,' was the reply, trying to look interesting in spite of

her red nose and blear eyes.

and pronunciation.

"'A slight cold,' suggested the doc-"'No, the per-re-vailing lesgripe of in-flu-en-za,' she drawled out, pronouncing the words as if endeavoring to establish the character of a fashionable woman by her elegant manner

"'And you are ill, too?' said the ment as he addressed the husband, grown up, boy and girl, together, with plain, blunt man, who sat near by snif- something singularly similar in their

n-flue-ranza." "The wife said, 'Why, James,' and

NOT EQUAL TO POSITION.

Groom of the Feather Cloak" Fell from Grace.

When King Kalakaua of Hawaii visvery anxious to exhibit to the Japa- love 'co?" nese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which heart. was based on European military modno answer to hedge-creepers." he said. els. It was out of the question to "I am the messenger of Edric of as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it. William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney-gener- Madge. al, says: "This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was 'keeper of the royal standard, 'groom of the not with visions of a golden future. feather cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' but with a hard and merciless pres-While in the imperial car, on the way ent. Suddenly, as an unexpected to Tokyo, the king's suite had sud- thunderbolt came the failure of the denly seen Robert, sitting in state in trust company in which his fortune them. Seek what he may seek, he the luggage car, dressed in a silk hat, white gloves and with the gorgeous ing to find himself that most pitiable royal cloak hanging over his should- of all creatures on earth-the man ers, the tableau being completed by a who needs money, and knows no way group of Japanese attendants who of earning it. He had taken the blow were standing before him, lost in admiration." But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In how deep the hurt went none knew. his capacity of valet he preceded the wines and spirits, which he consumed asleep in the king's bed chamber, with the silk hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feather cloak."

A Financial Case.

"He was a small boy," said the clerk in a down town bank, telling the story, "but he was trying to learn. "How do you get money on checks. please?' he asked the biggest bank porter who stood outside the parti-

"'Why, you just write your name on the back and give them to that fellow over there,' expounded the porter, indicating the paying teller. "The youngster solemnly scrawled

his name on the back of a dozen checks and took them over to the paying teller's window. They were checks drawn by that boy's father and two other male relatives in favor of different people, and the youngster was much chagrined when he didn't get the money.

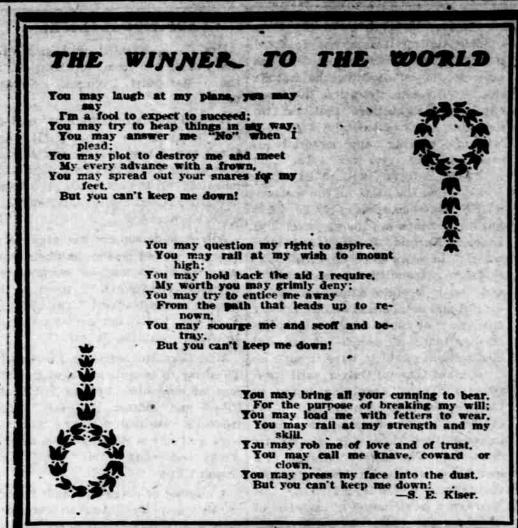
"I was going to take it and run away to sea,' he told us afterward, ingenuously."

Carried Away Their Dinners. John Barrymore was missing when the "half-hour call" was given at a New York theater the other evening. As time drew on for the rise of the

curtain, the stage manager grew nervous, for in "The Dictator" Mr. Barrymore is first on the stage. When be did appear, carrying a parcel done up in a napkin, he told how it happened. "Ethel and I went to So-and-so's for dinner," he said. "The thick-headed Dutchman that waited on us was slow, and just as we were leaving in he came with the steak. I gave Ethel half, and brought the rest with me." And, opening his parcel, he showed half a sirioin steak and a couple of baked potatoes, which he proceeded to eat while he was dressing. Miss Barrymore at another city theater is supposed to have eaten her dinner in the same unconventional fashion.

Python on the "Nest."

At the prological gardens, Manches hard day. Through the fog of her drowsiness Randalin recognized them over the heat injet of her cage and is slowly. Youder was the Englishman now incubating, being coiled about unped leaf that the whiriwind had liers who had lifted her up to the dirty white in color and in texture orsenses. Here, just in front send her and held her tenderly, a Beyond him, across the firs, the sol- are about the size of a turkey's, are





Existence, as Philip Van Vivier! planned it, was to be a very pleasant and polo ponies, and grand opera, and don seasons and Parisian boulevards, and it really seemed to him-when he

blue as summer skies when she smiled, and grew black as midnight when she thrilled to any deep emotion. Philip could hardly remember a time doctor, almost bursting with amuse when he had not loved her. They had fate. Both were orphaned children, 'Yes. I'm sick, too, doctor,' he left to the untender care of unwilling answered, wiping his nose on his coat relatives, and Philip never forgot the sleeve. I've got this cussed horse dis- moment of their meeting. His uncle's temper, and none of your les-grippe or place adjoined that of Madge's guardian, and he had been wandering about the grounds, a forlorn and lonely added aside to the doctor that 'James | childish figure, when he first came is not exactly right when not in pre- upon the little maid. She gave one mature health."-Washington Times. long look at his somper face and mourning clothes, and then, with that swift and intuitive sympathy that God

went up to him. "Little boy," she lisped, for she was scarcely more than a baby, "little boy, ited Japan twenty years ago he was is 'oo lonesome, and doesn't nobody

gives to even the youngest child, she

"No," he had answered with a sob from the depths of his hungry little

ed, slipping her hand in his, "I 'ill wear it draped over brown cuticle. love 'oo, and 'oo won't never be lonesome any more," and, indeed, it seemed to Philip he had never been lonesome again. There was always drawn blinds and jealously guarded

> But who may count securely on the future? Move the kaleidoscope ever so gently and its figures change. There came a day when Philip had to do.

> was invested, and he awoke one mornstanding, with a smile on his lips, like the thoroughbred he was, and just "Pleasant prospect," was his sole

party to the palace assigned to them. comment with a shrug of his shouland discovered there abundance of ders to those who would have condoled with him on his loss, "a beer until they arrived. He was found income, with a champagne taste. Do her he made a courtly bow and offer you happen to know the best way of ed her his arm, and without one proadjusting them?"

He might meet the situation with laughter and scotting so far as others were concerned, but when it came to Madge it was another thing. "I can't ask her to marry a beggar," he said to himself, setting his teeth, and with



"Oh, Philip, Philip!" poltroon enough to settle down and live on her money," and there had

ben a terrible scene. "Oh, Philip, Philip," she had cried. my money to me if I can't make pounced upon it for an explanation. things easy for you? Surely there is more than enough for us both." Then he had tried to explain to her,

self-loathing—his own self-respect. others was part of her charm, and for duty to-night." known world of work that is so hard, It said: and gives such scant rewards to the

untried laborer.

Philip kept doggedly on. He acquired a reputation for being faithful affair. He had youth and health, and accurate. He was a gourmand wealth, and he pictured the future a for work, and the city editor began to gay kaleidoscopic minglings of golf, speak hopefully of him, but advancement comes slowly in a newspaper little suppers after the play, and Lon- office, and to Philip, Madge seemed an immeasurable distance off, when suddenly he made his great scoop. It asked the doctor, as he sank into one stopped to moralize—that this was a was the merest accident—successes pretty good old world after all, and mostly are—if we knew the truth of

that given these things and a good them. One evening he was walking the division of the Carnegie hero digestion a man might be happy if he along one of the fashionable residence streets, when suddenly he was startled cases there's no cause for alarm, but Then, too, to crown it all there was by a scream, and looking up he my hair has stood on end so often take passage in an aerial grayhound. Madge. Madge, tall and slight, and saw a woman with the wild eyes and that it has fallen out and now I'm and I made the mistake of reversity svelt, with the tawny gold in her cunning of a maniac sitting on the totally blind. hair, and the eyes that changed with very outer coping of the walls of a every changing thought-that were as | tall house, where she waved her arms | east on No. 44, and, though I do say



to peer into the street below. In an instant all the mystery of the doors of the mansion, at which many had marveled, was revealed. Here was one of those family tragedies, at which the world guesses-some poor crazed creature, living out her life within padded walls, and who had escaped from her keepers, and with that instinct of flight from a prison that survives all reason, was preparing to take a fatal leap into the street

It had taken Philip but an instant to realize the scene, and with a sudden inspiration he dashed past the servant in the doorway, and up the three long flights of steps, and through the open door in the roof through which she had evidently climbed. The woman looked up at the sound of an approaching step She saw a handsome young man coming toward her. When he reached test, mechanically, naturally, as if they had been on the ballroom floor, she arose and put her hand within it and together they started towards the house, treading the narrow ledge whose outer edge was death. A single push of the crazed woman's feeble hand and mutilation waited for them below, but there was not a tremble in

the man's voice as he asked: "And what do you think of the new tenor this winter at the opera?" In the street below the crowd stood silent, tense with excitement, until they saw Philip hand the woman, still with courtly grace, through the door

in the roof, and then it broke into

tumultuous cheering. As for Philip, his one thought was to get to the office. He realized the value of the story. The secret of the darkened mansion. The closed blinds The beautiful woman, with her wild mad eyes-it, was full of color, it was picturesque. Besides it was a scoop There is, perhaps, no other joy in life equal to that which the youns writer reads his own productions, it The type, and Philip's first conscious act the next morning was to reach for the be given some prominent place; per As in that other springtime of thirty haps to be featured. To his dismay it was not even printed. How long he might have stared at the paper in be wilderment he never knew, but that two letters caught his eyes, as they lay upon his table. One was from clinging to him, "what good is all the city editor of the Asterisk, and he

"Dear Van Vivier," he read, 7sorry blunderingly, and haltingly, that Roux's daughter, and La Roux, as you something that is dearer to man than appear not to know, is the heaviest even the love of woman—that some stockholder in the Asterisk. Natur thing which he must have, or die of ally he wanted your story killed. Vir

gan as the bottom of the reporterial and when he raised it his eyes were confined to those only thing in particular, and do it espect on being struck against anything.

Goes Back to Nature

sician has created a sensation by the startling method of living which he has adopted and which he advises all to adopt who desire perfect health. He advocates a return to the primitive way of living without clothing. Ernest W. Darling, son of Dr. J. W. Darling, is the man who advocates the return to ways primeval. Until a year ago he lived in Portland, but was compelled to seek a sunnier

clime on account of his health. For the last year he has lived on the summit of a hill on the outskirts of Los Angeles, Cal. He does not occupy a house, nor even a tent. The sole habtwo feet in depth. In that peculiar place, wrapped in blankets, he seeks rest. He is an ardent lover of na- his meal directly from the tree and ture and believes that by his method | eat." of living he is able to commune more closely with its invisible forms and tution, which was shattered by dis-

"Good health is the first requisite for religion or anything else," he says, when questioned concerning his novel ideas. "I firmly believe that if we take perfect care of our health, avoidural food-that is, food just as it petite.

son of a Portland (Ore.) phy-, comes from the hand of nature. Per sonally I prefer the fruit of the tropics -bananas, persimmons, figs, dateswhich have been proved to give as great strength and endurance as does

"The objects in living

"First-To make us more natural thought and in action. "Second - From an standpoint, it is far cheaner

these fruits grow. It is well known

can live on \$1 a month or less. "Third-There is a very decided hu- For entree there'll be maniatrian issue in this diet. No anitation is about seven by four feet and | mal has to suffer imprisonment and final slaughter in order to feed the fruitarian. The fruitarian will take Of fresh laid best selected at

Mr. Darling has evidently found these results in his mode of life, for at the same time build up his consti- he has built himself up wonderfully. When he left Portland a year ago he With base intenweighed ninety pounds, while now he weighs about one hundred and neventy-five pounds. It was done without a drop of medicine.

He rises at daylight, takes a cold shower bath, then runs balf a mile or to the English press a similar lanse ing all accidents or disease, we shall so. Then he goes through calisthenic of memory on the part of a member live eternally in these bodies of ours. exercises before eating breakfast of named Sheil in the house of commons. Every person should learn gradually fruit. He cats regularly three times Shell was beginning a carefully preto live outdoors and to live on nat- each day and always has a good ap- pared sentence with the word "neces-

Flagged by a Cow

"Those people sleeping comfortably, the tank when we go by and tell back in the Pullmans little know how | what's the matter. often the engineer grasps the air brake valve thinking that the next | dead and lose more time, for the minute his widow and fatherless children will be eligible to participate in fund," said the fat engineer. "In most

"One night last week I was coming it myself, we were hititng the trail at a rate that would make the Empire State express look like a stationary engine. I was pretty sure we'd come out of the gloom ahead suddenly flashed a red light comin' at me wavtrack—the usual flag signal.

"Hem," I says to myself, "another act and push 'em out. Gettin' a train over this pike on time makes that needle's eye look like falling out of a away with her. hay loft. But why in goldarnation don't that wooden headed flagman step us pass? He can take the steps on slowly, using one side."

ject behind the red light was still

comin' up the center of the track with

the lantern swingin' victously. I'd

have to stop dead or run over the

tleman usually noted for his lucidityher to avoid hittin' the man. Bang! went the cylinder head on the right

the thing behind the red light gave a jump and cleared both tracks, landin' in a ditch. I knew that no human under the wire on time all right, when | bein' could make a leap like that, so I started to investigate.

"And what do you suppose I found | Man crumpled horn passed through the bail of a red order lantern. Evidently she freight hog laid down ahead, and it's had broken through some farm fence up to us to do the Good Samaritan a little further down the line and in rubbing her nose against an order lamp had stuck her horn through the stunt of the camel goin' through the lantern on the post and brought it

"And there we were for an while I disconnected and got the enout of the middle of the track and let | gine fixed up so we could move on

They "Buck the Tiger"

house where the patronage of ladies is the special feature of the management, and where all kinds of women play the good old game of faro, perfectly at home and without fear of interruption. The entrance is from "winner." The dealer paid her withan alley near Broadway, and the house is luxurlously furnished. Carpets are laid on the floors, softened lights shine over the players, courteous at- two half-dollars. She picked up the The owner of the farm keeps a large tendants deal and shuffle the cards money, put the bills in her purse, number of cows and they are fed by and pay bets or take winnings without the slightest suggestion of the incongruity of the situation.

Here many fashionably gowned ties or in pairs with escorts, to quietly venture silver or gold pieces coined from copper by their husbands, who busy themselves in Butte's continuous political war.

Women of the business world keep track of the game, and both dealer and player usually maintain a rigid silence. Money is passed out for chips with the simple word "five" or "ten," and conversation is economized to a minimum.

the unsuspecting that only the initi- win always, and the chance on a secated understand. Many women of the ond round is in favor of the "tiger." record that for half a century he was middle classes are among the most -Denver Republican.

luck. With \$15 she had won \$60, and fused to strike fire. had cashed in her chips with charming coolness, prepared to go home out comment. He counted out the which is known as the electric farm, money—two twenty-dollar bills, one for the reason that nearly all the work ten, one five, four dollars in silver, is done by electricity. hour she was broke. It was a simple French milkmaid will now have to find trick which has were the bank many other work to do. millions of dollars after the player cashed in—the manner of payment. One is rejuctant to break a bill, but silver is convenient to lay down on a day school, Swinton, lay claim to havcard, and most gamblers will do it. ing upon their register the oldest Sun-Before they know it they are again day school teacher in England, if not drawn into the game. They some in the United Kingdom. Mr. George times win, it is true, for the games are on the square; but one cannot

Of Thirty Years Ago

years ago. lage people view

Her moving 'midst the tulips all drow
with the dew.

The breezes breathe of springtime,

She's walking in her garden, with quiet

There's springtime in the robin's enra tured vesper trill; brushes to and fro; And in her heart the springtime of thirt; years ago.

just on such an eve
That there beneath the poplar he took
his last, fond leave,
And blindly she turned downward, aware

voice is clear and patient, and

Value of an Education

eation has an economical as well as

who through superior powers of mind ally well.

Education is good for any man or seem fitted f e it and give promise but your scoop was scooped. The dis woman who accepts it simply as in- of being able to employ it in the tressed damsel you rescued is old Ls tellectual enlightenment and as a intellectual professions. Every gradmeans of intellectual pleasure, says uating class at every university conthe San Francisco Bulletin. But eduwho barely pass the tests and who have no natural aptitude for intellectue is rewarded, however. He sug an intellectual aspect. It gives a man tual occupation. These are dumped And in the end Madge "saw." The gests you for night editor in place or woman appetites as well as pleas upon the market with lofty ideas and sympathy that always understood Carson, who has resigned. Repor need and degire for brain work and a Education to them is a curse instead Philip went away to face that un. The other letter was from Madge distaste for manual labor. It arouses of a blessing. It makes them take up a wish for luxuries and social position work at which they cannot succeed. Silas Norman, passed through the "Dear Philip—I have heard of your that only wealth can bring. It drives and despise and shun the work for body of a mason named Fernald, who ntried laborer.

At college he had rather distinguish—

The poor Fannie La Roux. How men and women into those few occuments and such a hero, a ed himself by some clever skits in the a goose as to take such a risk. You open to educated persons. There is college, it is commonly too late to the building. Fernald was critically college journal, and so it seemed natural to him to turn to journalism as to marry you to take care of you, or crowd. Consequently a multitude of have been learning a trade or bustthe most available way of settling the this day one month. You can't refuse bread and butter problem. A friend a lady, you know. Yours, Madge."

They can do everyone graduates fail in their work and be come dissatisfied.

They can do everyone graduates fail in their work and be come dissatisfied.

It would be well if the higher eds to-day is the one who can do some

So, just by way of car you'd come and d Quite quietly—you no will be laid at 2

Lastly, a lucious savery (although I

-Pall Mall Gazette

Winston Churchill's recent break down in a speech in parliament recalls sity," when his memory deserted him. He repeated "necessity" three times, and then Sir Robert Peel mischievously added: "Is not always the mother of invention." A correspondent of the London Daily Mail gives some instances of lapse of memory that came under his own observation as follows: "I was once staying with a distinguished divine in Yorkshire. the author of several volumes of poems and other literary works, and he too, 'lost himself' in the Lord's prayer. Moreover, he could not 'recover himself when he recommenced. I was once attending a demonstration

had to be dismissed." First Matches

of anatomy, and the professor-a gen-

completely broke down, and the class

The first sulphur matches, now upwards of a century old, appear very awkward according to our modern ideas of convenience. They were known as "spunks" and varied in length from five to seven inches.



These were generally packed in bundles of a dozen tied together with bits of straw. The matches illustrated herewith were made in 1830, and are preserved in York Museum, England. er girl was recently observed playing They were even less satisfactory than her week's wages with phonomenal they appear, since the sulphur re-

There is a unique farm near Paris

and laid a half-dollar on the ace. It an electric machine which throws the lost. She laid down a dollar. It won. proper amount of food into the feed-Another few moments and she had box. They are also milked by an eleclost the silver. Reluctantly she drew tric milking machine invented by an women of Butte's elite come in par- out a five-dollar note and began to English mechanic. This machine can play again. In a few deals she was milk fifty cows at once and requires playing heavily again. In half an only two persons to operate it. The

> Oldest Sunday School Teacher. The officials of the Wesleyan Sun-Doxey, who is now in his eightyeighth year, has been a teacher sixtynine years, and holds the remarkable never absent from school, and during forty years he was never once late. Though eighty-seven years of age, he is able to read without the aid

of spectacles. Still Believe in Witchcraft. Witchcraft is not dead in America, por did the last of the witches burn during the days of the Salem witchcraft. In the fastnesses of the Pennsylvania mountains, and in the farming districts, the homes of the Pennher sylvania Dutch, bordering the great anthracite region, spells are as powerful to-day as they were 200 years ago, wakes and as implicitly believed in. The belief in witcheraft which was burned out of New England, survives in Penn-

> Uninjured by Fearful Fall. A man named Walker with two little girls reached the station Rutland,

> sylvania. That a man was bewitched

is a common excuse for crime there.

Vt., just as the train was leaving. He managed to place one, aged five years, on the rear platform and tried to get on with the other and failed. The thirty five miles and fell off the steps down a steep embankment. The train was going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour at the time, but the child was uninjured.

Victim of Smart Thief. While fishing for trout the other day, John M. Houck of Middlefield, Mass., had a fine string of some thirty fish stoles from him. He was whipping a bit of rapid water where the stream made so much noise that he could not hear what went on around him, and his string of fish lay on a rock behind him. When he turned around to put his next fish on the string, there was no string there.

Lightning at Cape Neddick village, York, Me., played a peculiar freak recently. A bolt struck the house of To Save Smokers Trou

An Austrian has invented self-lighting cigars and cigarettes. Tipped with a chemical mixture, they ignite