The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ, author of The Thrall of Liof the Lucky.

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CHAPTER VIII.

When My Lord Comes Home From War.

Slowly the bleak light warmed into golden radiance, and the touch of dawn strung the scattered bird-notes into a chain of joyous song. Passing at last from the forest shades, the men of Ivarsdale came out into the grassy lane-like road that wound away over the Middlesex hills. Here and there the little shock-headed boys who were driving their charges afield paused knee-deep in rosy clover to watch the band ride by.

"You must be a mighty warrior," they whispered as they stared at the sober young leader. "Take notice how his eyes gaze straight ahead, as though he were seeking more people to overcome." And they spoke enviously of the red-cloaked page who sat on the croup of the leader's white charger.

Through warm sunshine, tempered by fresh breezes, they came yet deeper into the drowsy farmland. Gradually the yeomen-soldiers, who had been wrangling over the mystery of Edric's actions, dropped one by one into lazy silence, or set their tongues to whistling cleverly turned answers to the bird-calls in the hedges. Another mile, and from somewhere in the fields came the swinging chant of a ploughman, as he turned the soil between the rows of rustling corn.—

"Hail, Mother Earth, thou feeder of folk!
Be thou growing, by goodness of God,
Filled with fodder, the folk to feed."

Like the unbinding of a spell, the words fell upon the farmer-soldiers. Dropping every other topic, they began to argue over the crops; and after that they could not pass a harmless calf tethered to a crab-tree that they did not quarrel over the breed, nor start a drove of grunting swine out of the mast but they must lay wagers on the weight.

"Saw I never a fairer cage, lord."

Running wild in the animation, it was not long before the clamor caught up with the Etheling where he rode before them in sober reflection. "I do not believe that a tree-toad can change color more easily," he observed to the old cniht who rode at his side. "That Englishmen are not stout fighters, no man can say, but the love of it is not in their breasts; while with Northmen—"

"With Northmen," Morcard added, "to fight is to eat."

Another faint smile touched Sebert's mouth as he glanced over his shoulder at the red-cloaked boy. "After seeing this sprout, that is easy to believe. Except that time alone when a two-year-old colt kicked me on the head, I have never had my life threatened by so young a thing."

He grew grave again as his glance rested on his captive. "I want you to tell me something," he said presently. "You were Canute's page; I saw that you accompanied him in battle. I want you to tell me what he is like in his temper."

"It would be more easy to tell you what he is unlike," Randalin answered slowly; "for in no way whatever is he like your King Edmund." She sat awhile in silence, her eyes absently following the course of the wind over a slope of bending grain. "I think this is the difference, to tell it shortly," she said at last; "while it sometimes happens that Canute is driven by necessity or evil counsels to act deceitfully toward others, he is always honest in his own mind; while your Edmund—I think he lies to himself also."

Morcard gave out a dry chuckle. "By Saint Cuthbert," he muttered, "too much has not been told concerning the sharpness of children!"

But the Etheling made no answer whatever. After he had ridden a time staring away across the fields, he met the old man's eyes gravely.

"Wel-a-way! What use to think of it? For the present, at least, I am a lordless man. Let us speak of the defenses we must begin to raise against Edmund's coming."

While they discussed watch-towers and barriers, the horses took them along at a swinging pace. Suddenly the Lord of Ivarsdale broke off with an exclamation.

"It was not in my mind that we could see the old forked elm from here. Hey, comrades!" he called over his shoulder. "Yonder—to the left—the old landmark! Do you see?" His glance, as it came back, took in his captive. "The first bar of your cage, my hawk. Yonder is the first boundary of Ivarsdale."

Every man started up in his saddle, and the cheers they had held back upon leaving camp burst forth now with added zest. Peering over her captor's shoulder, Randalin looked forward anxiously.

Below the plain in whose center the old elm held up its blasted top to be silvered by the sun, the land dipped abruptly toward the river, to rise beyond in a long low hill. Rolling green meadows lay at its foot, and warm brown fields dotted with thatched farm-houses; and its sides were checkered with patches of woodland and stretches of golden barley. Just below the crest, the tower of the Lords of Ivrsdale reared its gray walls above the surrounding greenery. It was a kingdom to itself, with the light slanting warmly upon its fertile slopes and the forest standing like a strong army at its back.

Because it was so peacefully lovely, and because of her utter weariness, tears welled up under the girl's heavy lids as she looked.

She said unsteadily, "Saw I never a fairer cage, lord."

But the Etheling's eager glance had traveled on; for the first time the sun was shining out brightly in his face.

"The sight has more cheer than has wine," he said. "I cannot comprehend my folly in wanting to leave it. To live one's own master on one's own land, that is the only life!" He looked back at the yeomen with a sudden smile. "Noise!" he ordered. "Cheer again! it expresses the state of my feelings. And let your horn sound merrily, Kendred, that they may know we are coming."

Amid a joyous tumult, they swept over the terrace-like plain and broke ranks around the old elm. Evidently it was the disbanding place, for the yeomen-soldiers, one and all, came crowding around their leader to press his hand and speak a parting word.

In the meadows beyond the stream, little shepherd boys had heard the horn and were swarming, spider-like, over the hedges, sending up shrill shouts. And now women came running across the fields from the farm-houses, waving their aprons. More children raced behind them; and then a dozen old men, limping and hobbling on crutches and canes. A moment, and they were all over the foot-bridge and up the slope; and the sweet clamor of greetings was added to the tumult. Now it was a crowd of little brothers throwing themselves upon a big one; now a blooming lass flinging her arms around her sweetheart's neck; and again, a farmer's little daughter leaping joyously into her father's embrace.

In the midst of it, the Lord of Ivarsdale looked around and found that Fridtjof the page was crying as though his heart would break.

"How! Tears, my Beowulf!" he said in amazement.

She was far beyond words, the girl in the page's dress; she could only bury her face deeper in her slender hands and try to control the sobs that shook her from head to foot.

But it was not long before the young man's kindness divined the source of her pain. He spoke a quick word to those behind, and waving aside those before, touched spur to the white horse. In a moment the good steed had borne them out of the crowd and down the slope, followed only by the old cnihts and the dozen armed retainers.

As the hoofs rang hollow on the little bridge that spanned the stream, the Etheling spoke again in his voice of careless gentleness. "It is easy to enter into the sorrowfulness of your heart, youngling, and I think it no dishonor to your courage that you should mourn your kin with tears; yet I pray you to lay aside as much grief as you can. Bear in mind that no dungeon is gaping for you."

She could not speak to him yet, but when he put his hand back to feel of a strap, she bent and touched the brown fingers gratefully with her lips. The answer seemed to renew his kindly impulse.

"After all, you should not feel so strange among us," he said lightly. "Do you know that it was one of your own countrymen who built the Tower? Ivar Wide-Fathomer he was named, whence it is still called Ivarsdale. He was of the stock of Lodbrok, they say; and it is said, too, that one of his race is even now with Canute. You must make believe that you are coming home." So he spun on, carelessly good-humored, as they climbed the winding hill-path.

"If we make haste, it may be that we can take Hildelitha and Father Ingulph by surprise," he laughed, leaping down on the crumbling doorstep and pulling his captive with him.

In the tunnel-like arch of the great entrance they met another throng, but he shook them off with good-natured impatience and hurried through the great guard-room to the winding stairs, that were cut out of the core of the massive stones. Up and across another mighty hall, and then up again, and into a great women's-room, full of looms and spinning-wheels, where a buxom English housewife and half-a-dozen red-cheeked maids were gaping over their distaffs at the tale a jolly monk was telling between swallows of wine.

He choked in his cup when he saw who stood laughing in the doorway, and there was a great screaming and scrambling among his audience. Knocking over her spinning-wheel to get to him, the woman Hildelitha threw her arms around her young lord's neck and gave him a hearty smack on either cheek; while the fat monk sputtered blessings between his paroxysms of coughing, and the six blooming girls made a screaming circle around him.

Though he endured it amiably enough, the Etheling appeared in some haste to offer a diversion. He evaded a second embrace by turning and beckoning to his shrinking captive.

"Save a little of your greeting for my guest, good nurse. Behold the fire-eating Dane that I have catured with my own right arm!" As the red-cloaked figure still hung back, he pulled it gently forward until the light of the notched candles fell brightly on the face, pitifully white for all its blood-stains, in the frame of tumbled black tresses.

"A Dane?" the women cried shrilly; then, with equal unanimity, burst out laughing.

Randalin drew a little nearer the Etheling's sheltering side. He said half reprovingly, half freakishly, "It would not be well for you to anger him. He is the page of Canute himself, a real Wandering Wolf, and recks not whom he attacks. He came near to spitting Oslac at the battle, and even threatened me."

"Oslac!" screamed one of the serving-maids, turning very red. "The murderous little fiend!"

And Father Ingulph cleared his throat loudly. "Well-fitting is your charity both toward my teachings and your heart, my son; and yet—Discretion is the mother of other virtues. To bring one of those roving children of Satan into a Christian household will lay upon me a responsibility which—which—" He paused to take a mouthful of wine and eye the stranger over the goblet rim with much disfavor.

While the maids whispered excitedly in one another's ears, Hildelitha began to sniff behind her apron.

"I do not see why you wanted to bring him home, Lord Sebert. You know that Danes are odious to me since my husband, of holy memory, fell under their axes—most detestable—yet I would not anger you, my honey-sweet lord," she broke off abruptly.

For the Lord of Ivarsdale had suddenly grown very stiff and grave; there was something curiously haughty in the quiet distinctness of his words.

(To be continued.)

RUSSELL SAGE ON VACATIONS.

Chicago Newspaper Pokes Fun at the Aged Financier.

Mr. Russell Sage has dealt a telling and timely blow to the lamentable habit of taking vacations. Coming at the time when the great majority of people are plotting against their own interests by arranging for the annual peregrination to fashionable watering places, Mr. Sage's convincing argument will doubtless put the matter to many people in a new light. There is no doubt that a great many good business opportunities slip by a person when he is off on his vacation. A quick break in the stock market—a momentary slump in real estate—the underwriting of some new concern at tempting prices—all these golden chances may escape the man who is hid away in some far off forest or mountain retreat. The man at home is the man who "gets in" and makes a neat little turn with the tide. In Mr. Sage's opinion the fishing on Wall street is better than on Lake Greenwood, and higher priced game is bagged in the stock exchange than in the forest of Arden. It may be all right for some people to tune their "merry note unto the sweet bird's throat," but for Mr. Sage the voice of the auctioneer calling down choice bits of property about town is much more enlivening.—Chicago Tribune.

PARROT AS A DETECTIVE.

Smart Bird Remembered Nickname Incautiously Used.

A parrot belonging to a Mme. Tarby of Paris has won distinction by leading the police to arrest a band of clever and notorious burglars. The band broke into Mme. Tarby's house at a time when only the bird was within. As soon as the mistress returned the bird, much to her surprise, saluted her with "Hullo, big feet!" When she discovered the ransacked state of her house she sent at once for the police, and upon the commissary arriving he was also greeted by the parrot with the observation, "Hullo, big feet!"

The commissary resented the remark, and said, "Hush!" to the bird, which replied at once, "Oh, hurry up, big feet; you are slow, big feet!"

The commissary turned to Mme. Tarby, and the latter, anticipating a complaint, hastened to explain to the indignant officer that the bird had never used the expression before that day. At that a light broke in upon the commissary.

"'Big Feet' is the nickname of a notorious burglar," he explained. "I see it; your bird has reported the robbery."

Following up the clue, the burglar and his accomplices were soon arrested, and the biru is to be produced as a witness against them at the trial.

AMERICAN IS HEALTH OFFICER.

Surgeon Pierce Has Important Appointment at Panama.

Surgeon General Wyman of the public health and marine hospital service at Washington has been notified that Assistant Surgeon Claude C. Pierce, representative of that service at the city of Panama, has been appointed health officer for that city by the Panama authorities. The appointment is considered an important concession to the United States, as it will result in the adoption of American methods in protecting the canal zone from outside infection. There has been considerable apprehension of the introduction of plague from South American ports, and the fact that Dr. Pierce will have charge of the quarantine service of the port, it is believed, will do much to prevent that result.

Strength of Whisky.

What "proof" means as applied to the quality of the measurement or the strength of whisky is not understood by many people. As explained by a man who knows the correct use of the term it is simple enough. The standard of the United States revenue is a liquor half of which, by volume, is alcohol. This is 100 proof. If a whisky, then, is described as 90 proof it means that it contains 100 measures of water and 90 measures of alcohol. Whisky of 100 proof contains equal measures of each. Whisky of 120 proof contains 100 measures of water and 120 measures of alcohol.—Philadelphia Record.

Death of Noted Singer.

Mme. Emma Mante Babnigg, a once famous operatic singer, has just died in Vienna at the age of 80. She was a friend of Queen Victoria, the Empress Elizabeth and Napoleon III. She sang in London before Queen Victoria frequently between 1840 and 1850 and remained in correspondence with the Queen during her majesty's lifetime.

Real Thing.

"Yes," remarked the bald-headed man, "my wife is president of a secret society."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the fussy old bachelor. "The idea of women having anything to do with secret societies."

"But," explained he of the absent hair, "this is a society in which the members exchange secrets."

Society Woman Writes Play.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, wife of the British colonial secretary, has written a problem play, which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is said to have accepted.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

New Electric Block Signal.

A train may throw its own danger signal two blocks ahead if the newly perfected idea of a Canadian inventor is in use. This is an electric block signal intended for use upon railways. By the inventor it is intended particularly to insure a more reliable and simpler device than those at present in use, and the tests have proved entirely satisfactory to critical railroad men. It is claimed that the device is so arranged that the train automatically will display a danger signal on the block upon which it stands and in the block ahead, and that it may automatically display a safety signal in the block to the rear. The system is arranged for service on either single or double tracks.

Another useful signaling device has been recently brought into use by electric city and suburban railways. This is so arranged that the motorman may signal to the engineer at the power house or the crew of the following train or car when trouble exists at his point on the line or in case of accident to the train under his operation. It is claimed by this that the seat of trouble may be definitely pointed out to the officials at the power house and sometimes remedied from there without the delay and overwork of sending a man out over the line.

Can Press His Own Trousers.

Any man who desires to be particularly neat about his appearance will not neglect to keep his trousers pressed free from wrinkles. There is probably no other seemingly trivial thing which will so detract from the personal appearance of a man as wearing a pair of wrinkled trousers. Some men are so particular about this point that they pay more for pressing than the trousers cost originally, and others take advantage of the tailor's offer to keep their clothing pressed for a year after purchase, visiting the store so often that the tailor gets sick of his bargain. With the aid of the invention shown in the picture it should not be a difficult matter for a man to keep his trousers in shape himself, without the necessity of visiting the tailor at such frequent intervals as to

Designed for Use in the Home.

make his pocketbook suffer or cause him to feel ashamed of himself. This device consists of a pair of flat boards shaped like the trouser legs, with a set of clamping levers around the edges which make it possible to draw the two presser boards tightly together. These clamps consist of pivoted levers, having cam faces of such shape as to decrease the space as they are revolved. To use this trouser stretcher and presser the bottoms of the legs are first clamped in position. Then the waistband is pulled up until the legs are tight and smooth, after which the remaining clamps are tightened and the garment allowed to remain as long as necessary.

Electro-Magnetic Waves.

Prof. A. A. Atkinson of Ohio University has been studying the "waves" or vibrations which cause the various effects known as light, heat electricity, etc. The electromagnetic waves which are used in wireless telegraphy he found to be about equal in magnitude to those vibrations of the air which cause sound. When they are so short as to approach in length those which produce the invisible red rays of the solar spectrum they begin to produce heat. The shorter they become the greater their heating effect, until they enter the region of the visible spectrum, and then they produce light. As they continue to shorten the color of the light runs through red, orange, yellow, green, blue and indigo to violet. The heat effect decreases, and the actinic, or photographic, effect increases, and when the waves pass out into the invisible violet region, the chemican effect reaches its maximum. Yet more shortening, and the waves begin to exhibit the properties of the X-rays.

Flat Motor Boats.

A series of experiments is now being made with motor boats in France, which may revolutionize the construction of these greyhounds of the river and harbor. Instead of building the hull of the boats like toothpicks, after the fashion now approved, they are constructed like shingles, the purpose being to have them skim over the surface of the water instead of plow through it. A broad flat-bottomed boat of 3½ feet beam and 19½ feet long was equipped with a motor capable of driving an ordinary launch eight or nine miles an hour. She attained a speed of seventeen and one-half miles an hour, a result which has called forth still more experiments.

Flat-bottomed shallow boats have proved very successful sailing craft, and large numbers of them may be found on every sheet of water frequented by sailing boats, but these experiments with them as motor boats are unique and it is expected that they will result in a marvelous development of speed.

Tank for Cooling Milk.

J. C. H.—Please describe how to construct a cement tank for cooling milk.

—

To make a cement tank, make a box out of inch lumber large enough to hold the size of cans required, then make another box eight inches larger than the first one and place it on the outside of the first box, this will leave a space of four inches between them for the concrete wall. Fill this space with concrete, and every six inches in height place in wires to go all the way around the form. After a day the forms can be taken off and the bottom filled up high enough to put a tap in to run off the water when required. Both the inner and outer side should have a coat of plaster left with a trowel finish, this will leave it with a glazed surface and keep impurities from penetrating the concrete. The concrete should be composed of one part of cement to five parts of gravel.

Running Will Do. It.

Wright—What is that newspaper canvasser running about so for?

Penman—He's trying to get up a circulation.

GOOD HOME MADE WINDMILL.

Built by Nebraska Farmer at a Cost of Only $25.

W. S. E.—Please describe a windmill for pumping water, which may be made at home.

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The windmill, represented in the accompanying illustration was built at a cost of $25. It is in use for pumping water on the farm of J. S. Peekham in Nebraska. The tower which stands 20 feet high is made of 4x4 in scantling, the cross pieces being 2 by 4 inch material. The tower spreads to 16 feet at the base. The axis is 8 inches square and 16 feet long, and the diameter of the mill 16 feet. Each of the eight arms carries a heavy wooden fan, 5½ feet long, and 5 feet at the top, tapering to 2½ feet or 3 feet at the bottom. Thus each of the eight fans exposes nearly 25 square feet of surface to the wind. The

pumping capacity of this mill is nearly one thousand gallons per hour in a fifteen mile wind. The description and illustration of this windmill were taken from Bulletin No. 59 of the University of Nebraska, which is exclusively devoted to home-made windmills.

Staining a Floor.

A. M. G., Man.—Please tell me whether it is better to paint or stain an edge grain, fir floor. How should stain be applied?

—

Provided the floor is smooth and clean, staining is preferable to painting, as the stain which soaks into the wood wears well and is very attractive. A very satisfactory staining material is a weak solution of permanganate of potash. This when first applied produces a wine color, but on exposure to the air quickly oxidizes, becoming a rich oak shade. In preparing the stain the permanganate of potash should be dissolved in water and diluted, and a little of it applied with a brush to a piece of smooth board of the same material as the floor; this should be allowed to stand exposed to the air for half an hour; if the color is too dark the stain must be further diluted with water until the desired shade is produced. The floor should be made very clean and dry, soiled places being sandpapered. One application of the stain should be given, and when thoroughly dry, one or two coats of good varnish should be given. This will protect the stain leaving a beautiful surface in which the natural grain of the wood may be seen.

An Asparagus Bed.

R. J. E.—How should a bed of as paragus be managed? Should I cut the small shoots that come up?

—

No, do not cut the small growth of asparagus, but let it grow until seed is formed; then cut and allow to lie on bed over winter. It would be better for the bed if you did not cut next year; but as one is always anxious for product, you could cut a few of the stronger sprouts, leaving the rest. It is important that you cut down the growths before the seed has matured, because if the ripe seed falls on the ground the bed will become full of seedlings, which will be much harder to destroy than other weeds. Cover the bed with a good coating of well rotted manure each fall and fork it over very carefully early in the spring. After the bed is in full bearing, a top dressing of nitrate of soda each spring would be beneficial, using about 250 pounds per acre.

Soggy Potatoes.

W. E. G.—I can grow excellent potatoes, but when stood in a cool cellar all winter they become very wet and soggy. What is the cause and remedy?

—

Should judge that your soil has much to do with the watery condition of your potatoes, and should advise that you underdrain your land. The first cost of doing this is considerable, but the results obtained in better and larger crops, added to the fact that the land is in condition to be worked earlier and later than land not drained, will, in a very short time, pay all cost of draining. A slightly higher storing temperature might be better; but the soil has much to do with the moisture in the tubers.

Boiled Wheat for Horses.

C. A. B.—I have some frosted wheat which I would like to feed to horses if this can be done safely. How would it do to boil the wheat well and give about one gallon at a feed?

—

If the wheat is boiled until soft so that it can be mashed up there should be no risk in feeding it to horses. It should not be fed in the pure state, however, as the animals would bolt a good deal of it without mastication. It would be well to mix a small quantity of dry oats or oat chop with the boiled wheat, and combine this mixture with two or three times its bulk of cut hay. Horses doing ordinary work should be easily kept in good condition on a mixture of this sort together with good hay.

Curing Egg-Eating.

Take an egg and puncture a small hole on the side, take a small piece of stick, about the size of a match, stick it into the egg and churn the egg with it, constantly dipping the stick into a little red pepper and mustard, until the egg is thoroughly impregnated with the pepper and mustard, then put it in the nest where the hen usually lays, with the open side up, and let the hen get it as soon as she wants. She will never trouble the eggs again, and it will not injure the hen one bit. This will stop the habit in the most inveterate egg-eater.

Retaining the Valuables.

A—"Is it true that your cashier has eloped with your daughter and a large sum of money?"

B—It is quite true; but he is an honest fellow, and means to repay me. He has already returned me my daughter."

NAME WAS INNOCENT

GUILLOTINE WAS INAPPROPRIATELY DESIGNATED.

Instrument of Torture During Grim Reign of Terror in France Claimed Innocent and Guilty Alike.

In the stormier days of Scotland, when faction fights were everyday occurrences, and clan fought against clan with bitter hate and animosity, an instrument, for some occult reason termed "The Maiden," was in frequent requisition. This, judging from its name, harmless and innocent implement, was, however, none other than the deadly guillotine, which during the gruesome French revolution immolated so many thousands of victims. Amongst the last in Scotland of this cruel maiden's victims was an Earl of Argyll, who, it is said, pressed his lips on the block, remarking that it was "the sweetest maiden he had ever seen." But it was during that grim Reign of Terror when fair France was drenched with blood, and a very orgie of carnage raged supreme, that this lethal implement was in greatest request. Day after day, night after night, wagons and tumbrils, carts and trolleys, discharged their loads of bound captives, who, one after the other, either quietly mounted the steps of the guillotine, or were dragged up by the ruffianly attendants, who, to accelerate their pace would perhaps prick them with the point of their sword or lance; or, if fainting, women were carried up and thrown upon the block as they would treat a sack of flour. Some are shrieking in mortal terror; some, in bravado, defying their captors; some, the personification of impotent ferocity and envenomed savagery, gnash their teeth, and vent their rage against their captors in an incoherent storm of virulent hate. Now it is a Charlotte Corday, who as she thought, to save her country, had stabbed to the heart the hideous and loathsome Marat; now it is a Desmoulins or a Danton, who with infuriate exasperation had pitilessly hurled their legions to that same fate, and whose name was a ghastly nightmare to the law abiding; or now it is a Marie Antoinette, whose appearance on that gory platform is a signal for on outburst of frenzied rage from the bloodthirsty mob, who, howling in a paroxysm of rabid fury, and foaming with savage, rancorous venom, shriek out their execrations, and like wild demoniacs hurl their curses and their imprecations at her. And so the gruesome work goes on, each time the ponderous knife falls, another ghastly head rolling into the basket; some held up by the hair by the executioner to excite the jeers and the curses of the mad, sanguinary mob of demagogues whose turn will probably soon come to meet the same fate at the hands of their fellows; some kicked away into the cart beneath, into which the headless, reeking trunks are unceremoniously thrown; while a few perhaps are handed over to relatives, who, at the risk of being seized and executed, gived them decent burial.—Montreal Herald.

THIS PUN IS A GOOD ONE.

Owen Wister Recites One Worth Remembering.

Owen Wister, the novelist, was talking about puns.

"I detest puns," he said, "but Fanny Kemble, who was my grand mother, used to tell one made by a certain Baron Rothschild that was good of its kind.

"The baron was dining out, and someone spoke of venison.

"'I,' said the Baron, nevair eats venishon. I think it ish not so coot ash mutton.'

"'Oh, absurd,' someone exclaimed 'If mutton is better than venison, why isn't it more expensive?"

"The baron laughed, overcome by the brilliancy of the pun that had just come to him. Then he said, and his dialect came in very handy:

"'The reason why venishon ish more expensive than mutton ish that the peoples always prefer vat ish deer to vat is sheep.'"

What a City Boy Misses.

Poor li'l Boston kid!
Ever seen a muscadine
Scuppernong on hanging vine?
Bet you never did.

You city boys don't have much fun;
Never do the stunts we done
When I was a kid.

Ever heard a mock' bird sing—
Fished for tadpoles in a spring?
Bet you never did.

Ever go out killing snakes,
Over bogs and through cane-brakes?
Bet you never did.

Ever seen watermelons grow,
Hundreds of 'em row by row?
Oh, you never did!

—Boston Transcript.

Great Britain's Railways.

A parliamentary paper just issued contains a summary of the railway returns of the United Kingdom for 1903 compared with the two preceding years. The total mileage in 1903 was 22,380 miles; in 1902, 22,152 miles; in 1901, 22,078 miles. The paid-up capital totaled roundly, $6,220,000,000 in 1903, $6,080,000,000 in 1902, and $5,975,000,000 in 1901.

Tea Growing in Japan.

Tea was grown in Japan in 1902 on an area of 120,197 acres, producing 57,457,611 pounds. In the previous year the area was 119,712 acres, and the production 57,984,067 pounds. These figures do not include the Island of Formosa, which in 1901 produced 13,752,946 pounds, making the total for the empire in that year 71,737,013 pounds.

To Preserve Indian Folk Songs.

A society has been formed with Ernest Thompson Seton as one of its principal members, for the preservation of Indian folk songs, and their work deserves encouragement. Frederick R. Burton is at work on a collection of the songs of the Ojibways, of which he has made a specialty for a number of years and which he considers the highest type of American aboriginal music.

Claim Royal Lineage.

Two residents of Los Angeles, Cal., claim to be of royal lineage. W. J. H. Murat, a machinist, says that "by rights" he should be on the throne of Naples as a descendant of Joachim Murat. Another is Dr. Rebecca Lee Dorsey, who traces her ancestry back to Robert Bruce, the Scottish hero.

Retards Irrigation.

The irrigation development of the Snake river valley, Idaho, has received a set-back by the proposed construction of a power plant, which will interfere with the irrigation development.

THE ODD CORNER

Rhyme and Reason.

There isn't any reason for the flowers
blooming sweet
To wither at the noonday or be crushed
beneath our feet.
There isn't any reason for the sky to
be so blue
Nor for the sunbeams to be dancing
where the leaves their shadows strew.
The bee is making melody in cadence
long and low,
The birds are lightly singing as they
hurry to and fro;
And joy is set to meter in the lazy summer time.
There isn't any reason; there is nothing,
only rhyme.
The river as it ripples on its journey to
the sea
Makes music that we cannot sing; yet
sweet as it can be.
The rustle of the tree tops as the zephyrs
wander by
Awake the woods to answer with a long,
melodious sigh.
And when the stars are gleaming and
the moon is shining bright
A thousand minstrel voices softly echo
through the night.
And no one understands the spell that's
cast throughout the clime.
There isn't any reason; there is nothing,
only rhyme.

—Washington Star.

Herding Sea Lions.

In the sea lion rookeries of the Alaskan coast some curious stampedes are seen. At certain seasons of the year the Aleuts have a drive of "seevitchie," as the lions are called. It is generally begun in September or October to gather in a supply of winter meat.

At night when the sea lions are lying in the sand above high water the natives start their hunting. Armed with sticks, clapping bones and guns, they creep down to the water's edge and carefully get between their game and the sea, and at a given signal rush with yells and all manner of noise at the victims.

The terrible noise awakes and stampedes the sea lions, each one rushing in the direction in which its head happens to be pointed. In this way some go inland and a few escape to the water.

The stampede ends disastrously for those that head inland. The ungainly creatures are driven by cries and shouts to the houses of the hunters. There stakes are placed in the ground about them, forming a sort of corral. To the posts streamers of cloth are fastened, and the foolish sea lions are afraid to approach the fluttering things.

Other catches are added until the herd corralled numbers two and three hundred, and then the final march is taken up. The sea lions are liberated from the corral and driven in the direction of the Aleut village, ten or twelve miles away, the journey taking from one to two weeks.

Density of Population.

According to an exhaustive statistical work by a German, the population of the world to-day is 1,503,300,000. The average density of population is about 25 persons to one square mile, and the distribution among the continents is as follows: In Europe, 392,264,000 people, or 100 inhabitants for each square mile; in Asia, 819,556,000 inhabitants—45 to a square mile; in Africa, 140,700,000 inhabitants—13 to a square mile. North America, including the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, Panama, as well as he United States and Canada, is credited with 105,714,000 inhabitants—13 to one square mile.

Heifer Catches Fish.

John Sutphin, a Franklin Park, N. J. farmer, asked the police to-day to help him find a pet heifer which had strayed away from his farm.

He declared she was a great fish catcher, and frequently would go to ponds on the farm, stand motionless for a time in the water near the bank, then suddenly thrust her head in the water and bring up a small fish in her mouth.

On the advice of the police, and with their aid the shores of the Raritan river were searched. The heifer was found watching for fish near the landing bridge.—New York Tribune.

Has Relic of Jefferson Davis.

When Jefferson Davis was captured, nine silver dollars were found upon him. They were given to W. C. McCoy, an engraver, to be marked as souvenirs. For his work one of them was given to him. He engraved it with his son's name and gave it to him. The coin was found in the till of F. C. Richter, a merchant, at Columbus, O., and an advertisement brought knowledge of it to its owner, William McCoy of Pittsburg, Pa., to whom it has been sent. It was lost or stolen thirty-three years ago.

Captured Six Baby Foxes.

Will Lemery, employed on the farm of Allen Flint in Braintree, saw a fox a few days ago with a rabbit in its mouth. He watched it disappear into a hole, and going back to the house persuaded Perkins Flint to join him in the hunt. They dug out the hole into which the rabbit was taken and brought to light a family of six little foxes, which they are at present bringing up by hand with gratifying success, the old ones to all appearances having fled that part of the country.—St. Johnsburg Republican.

Maine Counties Well Named.

The three original counties of Maine had good old English county names, York, Cumberland and Lincoln. Only two, Oxford and Somerset, have been similarly named since, all the rest having good American appellations. For the names of Androscoggin, Aroostook, Kennebec, Penobscot, Piscataquis and Sagadahoc find their origin among the aborigines, while Franklin, Hancock, Knox and Washington bear the names of distinguished Americans of the white race.

Young Gulls Seasick.

A sportsman at Moosehead lake found some young gulls, too small to fly, and took them into his canoe. The birds at first seemed to enjoy the novel experience, but soon became as seasick as any landsman. After each had sacrificed his latest meal to the sea myths, the sportsman took pity on them and put them back into the water, where they at once settled down as well and contented as if they had never left it.

Working Horse Died of Old Age.

A horse 41 years old died recently on the farm of Philip Putnam, Franklin, Ohio, where, since a foal, it had been used continually as a driver up to four years ago. He was sound in wind and limb and died from old age.

Exchange of Buffaloes.

Two bull buffalo have arrived at Newport, N. H., and been taken to Blue mountain forest. They came from Banff, Canada, and were got in exchange for two from the park. The deal was made with the Canadian government.

JEST AND JOLLITY

Far Sighted.

"Know young Fillers, the dentist? He's going to elope with Miss Travers."

"The deuce! When?"

"In a few weeks."

"In a few weeks? Why doesn't he take her now?"

"Well, you see, he is doing a little expensive work on her teeth and he wants to collect the bill from her father first."—Kansas City Journal.

Easy to Believe.

"He has seen better days."

Whyness of the Wherefore.

"I suppose," said the scanty haired man, "you have never given marriage a thought."

"Oh, yes I have," replied the bachelor.

"Then why are you still single?" asked the other.

"Because I gave marriage a thought," answered the advocate of single blessedness.

The Restive Auto.

"See the red automobile standing in front of that house, pop?"

"Yes, I see it, my son."

"What makes it jump so, pop?"

"It is restive, my boy."

"What makes it restive, pop?"

"Oh, I suppose it sees some people crossing the street a block or two ahead."

Soft Answer Just in Time.

Mrs. F (petulantly)—"You never kiss me now."

Mr. F—"The idea of a woman of your age wanting to be kissed! One would think you were a girl of 18."

Mrs. F—"What do you know about girls of 18?"

Mr. F—"Why, my dear, weren't you 18 once yourself?"—Stray Stories.

Nothing New to Her.

Mrs. Upjohn (just back from foreign tour)—But I was going to tell you about the scarabaeaus I got in Egypt. It—

Mrs. Gaswell—Oh, I used to be troubled with that when we lived in Pennsylvania. Quinine will knock it out every time.

Matrimonial Joys.

Wife—I met Mr. Meeker this morning. You remember he was your rival for my hand.

Husband—Yes; I hate that man.

Wife—But you shouldn't hate him just because he used to admire me.

Husband—Oh, that isn't the reason I hate him because he didn't marry you.

The Flight of Time.

The governess had been reading the story of the discovery of America to her 4 year old charge. Closing the book she said: "Just think, Mabel, all this happened more than 400 years ago."

"Gwacious!" exclaimed the little miss, "aint't it s'pwizin' how time do fly?"

Long Ones.

"Dr. Sawem is to read a paper before the Ohio Medical Association to-day, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"What is the title of it?"

"I don't know exactly, but the words look like Russian war news."—Cleveland Leader.

Another Fish Story.

"So you were out in St. Louis?" said the postmaster. "Did you see the big pike?"

"To be sure," drawled the village fabricator; then after a pause, "but it wasn't one inch bigger than the pike I caught in Hurly's mill pond last summer."

Annoyed.

"I am strongly inclined to think that your husband has appendicitis," said the physician.

"That's just like him," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "He always waits till anything is pretty near gone out of style before he decides to get it."

The Way He Put It.

He—Is it true that you said young Chumply was a fool?

She—Oh, no! What I said was that it was a good thing he didn't have any money, because if he had he and it would soon be parted.—Browning's Magazine.

Yes, Verily!

"Many a man," remarked the philosopher, "who travels on the right road manages to reach the wrong destination."

"How's that?" queried the man.

"They are headed the wrong way," explained the philosophy dispenser.

Critical Judgment.

"Was the pianist really good?"

"Oh! yes indeed! His hair was nearly a foot long."

Delays are Dangerous.

Tom—But isn't your love for Miss Platinum rather sudden?

Jack—I suppose so. But, you see her rich aunt died rather suddenly.