EXPLAINING "JACK" IN FLAG

Origin of Emblem of the British Empire Goes Back to the Days of Plate Armor.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" explains itself; like the "tricolor" of France. But who put the Jack in Union Jack? This curious term, which is the only name by which we know the British flag, has been the subject of much surmise; but so unique is its history that you would never guess it in a thousand years!

In ancient times every English soldier in the field wore the protecting "jacque" or surtout (over all), which was a garment of padded leather interspersed with pieces of plate armor, upon the breast the crimson cross of St. George. When the soldiers had occasion to board a ship their jacques were placed next each other along the bulwarks of the ship in the same way that the Romans arranged their shields on board their galleys.

The jacques so afforded the men protection against the arrows of their adversaries on the water, and by their device upon the outer side proclaimed the nationality of the ship. Excepting the king's own ship, which flew the royal arms on a silken sail, the jacques bore the only indication of the nationality of a vessel.

In the course of time, when the jacques were not longer needed along the bulwarks, a solitary jacque was probably displayed at the bowsprit, and so the name "Jack" came into use for the flag that superseded it.

In 1801 the three kingdoms of England, Ireland and Scotland were formally united and the British flag made a combination of the cross of St. George for England, of St. Andrew for Scotland and of St. Patrick for Ireland. It was this union which made the British flag the "Union Jack."

Reliable Information.

An American tourist recently visited the ancient city of Chester, and was startled by the loud clanging of the fire alarm bell.

Seeing others run, he ran, too, and presently found himself one of a crowd gathered to witness the departure of the fire engines. In a short time the engines dashed out of the yard and disappeared down the street in a whirl of dust and smoke.

With a view to gathering information, the tourist addressed himself to a man in the crowd:

"Say, mister, I suppose in an old place like this containing so many timber-fronted houses, you often have a fire?"

"Pretty often," assented the man.

"How often, now, does a fire occur?" asked the American.

"Every time that bell rings," replied the man, nodding towards the bell-tower.—London Tit-Bits.

Sea-Horses Scarce.

For a long time one of the most popular exhibits at the aquarium has been the sea-horses, says the New York Times. At the present time there is a scarcity of these interesting fishes with miniature horse's heads and queer tails. W. L. De Nyse, assistant director, said the scarcity might be attributed to the excessive cold of two years ago, in which many of the delicate little fishes might have perished before reaching warmer latitudes.

When in captivity sea-horses have to be fed on minute marine worms. They are found in local bays, and Mr. De Nyse has seen as many as eight or ten with their tails hooked together drifting with the tide. They are among the most unique of fishes, and in the aquarium tank they may be seen with their tails linked together like so many monkeys. The scientific name of the sea-horse is Hippocampus. They were known to the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Sulphur Deposits in Alaska.

Located in the crater of a snow-capped volcanic mountain on Unalaska island, one of the Aleutian group, is a large deposit of sulphur, believed to contain from 10,000 to 15,000 tons. A claim has been filed for the location, and mining operations probably will start in the near future. Subterranean heat and a hot vapor, the latter issuing from cracks in the rocks, keep the deposit free from ice and snow, though these permanently cover nearly all of the remainder of the peak, which is about 6,000 feet in height. Another sulphur deposit has been discovered on Akun island, in the same group, and a third near Stepovak bay, on the southern shore of the Alaskan peninsula.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Town Peculiarly Named.

What's in a name? becomes a matter for consideration in the case of the happy-go-lucky manner of bestowing one practiced by the surveying party about which Captain Reynardson tells in his book on the Mesopotamian campaign. This party came to a village on the Euphrates not marked on the map, so the surveyors hailed a local Arab and asked him: "What is the name of this village?" "M'adri," the Arab replied, m'adri meaning "I do not know." But the party unquestioningly accepted it as the name of the village, and M'adri the village is to this day—on the survey map.

Filming Holy Writ.

The Bible is to be filmed, and the men in America who are about to begin this stupendous work claim that their Bible pictures will help to quiet the unrest of the world, and that, as an aid to religion, education and social welfare, their value will be almost incalculable.

Like to Try It?

Powdered jet mixed with wine was considered a toothache remedy by the Greeks.

Jewelry Designing Taught.

Jewelry designing is taught in some of the schools of Cincinnati.

A CHANGE OF HEART

By CAROLINE LOCKHART

(Copyright.)

"I hates kids; I despises kids," said Dad Walker querulously, as he rubbed a clean place on the window-pane and looked at the household goods of Doody, the squawman, going into the log shack across the street. "There's eight of them Doody young uns, if I got the right count on them. They mill round so fast it's like countin' sheep."

"Some folks is all-same pigeons," observed Bacon-Rind Dick, who was mixing baking-powder biscuit in the dish-pan.

"Er Belgian hares, er French Canadians, er field-mice, er—"

"He's come up off the reservation to put his kids in school, I reckon."

"He furnishes the school and we furnish the teacher. Personally myself," declared Dad, sourly "I don't aim to educate eight Doodys after this year. I've paid school taxes and packed schoolmarms back and forth from the railroad as long as I'm goin' to."

"Still, them Doodys ought to be company for us this winter, with everybody movin' out of the camp."

"Company! I won't have nothin' to do with 'em. I hates half-breeds worse nor p'izen, and I don't want them kids to git in the habit of runnin' over here. They're liable to pick up something."

"That's so," Bacon-Rind replied dryly. "They might steal the stove, or the bunk, or that thirty-pound bear-trap."

"Makes no diff'runce; and if they start visitin' here, I'll tell 'em where to get off at."

By dwelling upon the Doodys and the manner in which they would overrun him during the winter, Dad became a kind of monomaniac upon the subject, and each morning when he looked through the window-pane he demanded with the same regularity with which some people comment upon the weather:

"Whatever kin a man think of himself to marry a blanket squaw?"

To his surprise, he was not molested by the Doodys.

When the days grew short and the towering mountains surrounding the abandoned copper-camp of Swift Water made them even shorter, the long evenings seemed interminable. Bacon-Rind thought wistfully of the Doody family, whose shrieks of exuberant laughter frequently penetrated the silence which lay between the two partners, long since talked out.

"These snows ought to have brought the sheep down," he said one day, regarding the white mountains speculatively. "I b'leeve I'll get Billy Upton and take a hunt. I hankers for sheep-meat. You won't be lonesome?"

"Lonesome! Me?" Dad snorted. "I was seven months alone onct, whar' the timber was so thick you had to lay on your back to see the sun."

So Bacon-Rind packed his camp outfit on a cayuse and started with Billy Upton for the hills.

Bacon-Rind was a pinhead—Dad never had thought of him as anything else; yet he missed his partner uncommonly. He had to admit that.

Late one afternoon he washed a place on the window, lower down, where he could sit and look at the "injun outfit" across the way. He was lonely; he had to admit that, too, and it looked kind of sociable to see the black heads bobbing behind the windows of the log house opposite.

Dad oiled his boots with bear grease and darned his socks; then, when he could think of nothing else to do which would enable him to kill time, he took his ax out to the grindstone, although it was already so sharp he could almost cut hair with it.

"If Bacon-Rind ain't back pretty soon," he said peevishly, "I'll git worse nor the wild man I knowed in Wisconsin, who lived in a holler tree and et a deer at a sittin'."

II.

"Gee, but you're a nawful big man!"

Startled, Dad dropped the can and turned to look at the owner of the shrill but friendly voice.

Recovering from the slight embarrassment caused by the steady gaze of a pair of black eyes, he replied: "And I'm the runt of the family. Father was twenty-two inches between the eyes, and they fed him with a shovel. What might your name be?"

"Maudie Doody. I got a nawful splinter in my foot, an' ma's washin' and won't take it out, so I runned away." Miss Doody stood like a chicken on a cold day, holding up a bare foot which she had thrust into an old moccasin. "I brung a pin for you to get it out with," she added.

"Do you want to p'izen yourself, usin' pins?" demanded Dad sternly.

"Gee, you got awful blue eyes!" observed Miss Doody, quite unmoved.

She followed Dad into the house, and, pulling up a chair, thrust her bare foot into his lap. She was so entranced and fascinated by Dad's unconscious grimaces as he pulled at the splinter with a needle that she forgot the pain of it, and said flatteringly when he had finished:

"You don't hurt half as much as ma. You don't like to hurt me, nuther, do you?"

"I hates cryin' and yellin'."

"You don't like Injuns, nuther, do you?"

"Some Injuns," Dad replied evasively—"good Injuns."

"I'm good. I never talk Injun talk. My brother, he's bad. I got my sleeve tored out fightin' him, 'cause he was bad and talked Injun talk. Can you sing?"

"Like a markin'-bird," Dad said grimly.

"What can you sing?" inquired Miss Doody pointedly.

"Well, I can sing 'Whar' the Silver Colorady Wends Its Way,' an' I can sing 'Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee,' an' I can sing 'Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo,' an' I can sing—"

"Sing 'Baraboo-boo-boo.'"

Dad hesitated.

"It ain't hardly a song," he admitted. "It's more like words set to a noise."

"Sing 'Baraboo,'" reiterated Miss Doody.

Dad cleared his throat and pitched his voice in a key which both amazed and delighted his visitor.

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!" sang Dad lustily. "To the Baraboo, away, away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo! To the Baraboo, away, away!"

Almost any disinterested listener would have agreed that Dad had described his song rather well. It sounded like a hungry coyote howling in a bunch of willows.

"Sing it again, and trot me," commanded Miss Doody, sliding from her chair to climb into Dad's lap.

She came the next day after school hours, and the next day, and the day after that, always bursting into the room in a manner which suggested flight; and each time the same dialogue took place between them.

"Sing 'Baraboo.'"

"Aw—you don't want to hear 'Baraboo.'"

"'Baraboo.' Make a lap. The buttons on your coat hurt my ear. There!"

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!"

"Trot me!"

"To the Baraboo, away, away! Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo!"

It was a ravishing song!

III.

"When the snow lays deep like this, and it comes off cold and sets in to blow, I feel like bitin' myself," he muttered irritably.

It was lonely! Even as Dad groaned, the door of the squawman's house opened, and Maudie Doody, looking over her shoulder like some wild creature, to see if she was observed, stepped into the street.

Dad's heart leaped joyously, but sank again as she turned and began floundering through the snow toward the pole bridge.

Yes, she was wading through the drifts to the pole bridge!

She always stopped there on her way to school to see if that big, black trout was still lying motionless in the pool below.

She reached the bridge and stood on the edge, peering into the water.

Dad reached for his sheepskin coat.

In the second that he took his eyes from the swaying little figure on the bridge, it disappeared! His inarticulate cry was like a bellow as he tore open the door and covered the intervening drifts in leaps and bounds.

When Doody, the squawman, and Harrison, from the other side, had reached the bridge, the icy waters of the pool already had closed over Dad's head. The widening circles told where he had sunk, and the tense seconds were minute-long before he rose. His face was livid with the terrible cold—a cold which numbed like a paralytic shock.

"She's ketched to something!" he gasped.

"Come out!" yelled Harrison.

For reply, Dad sank once more; and when he rose again a calico skirt was gripped in his stiffened fingers. With the last desperate stroke of which he was capable, he dragged Maudie Doody to the water's edge. The north wind froze his clothes into an icy sheath as, half unconscious, he staggered with the child in his arms to his own cabin.

"It's no use," said Harrison, and he looked at Maudie Doody lying beneath the torn red quilt on Dad's bunk. "She was under too long."

"She's dead!" The squaw cried a little in the corner of her shawl and went home.

Doody and the seven little Doodys followed her, sniffling.

It was hours later that Bacon-Rind approached the cabin, a hind-quarter of sheep-meat upon his back, a beaming smile of anticipation upon his face. Some sound from within caused him to listen.

"Away to the Baraboo-boo-boo! To the Baraboo—away—away!"

Bacon-Rind grinned and scraped his feet on the step.

"He's got lonesome and desp'rit," he thought. "Dad's drunk."

"Hi, old man!" he yelled.

The door flew open; and Dad, with a stick of stovewood in one hand and an expression upon his face not unlike that of a she-bear with cubs, towered above him, shouting threateningly as he pointed to the bunk:

"What you comin' in like a cow-elk for? Can't you see she's asleep?"

Snake's Fascination a Myth.

Those who have had much experience with snakes and have had it their business to observe carefully their habits and ways, both in their natural condition in the wild state and in captivity, state that in no instance have they known a snake to fascinate an animal in the manner in which it is alleged to do. One authority speaks of two species many a time in trees surrounded by a crowd of fluttering, chattering, excited birds. But the birds were not, he says, fascinated by the snake; they were endeavoring to intimidate it in order to frighten it from their haunts.

Ladybirds Did It.

Co-operating with the city of New Orleans and the state of Louisiana, the bureau of entomology, United States department of agriculture, completed during the year the control of the fluted scale in New Orleans and neighboring places. This was accomplished by the propagation and liberation of thousands of the natural enemy of this scale insect, the Australian ladybird. More than 300 colonies of the ladybirds were liberated over an area of 40 square miles. The distribution also was extended to the known outlying infestations of the fluted scale in Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas.

Real Discovery.

"He discovered the seedless raisin."

"That's nothing. A bigger discovery than that was made by the man who found what a kick the raisin would put in soft drink."

GOOD THING LOST

Uncle Henry Surely Had Marvelous Fertilizer.

Unfortunately, After It Had Demonstrated Its Amazing Effect on Growing Corn He Could Not Remember the Ingredients.

"Friday dandelions were in bloom at York, Pa. Saturday they were covered by six inches of snow."—Boston Globe.

Once more we have to thank the Boston Globe for jogging our memory, says the Lewiston Journal. How it all comes back to us. Uncle Henry on mother's side was a farmer-inventor. He rigged up all sorts of farm machinery which wouldn't operate anywhere except on paper, or in Uncle Henry's head. He was also a great hand to experiment with fertilizers, and while he was always on the track of a fertilizer that was going to produce a double crop of something or other his experiments usually resulted in reducing his crops materially, and the rest of the family had to do some pretty tall hustling to catch even.

One fall Uncle Henry produced a fertilizer that he was sure would revolutionize the farming industry, and if smell could have turned the trick it would have, too. His fertilizer had a bouquet that, when the wind was right, depopulated the country for a mile away from the house. The rest of the family went away to visit till the smell thinned out some or overcame Uncle Henry. There used to be a lot of skunks in our neighborhood, but they all moved away that fall. A German butcher who manufactured limburger cheese on the side offered Uncle Henry $5,000 for the secret of that smell, intending to manufacture a cheese that would make him a millionaire when he got it on the market. But Uncle Henry wouldn't sell. He said it was his duty to invent a fertilizer that would double crops and he was going to stick to it till he did, if he never had a cent. He had plenty of scent, however. When the family finally received word that a person might live in the house if he didn't breathe too deep nor too often they came back. Uncle Henry had become discouraged and buried his sample of the new fertilizer in the front yard. That night he fed the hens in about the same place, and when he threw out their corn they wouldn't go within ten feet of the place where the fertilizer was buried. That night it came on to snow, and it snowed hard for ten hours. After it stopped Uncle Henry's two youngest children, John and Hilda, put on their outdoor clothes and built a snow man right over the spot where the fertilizer was buried. Then they built a big snow house and played in it till night. The next morning when Uncle Henry went out to do the chores he was amazed to see, about six feet up in the air, the snow man and the snow house, apparently supported by thick green sticks with leaves upon them. He got over his surprise and investigated. He found that the green sticks were lusty cornstalks which had taken root and, nourished by his fertilizer, had sprung up in two days to their present height of 15½ feet, and produced some of the finest fodder corn we ever saw. Unfortunately, Uncle Henry could never remember what he had put into that fertilizer, and, of course, his sample was gone, so he never got any pecuniary benefit from it.

CHIVALRY NATURAL TO HIM

Brave Act of Virginian Soldier in France Had Its Counterpart in Deed of General Lee.

It was not often that the soldier boy would talk at all of those days in France, but one evening he had been telling his uncle and some of the lads who had dropped in of the rescue of Parade Rest.

Parade Rest was the company's mascot, a rather nondescript dog, of no marked intelligence but devoted to and beloved by the boys, who had given him this sobriquet because of the position in which he always stood, with one foot turned out. One day at Chateau Thierry he had been left behind in a dugout, but had followed the boys, and at a moment when there was a lull in the advance, there, a tempting target for the enemy, silhouetted against the glare, stood Parade Rest.

"It doesn't seem much to tell now," the soldier said, looking over the quiet little group on the home porch, thousands of miles away from that battlefield, "but it was some stunt. My buddie dashed out among the falling shrapnel and bursting shells and seized Parade Rest so quickly we couldn't tell how it was done."

"Where was your buddie from?" inquired one of the boys in the group.

At the answer "From Virginia," the soldier boy's uncle smiled, a reminiscent, comprehending smile.

"He was only repeating an act of one of the greatest of Virginians, my lads," the old man began, and then the little group remembered that here in their midst was a veteran of that war of the Blue and the Gray.

"For one day, during the long siege of Petersburg, General Lee, in his effort to encourage his men, took up a most dangerous position on the front lines. But having been cautioned and later besought, he retired to the rear. Only a few minutes later, however, seeing some fledglings fall from their nest to the battlefield, he rode out, jumped from his horse, and restored them to safety. It was done very quickly but not so quickly but that the general, on his well-known gray horse, was visible to the enemy. But the enemy did not fire upon him in that act."—Christian Science Monitor.

Where the Trouble Lies.

If people really took each other for better or worse, it would be different. But they don't. They always take each other for better—for far better than the circumstances warrant.—Exchange.

GOING SOME AT KRUGER'S

By FRANK A. WARD

(Copyright.)

Hank looked at the monkey, perched on the window sill, and the monkey looked back. There matters rested. "Maybe you're real," he gasped, "but then—"

He shook his head as if, in the dim light of the single oil lamp, he could not be certain. Whistling to keep up his courage, he let his weight fall in the rickety chair and picked up the pen.

He paused, slanting an eye at the visitor sitting there like a graven Buddha. Never in his nine months at Kruger's Crossing had he seen such a phenomenon. It frightened him.

Meanwhile the creature shifted a bit on the roost. Instantly Hank robbed his eyes, and sat up with a jerk; for now two monkeys grew where one had grown before, and a swaying branch outside showed their means of entrance.

For days he had been in the depths of melancholia, and the climax had come that evening when he settled down to write his letter of resignation.

As to reasons for his leaving, there were several.

First, ambition—not to be gratified by fifty-five dollars a month and a post in a signal-tower, placed where monotony was king and a passing tramp was an event. Second, third, fourth and all the rest, there was Mollie Carey, she of the frightened eyes and rounded face, daughter of the nearest farmer.

But it was upon monkeys that the operator's mind was busy just now and creeping each moment a shade nearer the edge of masculine hysteria.

"They're not real, or— Ah-h-h!"

A howl, slicing the silence of the night like a knife, floated in at the windows, and with it the man's sigh was of poignant relief.

"Idiot!" he exclaimed. "I might have remembered!"

Three miles away and to windward the cry of the coyote arose once more, even as he had heard it on many dreary nights, recalling the wild-animal farm on the hill.

He knew that all kinds of queer beasts were there, living a wire-penned existence till shipped to "zoo" or private estate. So often had he heard their nocturnal cries that they had become part of his lonely life.

There were now three, sitting there with beady eyes which followed his movements as he walked across the little room and threw one of the signal levers.

A red eye down the line winked white, and a few seconds later the monkeys huddled closer together in fear as a fast freight roared past with a shriek of the locomotive whistle.

Again the animals watched the operator as he threw the lever back to danger. They were evidently keenly interested, for as he sat down they began an eager chattering that grew louder with each minute.

Twice as he paused for reflection he put the business end of the pen-holder in his outraged mouth and jumped up sputtering.

In the silence between the visitors grew bold. There was a moment of excited whispering among them, then the biggest dropped to the ground. The rest followed.

"Here!" Hank yelled. "None of that, now."

But they were too quick for him. In a rush they were upon the nearest signal lever, trying their best to imitate the man who had thrown it before.

One of them, hard pressed by Hank, darted under the table, and in a flash was tangled with the wires which ran from the telegraph instruments to the batteries on the floor. Fighting, clawing, swearing, the ape went free; and the batteries, upset, sent a blue-stained stream of water across the floor.

As if at a signal a batch of monkeys—Hank swears there were twenty—leaped from the branch to the window ledge and thence among their brethren. The place was broken out with them, like the measles. They shot through the air and landed on the levers; two of them found Hank's lunch and fled, shrieking, from his wrath.

At length, with perspiration streaming into eyes already half blinded by dust, Hank stood still.

A great calm descended.

"This," he panted grimly, "is no place for a minister's son."

With one despairing glance at the whirling dervishes, he darted for the stairs and went down, three steps at a jump. At the foot he just missed collision with a woman's figure.

"Mollie—"

"Is it—It robbers?"

"Worse," he grunted.

As her speech had fled, he sketched the battle of Krueger's Crossing, but before he was half way through the girl was laughing until her sides were aching.

"Yes," he cut in, "but how about the hades they're raising up there? Come on out!" He led her forth upon the tiny platform at the side of the tower. "Look at that!"

His finger was pointing to a semaphore to the north of the cabin. It was wabbling up and down in a helpless way which suggested an old woman signaling a street car.

The girl's fine face became serious under the sunbonnet.

The semaphore stopped its waggling, and after a slight pause they heard the clank of one of the cross-over switches. The clamor broke out anew from the garrison in the tower. One of the monkeys danced a war-dance on the window sill.

"It's a fine wind-up," Hank estimated, with a grin.

The girl was puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"I'm quitting—that's all. I wrote the bloomin' president of their road that I'm through."

"But why?" she had to know.

"Why? Because of you. We could never live on the pay I'm getting in this hole. It's you, Mollie, dear— Oh, stop that racket, you ring-tailed baboons!"

But at that instant came another sound. It was a long-drawn shriek, echoing about among the hills.

"Good Lord!" Hank cried. "The G. M's. special—and the cross-overs are—Heaven knows how!"

Only one thing remained, but he was too late.

Even as he turned to dash upstairs for his lantern a third blast cut the air, and he heard the barking roar of the engine die away.

In its place was the grind of the brakes as their flanges bit the wheels.

He gazed, stupefied. Suddenly he remembered those lever-throwing apes.

"Saved!" he burst out almost hysterically. "They've set the signal at 'danger'!"

From one of the brightly lighted cars a knot of men jumped down and ran swiftly across the tracks.

"What in the name of the Gadarene swine," shouted the first on the platform, "d'you mean by holding up my special? Who gave you orders?"

Any awe Hank might have had for the general manager was swept from him.

"Monkeys," he answered curtly.

"What!" The rest of the official statement was mercifully indistinct. He turned now to the girl for the first time.

"Is the man crazy, or just plain drunk?"

"Neither," she retorted, "and if you knew what he'd gone through for your old railroad you wouldn't be insulting him now!"

"Perhaps you would be kind enough to explain this talk about monkeys giving him his orders," came the G. M's. withering fire.

Hank took up the burden. "You can see for yourself," said he, "if you look at the tower."

They all looked.

The whole ship's crew of simians, attracted by the arrival of the train, had gathered in the windows, their bodies silhouetted against the light in the room.

"Now," Hank went on, "perhaps you'll believe me. They came—three of 'em—about an hour or so ago. I didn't pay much attention, because I thought they would get tired and run away. So—"

"Hold on," broke in a gray-haired man with hard eyes. "Monkeys, young man, don't grow in this part of the world."

"Yes, they do," the operator patiently explained. "There's a farm about three miles north of here, where they keep all sorts of wild beasts. As I was saying, I didn't mind the three until they began running about the tower and trying to throw the levers like they'd seen me do. Then more of 'em dropped in. I chased 'em. One put the wires out of business, and—"

"I see," said the gray-haired man, whose eyes were now twinkling a bit; "they made a monkey out of you. Well, gentlemen, we'd better drive out the foe and get the railroad in operation again. Here—all of you!—grab sticks or anything that's handy and come to the siege. Come on!"

[illegible] at the tremendous racket of the [illegible] party as it climbed the [illegible], the garrison with cries of terror broke ranks. Head over heels they piled out of windows and raced away, a medley of waving tails and scampering feet.

"My word," sighed the president as he sank into the only chair and held his sides. "I haven't had so much fun since the cat came home! Hallo! What's this?"

In his hand was the operator's letter, blotted by the tracks of monkeys which had raced across the table.

Hank, trembling, and with Mollie's hand in his own, nodded bravely as the official's eyes bored into his.

"Resign?" snorted the great man. His eyes, now suddenly softened, rested for a moment on the girl, who grew scarlet. "Hum! Seems to me you need a job now more than ever."

"I had another chance, sir, with a firm in Kansas City," Hank began "and the pay here is so small—"

"Pay? Is that all the trouble? Here, George," the official queried, "anything against this man's record?"

The general manager shook his head. "He's been always well reported to me," was his answer.

"Good! What's your name? Well, Redwood, I'll see that you're put on the day shift at Curzon, where the pay's a hundred a month."

"He'll accept, all right," said Mollie.

Before Hank's trembling lips could be shaped to offer thanks the president's party at a word from their leader, had disappeared down the stairs.

As the special gathered speed and coughed its way into the darkness, a troop of monkeys, drunk with freedom, was scaring the assorted wits out of the inmates of a farm-house three miles away.

But Hank didn't care.

Why? He was too busy thanking Mollie.

Running No Risks.

"According to the testimony of the witnesses, you were caught just as you were getting out of the window with the contents of the till in your pocket. Now, what excuse have you got?" said the judge, fiercely, to the prisoner, who stood, wth a jaunty air, in the dock.

"I know it, your honor. I shall always be grateful to the man who caught me. When I have these somnambulistic fits I am in danger of falling out of windows and hurting myself."

"That never occurred to me," remarked the judge, pensively. "That being the case, I will direct the officials—"

"To turn me loose?"

"No; but to have an extra bar put across the window of your cell so that there may be no danger of your falling out."

SAW DEATH CLOSE

Circuit Rider Looked Into Eyes of Grim Reaper.

Marvelous Escape From Destruction at Natural Tunnel in Virginia Could Almost Be Classed as a Miracle.

In both the Natural tunnel in Scott county, Virginia, and the Natural bridge in Rockbridge county, a deep and narrow defile between two hills is spanned by a huge mass of rock, over which a public highway passes. The Natural bridge is more widely known. Travelers have written about it for perhaps two centuries, and Elihu Burritt describes it in the "Scene at the Natural Bridge in Virginia," a selection that has won many prizes in youthful contests in declamation. But the Natural tunnel was once the scene of a real incident, that, while it lasted, was just as thrilling as the imaginary one Mr. Burritt describes in his declamation.

It was witnessed by no spectators, and it had only two participants, a horse and a Methodist circuit rider. Yet into a brief space of time it crowded suspense and agony as terrible as a human being can endure.

Soon after the close of the Civil war Rev. H. C. Neal was sent to travel a circuit in Scott county, which included the Natural tunnel within its bounds. Returning one Monday morning from a charge where he had preached the day before, his route led him over the tunnel, and he stopped to enjoy the view from its summit.

Now, the surface of the tunnel on each side of the highway is covered with a low growth of bushes, and on its southern side, from which the view is more remarkable, it is comparatively level to within a short distance of the edge, where it begins a gradual but constantly increasing slope downward.

Turning from the highway, the preacher rode through the bushes, intending to hitch his horse and then proceed on foot. But in winding about he had gone farther than he had suspected. Feeling the animal slide forward, he checked him and saw suddenly that the yawning chasm was only a short distance away. He was now on the edge of the downward slope with only some small bushes growing between him and the abyss. Apprehending as yet no real danger, he quietly gazed into the immense void; when his horse again suddenly slipped forward. Rain had fallen the night before, and the thin coating of dirt was soft and yielding. The rider now attempted to turn his horse's head. Once more the animal slipped forward. All at once he saw that he actually was in an extremely perilous situation. The slope was becoming steeper, and as the horse kept slipping forward the edge of the chasm was getting nearer. The rider, thoroughly alarmed, drew hard on the reins and soothed the horse with soft, encouraging words. Intending to throw himself from the saddle, he relaxed slightly on his hold on the reins; but at once the animal again began slipping. He drew hard again, and for an instant stopped the slipping. Then, almost imperceptibly, it continued. Preacher and horse trembled in fear. It seemed as if the chasm were reaching up invisible hands to pull them down.

At that terrible moment the sliding suddenly ceased, and the horse sank to his haunches. Cautiously, the rider slipped from the saddle and seized a low, stout shrub with one hand while he held the reins in the other. Crawling upward the length of the reins, he caught another shrub, and turned the horse's head. The animal struggled to his feet and followed the rider to the summit. Here the trembling horse stood panting, and the rider lay on the ground so overcome with weakness that it was some time before he was able to walk.

Returning on foot to the scene of the narrowly averted tragedy when he had recovered his strength, he saw that a ridge of flint protruding above the limestone had caught the animal's feet and had held the weight of horse and rider in that perilous moment.—Youth's Companion.

Date-Growing in California.

Date palms grown from shoots that were imported from Algiers are now abundantly bearing fruit in the Coachella valley of California. In its growing, the date crop is indeed picturesque. As a staple, however, it is hardly so well known in America as in the Levant, where for untold centuries it has been almost as important as wheat. Though it would doubtless take more than numerous dates and olives to make a Garden of Eden, still these are supposed to have been factors in that delectable condition of things. In midwinter it is pleasant to think of such a crop as this growing near a town called Mecca in the United States.

Food Oil From Grapes.

The palatable and highly nutritious new food oil from grapes is suggested as a rival for olive and cottonseed oils for cooking and salad dressing. Dr. J. H. Shrader of the United States bureau of plant industry finds that not only may a profitable quantity of such oil be derived from the waste of vineyards, but that the seeds of pumpkins, tomatoes and other vegetables may be utilized in a similar way. A method of separating the seeds without sending to a central station is being developed.

One Reason for Golf.

A considerable amount of golf is played principally for the reason that some women think their husbands look well in knickerbockers.

Alas, Yes!

Most of the means of making easy money afford similar means of losing it.—Boston Transcript.

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