At Her Service

She was beckoning to Jones from across the street.

"I think there's someone in our cellar," she said excitedly when he reached her side.

"Burglars?" Jones queried, following her up the path and tentatively hardening his biceps.

"I'm not sure, but please don't make any noise for mother's asleep."

They tiptoed across the kitchen and down the cellar stairs.

"Where is he?" Jones whispered hoarsely.

"Over there in the cold closet."

The chosen champion crept stealthily behind the door and peered through the crack into the dark closet. At that moment he heard a slight rustling sound. "Was that you?" he asked with sudden nervousness.

"Who? I?"

"Yes."

"No."

Then Jones shook his head with reflective seriousness. There was nothing doing after all. He thought of the ticket for boxing lessons with its four punctures and wished somehow that there were holes in the other eight squares.

There was breathless silence for a minute. "Come out!" he then boldly commanded. No answer. "Come out or I'll—" the threat died ominously away. Still no answer.

"Why don't you go in and pull him out?" the girl suggested in choken excitement.

"I've got to reconnoitre first," explained the hesitating Jones, but he edged an inch or two nearer the dangerous territory as though to register progress in his investigations. Another pause.

"Are you afraid?" There was a hint of scorn in her voice.

A flood of indignation swept over the crouching Jones. The covert insult stung him to action. With a leap he landed squarely inside the closet and plunged his hands into the darkness before him. They punched into a furry mass that emitted a frightened "me-ow!"

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed for relief and with pompous assurance. "It's only a cat and kittens."

His chuckle changed to a gasp of dismay. The girl had slammed the door shut and locked it.

"Help! Arthur, help!" she screamed.

"Say," the bewildered man cried, shaking the door expostulatingly, "kittens!"

"Arthur! Help!"

A dark suspicion flashed across the prisoner's mind. "Another case of blackmail," he muttered gloomily. "Heavens, they won't work it this time!"

There were hurried footsteps overhead and the cellar door flew open.

"Why, Bess, what's the matter?" a woman's voice cried from above.

"What's the trouble, Bess?" chimed in a deep bass.

"Oh, Arthur, I've got a burglar locked up in the cold closet!"

"You let me out of this!" demanded the indignant prisoner furiously. "I know your game."

"Look out, Arthur! He's got a revolver and he's such an ugly brute."

At these words Jones got into action again.

"You stay and watch him, Pa, and I'll go for help." And two sets of feet beat an irregular tattoo as they stumbled up the stairs.

"Oh, Arthur, don't leave me!"

"Well, isn't he the coward! Lily!"

"He of all people!" said a wavering voice with a frightened sob as its owner vanished after the fallen idol.

Jones had about decided to break down the door when it opened and Bess stood before him.

"It worked lovely," she breathed in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

"Hump, you're mistaken, young lady, for I'm going to get out before they come and give my best regards to your mother when she awakens."

The girl broke into a hearty laugh. "I beg your pardon for acting as I did, but I wanted to show Lily what a coward Arthur is. She was determined to accept him when he came this afternoon for his answer and I—" she laughed again. "Well, it's all off. You had better leave by the bulk head," she added hastily and led the way through a maze of pipes and barrels.

When Jones saw her in the light of day with the easy consciousness of a good deed well done, he felt that his time had come.

"I was afraid," he suggested meaningly.

A glance of admiration for his courage and a blush at the significance of the remark stirred a feeling of hope in his breast. He threw back his shoulders with a "to-do-or-die" confidence and stared about impressively for hidden malefactors.

Suddenly they heard the rush of feet in the front of the house.

"Quick! Go!" she said with an anxious yet mischievously tender glance, and disappeared once more into the cellar.

"By Jove!" muttered the smitten Jones emphatically, as he dodged under a grapevine, "there was a robbery after all, but I'm not the guilty one."

MISS PRISCILLA M. SPROUL.

Relics of First American House.

Two bricks from the first brick house erected on the American continent are on exhibition in the flag and relic room in the Ohio State House. They are from the house built at Jamestown Island, Va., by Gov. Richard Kemp, of that colony, in 1638.

BEAVERS' HOMES.

How the Ingenious Little Builders Construct Their Houses.

When the beavers' dams are completed the animals separate into small companies to build cabins or houses for themselves. These are constructed upon piles along the borders of the pond. They are of an oval shape resembling a beehive and they vary from five feet to ten feet in diameter according to the number of families they are to accommodate.

These dwellings are never less than two stories high, generally three, and sometimes they contain four apartments. The walls of these are from two to three feet thick, formed of the same materials as the dams. On the inside they are made smooth, but left rough without, being rendered impenetrable to rain.

The lower story is about two feet high, the second is formed by a floor of sticks covered with mud, and the upper part terminates with an arched roof. Through each floor there is a passage, and the uppermost floor is always above the level of the water. Each of these huts has two doors, one on the land side to admit of their going out and seeking provisions that way, another under the water and below where it freezes to preserve their communication with the pond.

South Dakota Buffalo Ranch

John M. Pherson of Fort Pierre, S. D., one of the two partners of Philip, who manages a real estate business at Fort Pierre, in addition to raising a [illegible] and buffalo, is visiting in Des Moines.

"Philip has over [illegible] head of buffalo," said Mr. M. Pherson. "He keeps them on a ranch six miles north of Fort Pierre. Philip owns 3,000 acres of land and has an additional 6,000 acres fenced in and leased from the government. The government encouraged him in every way possible in keeping the buffalo species alive and he leases the entire 3,000 acres at $[illegible] a year.

"Scotty [illegible] a pair of his buffalo any time he wishes for $1,000. If [illegible] he buys the hide for a [illegible] and stuffs the head, [illegible] $300. At Christmas time he [illegible] buffalo meat on the market at Fort Pierre. It brings $1 a pound.

"Scotty takes the greatest delight in his animals. He can sell the entire herd for $[illegible] apiece any time he wants to do it, but he takes pride in maintaining the herd. The native buffalo lives to be from 30 to 40 years." — Minneapolis Journal.

Never Wore a Coat

[illegible] county has a rare character in Mr. Fields Martin, who is now between sixty and seventy years old and has never worn a coat or a vest or an overcoat.

Mr. Martin called on Mr. Canning while in Gainesville a few days ago. The coatless man had a light shirt, however he wears heavy hickory or cotton check shirts, regulating the weight by weather. He sleeps under no blankets or piles of comforts, but keeps himself warm by his own red [illegible]. He has never had the opportunity of an education and cannot tell a $10 bill from a $1 bill. He can distinguish coins, however. He has been quite successful in life and is comparatively well off. — Gainesville (Ga.) [illegible].

S. P. G.

Tommy, 14 years old, arrived home for the holidays, and at his father's request produced his account book, [illegible] kept at school. Among the items "S. P. G." figured largely and frequently. During his fond'y ex[illegible] his doting mamma, "See how good he is, always giving to the missionaries." But Tommy's sister knew no better than even his mother did and took the first opportunity of privately inquiring what those mystic letters stood for. Nor was she surprised ultimately to find that they represented not the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but "Sundries, Probably Grub." — London News.

A Surprise for Jim.

A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity.

"Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?"

"Yessum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealin' a barrel o' sweet pertaters."

The visitor sighed. "You, Jim!" she repeated. "I am surprised!"

"Yessum," said Jim. "So was I, or I wouldn't be here!"

Pat's Appreciation.

An artist had finished a landscape; on looking up he beheld an Irish navvy gazing at his canvas. "Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?" The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment. "Sure, a man c'n do annything if he's druv to ut!" he replied.

Erect Immense Steel Shed.

It is the usual custom to build vessels under a shed, that the work may proceed without regard to weather conditions. The steel framework under which the 900-foot White Star liners are to be built has just been completed. It covers an area 300 by 850 feet.

The Soul that is Alive.

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying "Amen" to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

ARISTOCRATIC DWARFS.

They Hold Aloof From General Collection of Midgets.

A lilliputian colony which has arrived in Paris comprises over one hundred and fifty men and women, none over twenty inches high. The novelty of the show will be that it is not a show of freaks in the ordinary sense. The dwarfs are not only perfectly well constituted men and women, but they are many of them "people in society," persons of culture and quality. "We are a trifle mixed, it is true," said the leading member of the lilliputian company, "and there is even one negro among us." But a number of the dwarfs are persons of good family and in good circumstances who have never consented to exhibit themselves before.

The leading members of the company are two brothers, Count Prime Magri and Baron Magri, both Italians. Though both about a foot high, they are full of dignity and explain that they do not mix indiscriminately with the remainder of the colony, which includes persons of all sorts and conditions. The manager mere[illegible] those the smallest people he could [illegible] you see in all sorts of classes all [illegible] Europe, they say, and the [illegible] therefore is mixed. Besides [illegible] rats like ourselves there are [illegible] and men as [illegible]. — London [illegible].

More Than She Could Bear

[illegible] was a little American girl [illegible] years. For three months her [illegible] and aunt had dragged her [illegible] the museums and art galleries [illegible] Europe.

She was made to look at the [illegible] of Marie Antoinette, the prayer book of Catherine de Medici, [illegible] of Napoleon and endless numbers of uninteresting Madonnas. These her mother told her constantly she must remember, for when she grew up she would realize how famous they were.

At last Marion rebelled. She refused to go to a world famed museum. After much persuasion she yielded upon one condition.

"I'll go any place you like," she said, "if you'll promise never again to make me look at anything famous." — Youth's Companion.

The Lively Cheeses

Hassein Kazim Bey, the new Turkish ambassador, discussed cooking at a dinner in Washington.

"Your cooking is better than ours," he said. "Still, there are some things in it I decided to dislike. I dislike, for instance, [illegible] game kept until it [illegible].

"And your cheese itself. I mean your more expensive cheese, the kind with [illegible] very [illegible].

"I cracked a joke about your cheese at a [illegible] luncheon.

"'Do you prefer with your apple pie Roquefort or Limburger?' said my host.

"'Let them race across the table to me and I'll take the winner,' said I."

Pure Iron at Last

Chemically pure iron has never been obtained until very recently. It has been found almost impossible to remove the last traces of impurities, especially of sulphur. But a German chemist, Dr. H. Kreusler, has finally, by a long series of ingenious processes, partly chemical and partly electrical, succeeded in isolating the pure metal, the properties of which he expects to differ greatly from those of the impure iron that we know. Iron prepared by Kreusler's process resembles platinum. — New York Herald.

Whale Fishing Dying Out

The depression in the Dundee whale fishing is so acute that there is danger of the industry disappearing from the British isles. The growing scarcity of whales in the arctic regions has made the industry very unremunerative and shareholders have become so disheartened that a number of the vessels have been put up for sale. A serious side of the question is the probable fate of the Eskimos who depend upon the whalers for supplies of rifles and ammunition.

Natural History as She is Spoke.

Doris lived in the city, and a summer visit to grandpa's farm revealed many wonders. After being treated to the farmer's luxury, cream, she was allowed to go to the barn to see the cows milked. She looked on with much interest for a while and then asked, "Grandpa, which is the little pocket she keeps the cream in?"

Too Many "Rights" for Criminals.

In the fight that never ends between the criminal and society more and more advantage is given to the former. He is handed tenderly. His rights are large, and they are respected even if honest men's rights suffer. Some of his privileges might be withdrawn with no loss to any one meriting much consideration. London Times.

Way to Keep Man's Heart.

A titled English woman who has published a cookbook lays down therein the dictum that, while a man's heart may be won in a number of ways, there is only one certain way of keeping it, namely, a succession of good dinners.

Observed the Properties.

One evening when Helen came to the end of her prayer she stammered, evidently forgetting how to close. After a moment her face cleared and she said, "Oh, yes—very respectfully yours, Helen!"—The Delineator.

Different Results.

The man who learns to say no generally succeeds in this world, while the woman is likely to find herself an old maid.—Puck.

SENSITIVE MR. GOSLINGTON.

Can Stand Being Snubbed by a Man, but Hates to be Ignored by a Woman.

"I don't suppose I ought to be so sensitive," said Mr. Goslington, "but it seems to be the way I'm built. I can stand being snubbed by a man, but it hurts my feelings to be ignored by a woman.

"This morning, coming in at a door through which from within I was about to go out, was a woman. When I saw her coming I of course opened the door for her as politely as I could and stood back to let her pass.

"Did she as she passed through thank me or graciously incline her head to me or by any token acknowledge my deference to her? By not so much as the bat of an eye or the quiver of an eyelash. She simply ignored me. She passed me by as if I had been the knob on the door instead of the man holding the door open for her.

"Do you know that jarred on me. Hurt my feelings sorter. I don't suppose I ought to be so sensitive, but I seem to be built that way."

"The Easiest Way"

Prof. Alfred E. Stearns, principal of the Phillips Andover Academy, said at the recent alumni dinner in New York:

"The easiest way in raising funds as in other things is the wrong way. I remember an Orange man and his easy spending [illegible].

"In Orange in my boyhood I once complained of the difficulties of spelling. I said that ei and ie in such words as believe and receive always [illegible] me.

"Then this Orange man patted me on the head and smiled and said:

"'My boy, I will give you an infallible rule for ei and ie, a rule that in 47 years has never failed me.'

"I expressed my delight and waited. The man resumed:

"'The rule is simply this: Write your i and e exactly alike and put your dot exactly between them.'"

Microbes in Cold Lands

We are accustomed to think of sunshine and continued [illegible] as being antagonistic to life of every sort, but data furnished to the Pasteur Institute in Paris by Dr. [illegible] of the Antarctic expedition proves conclusively that the [illegible] of the south polar regions [illegible] various forms of microscopic life. On examining the [illegible] identities of animals twenty-[illegible] different kinds of microbes were found and most of these fifteen were varieties already known in Europe. Even the microbes found in soil taken from the Antarctic continent, where the foot of man had never trod, were found to be identical with those of the inhabited world.

Is Tired of Praying.

A little girl in St. Louis the other evening was going through the usual form of prayer: "God bless mamma and papa and make me a good girl," and soon, when all at once she seemed to come to a decision. "Now that is the last time I am going to say that prayer," she said very gravely, looking at her mother. "You are old[er] than I am and it is your place to ask for all those things, and I don't see any use in two people's asking the same thing." Since then she has firmly refused to pray, insisting that it is her mother's place to ask God for blessings.

A Boomerang

Little Archie, aged four, had been very troublesome all day, and especially trying to his father, who had had to stay at home, as he was not well enough to go to work. In the evening, after the little fellow had said his prayers, his father called him, thinking it a good time to say a word in season, and began by asking: "My son, why is it that father and mother have had to punish you so much today?" Archie thought a minute, and then, to his father's discomfort, replied: "I guess it was cos you were both sick and cross today." — Delineator.

Pole Shifts Its Position

Later information on the results of Lieut. Shackleton's expedition to the antarctic revealed much that was not discussed in the preliminary dispatches. It is now brought out plainly that the south magnetic pole, like the north magnetic pole, shifts its position. The discovery will enable geographers to revise the magnetic charts and this will render navigation safer.

Best Use of the Bath.

The human body is covered with the most wonderful and beautiful fabric in the world, flexible as silk, resistant as steel, tough as leather and, beauty of beauties, flushed by some three millions of glands, so that it is absolutely self-cleaning. Therefore, says our doctor, speaking of the bath: "Don't scrub, seldom use soap, use as cold water as you can enjoy."

For Better or Worse.

"I'm tired of this eternal philosophical scrap about the respective influences of heredity and environment," says the Philosopher of Folly. "If heredity brings a man enough money, he can make his own environment."

Where Falsehood is Justifiable.

There are two occasions when the most veraciouss man is likely to prevaricate—when he tells a love romance or a hunting story.—Paris Figaro.

Done for.

A New York woman has used a whip instead of the divorce courts. She has ruined her matrimonial future.—Washington Post.

Confessions

Sylvia stood before the mirror in her room giving some finishing touches to her toilet before going down stairs. It was a beautiful high bred face which looked at her from the oval glass, but there was sadness in the brown eyes which had held nothing but merriment a few weeks before. It seemed rather strange that a girl who had become engaged so recently should be unhappy, one guest had remarked to another only that morning, for Sylvia very certainly did not act as though she was happy. And it was such a desirable match, too, in every way. What could be the matter?

Two months ago Sylvia had come to "The Ferneleigh," and there she had met Richard London. The lady who had presented her had casually observed that he was a man of means and influence. The girl had admired him from the first, yet she had never dared to hope that he would look upon her with favor. But from the day of their meeting he had sought her out at every occasion and they had been more or less in each other's society ever since. Finally he asked her to be his wife. Then she learned that it had been a case of love at first sight on his part as well as her own.

Sylvia reviewed the whole happy month as she stood there. If I only dared to tell him to confess everything, she murmured. How could I deceive him so? I have been intending to tell him, but it's so hard to do. I won't put it off any longer. I'll let him know my true position to-night.

Down on the veranda her fiance awaited her. She promised him that she would go out for a little while on the lake. It would be a good time to tell him everything, she reflected as she slowly advanced towards him.

There was something about Richard which tonight that puzzled Sylvia. He was unusually silent and his merry laugh did not ring out as it had been wont to do. What could be troubling him, she asked herself. A sudden thought made her faint. What if he had heard and was only [illegible] how to tell her of his discovery? How could she give him up? Of course she would have to. [illegible] a wrong I had been to listen to his [illegible] for a moment [illegible] she loved him so.

As the canoe drifted slowly down the river she looked at him stealthily and found him regarding her with serious eyes. The tears came quickly to her own in spite of herself.

"I have something to confess," she faltered. "I should have told you before, but I couldn't seem to do it."

"You have found out that you do not care?" he asked, the shadow deepening in his face.

"Oh no, not that," she denied quickly, "not that, Richard."

"What is it, then?" he questioned further. "I too have something to say when you have finished."

"You have thought, everyone here has thought that I am rich, that I have many friends who move in the most exclusive society. Is it not so?"

"Yes," he answered quickly. The girl wondered at the note of gladness in his voice. But when he spoke again it was not there. "And it is true," he said.

"It is not true. I have deceived you, everybody. My pretty clothes and finery were given to me by a woman whose companion I was for three years. She insisted that I should take them when I left her. We were more like sisters than anything else. I was called home by the illness of my mother. She was sick a long time and then she left me. I have been alone two years now. I heard of this place and I determined that I would associate with the class of people that hitherto I had only looked on as an outsider. And then I came and pretended that I was rich. I never can tell you how sorry I am that I have deceived you. There's only one thing for me to do and that is to give you back your ring and—"

The brown eyes had been looking everywhere but at him. Now as she glanced up into his face she was unprepared for the change which had taken place. There was such a rapture in his eyes that it startled her.

"My dear, my dear," he murmured. "We shall be so happy, you and I. Wait until you hear what I have to say before you give me back that ring. I'm not rich, either, little girl. Do you hear?"

"You are not rich either," repeated Sylvia in bewilderment.

"No, I am not rich," and the man's merry laugh rang out over the silvery water. "I thought you were, though, and I had made up my mind to tell you to-night that I am only a poor struggling lawyer. But there's a good chance ahead of me, dear. I determined that I'd have a long vacation this summer and for once mingle with people who were far above me financially. When you came I loved you at once, Sylvia, and I have started a great many times to undeceive you, but I couldn't do it, somehow. Now, everything is all right. Perhaps we shall never be rich, but we shall be very happy, little girl. Do you want to give me back the ring now, Sylvia, dear?"

"I don't believe I do, Richard," she answered softly.'—IDA E. ROGERS.

Carrie's sister May, six years of age, on being asked why the Sabbath day was different from the other days in the week, answered very carelessly: "Oh, that's the day you pin things on, 'stead of sewing."—The Delineator.

CAT LIKES SNAKES.

Prefers Serpent Diet to Rodents, Milk or Meat.

"St. Patrick," a monster maltese cat, which hunts and eats snakes, is the latest freak of nature in this vicinity. He belongs to Francis H. McGovern, roadmaster of Lower Oxford township, and won his name because, like the patron saint of Ireland, he has driven reptiles out of the neighborhood.

This cat lives almost exclusively on serpents. Rats and mice are never touched by this epicurean feline. During the past week he is known to have caught eleven snakes of various sizes and varieties, none of them poisonous. He has even caught and killed a four-foot blacksnake, and Snaky Spring, which gained its name from the fact that it was infested with watersnakes, has been cleaned out. Oxford (Pa.) Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Roman Waterworks Still Used

The town committee of Szamosvar, Hungary, has decided to utilize the remains of the thousand year old water mains and reservoirs which have remained since the Roman occupation. The water mains were discovered by Professor Ornstein, an archaeologist, who states that the great reservoir and the extensive canals served as the water supply of a large late Roman military camp Congricastrum. The great reservoir lies on a high hill near the town. The dirt which has collected in the basin and mains during many centuries has been removed and now it is almost incredible that they should be a thousand years old. The medical officer of the town has declared the water basin and the mains to be fit for use.

American Stature Increasing.

Measurements by scientists bring out the interesting fact that the American college athlete of to-day is a much larger man than his father was, and is constantly growing. The average height of the Yale athlete to-day is an inch and a half more than it was five years ago. He is 22 pounds heavier with three inches more chest development and 42 cubic inches more lung capacity. The average height of the Yale athletes is now 5 feet 9.9 inches and their weight exactly 170.5 pounds. At an examination of Harvard athletes Prof. Sargent found that they were an inch taller and from four to five pounds heavier than were the students of 30 years ago. Chicago News.

Living Expenses in India.

The increased cost of living in India generally and in Calcutta particularly, writes our correspondent, is severely felt not only by European but also by Indians. House rent in recent years has trebled and even quadrupled. Ten years ago a family of half a dozen persons could live in fair comfort for £200 a year, excluding extras. With nothing less than £500 can one live in the same way now. This is recognized by the government, and the salaries of subordinate officials have been revised. Domestic servants' wages have increased enormously. A good cook cannot be had for less than £40 a year, whereas half that sum was considered sufficient ten years ago.

Unfair Political Advantage.

"Gerrymandering" in United States politics is an arrangement of political divisions in disregard of natural boundaries as indicated by geography or position so as to give one party an unfair political advantage. It is done sometimes by throwing the greatest possible number of hostile voters into a district which is certain to be hostile, sometimes by adding to a district where parties are equally divided some place in which the majority of friendly votes is sufficient to turn the scale.

Whetstones and Hones.

The particular classes of stone used in sharpening edge tools, such as razors, knives, scythes, etc., are hard, compact, and so very silicious that they readily wear down the hardest steel. They are varieties of slate, derived from agrillaceous schists of the Paleozoic. These stones are found in Turkey, Bohemia, Persia, and the Hartz Mountains, in Styria, in the United States, Spain, Peru and Siberia. One of the best American stones for hones comes from Arkansas.

Caught Three Tons of Moths.

An electric light trap to end the caterpillar plague by destroying the brown nun moths that lay the eggs from which the caterpillars are hatched has been devised and placed in successful operation at Littau, Germany. The trap consists of two large and powerful reflectors placed over a deep receptacle into which the moths are drawn by exhaust fans. The first night three tons of moths were caught.

The World's Coal Production.

The coal production of the world in 1907 was 1,209,200 short tons, of which amount the United States furnished 480,400,000 tons, Great Britain 300,000,000 tons and Germany 226,800,000 tons.

Keep Record of Trees.

There are 85,840 trees in Paris and each tree has its lot number, age, history and condition recorded in the books at the City Hall. The appropriation for this department is $90,000 a year.

Rug Industry Safe.

The great earthquake which destroyed sixty villages and cities in Persia, says a Kansas City paper, will hardly affect the Oriental rug industry of New England.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.