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THE

SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDEN E. REXFORD.

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CHAPTER VII.

CONTINUED.

It was two o'clock before Wayne returned from his midnight tramp. He climbed up to the roof of the kitchen, and in through the window of his room, and Dick saw no more of him that night.

"I'd like to know what he's up to," said Dick, more than once, before he went to sleep. "Perhaps his bruised eyes pained him so he couldn't rest, and he thought he'd see if a walk in the night air wouldn't afford relief."

And then Dick laughed softly to himself at the thought of the mark he had left on the face of his rival.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MESSAGE ON THE COTTONWOOD TREE.

The next day was wet and rainy and not at all favorable for farm-work.

"I think I'll go hunting," Dick said to Mr. Boone. "Perhaps I can run on a covey of partridges."

"A mess on 'em wouldn't go bad, I allow," said Mr. Boone. "If I wa'n't so liable to rheumatiz I'd go along, but I don't keer to be laid up a week from slashin' round through the wet, so I reckon I'd better stay to home. You might ask Mr. Wayne to go, if you're hankerin' arter company," he added, with a sly twinkle of his eye.

"Mr. Wayne and I can't hunt on the same trail," answered Dick.

"I see that," said Mr. Boone. "So does ev'ryessy. I've wanted to say suthin' to ye about matters 'n' things fer quite a spell, an' I dunno but now's as good a chance as I'll be likely to git. I want you to understand that mother 'n' I don't uphold Nancy in what she's a-doin'. We've talked to her about it, but—Lord!—it don't do the least mite o' good to try an' argy or reason with a gal that's got a foolish idea in her head. I don't reckon she keers a awful sight for Wayne, but she thinks she's doin' suthin' purty smart, an' opposin' her only makes her all the more determined to hev her own way. I don't want ye to blame us. We don't like it, but, as I sed afore, we can't help ourselves. She's eighteen a' can do as she likes if she sets a'out it. But I feel free to say she's makin' a fool of herself, an' it's my candid opinyan that Wayne's makin' a fool of her, too."

"I don't blame you in the least for what has happened," answered Dick. "I have blamed no one but Nannie and Wayne, from the first. If she really cares more for him than she ever did for me, she's doing right in choosing him instead of me. If she doesn't, she's doing wrong, and I've told her so. But it doesn't make much difference with us about that now, for all is ended between us. She told me so, and when a girl tells me that, I'm not the fellow to go coaxing 'round her, asking if she isn't better think it over and say yes. I take it for granted that she knows her own mind, and means what she says."

"Wall, I'm despirt sorry anything happened," said Mr. Boone, with a sigh. "Mother 'n' me both felt as if we'd like to hev a match of it atween you an' the girl, an' we spoxed 'twas the same as made. But it seems as if you couldn't be sartin o' nothin' till it's done."

Dick shouldered his gun and set off. As he went around the corner of the house he saw Nannie standing in the kitchen door, shaking the crumbs from the table-cloth for the chickens to pick up. She gave him one sidelong look, and then turned her attention to the poultry.

"Ah, you needn't look at me if you don't want to," said Dick, with resentful feelings rising in his breast. "You can't blame me for anything except the embellishment of your charming Mr. Wayne's face. I haven't tried to prevent your intimacy with him, and I don't intend to. But I'm not obliged to like him because you do, Miss Nancy Boone!"

It was somewhere near the middle of the afternoon when Dick started toward home. Suddenly he caught sight of the print of a man's foot in the soft, rain-moistened earth. He bent down and examined it very carefully.

"Well," he said, as he scrutinized the footprint, "this is rather a strange thing to find here. It must be at least three miles from Mr. Porter's. I can't imagine what pleasure a man would find in a three-mile walk in these woods, at the dead of night, among the mosquitoes and snakes."

From which the reader will readily understand that he believed the track to have been made by Mr. Wayne.

He got down on his knees and examined the footprint still more closely. It was certainly made by a foot that wore a boot from "down below." That was evident from the narrow sole, small heel and general shape.

"Nobody wears such a boot but Wayne," said Dick. "Wayne made that track. It points toward the swamp. I'm going to see where he went to."

He followed the track for, perhaps, half an hour.

"Four miles from Porter's, or I'm no judge of distance," he said, as he paused to take breath. "I wonder how much farther the singing-teacher walks on moonlight nights, when everybody else is supposed to be in bed?"

He did not have to go much farther before his question found an answer. The footsteps led to a large cottonwood-tree, and beyond that they did not go.

And then Dick made a discovery that puzzled him. It was this:

The rough outside bark had been cut away, down to the smooth white inner lining, and on this was written in pencil the following words and figures:

"Averill's, near Deer Creek, Wed., 4 A. C. No. 1."

Dick read the message, or whatever it might be, over and over, with a very perplexed look in his face.

"Averill's!" he repeated. "That name sounds familiar to me. Let me see," thoughtfully. "There's a man by that name living about eight miles from here, I think. He moved in lately. Yes, I'm right, I know, for I heard that Deacon Snyder talked of trading horses with him. But what this has to do with him I can't imagine." He read the words on the tree over again. "It's rather a queer thing to come across in such a place as this. I've known of folks writing on trees for the fun of the thing, but I never heard of their getting up at midnight and going four miles into the woods to do it. It's all a riddle to me. But it's Wayne's writing, plain enough. His letters on the blackboard, at singing-school, have just the same flourishes to them. Yes, it's clear to me he wrote that; but what he wrote it for I can't guess. I'll see what can be made out of the puzzle, though, if keeping an eye on Wayne'll help any. 'Averill's, Wednesday.' I wonder if that means that something is going to happen at Averill's when Wednesday comes?"

He walked around the tree, examining the ground closely.

He could see no other tracks. Evidently there had been but one person there.

The track from the tree led away a little to the south of the one he had followed to it.

"I'm going to see what a little maneuvering will do," said Dick, as he spied a little pine-tree near by. He took his knife from his pocket and cut away some of the rough bark on the outside. As soon as he had reached the inner bark, pitch began to exude in little, transparent drops.

He had to wait some time before a sufficient amount to answer his purpose had accumulated. Then he took a chip and scraped some of the sticky stuff off upon it. Taking this to the cottonwood, he spread it over that part of the tree below the writing which would be most likely to come in contact with a man's arm if he were to attempt to write on the smooth space above.

"There! If I see any pitch on Wayne's coat-sleeve, I shall be pretty sure he's been back here," Dick said, "and, seeing that, I shall know when to come and see what's been done."

For, though he could not give his reasons for it, he felt sure that the writing had been placed there for some end to read and answer some special purpose, and that the party for whom it had been left would understand precisely what it meant. He meant to understand what it meant, too, before he let the matter drop.

He attempted to follow the trail from the tree. While it ran along the lowland, it was comparatively easy to do so. But as soon as it came to the higher land it disappeared. The rank growth of grass and other forest plants, the absence of which was noticeable as the land sloped eastwardly toward the Big Swamp, with the thick carpet of last year's leaves still unrotted covering the ground, took no impression of the feet passing over them.

Dick made up his mind to say nothing about his discovery to any one. He would wait and see what happened. It was barely possible that Wayne had written the words on the tree under the impulse which men often feel to scribble on whatever surface presents itself for scribbling on. And then—and this was the idea that took firm possession of Dick's mind—it might have been written for a purpose, and doubtless was.

"I'll keep my eyes open, at any rate," thought Dick. "It may amount to something. If it don't, there's no harm done."

CHAPTER IX.

THAT WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Dick had made his discovery on Monday. Wednesday evening he went to singing-school.

The mark on Wayne's face had turned from purple to dark green, and was the subject of much merriment among the irreverent youngsters who attended singing-school. Wayne heard them, and knew what they were laughing about, but he pretended not to notice it.

Dick had ceased to take an active part in the singing-school. He did not feel like receiving instructions from a man he disliked as much as he did Wayne. But he would not stay away from it. If he were to do that he knew that it would be said he stayed away on account of the trouble between him and Nannie and the singing-master. So, to show them that he wasn't inclined to withdraw from society on their account, he came quite often, and was to all appearances the same jolly Dick Brayton that he had always been. But if I tell the truth I have to record that a large share of his good spirits was assumed. Often when he looked at Nannie, and made some laughing remark to whoever sat next to him, he didn't feel the least like laughing. Try as he might, he could not get over his fondness for the girl who had jilted him. He knew that she had done wrong, and felt that she was not the girl he had thought her to be; but, in spite of all that, she was still Nannie Boone, and Nannie Boone had been more to him than any other girl could ever be. He had to acknowledge to himself, much as he disliked to do so. There was a very sore spot in his heart, and it did not heal readily. Perhaps it would in time. He hoped so.

"I am a fool to take it to heart so, I suppose," he said to himself, more than once. "But—I can't help it!"

When singing-school was over, and Nannie walked off home with Wayne, a feeling of depression came over him.

"I don't want to go home yet," he thought. "I'm blue as a whetstone to-night. If I went to bed I could not go to sleep. I'll walk around by Rhoda's, and if she's up when I get there I'll stop and see if I can talk matters over with her and get on friendly terms again if possible. I don't like to have everybody whose good will I care for against me."

So he walked away from the school-house toward the Stevenses' place. Rhoda had not been at singing-school that night. Perhaps she had found out that what he had told her about Wayne was true, and had gone off in disgust out of indignation. If so, it would be a easy matter for him to become friends again. He was sure of that, if he could but get the chance, later on.

But when he reached the Stevenses' place, he had changed his mind. There was a light burning in the kitchen, but he did not care to stop. He did not care for Rhoda as he did for Nannie. He did not stand long in doubt about that. He had stopped to think that he had sacrificed but a brotherly regard for her. If he were to call on her at this hour of night, for the purpose of trying to effect a reconciliation, she might misconstrue his motives.

"No, I won't go in," he said.

Then he happened to think of a piece of land two miles farther on that he had had some idea of buying. He would go and take a look at it by moonlight. He might as well be rambling around as to go to bed and not be able to sleep.

He reached the place. A small shanty had been built on it by some shingle-makers. He entered the rough building and sat down on a seat that ran across one end of it.

He saw the exact length and breadth of it, was just the place he had been looking for, and was ready to make a bargain with the owner in the morning. He would go home and think it over, and be sure that he was not acting from a mere impulse of the moment, and if he felt as well satisfied in the morning as he did now, he would go back and make the purchase.

Thinking the matter over seemed to act as a soporific on him, for he fell into a troubled sleep.

When he woke up he knew that he must have been asleep for some hours. He got up and went out.

"About two o'clock, I think," he said, looking at the stars. "I'm getting to be as much of a night prowler as Wayne."

He set off toward home.

As he passed the Green place, he heard the sound of crackling brush, and saw a cow making her way out of the garden, over the rude fence made of limbs and poles closely followed by a man in scanty attire, who seemed to be trying to do what he considered justice to the occasion by firing off a fearful volley of oaths after the trespassing animal.

"It's Bill Green, and if he sees me he'll be wondering where I've been at this time of night," thought Dick. He turned out of the main track of the road in order to get in the shadow of the trees on that side. He succeeded, and that Bill did not see him and was glad of it, for he did not feel in the mood to answer questions.

The roosters were crowing, and a streak o' red in the east told the day was breaking when he reached home.

CHAPTER X.

NONSENSICAL.

Dick was plowing in the field by the road on Tuesday, when he heard the sound of a horse's feet in the distance. Looking that way, he saw a man riding up the hill. The horseman saw Dick, and rode up to the fence, hallooing him to come that way.

Dick wound the reins around the handle of the plow and walked across the field to the fence, where the man was awaiting him.

"I say, stranger," he called out before Dick had reached the fence, "ever yo seen anything of any strange hosses 'round those diggin's to-day?"

"No; I haven't," answered Dick.

"Yer sure, air yer?" questioned the horseman. "I didn't know but yo mought 'a' seen 'em an' hunder-stood about it. One was sorrel an' t'other a gray."

"Yes, I'm quite sure," answered Dick. "Horses aren't so plenty hereabouts that I would have forgotten seeing a lot of them, if they had been anywhere near. Have you lost some?"

"No, I haven't, but a neighbor of mine has," was the reply.

(To be continued.)

SPAIN LEAVES AMERICA.

AFTER FOUR CENTURIES SHE FORFEITS COLUMBUS'S GAINS.

The Flag of Castile and Leon Hauled Down From the Last American Possession—Once Floated Over Most of the Western Hemisphere.

More than four centuries of Spanish rule in both the Americas ended when the American flag was hoisted over Havana, Cuba.

The Spanish flag is swept from the western continent, north and south. The Stars and Stripes now flies in its place wherever the flag of some republic or one of the humane European monarchies did not already fly.

Spanish rule in America began in 1492, when Christopher Columbus, an Italian, discovered San Salvador Island. One voyage followed another—all South America and a good share of North America, to say nothing of Central America, were once claimed by Spain. Columbus died in chains, but Spain was only too eager to profit by his discoveries, and ships and men followed wherever he had set his foot.

Cuba was discovered October 27, 1492, and named Juana by Columbus himself. The name didn't suit, nor did several others. The natives called the beautiful island Cuba, and that name finally became its legal title.

Ponce explored, thinking the island to be a part of India, but soon found out that it was an entirely new land. He found the Cubans a mild, hard-working race. It was easy to fasten on the Spanish yoke. With but a slight interruption it has endured ever since, the British capturing the island in 1762 with great loss and restoring it in 1763 under a treaty of peace.

The island was so fertile and its climate so salubrious that it was soon well populated, despite the never-ending exactions and impositions practiced by the Spaniards. The revenue raised—$20,000,000 a year—and Spain took it all. Spanish colonists took care to the inhabitants what they provided.

They ruled all the neighboring islands, too, and put their unfortunate victims in chains under the same cruel yoke—imprisoning, exiling, torturing, or hanging upon the slightest pretext, and allowing no liberty to speak.

Cuba is now free.

Spain sold its 1,750,000 people.

Porto Rico is also free. It passed under Spanish rule years after Cuba, but never even had the single year of humane Dutch rule that Cuba enjoyed. It is known as the "jewel" of the Antilles, and but for Spanish oppression would have been the garden spot of the world. Its 800,000 inhabitants will hereafter see nothing but the Star and Stripes from the flagstaffs.

Jamaica was the first of the Spanish possessions to get rid of the Spanish yoke. The British captured it in 1655 and have held it ever since. As a result Jamaica has outstripped all the West Indies. It is a beautiful island, rich in mineral wealth and fertile.

When Cortes invaded South America, in 1521 he laid claim to all South America, Central America and North America. Spain claimed all the Pacific Coast from Cape Horn to Alaska, all the Atlantic Coast from Cape Horn to Georgia, Central America and South America, as well as Mexico. No other European nation could well dispute that claim, and Spain promised to be the greatest nation on earth. Now not a foot of earth on either side of the continent owns the Spanish flag.

After Jamaica, Florida was the first North American province to be free. The United States bought Florida from Spain in 1821. In 1822 it became a territory and a few years later a State.

In 1810 began the revolt in South America which ended in Spain's being driven out from every possession in that continent, though it took a quarter of a century to do it. Spanish exactions and impositions had been too terrible. One State after another revolted.

The great Bolivar led the revolt. In nine years he drove Spain out, or what is now Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador. Freedom got such a hold that other oppressed provinces took heart. Peru and Bolivia fought for and gained their independence in 1825, after suffering Spanish rule for more than three centuries. Argentine, Uraguay, Paraguay and Chile all cast off the yoke in bloodshed. Spain was cast out of South America forever.

Mexico and Central America revolted to be free in 1821. It took these Spain-ridden countries till 1825 to be free.

Then the United States absorbed Texas and took California and all the rest of the Pacific Coast. Spanish influence was still further confined.

When the late war with Spain was declared the Spaniards ruled less than 8,000,000 people in the Western Hemisphere, and but two large islands, Cuba and Porto Rico. Mexico was gone, Central America, all South America and Jamaica.

Now these last two remaining islands have become free, and the Spaniards have broken themselves back to Europe, whence they came!

The Appetites of Monarchs.

The Czar of Russia has a moderate appetite. He likes the popular Russian caviar. He prefers French cooking. The Emperor of Austria has a predilection for mutton. The Sultan of Turkey is a great lover of eggs. The King of Italy is not a gourmand. He loves dairy food, being especially fond of all sorts of cream dishes. Kaiser Wilhelm has a gastronomical affinity for feathered game. Grouse are his favorite birds, and four brace for one meal are not too much for him. Queen Wilhelmina uses mutton chops and fillet of beef a l'Anglaise.

MAXWELL'S RANCH.

One Man Who Reproduced in New Mexico the Barbaric Splendor of Feudal Days.

During the Civil War the barbaric splendor and feudal rule of English nobles after the Norman conquest was reproduced in New Mexico. The territory was isolated, and the Government at Washington gave little thought to it, but one man, Lucien B. Maxwell, ruled the Mexicans, Indians and frontiersmen who inhabited it. Born in Illinois, he had wandered into the territory as a trapper and hunter, where by marriage and purchase he became the largest landholder in the United States. He owned nearly two million acres, states the Youth's Companion.

His house, contrasted with the dwellings of New Mexico, was a palace. It was large and roomy, American in construction. Its principal room was a baronial hall, with two fireplaces in which six-foot logs could be burned. The house was the gathering-place for Maxwell's vassals and friends, and they gathered there by scores.

"I have slept," writes Colonel Inman, "on its hard floor, with the mighty men of the Cis nation lying heads and points all around me, as close as they could crowd, after a day's fatiguing hunt in the mountains."

The kitchen and dining rooms were detached from the main residence. A large portion of his table-service was of solid silver, and covers were daily laid for thirty persons.

Maxwell had no safe in which to deposit the money received from sale of cattle, sheep, wool, barley, oats and corn, and from his grist-mill. He put the cash in an ordinary drawer of an old bureau. "I have frequently seen," writes Colonel Inman, "thirty thousand dollars—gold, silver, treasury notes, government checks—in that bureau drawer. I once suggested to Maxwell the expediency of having a safe in which to keep his money secure from robbers. He smiled as he said, 'God keeps the men who own me.'"

Maxwell could sign a blank check or on a Concord coach, drawn by six horses, driving himself. He was a reckless driver—dashing through streams, over intervening obstacles, stumps, stones, but although like John, who drove "furiously," he seldom met with an accident.

CURIOUS FACTS.

An Australian sporting paper records a ninety-foot jump by a kangaroo.

During one week last November eighty persons over eighty years of age died in London.

The first cycle-horses in Lon Lon was opened in 1892 by the Greek servant of a Turkey merchant.

Many houses in Berlin, Germany, are numbered with luminous figures, which are easily visible at night.

The Grand Canal, Calcutta, is the largest artificial watercourse in the world. It is 650 miles long and connects the cities Tientsin and Hangchow.

Before a Chinese woman is married she sends with great pomp and state to her future home her entire trousseau which is packed in large boxes, the keys of which she keeps.

Lake Moral, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years, owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

The only man in Great Britain who has the privilege of keeping his hat in the presence of Queen Victoria is Lord Forester, the Master of Woodlock. This privilege was conferred on his ancestor by a grant from King Henry VIII.

Near Bear Cay, Idaho, 140 feet below the earth's surface, there is a subterranean lake of hot water of 170 degrees temperature. It has pressure enough to spread to the top floor of most of the houses, and will be piped to them for heating purposes.

Ostrich Hunting in the Soudan.

Ostrich hunting involves good riding, and is animated sport. Having ascertained where a nest is to be found, three or four mounted men go out on the plain to-gether, and one of them rides in the direction of the nest.

Instantly the bird sees him it starts off at a tremendous pace, the hunter following in hot pursuit, until, after running perhaps a couple of miles, the ostrich begins to circle, its object being to get back to its nest, from which it fondly hopes it has diverted its pursuer.

The other hunters, who are scattered over the plain, take up the running by turns, succeeding each other as each horse becomes spent; they are thus able to press the bird to its utmost speed, until it falls exhausted on the ground, with outstretched wings, gasping for breath.

The nearest hunt then gallops up and severs its head with a blow from his sword. Hastily dismounting, he at once stems the bleeding stump and thrusts it into the sand to prevent the feathers from being soiled by the blood, which is spurting in all directions from the convulsive movements of the bird, even after death.

The feathers of a full grown bird fetch from fifty to seventy-five dollars at Kassala, where they are bought by Arab traders from Cairo, but they ultimately realize treble that value in the European markets.—Captain T. C. S. Speedy, in Harper's Magazine.

How Beavers Fell Trees.

Mr. Vernon Bailey, who has recently studied the work of beavers, says that those animals have an ingenious method of cutting the trunk of a tree which they wish to fell. Instead of attempting to gnaw it straight through, they make two cuts, one above another, and then pry out pieces between the cuts. The result of their operations is a V-shaped notch, resembling that made by a woodman with his axe.

OUR DIPLOMACY IS BEST.

IT HAS WON GREATER VICTORIES THAN THE EUROPEAN METHOD.

We Are Absolutely Frank in Our Dealings With Other Nations and Do Not Send Our Representatives Abroad to Lie—Denver Our Typical Diplomat.

At the recent session at New Haven, Conn., of the American Economic Historical Association Professor H. A. Grosvenor, of Amherst College, made the most enthusiastically received address of the convention on the subject of "American Diplomacy." He contrasted American diplomacy to its disadvantage to European diplomacy. Professor Grosvenor said:

"A few days ago a learned lady of my acquaintance asked me what I was to speak here. I replied 'American Diplomacy.' She exclaimed she didn't know there was any. Questions must be noticed that even the convention that the United States possesses no diplomatic system, or none to be compared with those of Europe. If the question concerned America of American diplomacy, founded on fact, one could be profitable, even pleasant, and might produce a reaction of our feelings of admiration and shame. Two examples of American indecision by the Dutch Republic was a remarkable achievement of American diplomacy. For months John Adams, the American envoy, had been denied an audience to the States-General. A second treaty with Great Britain, negotiated by Chief Justice Jay, was no less an American diplomatic success. Its stipulations were not favorable to contending parties, but the American envoys were our own.

"It would be an agreeable task to trace the history of American diplomacy, decade by decade, through a great time. It is not difficult to prove that there has been a gradual improvement in it since those heroic days. There is no better evidence of the business of European diplomacy than the school of practical American politics. It is a better training afforded by the intricate Congressional committees, and by the harassed local lawyer-legislator, of a prince or his minister.

"I make no apology for the service of politicians in the Foreign Ministries have become sages. Sometimes we find them so, but, sometimes, they are men, but what General Wheaton of himself was the ground-work of leagues. When you, Mr. Spain he was already a great frank in his dealings. In culture our diplomats are equal to have supplied Lord Salisbury land. No Lord Salisbury has moved to the service since a long historians, political economists, orators, journalists and editors of every class. Any discussion on this subject is incomplete which does not recognize the ability in diplomacy played by the officers of the Navy in 1815, Decatur in Algiers in 1815, Perry in the Gulf of Mexico, in 1854, Farragut in the Europe, and the flag-ship Franklin in 1898, Dewey in Manila Bay.

"The American diplomat lives in a glass house, where he becomes only he sees, but stoned. The British diplomatist still inhabits a half-feudal castle, almost impregnable to criticism and difficult of approach by the prying eyes. In fact, to-day the nations hidden to each other the secrets of that Western State which has revealed itself to them.

"I am well aware that many are clamorous for the adoption of the European system of diplomacy. Do American diplomacy offer more in certain title and pretence and a real accomplishment? The necessity of its achievement covers the nineteenth century of international law. It has broken the entrenchments of birth, has successfully asserted the right of expatriation, has declared the seas an Israel's and secured the "God's highway," has made free the free man. It has compelled the rights of neutrals to be respected by every civilized State. Now, it is England, the scaffolding for acknowledgment of great, the exemption of private property from capture on the seas, it was exempt from capture on land.

"During 1898 three in the cities held a regatta. On one road a foreign stroke, one a Canadian stroke, and the third one American. In the van flossed the foreign stroke, the American stroke, in the nearness followed the foreign stroke half foreign and half American. The crew taught with the foreign stroke was left behind. The American stroke is the stroke for the Thames, the Seine, the Tiber, the Spree or the Wear. And that not because of provincial prejudice or national pride, but because of the facts of history."

The Right Stuff.

Owing to good crops and other causes, the prosperity of Kansas has been very great during the last year or two, and the wants of farmers have been enabled to remove the mortgages and encumbrances that rested upon their broad acres.

A man in one of the interior counties, having disposed of his crop to good advantage and feeling himself possessed of several thousand dollars in cash, went to the county seat one day, and while on his way to the land office stopped into an attorney's office to obtain a little legal advice.

"You're a lawyer, ain't you?" he said, addressing the only occupant of the room.

"Yes, sir," answered the other. "What can I do for you?"

"What's your name?"

"My name is Derrick."

"Good! Good!" replied the farmer, nodding his head. "I want your help, Mr. Derrick, in liftin' a mortgage off my farm."

WE EAT TOO MUCH.

A Fashionable Diet Is the Main Cure of All the Famous Spas and Health Resorts.

"Of the many cures in vogue, and [illegible] from their records as [illegible], nine-tenths of them [illegible] reducing the diet for [illegible]," is the position [illegible] by Ella Morris Kretschmar [illegible] on "The Subject of Diet" in the Woman's Home Companion.

"A wide spread fad during the last few years has been the 'no breakfast [illegible]' and the hands of dyspeptics have called health, the stout have [illegible] and the thin have grown [illegible] all through lifting the burden [illegible] directions. An equally popular cure preaching this was the [illegible] out of the evening meal—[illegible], of course, just as a [illegible] would be if it [illegible] popularized.

"One of the most splendid cures, [illegible] Europe is the grape [illegible] in Germany; and it is [illegible] taking the treatment [illegible] wear and tear of five [illegible] nightly covers himself by so [illegible]. The sanitariums where this [illegible] are beautifully and [illegible] selected and comfortably [illegible]. The patient is given [illegible] fermented grape-juice [illegible] four weeks—beginning [illegible] amount, decreased to [illegible] as little as the [illegible] great weakness [illegible] gradually increased to the [illegible].

"[illegible] Europe spas and American [illegible] where people are so [illegible] of course? A reduction [illegible] flooding of the [illegible] resting and [illegible], in other words.

"[illegible] dominated by [illegible] atmosphere of [illegible], and even domestic [illegible] their nourishment [illegible] ill. A dog [illegible] not immediately [illegible] leave off be[illegible]. Men alone will [illegible] longer, likely to tickle [illegible]. Indeed, the only [illegible] truth is merci[illegible] of the city."

[illegible] on the Merrimac.

[illegible] was ever [illegible] of shot and [illegible] the Merrimac before [illegible] Harbor. From [illegible] account of this [illegible] graphically given in [illegible] this account [illegible] the ship, when [illegible] a mile of [illegible] length and a flash [illegible] edge at [illegible] side's side [illegible] the projectile [illegible] passed astern. [illegible] range! [illegible] another miss! This [illegible] passing [illegible] the spot re[illegible] a picket-boat [illegible] lying in the [illegible] as fate he is firing [illegible] and so would be obliged [illegible] within a ship's [illegible] rapid-fire [illegible] disposal of the miserable [illegible] yet there he lay [illegible] from point-blank at our [illegible] to complete [illegible] of rage and exasperation [illegible] the admiral [illegible] little picket-boat [illegible] afterward.

[illegible] snowed [illegible] step-like fall with [illegible] point of Morro [illegible] This was the [illegible] the channel carrying [illegible] to the wall. "A [illegible] helm, sir," was the [illegible] port helm, sir," [illegible] "Steady," [illegible] "Steady, [illegible] without helm, we [illegible] safe. Suddenly [illegible] from the port side. [illegible] battery has opened on [illegible] Chacette, who was [illegible] matters to take the [illegible] in the engineroom if tele[illegible] should be shot [illegible] pay no attention [illegible] to [illegible], without turning."

Race Conflict in Austria.

The [illegible] of the races in Austria [illegible] more acute. The Germans, [illegible] of their old ascendency, are [illegible] followers to turn [illegible] as a body and so remove [illegible] among them in the [illegible]. The advice is not [illegible] followed, but it reveals [illegible] race feeling more [illegible] Even in the [illegible] shall no longer [illegible] politics. The quarrel, [illegible] literary. Some re[illegible] questions [illegible] recent in Czechish, [illegible] a considerable maxim in [illegible] words of command or [illegible] all to be in one [illegible] language German. [illegible] of War, therefore, [illegible] who had accepted [illegible] to German, and the [illegible] is directed against [illegible] which is in theory re[illegible] Emperor only. In [illegible] of feeling any acci[illegible] called to a head, [illegible] Emperor to enforce [illegible] and therefore to [illegible] the alternative is to [illegible] to their ascend[illegible] Stars would now [illegible].—London Spectator.

Making Good Use of Them.

It may [illegible] the ladies of the emergency [illegible] to know it, but the [illegible] to the Manila [illegible] nightshirts, was [illegible] for rifles. "Rags are [illegible] explanation, [illegible] it is better to have our guns in good shape than to sleep in nightgowns."