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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XXX.

CONTINUED.

Gordon was a strict disciplinarian when troops were in garrison or regular duty. But on all these expeditions discipline was relaxed, and the picked men he had with him, who he knew were trustworthy, did pretty much as they liked. They were under the immediate command of a lieutenant, who lounged along, smoking a pipe, now and then sitting down by the river to read a book, then rushing ahead to catch up with us.

We did very little talking, we three, each being too full of his own thoughts to care for conversation. This was at least true of Gordon and myself. Seacamp, no doubt, would gladly have chattered, but we paid no attention to him. We tramped on, keeping a lookout for human beings or their habitations.

Late in the afternoon we reached a small settlement which we judged to be that spoken of by Orcutt.

It was right on the river-bank, and stretched along it for a little distance. It was a typical native village, but there was no person there.

"Deserted," said Gordon, coming to a standstill before an empty grass-house, and looking around him.

"Yet there are signs that the place is inhabited," I said. "See, there are the remains of a fire—not an old one, either. The people who live here are not far away."

"I agree with you," replied Gordon. "As they did not pass us on our way here, they have probably gone further up the valley. Let us proceed."

This time Gordon ordered the soldiers to keep together and to preserve silence. A scout was sent on ahead with orders to observe without being observed, and at the first sight of a human being to come and warn us.

"I don't like the looks of the thing," said Gordon. "There is something up. Some more foolishness, I suppose."

"Let's shoot them all," suggested Jolroy Seacamp.

"No; that hardly seems advisable—unless they oppose us," said Gordon.

We cautiously continued our way up the winding course of the river.

The falls were passed—a beautiful scene, that would have attracted either of us under pleasant circumstances—but we were in no mood to appreciate natural beauty.

"St!" came a voice ahead.

The growth of trees and shrubs and tall grasses was now thicker than had been found lower down. A slight path could be seen leading through it. We were following this when we heard the voice ahead. It was the scout.

We crept slowly up to him.

"There's something going on," he said. "See that opening between the boughs of these two trees ahead. Look through them. Do you see that fellow up on the ledge? Way up on the side of the precipice."

We looked in the direction indicated.

"I see him," I whispered.

"So do I," said Gordon.

"Where? Where?" asked Seacamp.

"That fellow is a sentinel," continued Gordon, ignoring Seacamp. "His position is apparently inaccessible. We can gain nothing by a show of force now. We must reconnoiter."

"General, wait here," said the scout. "Wait for me. I will return soon."

"He can be trusted," said Gordon.

That was all that was said. We waited, almost breathlessly for about twenty minutes.

The rustling of grass and snapping twigs told us of the approach of the scout.

"It's a temple," said the scout.

"Can we reach it without being discovered?" asked Gordon.

"Yes. That sentinel is watching the path. I found a way to get up behind him. Two of us could gag him and prevent his giving the alarm."

"Good," said Gordon. "What sort of temple is it?"

"I don't know. I didn't wait to learn any more. I heard voices as if praying."

Slowly and stealthily we followed the scout. He led us through a narrow defile and up a rough jagged roadway. He paused and held up his hand. We waited. He motioned for another soldier to follow him. A moment after they were gone we heard a short scuffle.

"Come on," said the scout's voice ahead of us. "He's quiet."

We crept over the ledges of rock. Now we could hear the monotonous voices of praying priests.

"Some more Kaumailoukanilimawai," whispered Gordon.

"Here is an entrance," said the scout.

We advance to a position from which we could see the worshipers.

They were in a temple, ornate with rude embellishments carved from lava stone and coral. The temple was lighted with huge candles—a native article that sputtered a good deal, but gave a good light.

There was an altar—of coral rock—and in it was a man apparently seventy-five years old. His hair was white. His face was bronzed. He had the pose, the look of a Frenchman.

"Jean Chicot!" whispered Gordon.

"I believe it," I replied, trembling with excitement. There was little doubt in my mind that I beheld the father-in-law of my uncle and grandfather of the heiress to his fortune.

Before the altar knelt about twenty priests, all uttering what I recognized from horrible familiarity as prayers to the goddess Pele.

Back of the priests sat a few women and children, all natives. Evidently the entire population of the village we had passed was inside the temple.

"We must surprise them by a show of force now," said Gordon.

He gave his orders in whispers. The men were ready to march in with rifle at shoulder.

"Forward!" commanded Gordon, in a loud voice.

The command and the tramp of soldiers startled the natives. They turned and saw us. Then with shrieks of terror they ran around the temple, seeking for a means of escape. The man at the altar looked at us as we approached, calmly and reflectively. He did not seem alarmed.

"Halt!" commanded Gordon.

Then, turning to the man in the altar, he said:

"Listen to me. We have not come to make war on you. We are looking for a person named Jean Chicot. He is described as a Frenchman, looking much like you. We know he is somewhere in the Wailuku Valley. If you are Jean Chicot, you are the man we want. Come with us, and these people may depart in peace."

The white-haired man waved his hand.

"I am Jean Chicot," he said. "I know you not. I know not why you seek me. Yet I will come to you."

His voice was the voice of an old, old man. He came toward us, and we noticed that he tottered with age.

"Not very formidable now, at any rate," said Gordon.

"Why don't you shoot those priests," asked Seacamp, savagely. "Are you going to let the reptiles escape?"

"We came after Chicot," was Gordon's reply.

"You represent the queen. I am yours," said Chicot to Gordon.

"There is no queen. I represent the government," replied Gordon.

"No queen? Is Liliuokolani dead?"

"No. She has been deposed. Hawaii is now a republic."

"Save us, Pele!" ejaculated old Chicot. "When did this happen?"

"Some time ago," replied Gordon, testily. He had not come up the Waiuku Valley to talk history. "Let us sit down. We want to talk to you."

The priest and other natives went out, and Gordon ordered that the sentinel be set free. We went down where the priests had been and seated ourselves on their wooden benches.

"I turn him over to you, Tom," said Gordon.

"Jean Chicot," I said, "where is your daughter Annette?"

"Dead."

"Where is your granddaughter Helene?"

The old man sprang at me, but was seized and pushed back to his seat.

"Who are you?" he said.

"My name is Warringford," I replied.

"Hated name!" he cried, rubbing his hands together and exhibiting much emotion. "Another Warringford wronged me and wronged my daughter; and now you come with soldiers to seize Helene."

"Where is she?" I asked.

He did not reply.

"Now, see here, Jean Chicot," I said. "I will tell you the whole story, and then perhaps you will help me. My uncle, Thomas Warringford, is dead. He left papers and a will telling of his marriage to your daughter Annette. He told all about how she left him, how you stole her away from him, and took also the little Helene. Yet, in his last wish, he forgives, and desires Helene, his daughter, to receive his estate. In other words, Helene is the heiress of my uncle's fortune. I must find Helene and give over to her the estate which is now in my charge. You must do two things: You must show me proofs that Helene is the daughter of my uncle, and you must show me, if you still have it, the marriage certificate of Annette, your daughter. Then you must find Helene for me."

The old man looked at me, dazed.

"Helene the heiress!" he murmured. "Helene, my little Helene," that I taught and loved, the heiress of that Warringford?"

"It is true," I said. "Do not let us waste any time."

"Where is Helene?" asked Gordon impatiently. "Is she hidden here?"

"No. When she was little she was here, and I taught her. Ah! How well I taught her. She is noble, is Helene. She is grand. But she is a woman now. Ah! She is more than a woman, she is a priestess."

"A priestess!" I cried. "Where is she?"

"Not here," was Chicot's reply. "Far away, but we will find her. Come with me."

He led us out of the temple and back through the valley.

He was weeping. Whether it was joy, sorrow, surprise or imbecility that caused him to weep I did not know or care.

Around us dark faces peered from the trees, and suspicious-looking eyes followed us in our return tramp. Now and then a priest would show himself, then dart away again. There was no sign of warfare. Our display of soldiers forbade that.

We reached the village, no longer deserted. The women had returned and were preparing their poi for supper.

Chicot led us to a larger and better equipped house than the rest.

"Here is my house," he said. "Helene will not know me now. She will be a great lady. She will no longer care for the old teacher."

"What is that? The old teacher?" I asked. "Does Helene not know you as her grandfather?"

"No. Helene is a priestess. She is taught that she is immortal. That is the way the Kaumailoukanilimawai teaches its priestesses of Pele. No, Helene knows me only as the old teacher. She lived yonder in the temple, and I taught her there. She is all I have, Helene, and now you come with soldiers to take her from me."

"I shall not take her from you. You may go with me to find Helene, and, if she likes, she can take you to live with her, for Helene will be wealthy and can do what she likes."

"Ah!" whispered the old man. "Will she do that? Ah! I would not like to lose my Helene."

He fumbled among some papers in a box he took from some corner of his hut.

"Is your wife dead?" asked Gordon.

"Yes. Helene is all I have."

"How long have you been teaching of Pele?"

"Many years. It is a beautiful thing, the worship of Pele."

"Crazy as a bedbug," said Seacamp. "Loony as an owl. It's a wonder he hasn't sacrificed Helene to Pele long before this."

A smile showed itself in the old man's face.

"I have it here," he said.

He handed me a roll tied with a ribbon.

I undid it. It was a marriage certificate.

In one corner was a picture of Uncle Tom. In the other—

A mist came before my eyes. My hands trembled and the paper shook. I felt a sensation of horror go all through me. My brain seemed to burst. My heart almost burst.

"What's the matter?" hoarsely asked Gordon. "Tom, Tom, man, speak! What is it? Anything wrong with the marriage certificate?"

"That face! That face!" I cried, hurling the paper at him and covering my eyes to shut out the sight.

"A beautiful face," said Gordon, wonderingly. "A lovely face. No wonder your uncle fell in love with it. This is the picture of Annette, is it, Jean Chicot?"

"Yes; it is Annette, the mother of Helene."

"God!" I said. "Help me in this hour of trial. That face—that face—it is the priestess of Pele—Kaumai—the woman I loved—the murderess of my sister—the woman we have sworn to kill! Oh, what mystery is this! What miserable fate is this that makes a murderess of my uncle's wife, the mother of Helene?"

"No!" shouted Chicot. "This is not the picture of Helene. It is the picture of Annette, her mother. Helene looks like her mother—very much like her."

"And Helene!" I cried. "Speak, man, fool, beast! Where is Helene?"

"In Lanai, in the Temple of Pele there, on Kapaloli."

I felt myself going. I grew dizzy and faint with horror.

"Come," I said. "There is nothing else to do. My uncle's wishes must be carried out. Afterward—afterward—God's will be done!"

Silently and slowly we trudged down the valley toward Waiuku. Silently, because that had happened which filled us with horror. Slowly, because it was getting on toward night, and the mountains hid the moon. Slowly, too, because Jean Chicot, tottering, yet strong, walked with us.

Gordon strode ahead, smoking furiously. He frequently had to wait for us to come up with him. On his face was a dark, ominous look, foreboding ill. And it was no gentle hand that helped Jean Chicot over rough places.

"The devil's in it all," I heard Seacamp grumble to himself. "I can't understand it, but the devil is now on top."

(To be continued.)

The Man Downstairs.

"This must stop right here!" said Henry Grimthorp, as he put one foot out of bed, ad began reaching around in the dark for his trousers.

"Henry," his wife whispered, "please don't be foolish. Lie down and be quiet."

"No," he snarled. "I'm going downstairs and I'm going to give that young man down there a drubbing that'll make him want to keep as far away as possible from this house in the future. Here it is after 12 o'clock, and ——"

"Henry," Mrs. Grimthorp pleaded, "stop. Don't go down there, please——"

But he had found his trousers, and, ignoring his wife's words, he hurried into the hall. Then he stole downstairs through the dark, and in about half a minute there were sounds of falling stands and tumbling chairs and shaking chandeliers. The old man had grappled his antagonist around the neck right at the start, and soon had him checked into submission. Then he tied the fellow fast of knees, bumped his head against the newel post several times, and finally threw him down the front step.

When he got back upstairs his wife and daughter, pale and quaking with terror, flung themselves upon his breast.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"That was a burglar!" they cried.

"Heaven!" he gasped, getting sick at the stomach "why didn't you tell me before? I thought it was Fannie's beau."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

WOMAN'S WORLD

FRENCH COIFFURES.

What an English Woman Sees in Them to Praise.

The styles of hairdressing at the moment, writes Mrs. Erle Pritchard in London Madame, are not at all difficult to manipulate; in fact, the most chic are by far the most simple; indeed, this is the case with all fashions this year.

* * *

There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and an English woman somehow generally follows the latter as regards doing her hair, and if she copies a French style she will exaggerate it. This is a pity, for, as a rule, English women are possessed of comely locks, and that is one great reason why they should take proper care of them and treat their raven or auburn tresses with respect.

* * *

A great many good and respectable women simply gasp at the thought of hair dye. I do not want to advocate it, because Nature generally chooses best, but I assure you she makes mistakes sometimes, and then a touching up of the hair is as necessary as a little touching up of the face.

* * *

It is interesting to know that the Parisians have got a new brown shade for their hair which is peculiarly becoming to French people, who have ever a fancy to dress in brown.

* * *

Brown hair is, I suppose, the most general color in this country, but there are various shades of it, the majority being a little mediocre and uninteresting. However, be the color what it may, and the hair ever so beautiful, once we have passed the age for wearing it down our backs, the important question of coiffure decides the individual style of the woman.

* * *

Now the millinery of the moment is most conveniently adaptable to all styles of coiffure, providing we do not drag our hair tightly back from the face at the sides. But do not imagine that your hair can be screwed up in the space of two or three minutes. The careful treatment as well as the manipulation of our locks is a study in itself.

* * *

The loose natural wave is charming, particularly for evening wear, dressed fairly high and surmounted by the Pompadour wreath. This wreath somehow gives a youthful look, not that it is really often required by the modern woman, for she looks nothing if not young.

* * *

What beautifully dressed heads we have seen at Dieppe and Trouville! We take over the French millinery, forgetting that its beauty is mostly due to the coiffure which supports it.

Occupations Years Ago.

An odd book was that published thirty or forty years ago, entitled "Five Hundred Employments Adapted to Women." The compiler modified her materials somewhat in order to make up the five hundred, separating "numbers," for instance, into sixteen different classes, and assigning women to occupations—like that of "vaccination agent" which, to say the least, have been overcrowded. But the book showed so much enthusiasm and good will that it is certain the compiler, whether on earth or in heaven, rejoices at the many new opportunities opened to her sex since her day.

Out of these most modern employments is that of "sunshiner," a woman who cheers and amuses invalids and depressed persons. Another is that of "co-operative housekeeper," one who stands ready to supply any luxuries of the table, on any scale of weekly allowance. A third is that of "coarse humorist," and this brave woman engages to examine and report upon every house offered to unfortunate people who find it necessary to move.

These services are rendered for money, of course. Doubtless the money is earned and the women play a very useful part in society. They latest, indeed, since they are prepared to do for the public what every good wife and mother does for her own family. Such a one is housekeeper and home hunter and sunshiner, all times, and in her case no one questions that these occupations are "adapted to women." But it seems a little curious that when the wife's unremunerated duties say, undertakes to serve the public and earn her own bread by some means there should always be some one ready to denounce her action as "unwomanly."—Youth's Companion.

Humble Origin of Smart Fabrics.

Accidents and the enormous demand for fashionable fibres are responsible for some of the strange materials that now delight the feminine eye. It is said that a sample of velvet dyed in Lyons although the dyed and was during the process mislaid, was found some months afterwards in a state of perfection, having taken the dye in spite of itself and delighted.

[illegible] had to be [illegible] a group many years ago. One dressed it prettily and made it currently and a fashion that for several summers excluded a pinnacle of satin.

The appreciation for butcher linen is another case of the same kind. Some one saw and admired the coarse wares worn by those men who scour her and dress their hair so conspicuously well, and instantly adapted it to feminine needs.

The very latest exaltation of a humble material is being exploited for yachting. It is scouring cloth, and is to be used for the long cover-all wraps that all required on board yachts.

One of the smartest dresses at Newport last year was a frock made of glass cloth such as are used in the pantry, and to pass on to other needs and occasions, is there not among many the memory of a great artist who decorated his exhibition rooms with sacking printed green, and gained an effect that was excessively smart and wonderfully effective?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How One Woman Makes a Good Fortune

This year I have added another branch to my business. I have had a number of pretty aquariums made according to my ideas, and propose stocking them to order. I have bred other little animals suited to aquariums to my pools, and as I will have quite a number of them to sell this year I look forward to a big business and larger returns than ever before. The first year that I sold fish, before I really began to raise them for that purpose, however, I cleared fifty dollars. The next year my profits mounted up to $900. Last year, the second year of my venture, I made fifteen hundred. This was a snug little income for a woman who has a house of her own, and consequently no rent to pay; but I am ambitious to make two thousand, and unless the unforeseen happens I will make that amount this season.

As to advising other women to take up the breeding of goldfish as a livelihood I should find it difficult to know just what to say. Fish, like other living creatures, should be studied to be successfully managed, and unless a woman is willing to learn their habits—what is good for them and what is not—she should not attempt it.—Lagniappe McGavock, in Kansas City Times-Commercial.

Tea Gowns.

A pretty tea gown is composed of black voile of a fine make, the front tucked in cross rows and with the waistcoat plain in the back. It is arranged as an empire gown, with sweeping sides. The elbow-sleeved bodice and sleeves are entirely of black satin ribbon and cream lacy insertion, the lace yoke displaying a mauve lining, divided off with black satin tucks. This opens in a V form at the front. The little silk vest under is in white, ornamented with a raised fancy insertion. The high collar is of lace, tucked muslin, as well as the cuffs, and the little elbow sleeves display fine tucking. There are any number of pouting jackets and gowns in the shop windows. A mauve-shaped one was made in French muslin, with transparent bell sleeves, caught up and tied at the back of the elbow with wash silk ribbons, while a delightful breakfast gown, shade and frock, was made in white crash silk, with sleeves of the flowing bell order and an added shaped frill. The deep collar valley was tied with a blue knot, while an effective effect was produced by means of a tucked blue sash tied across the back, the skirt having a shaped frill.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

Pockets are to be seen in some of the new little fall suits.

Double-breasted jackets will be worn in the fall, if the fashions prove true.

Expensive people dine now on numerous sashes worn over the prettiest dresses of rooms with dinners.

Necklaces and tiaras are made to match and perfumes to the tones are set in the same stylers the powders of the latter.

A parcel to be carried with a mourning costume is of a heavy corded black silk, and set at Paterer's with such wide folds or crape.

A pretty black gown of silk is trimmed with mauve sands. [illegible] Finished with mother of pearl buttons. The waist worn with it is of mauve [illegible].

Neat little suits [illegible] bodice plaited back and [illegible] a plain narrow [illegible] material is the same as dress, buttoning simply up the front.

It is well to keep wash ribbons in mind of [illegible] to the [illegible] for these are many pretty ways in which they can be [illegible]. The same [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The prettiest possible white chamois [illegible] are in a trimming on the backs of evening gloves between rows of stitching they appear, also, dotted all over [illegible] and belts are displayed in groups of three.

With [illegible] comes the latest fancy [illegible] scarf of mousseline [illegible] plain or in fancy [illegible] usually tied at a large [illegible] the lace, and the [illegible] in the form of the star.

[illegible] pointed sleeves in [illegible] which are [illegible] full. The [illegible] is worn [illegible] a ruffled [illegible] for the morning [illegible] in at the wrist.

Pins and pin chains have the gold [illegible] work designs. Where heretofore the gold round the pin was solid, now the stone is connected with the loop by which it is hung on the chain by means and the Chain is similarly open work.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The fishes of America north of the Isthmus of Panama, as listed by Jordan and Evermann, embrace three classes, thirty orders, 225 families, 1113 genera, 3225 subgenera, 3222 species and 123 subspecies.

The numerous islands of the Patagonia Archipelago are covered with evergreen forests capable of supplying immense quantities of valuable timber, while the mountain ranges, being of the same geological formation as those of Chile and Peru, are probably rich in mineral resources.

Professor Strandfuss, of Zurich, has discovered that changes of temperature produce marked effects of transformation in butterflies. In his experiments he examined over 10,000 of the little creatures. Specimens from the tropics were turned to the like of those from the arctics by cold, and vice versa. Some new varieties were formed.

There are now forty-nine agricultural experiment stations in the United States. The number of chemists employed in these stations is 157; the number of botanists is fifty, and the number of entomologists forty-two. Other branches of science also are represented at the stations, though the number of such employes is less than that of the botanists and entomologists.

Waves passing the breakwater at Peterhead, North Britain, during a recent gale of fifty to ninety miles an hour were twenty-two and one-half feet above still-water level, and it is estimated that the crests were forty feet above the troughs. The wave period was from three to seventeen seconds, and the length of the waves was between five hundred and seven hundred feet. Though exceeding other estimates of high waves, these measurements seem to be the most accurate yet made.

Mr. R. H. Yapp, an English naturalist who has recently explored the mountain ranges of the Malay peninsula, reports the hitherto little known fact that in several species of bamboo the hollow internodes—the parts of the stems between the joints—are stored with large quantities of naturally distilled water. The knowledge of this fact might be of great service in an emergency. Mr. Yapp also discovered two species of ferns, growing on trees, whose thick, fleshy stems are filled with galleries tunneled by ants, the ferns thus forming living nests for the ants.

A striking observation of the slowness with which heat penetrates the soil has been made in Australia by Sir Charles Todd. In a hot wave lasting from the seventh to the eighteenth of February, the temperature was above 100 degrees on five days and above ninety degrees on ten days. On the eighth the temperature at the Adelaide observatory was 71.5 degrees three feet below the surface, and 67.5 degrees at eight feet. On the eighteenth the readings were 73.6 degrees and 65.4 degrees, respectively, an increase in the heat for days of only 2.1 degrees and 0.9 degrees.

The balloonist has long used hydrogen to enable him to ascend into the upper region of air, and now efforts are being made to furnish him with oxygen, to prevent asphyxiation when he has risen too high to breathe with ease. The use of oxygen carried in rubber bags for this purpose has not proved satisfactory, and the French savant, L. Cailletet, proposes to use a solid liquid oxygen, contained in a small bottle and allowed to vaporize as needed. The oxygen is delivered by means of a mask fitting over the nose and mouth, and the apparatus is so arranged that air, in any desired proportion, can be admitted at the same time.

Three-Legged Kitten.

The three-legged kitten recently born at the home of William McFarland, on the Whitefish Bay road, has been commanding, of late, more than the usual interest and attention bestowed upon infant felines. This particular kitten, which came into the world minus one hind limb, and only possesses a slight bony lump close to the body where the leg should be, is growing every day and apparently has not lost any of the nine chances for existence possessed by its four brothers and sisters. Several bantering offers have been made to Mrs. McFarland for the curiosity, but she has declined all. The kitten will be raised if it continues in perfect health and good spirits.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Mill Without a Chimney.

At the new Olympia Mills, at Columbia, S. C., the tall chimney which has for years been such a distinguishing feature of a mill is completely done away with and for it is substituted a sheet metal plate stack extending from the roof. Heat is produced by burning sawdust, driven by engines, and conveyed underneath the stack, and [illegible] between [illegible] the atmosphere [illegible] for fan room. The heat [illegible] and is further increased, and this hot air is finally drawn to the fires through pipes extending between the engine.

Over 800 dealers carry on the world's diamond trade, with a stock exceeding $350,000,000.

THE ELUSIVE TRUFFLE.

Little Brother of the Tuber Family and Its Haunts in Wilder England.

Oak trees or beech trees; these, I believe, are the necessaries of life to the truffle, and hidden away in the recesses of their roots lie in this country, probably, truffles innumerable.

We cultivate and produce mushrooms in large quantities in season and out, they are in full evidence. Yet nobody has tried to cultivate the truffle, and rarely indeed to secure it. Even when it is known to exist.

I could walk blindfold to a spot in a private park where in my youth quantities of the truffle were found, and a small white poodle, once owned by a gypsy, unearthed many a noble specimen. For twenty years and more the soil has been undisturbed under all those magnificent beech trees, nobody has a right for truffles above these days, though there is every reason to know they still exist. The importance of the Perigord and Italian specimens to the fresh truffle as it emerges from Mother Earth seems a very full reason why the sport of truffle hunting should be cultivated. Yet it is rare indeed to find a truffle dog in existence where everything turns to a [illegible] of the savory relish.

It hardly seems a truffle could be dug [illegible] without great difficulty being an exceptionally intelligent dog. For in France, where truffles commance sums in brewing, the peasants have succeeded quite fairly in training their dogs to the business of the truffle.

No doubt pigs have scents of their own and offer small difficulty in this application of their services. But if all the trouble were taken on our part [illegible] and weeds, there is no doubt they would add our forces some a good supply.

The truffle, [illegible] a small [illegible] would [illegible] weight, [illegible] inches long. And from the [illegible] of [illegible] much pleasure in the cutting up of the [illegible] specimen. The dog [illegible] to be fed or [illegible] in [illegible], and carefully guarded in lonely localities. We found the Perigord by burying truffles in a garden, his quick powers of scent soon did the rest. Each time he found a truffle it was taken from him and a small piece of raw beef given him in exchange. This was carried on [illegible]. The [illegible] is a small [illegible], and even finding a whole [illegible] was soon tempted to recover the smallest fragment.

A small [illegible] was taken to assist and direct the labors. Gradually he was taken further afield, and I can still be amused with the intense eagerness the [illegible] with which the culprit devoured. The first fish, the first [illegible] was not more delight to [illegible] truffle, and the element of [illegible] according to all tradition, is certainly predominant in truffle-hunting.

Transplanting a thousand with a little patient [illegible] and a moderate degree of [illegible] as well timed, the truffle is [illegible] somewhere at hand in the chalky land of beech trees in Dorset, Kent, Surrey, from early October to the end of March.

[illegible] from July the trained truffling [illegible] especially [illegible] the [illegible] Spain and Norway. Perhaps could the peasant women and attendants of good truffle sows [illegible] their [illegible] [illegible] though the [illegible] of the forest is discovered to [illegible] [illegible] As regards the [illegible] [illegible] like a good "point" to the [illegible] in a [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] discovered [illegible] probably [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] tree. A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] truffle hunt [illegible] in Southern France. [illegible] are [illegible] and [illegible] where truffles [illegible] and [illegible]. As a market for truffles [illegible] and a sport for [illegible] there is no reason why it should not push further for the search for [illegible]. Pall Mall Gazette.

Arm and the Leg.

"Here is a man who [illegible] and the young [illegible] lost [illegible] the arm. Less wounded. He [illegible] himself without hands. He can write his name, he can thread a needle, he can point pictures and [illegible] [illegible]."

The girl [illegible] [illegible] and said:

"Yes, it is [illegible]."

"See, he is [illegible] the piano with his [illegible]. Why [illegible] man doesn't need arms. Of what use [illegible] would they be to him if he had them?"

"Well," she said [illegible] so that the crowd couldn't hear, "they might come in handy if he were courting, and it was along about time to go to bed, and the lights were turned down low."

[illegible] called out: "Now, Bobby, [illegible] if you will not [illegible] this way," and there was a [illegible] and her [illegible] [illegible] where the [illegible] was begun. [illegible] Post-Dispatch.

Catfish Bells Watersnake.

Professor [illegible] Brandywine Park, Wilmington, found a dead water snake about five feet long. It had captured a large catfish and had partly swallowed it, but the thorns of the fish had pierced the reptile's throat and killed it. The fish was still [illegible].—Philadelphia Times.