

**THE LIMEKILN CLUB.**

**BROTHER GARDNER ON THE DEATH OF KURNEL CABIFF.**

Some Resolutions That He Thinks Are a Little Too Flowery to Suit the Kurnel's Well Known Character—He Was Only a Man After All.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]  
"I hold dear in my hand," said Brother Gardner at the last regular meeting of the Limekiln club, "some resolutions presented by Sumidg Watkins on the death of Kurnel Cabiff, which took place on week ago. Dar am fo'teen 'wherases' an se'benten 'resolves,' an de ideah of Brudder Watkins was to make out dat de word in general has suffered a loss it kin nebbel recover. I shall not present 'em fure yo'r considerashun, but foller de usual practice of sendin a letter of condolence to de family. Not that I would detract one iota from de deceased brudder's reputashun, but rather because I would like to save it from criticism.

"My frens, we all knowed de kurnel from top to bottom. It am foolish to 'wherases, he was de soul of integrity,' as it am written heah. He had about de average stock of integrity, but no mo'. He paid his debts; he worked off his lead nickels on de street kyar conductor, same as de rest of us. He returned borrowed money, but he took his time 'bout it; an nebbel said a word 'bout interest. If left alone in a grocery while de man went out fur change he wouldn't pocket anything, but if he found a dollar bill on de floor, de dis hall he didn't go round axin who had lost money. If he agreed to put two coats of whitewash on a fence he'd do it fur suah, but of co'se de last coat was mighty thin. If he sold a dawg he got all be could fur him. If he bought a mawl he beat de price down to de lowest notch. While he wouldn't break into yo'r hen coop an steal chickens, if one yo'r fowls get into his yard it nebbel returned.

"Heah am a resolution which declar's dat de kurnel prized his above all else. Dat's plin it on too thick. If yo' axed him how many children he had he'd count up as straight as a string, but if yo' axed him how many fish he'd caught he'd allus make de number twenty-seven. He prized truck de same as de rest of us. It's all right when yo' want to work off half cotton on somebody, an all wrong when somebody wants to work it off on yo'.

"As to his bein a patriot, dat's all right. We am all patriots. It don't cost a cent nor bring any risk in times of peace. It's our bizness to be patriots, an nobody gits any partickler praise fur it.



DE KURNEL PICKED UP A HALF RIPE WATER-MILTON.

"These resolutions say that he was gin credit to a fault. Yes, I reckon he was, but in dis day an aig sich a pusion is referred to as light in de head. Deir generosity is also mighty outside de family, an it's mostly bestowed whar it don't do no real good. I've knowed of his wife goin b'arfoot in de winter kase he was so generous.

"Heah am a resolution which says de world am better fur his bevin lived in it. Dat reads well, but we'd better stop it right heah. He did jobs of whitewashin, an blacked stoves, an walked up an down an around, same as de rest of us. I don't reckon anybody ever heard of him outside de ward in which he libed. His influence on de United States, to say nuffin of de world at large, didn't result in any change of weather, as I eber heard of. De world don't seem to keer two cents who libs or who dies.

"I can't agree wid dis 'wherases' which says dat Providence selected a shinin mark in removin Kurnel Cabiff. De facts in de case am de kurnel picked up a half ripe water-miln on de hull outb'efo' his wife and children dno woke up. It hehought on a case of cholera mortuus, an just as we gittin better he filled up on plums an harvest apples an took a relapse. Providence had nuffin to do wid it. He brought it all on himself. I shall put de resolutions in de stove, but in de letter of condolence dar kin be no objection to sayin dat we grieve ober his death and sympathize wid his family. Dat's all his widdier expects, an if we tacked on any mo' sh'd' argy dat we didn't know him as he was. If any of yo' am disappointed, an some of yo' look dat way, let me add dat de widdier had only two dollars in cash on hand last night, an it's my opinion she could make better use of a ten dollar bill dan of fo'ty rods of 'wherases' and 'resolves.'

**THE ARIZONA KICKER.**

**The Death of an Esteemed Citizen and Other Interesting Incidents.**

**OBITUARY.**—News reached us two or three days ago of the sudden death of our esteemed fellow townsman, Captain John Williams, who was temporarily sojourning at Rockville, U. T., in hopes to benefit his health. His demise came about just as we had many times predicted it would. While the captain was honestly itself in all business affairs, he would slip an ace up his sleeve in playing poker. We had personally detected him in the trick at least fifty times, and everybody here thoroughly understood his falling and made allowance. He shouldn't have attempted to play with a stranger at all, as he never carried a gun, but it seems that he sat down to a game with a man from Salt Lake, and had worked three out of the four aces up his sleeve when suddenly called from earth away. The Salt Lake man didn't know of his falling of course, and the coroner's jury will doubtless return a verdict of "justifiable homicide." The deceased was charitable, kind hearted and a loyal friend, wherever he gave his friendship. He leaves a wife who was devoted to him, although his sudden taking off was no surprise to her. She knew that he must either quit fooling with the aces or it was inevitable that he would some day run up against a stranger full of business.

**LOVE HIS MULE.**—Among the freighters who arrived here Friday afternoon was a fellow named Lightning Joe. When some of the boys told him that the mayor of this town (who is himself) not only attended church on Sunday, but led the choir, passed the collection box and assisted in a gen-

eral way to run things, and aside from that wore a plug hat, a boiled shirt, a pair of yellow kids and had his pants made in Denver, with regular creases in the hind part of the legs, Joseph decided that the wave of civilization must be checked. After cleaning up his guns and buying fifty extra cartridges he bet his mule against ten dollars that he could shoot the hat off his honor's head and get away without a scratch. The trial was made Sunday afternoon within a block of the church edifice.

Joseph was waiting for a jim dandy to come along, and when it appeared he started in to win the wager. There was a smile of confidence on his face, and the expression in his eyes went to show that he considered he had struck a soft snap. Thirty seconds after his first move he was sitting on the ground covered by his own guns, and the expression in his eyes had changed



THIRTY SECONDS AFTER.

to surprise and alarm. He spent his Sunday in de lockup, and Monday morning paid ten dollars fine and had his guns confiscated for the benefit of de road fund. He had nothing whatever to say, except that he wanted to go off somewhere for a week or two and think it over and try and make out just how it all happened. Our esteemed contemporary is out in a column article this week headed, "The Mayor Attempts to Assassinate a Stranger," but that was to be expected. We have given the facts in the case as scores of our citizens know them.

**A CANARD.**—We notice that a Salt Lake paper has an item to the effect that we shot the postmaster at this place for the fifth time last week, and that he is not expected to survive. The item is a canard. The present official was appointed two years ago. During this interval, in order to expedite the mail service an secure fair play for 'Trix Kicker,' we have been compelled to shoot him on three different occasions and in three different portions of his anatomy. On his part he has wounded us twice. We seem to have come to a satisfactory and mutual understanding, and there is no call for further shooting.

**THE NINTH MAN.**

**But He Was the Champion Jackass of America.**

There were nine of us in the smoking car, and when we came to compare notes we discovered that the entire crowd were to get off at Burksville. It was only a village and there was only one hotel. Four or five of the boys had been there before and when some one asked about the hotel he was answered:

"You might as well prepare to camp out. The man who owns and runs the house is the champion jackass of America. He's got about fifty of the most absurd rules and regulations any one ever heard of, and you've got to abide by 'em or you can't stay."

"But is he personally disagreeable?"

"In a byena personally disagreeable! The minute you set eyes on him you want to knock him down!"

"Why don't the people get rid of him?"

"They have been trying to try for the last ten years, but he is staying for spite. There ought to be a law by which such old idiots cou'd be bounced."

We all agreed to that—all but the ninth man, who sat in a seat by himself and didn't enter into the conversation. Each of us expressed our personal opinion of the landlord and bemoaned the trials and tribulations awaiting us, but it was understood that we should have to stop at the hotel and put up with his meanness as best we could. When we got off the train eight of us walked up town together, while the ninth man went up in a vehicle. We reached the hotel in a few minutes. The office door was shut, the windows down and a lone



THE NINTH MAN.

man was sitting on the steps. All recognized him as our ninth man.

"What's the matter here?" asked one of the crowd as he tried the door and found it locked.

The lone man pointed to a written notice just tacked up on a column, and we pressed forward to read:

**THIS HOTEL**  
**CLOSED FOR THREE DAYS.**  
By order of the  
**"CHAMPION JACKASS OF AMERICA."**

The ninth man of our crowd was the owner and landlord of the hotel and had heard every word said against him! He did not plead with him nor attempt to palliate our off-ense. It would have been breath thrown away. We simply went across the street and leased a cooper shop for two days and bought cheese and crackers at the grocery.

**Easy Lessons in Arithmetic.**  
A., who is a young girl, is seated at one end of a fifty foot veranda with her mother, while B., who is a palpitating young man, is seated at the other end all alone. The mother is taken with headache and retires. The young folks are attracted toward each other at the rate of a foot and a half for every forty-two seconds. How long will it take them to bump heads?

**A tin peddler cheats a farmer's wife out of eleven cents on her paper rags and seventeen cents on a calfskin, while she works off two dozen bad eggs on him at fourteen cents per dozen, and stuffs a pound and a half of hens' feathers into the sack of goose fat he sells at the forty cents per pound. How much is the tin peddler ahead? And why doesn't he smile over it!**

A preacher on a salary of \$800 per year and a steady job buys a croquet set for two dollars and invites one of the church trustees to play a game with him. How much would the salary of the preacher have amounted to in three years, seven months and thirteen days had he staid on instead of having a "call" within four weeks after leaving the trustee?

A dry goods clerk on a salary of fifteen dollars a week, and having a cash capital of \$1,000 in the bank, begins to court a girl. His intended father-in-law borrows of him at the rate of thirty-two dollars per week, and he saves seven dollars per week out of his salary. What will be the state of his finances at the end of one year?

**OF HIS MIND.**

There were five or six of us on the hotel veranda when a queer looking old fellow came up the steps and said his name was Thompson and that he was the village cooper. Then he explained:

"Gentlemen, I want to ask a question, and I hope you will answer me truthfully. I want to ask each one separately, so as to see if all agree or disagree."

Then he walked each one of us in turn down the veranda a few feet and whispering inquired:

"Do you believe that any such man as General Washington actually lived and was the father of his country?"

"Why, certainly."

"You can't possibly be mistaken about it?"

"Of course not."

"Willing to bet your life?"

"Yes, sir."

When he had finished with the last man he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to have troubled you, but for the last thirty-five years I've argued and contended that there was no such man. This morning I determined to get the settled thing off my mind one way or another. It is finally off. I believe there was such a man. You don't know what a relief I feel, and I will now go and get drunk and celebrate his birthday."

It was September, but he got drunk and whooped for the 23d of February, Thanksgiving, Christmas and Fourth of July all rolled into one and was in the lockup that evening when he left town.

**Sally Was Consoled.**

After I had bunked down on the floor of the squatters' cabin and had been given about a quarter of an hour to go to sleep, I heard the woman ask her husband across the fireplace:

"Jim, when he un gits up in the mawnin will him ask fur soap?"

"Of co'se not," replied the man.

"Fur towels?"

"No."

"Won't he un ask fur whisky?"

"No."

"Nor a comb fur him's ha'r?"

"No."

"Reckon he un will look fur coffee and sters?"

"Of co'se not."

"Nor fur sugar or butter?"

"No."

"Reckon he un will eat pone and bacon and say nuthin?"

"Sartin."

"Jim, I wish we had towels and soap and brush and comb fur he un," she continued after a bit.

"Sally, you purty nigh blind, I reckon!" he exclaimed in reply. "Can't you see he's a gentleman, and don't yo' own sense figger it out that no gentleman ever use sich truck when he kin possibly doer it!"

M. QUAD.

**Afraid of the Shoek.**

In the meadows far beyond the suburbs of the town the frogs croaked. Some boys were pounding them on the head with clubs and they croaked because they couldn't live any longer.

In the hot city all work on public contracts had ceased—it being after 4 o'clock. A man with a ladder was creeping along the thoroughfare like a guilty thing, surreptitiously lighting a few street lamps.

The car which had just turned the corner was crowded to suffocation. Thrice had the off horse fallen from his nose in the effort to effect transit on some sort.

Inside, the only man who remained sitting wore no necktie and otherwise evinced a disposition to ignore the rights of humanity at large.

"Will you give some lady your seat?"

The conductor was talking brusquely to the man with no necktie.

"No," was the unequivocal reply.

"Why not?"

The man without a tie snorted savagely.

"Because," he growled, "the doctor says I must studiously avoid a sudden shock."

The conductor betrayed his impatience.

"Well, now, where's the sudden shock in giving a lady your seat?" he hotly demanded.

"She might thank me."

There were not more than two or three within hearing distance who failed to appreciate the point.—Detroit Free Press.

**High Tariff.**

An exchange tells a story of a little girl who has a regular weekly allowance, which her mother uses rather ingeniously as a means of correction. For every little naughtiness the culprit is fined—in other words, her allowance is diminished.

The other morning Miss Isabel was in a peculiarly contrary mood. She did something out of the way and was fined a cent. In a few minutes she erred again, and a second fine was imposed. For the third time the offense was committed.

"Now, Isabel," said the mother, "I shall fine you two cents this time, and if you disobey again I shall make it four cents."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Isabel, "I think this is a pretty expensive place to live in."

—Youth's Companion.

**Why He Bought No Stamps.**

"Mr. Scribble," said the old millionaire.

"Yes, sir," answered his private secretary.

"Here are 150 begging letters received yesterday."

"Yes, sir."

"And you will observe that every one has a two cent stamp inclosed for a reply."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, answer them all evasively on postal cards and encourage them to write again."

—Texas Siftings.

**Successful.**  
"Did Miss Barrows sing 'The Lullaby' well?"

"Beautifully. Why, I fell out of my chair into the aisle, nearly dead with sleep, before she was half through."—Harper's Bazar.

**SAVED BY A TREE.**

**AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA WITH A STRANGLER.**

The Mysterious Murders That Took Place Near Hyderabad and How the Murderer Was at Last Discovered—He Makes a Full Confession.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]  
Three years after the Sepoy rebellion had been put down in India, and with the country under such military and legal discipline as it had never known before, I was at Hyderabad, a large town 500 miles east of Bombay, in the province of Dekkan. It was there that a band of professional thugs, numbering thirty-two men, was captured and executed in 1860. The vigorous search after and prompt punishment of criminals was having a due effect, and not a case of poisoning or strangling had been known about Hyderabad for several months. In fact these two classes of murderers were supposed to have become extinct in that province. One morning a riot, or farmer, was found dead on the public square, and it was speedily discovered that he had been choked to death. The imprints proved it to be the work of a strangler. The thug used a cowl while the strangler used his fingers. His marks could not be mistaken. He brought his thumbs together on the "Adam's apple," while the ends of the fingers got their purchase just below the victim's ears or hair. The "mark" was always plain to be seen on the neck. Now and then a victim was attacked from behind. In such cases the strangler's thumbs were brought together on the back of the neck, and his fingers were locked together over the "apple."

Several suspects were arrested, but nothing came of it. About twenty days after the first case a woman was found dead within three blocks of the public square, and she had also fallen a victim to the strangler. Not only had she been choked to death, but her neck was broken. The police were again aroused, and bodies of cavalry scoured the country and brought in dozens of suspicious characters, but as in the other case nothing could be proved and all had to be released. At the investigation almost every suspect made the same reply, as follows:

"I am, sahib, I am ashamed to admit that I am not guilty of this crime. We are all longer men, but slaves. I no longer have courage, but am a coward and dare not lift my hand."

Ten days later the strangler counted his third victim, and this time it was a European. Only at rare intervals before the mutiny had a European fallen a victim to the professionals of any class. It seemed to be an understood thing with all not to meddle with them in any manner. The victim in this case was a clerk in the civil service department attached to the tax collector's office. He had been ill for a week or two, and was occupying a room in a bungalow in the heart of the town. Ten or a dozen clerks kept "bachelors' hall" together, and there were half a dozen native servants to take care of the place. This clerk, whose name was Adams, had a native man for a nurse, but was almost convalescent. One night at 10 o'clock he sent his nurse with a note to a bungalow half a mile distant. The nurse was absent about three-quarters of an hour, and upon his return he found Adams dead. There was no question about his having been the victim of a professional, and probably of the same fiend who had strangled the other two.

The police and the military now quite lost their heads. During the following week there were about 700 arrests, some of them being made 200 miles away. Nothing like detective work was attempted, and as a consequence every suspect had to be discharged for want of any evidence against him. The authorities seemed to go on the idea that if a sufficient number of people were arrested the guilty party would somehow betray himself. Strong efforts were made in three or four cases to convict on shady testimony, but after a few weeks every person who had been arrested was set at liberty. Being new to the country, and having taken a great interest in the work of exterminating the "professionals," I asked for information on every hand. One day, in conversing with a Major Burke on the subject, he explained:

"In my time I have inspected the hands of at least a score of stranglers. Their strength lies mostly in wrist and fingers. Before graduating as professionals they practice on dummies and resort to certain gymnastics to strengthen the parts I have named. This man now among us is certainly a professional. If arrested you will find his thumb flattened on the ball. If I were a detective I should go about looking at thumbs. In most instances the victim leaves scratches or cuts on the hands of the assassin, which would further help to identify him in case of suspicion."

From that time on I instinctively glanced at the hands of every native with whom I came in contact, but without the slightest hope of making any discovery of value. Five weeks after the murder of the clerk the strangler was heard from again. This time his victim was a sergeant of infantry, and he met his death on the highway between the town and the camp. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when he started for camp, and it was known that he was considerably under the influence of liquor. He was almost a giant in size and strength, and it was reasonable to conclude that he had made something of a struggle, even though half drunk and taken unawares. Indeed, when the surgeon came to look him over blood was found in his finger nails to prove that he had lacerated the hands of his murderer. This was a point to go on, but was not even considered by the authorities. They followed the course previously pursued and made several hundred arrests.

On the third day after the sergeant's death I had a bit of chain work to do on a piece of land two miles east of the town, and my helper was a native who had served in the department for a year. He was a middle-aged man, very slender, and his weight was not above 120 pounds. He had drifted into the town at the close of the war, and it was said of him that he came from the north and had been faithful to the English during the struggle. When not acting as a helper in the field he had the care of some horses belonging to the department. The only name that he was known by was Peter. When I sent him word that I wanted him he returned a reply that he was ill, but half an hour later he put in an appearance and explained that he was feeling better. We had reached the field and had fairly begun work when my attention was attracted to his hands. The backs of both were scratched and lacerated, though the wounds were half healed.

"It was the monkey at the stables who did it, sahib," he explained as he held up his hands for inspection; "I was teasing him and he got revenge. I will sell him if I can find a buyer."

I knew he had a monkey at the stables, and his explanation was perfectly satisfactory. The matter was forgotten in a moment, and it would never have occurred to me again but for what followed. It was a scorching hot day, and after an hour's work we sought the shade to rest. As I was lighting my pipe for a smoke Peter observed that he was very thirsty and would visit a spring he knew of about a quarter of a mile away. The field on which we were working had once been cleared, but was now pretty well grown over with bushes and small trees. He disappeared at my back, and I gave him no further thought for many minutes. I had out my book and was making some field notes when all of a sudden it struck me that Peter had a peculiar look as he explained how he had received the wounds on his hands. I remembered that his face had been and that there was a cruel glitter in his eyes. "Things of this sort never strike one at the moment, but are vivid when recalled. When I remembered his looks I wondered that he had not killed the monkey for attacking him, and I reflected that the man must have a hot temper when aroused. I do not suppose I devoted over five minutes to this train of thought. As time passed by I forgot my surroundings while busy with the pencil. Peter had been gone about thirty minutes, as I afterward figured up, when I was suddenly clutched by the throat. I was leaning back against a tree hardly larger than a man's arm, and was reclining to the left. My eyes caught no glimpse of anything, nor had my ears detected the slightest sound to put me on my guard.

The first sensation was exactly like that of falling. I remember a roaring in my ears and fireworks dancing before my eyes, and I was perfectly conscious that my throat was in the clutch of human fingers. What saved me was the tree and the position in which I sat. I did not realize that I struggled to break the clutch, but I did put forth a mighty effort. My right shoulder and arm were a lever against the strangler's right wrist, and as I heaved I broke his clutch and leaped to my feet. He was Peter, as you have suspected. He had only gone a few rods away and then turned and crept back on me like a serpent. His route was through bushes and vines, but when I came to go over it I could not find that he had broken a twig. My springing up threw him down, but he was on his feet like a cat, and with a cry like that of an enraged beast he sprang for my throat again. His eyes were fairly blazing, his face distorted with passion, and I realized in an instant that it was his life or mine.

Under the new laws no native was allowed to carry a deadly weapon. If one was found provided with knife or pistol he was sent to prison. On the other hand all Europeans went armed. I had a revolver buckled around me, and if Peter had not been so sure of strangling me he could have secured the weapon as he crept up behind me. He sprang upon me like a wildcat, seeking my throat at every clutch, and we grappled and rolled over and over on the ground. He made a dash for my throat with his right hand as we rolled about, and I caught the ends of his first two fingers in my teeth and bit to the bone. That one bite gave me the victory. Still gripping his fingers, I struggled to my knees, reached for my revolver, and I had the muzzle against his body when the thought flashed across my mind that he was the professional strangler wanted by the police. Up to that instant I had not thought as to why he attacked me. When I dropped his fingers and covered him with the revolver he made no further resistance. The native of India, like the Arab, believes in fate.

"Sahib, you have won," he said as I stood over him. "It was to be, and so it is. Do as you will with me."

"Peter, why should you seek my life?" I asked, even yet half hoping there might be some mistake about it.

"Why did I strangle the others, sahib? A voice commanded me, and I obeyed."

"Good heavens! but you are not the murderer of the farmer, the clerk and the soldier—you have been considered so faithful to the English!"

"Even so, sahib. It was to be, and so it is. Take me to the police and I will admit everything and die like a man."

I drove him before me until we encountered a troop of cavalry which had been scouring the country for suspects, and which was then returning to town with no less than twenty-six prisoners. Had Peter denied his admissions to me nothing could have been proved, and he might have been punished for assault. But he felt that fate had delivered him into the hands of his enemies, and he was willing to help convict himself. He gave the particulars of each murder with such detail that no doubt could exist. It was the sergeant who had lacerated his hands. He was keeping shady while he waited for them to heal. He would not have accompanied me that day but for the fear that he might be suspected, though as a matter of fact he would have been among the very last to fall under the ban.

"I had no thought of strangling you when we started out," he said to me after his trial. "It was only after you had noticed my hands. While you appeared in different, I was afraid that you suspected. I could have snatched away your pistol and shot you dead, or I could have beaten you to death with a club, but my creed would not permit. I must either strangle you or let you live on. Had I been successful I should have made my way north as fast as possible."

He did not hesitate to tell the police that he was a professional strangler, and it was with considerable pride that he exhibited his flattened thumbs and illustrated the manner in which the deadly clutch was made. He had been a professional for upward of twenty years. He spent one whole day making out a list of dates, localities and victims, and the number of murders was appalling. The figures ran up to forty-two or forty-three, and there were seven Europeans among them. He begged no one's forgiveness—had no apologies to offer. He told me very plainly that he was sorry he had not succeeded with me, as he believed he could have safely escaped and lived to gather in ten or twelve more victims. He had "marked down" six different Europeans in the town, and but for the interference of fate would have strangled them at intervals of about four weeks.

Peter went to the gallows with the utmost indifference. He did not even betray the anxiety of a man walking about the street. He was, I believe, the last professional strangler executed in that province, although his class flourished elsewhere and were picked up one by one for many years after.

**RUN DOWN BY BLOODHOUNDS.**

The Story of a Fugitive Who Was Run to the Death.

In the gray of morning, as people began to move inside the stockade, an alarm was raised that a prisoner had escaped. A prisoner meant a state convict—a man overworked, underfed and treated worse than a decent man treats his dog. Life in state prison is one and luxury com-

pared with life in a convict camp. Men go out of prison to reform and hold up their heads again among their fellow men. Men leave a convict camp wrecked in body and soul—degraded until they abhor themselves.

"Who is it?"

"Big Jack Long."

"Get out the dogs!"

"Ah, now, we are to see a man hunt with bloodhounds! Man often hunts down man, but there is no fierceness in the pursuit, no longing for blood, no wild run across rough fields and through thick forest. Here the fugitive not only seeks liberty, but flies for his life.

Big Jack Long, who had been whipped only the day before—who had been worked like an ox when well and treated worse than a brute when ill—who had years yet to serve and had nothing to hope for—had slipped his chains during the night and found a way over the stockade. Two or three of the guards said they had expected something of the kind for several weeks, two or three others hoped he had got far enough away to give the dogs a good run and arouse their savage ire.

One—three—five of them—read bloodhounds, which have tracked down many a fugitive and wet their lips with his blood and torn his quivering flesh with their sharp fangs! They know what is wanted! As they are led out they tug and strain and go wild with excitement. A guard brings out the blanket from the rude bed on which Big Jack has slept so long, and the dogs tear it to pieces in their growing impatience. They have completed three-quarters of a circle around the stockade when they suddenly strike the sentry. There is no holding them now. Their impatience has turned to fury.

The convict took that bloodhounds would take up his trail. He knew the wonderful keenness of their scent, the appalling persistency with which they would follow on, their mad eagerness to mistake and pull him down. His flight was a hope born of despair. He ran straight away for half a mile. Then he doubled back and crossed his trail, bent to the right, bent to the left, zigzagged like a serpent making its progress. He forced his way through thickets, he sped swiftly through the pine woods, he crossed clearings and leaped ravines and clambered up rocky hillsides. Once he found a running brook and cried, "Thank God!" as he stepped into the shallow water and felt that his trail was hidden at last. But after a journey of a few rods the creek lost itself amid such a tangle of vines and bushes and drift that he had to clamber out again. He ran on and on, taking but little heed of his route, but feeling that each yard carried him nearer to liberty. He was miles away and still pushing ahead when the east grew red with the glory of the coming sunrise.

"Out out out!"

Big Jack Long stopped dead in his tracks. Had the mournful tones of a funeral bell come down to his ears on the morning air he would have been astonished. Now he was appalled. The dogs had been let loose on his trail. The bloodhound bays only when he has lost the scent for a moment or when he sights his quarry. Big Jack had staggered through a swamp scarce heeding where his exhausted limbs were taking him, and the dogs were at fault for a moment. Did you ever see a bloodhound trailing a man? His eyes do not look for foot-prints; his nose is not seeking the scent on the earth. The scent rises to him, even though the trail be a day old. He runs through it as if it were a mist. No matter who has followed over that trail or how often it has been crossed he cannot be confused. Should the fugitive double back the dog will run both trails at the same time. Should he circle the dog will cross the circle and pick up the scent on the far side. Nothing but water can baffle him, and there must be miles of it to make him give over the hunt.

"Out out out!"

The sounds have a note of triumph in them. The dogs have found the scent again. Big Jack can escape the fury of the beasts by climbing a tree. After the dogs the hunters, after the hunters the stockade—a beating—further degradations. Good! He draws himself up and his eyes flash defiance. He is going to fight for his life. No! He is going to die fighting! Better to die at once than week by week and month by month. Better to die with a weapon in his hands than with clanking chains on his limbs. He breaks a stout limb from a tree and sits down to recover his breath and summon up all his courage. The morning sunshine is pouring into the forest. The joyous notes of the birds reach his ears from every direction, and as his eyes gleam and his lips compress a ground squirrel playfully approaches and retreats as if challenging him to nirth.

Down there in the underbrush something moves! There is a rustling and crashing—the dogs are here! As they cry out in chorus at sight of him he stands up and takes a firm grip of his club. Of what use that a mighty blow stretches one breast dead at his feet? That another breaks bones and another leaves him but two enemies to conquer? He is weak and exhausted, and two are enough to pull him down. When the man hunters ride up the dogs have done their work and he panting with their red tongues touching the earth, Big Jack Long has made good his escape from the horrors of a convict camp. Then, he is lying dead among the fields who have run him down.

**To Be a Cigarette Smoker.**

To be a cigarette smoker one must have graceful, delicate hands; they are indispensable to roll cigarettes, as well as to play the harp. The portion of the cigarette that touches the smoker's lips is never damp. He does not cough nor spit, and may live in a drawing room where the carpet is of white velvet and never let a grain of ashes fall. He replies instantly to every question; only cigar and pipe smokers de-lay dialogues to draw another puff. The smoke does not soil his pink finger nails. Evidently more marvelous gifts are requisite to form a cigarette smoker than a leader of men. It is easier to make of time money, and all the accessories of money, than to make of it a perpetual attempt to satisfy an insatiable craving. It is better to be useful than to sacrifice one's life to a cruel and useless desire. That is why there are no more cigarette smokers in New York.—New York Times.

**Her First Pair.**

She knew it all. Of course she did. She was about of that age when they always do. She was pert and pretty, but she didn't wear suspenders. However, she knew she ought to. First, why she sailed into the store so grandly. The poor innocent, ignorant clerk was utterly overcome by her tremendous superiority. He simply did not know anything except how terribly inferior he was to this prodigy of superexcellence.

"Have you suspenders here," she said with an air of if-you-haven't-you'd-better-have.

The clerk could only nod in affirmation.

"Well," she continued, "I want a set."

Then the clerk's bunched wide open.—The Profit Press.