

BELLIGERENT SCHOOLMASTER And the BELLIPOSE EDITOR.

In a part of the country where the teacher is still credited with vast mental range and encyclopedic knowledge...

Now, in the same region in which this schoolmaster held sway lived a gentleman who undertook to supply the community with the local news...

Naturally Mr. Harris, the editor, was a man in high consideration; no political or social function was complete without him.

It so happened that he learned Mr. Hill had an assistant a harmless grudge who, as is the way of some foolish schoolmasters, set his boys to write compositions, met his long and Mr. Harris, as belittled a puny-spirited editor, offered a prize for the best composition on a matter of public interest.

As a result of the foregoing, the results of their labors were handed to the editor, and the editor awarded a prize—a year's subscription to the Washachie News.

When the paper was well past the noon hour and of slight amount a carriage in the road, Mr. Hill dashed about all day, and returned slowly.

know—and Miss Carry-May would know of it, too. Harris would certainly tell her if nobody else did. It was intolerable.

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Harris, looking toward "but be brief; I am in something of a hurry."

"I don't see the use of that," said Mr. Harris.

"Not now or here," said Mr. Harris, coolly. "I am no street brawler, I am, as you are aware, a justice of the peace, and I do not propose to get myself hauled before the mayor—even to oblige you. I shall be more than pleased to meet you at some more convenient season. In some retired spot outside the town limits. At present I am going to supper."

"I told you," said he to Hill angrily, "that I was going to supper, and he returned his walk. This time Hill, after standing like a lost man and gazing after Harris for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite direction. He walked slowly, slinging his arms.

The best designed flying machines were the pterodactyls, the huge flying reptiles of the Cretaceous period, which had wings 2-10 meters long, but smaller bodies and bones much lighter than those of the birds of today.

The flying frog is found in Borneo. He uses an expansive membrane on each of his feet in sailing from tree to tree. The veins enable him to do this in the same way as the wings of our modern flying machines.

With all possible speed he made his way to the schoolmaster's dwelling and rang the bell with a jangle that alarmed the quiet household in which Mr. Hill was a boarder.

"Sir, I have been waiting for you to name a time and place for the encounter you were so kind as to suggest to me the other day. You have sent me no word. May I venture to offer a suggestion in my turn? It is to be at Dead Man's Hollow at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Kindly bring your gun."

"This note was delivered to Mr. Hill in his schoolroom, and produced a curious effect. Mr. Hill had been in a villainously bad humor. Now he twisted ecstatically in his chair as he read, his face spread into a wonderful grin.

All the rest of the day he was notably preoccupied and fidgety, and several times the pupils heard him chuckle to himself. About half past 4, having at that time dismissed the last scholars, Mr. Hill, from the window of his schoolroom, saw Mr. Harris walking in the direction of Dead Man's Hollow, which, by the way, was a hollow spot in the pines, and the report of some of a murder. The editor was accompanied by the same gentleman who had been his companion at the time of the street encounter. The two men walked rapidly, and Harris gave an expression of much astonishment.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A DRILLIANT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DAVID JAMES GURRELL, D. D., LL. D.

Subject: The Wireless Message of God—A Man Who Would Reach the World.

New York City.—The Wireless Message of God was the subject of the sermon preached by Rev. David James Gurrell, D. D., LL. D., in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday.

And at this point, again, we discover why Christ is so often rejected as the incarnate Word. There are multitudes who regard Him as a chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely, but there are many others who see in Him nothing but "a root out of a dry ground, who hath no form nor comeliness that they should receive him."

A great principle is here laid down which governs in the universal realm of truth. It is the principle of mutual adjustment. If you strike a tuning fork which is keyed to middle C it will awaken a response in another fork keyed to the same pitch, but not otherwise.

At his room he found a note in a strange, wild handwriting. Dear Harris—we are both of us excited. I ain't going to fight for the soul alive—especially not one that I spoke for already.

The system of wireless telegraphy which is justly credited to Marconi is not an invention of his, but a process which has been going on perpetually in space. The sun is a tremendous incandescent sphere of glowing gas, and constantly sending out messages of light.

There are many voices, and they are all voices of God. Let us begin with the voice of the universe. Let us begin with the voice of the human mind.

The most remarkable thing on record has been the flight of a Hamburg named Walter. It was that when the schoolmaster met Miss Carry-May the young woman, instead of answering his grins and compliments with smiles as she had been used to do, was apt now to turn her head and giggle, and when the wretched Hill tried to explain she giggled more than ever.

When this happened the learned Mr. Hill had an assistant a harmless grudge who, as is the way of some foolish schoolmasters, set his boys to write compositions, met his long and Mr. Harris, as belittled a puny-spirited editor, offered a prize for the best composition on a matter of public interest.

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BILL ARP'S LETTER

Sage of Bartow, Conveys, cent. Writes interestingly.

TALKS OF YOUTHFUL JOYS

Gentle Spring continues to fill and Foot With Old Man Winter, and the Present Day Compared.

It is now many weeks since the good St. Valentine told the birds to mate and the girls and boys to go wooing. St. Patrick has been out and shook his shoulard at the snakes, but still feeling spring keeps on stirring and feeling with old man winter and makes him believe he is in love with him.

There are some who are so much in love with the idea of matrimony that they will marry a man who is as good as dead, or a woman who is as good as a ghost.

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SCISSORS GRINDERS.

Some from the Austrian Tyrol, Some From Italy—How to Distinguish Them.

Speaking generally, the scissor grinders with machines which they trundle ahead of them like a wheelbarrow, come from the Austrian Tyrol, while those with machines carried on their backs come from Italy, and it may be from as far south as Naples.

The back machine men have been here longer. The trundle machine men did not begin coming in numbers until 20 years ago or less. But there are now here many of each, and they are scattered all over the country.

The back machines are all substantially alike, of the trundle machines, while they do have some general resemblance, there are scarcely two just alike. In Austria there are places where these machines are made. They cost there \$12 or 15, and made of hardwood, they last for many years.

But many of the grinders make their own machines, embodying their own ideas of what would be most convenient or desirable in use, or what might suit their fancy.

Under this last head might be classed the cranks seen on some of the machines, connecting the treadle with the shaft of the driving wheel. Some of these, instead of being curved, like an ordinary crank, are curved, or crescent-shaped, or so much curved that they make all but a circle, which play round and round curving when the machine is worked.

Now the general purpose cow is a cross or type intermediate between the beef and dairy type. This animal, strictly speaking, is the product of the outcome of chance or accident. She has been bred for a dual purpose and she comes up to anticipations she is a good milker and a good beef producer.

Interlocked Deer Horns. Interlocked deer horns, from the heads of two big bucks that fought to the death on the banks of McGinn creek, are on exhibition in the show window of Doyle & LaLonde's shoe store.

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