

THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

VOL. IV.

DARLINGTON, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1894.

NO. 37.

LIFE IS NOT LONG.

Dear heart, life is not long:
Say thou thy word and sing thy sweetest
song!
Ere the dim night shall close,
Drink thou the light and pluck the love-
liest rose;
And dream not of the sorrow and the
wrong:
Dear heart, life is not long!
Dear heart, life is not long;
And think the thorns where all the roses
throng!
Ere the rose-day be past,
Be thou a garden where shall bloom the
last;
Pray thou thy prayer, still sing thy sweet-
est song—
Dear heart, life is not long:
In a Station in Atlanta Constitution.

The Anarchist Conspiracy.

In his office at New Scotland Yard sat Inspector Murphy, chief of the "specials" told off to keep watch over the anarchists. He was engaged in the perusal of a large official-looking document, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two of his principal subordinates, Detective-Sergeants Mulligan and Magee. They had come to inquire if he had any orders to give them before they left the "Yard" for the night.

"Ah, boys," said the inspector, looking up, "I was just going to send for you."

"More work, sir?" said Mulligan.

"Aye, and hot work, too," answered the inspector with a significant shake of his head. "I have just received word from the French police that Lucien Miasme, Louis Roche and Jean Lerat, who disappeared from Paris some weeks ago, are reported to be in London."

"Miasme, Roche and Lerat," repeated Mulligan, thoughtfully. "They are the fellows who were tried for that Notre Dame affair, aren't they?"

"Yes, and who should have been hanged for it, and repudiated the inspector. I was in Paris at the time, and attended the trial. There was no doubt but they were guilty—they themselves hardly denied it—but the case was mismanaged, and the jury was scared for their own skins, and the end of it was that three most villainous murderers were let loose on society again."

"It was a big business, that Notre Dame explosion," said Magee.

"Faith big enough for anything. The church was full of people—women and children chiefly—and scores of them were killed or injured. One family—the Comte de la Targe and his wife and two daughters—who were sitting just where the bomb exploded, were simply wiped out. I believe, at this moment, the only representative of the de la Targe family existing is the son, who at the time of the outrage, and now, too, for all I know, was serving with his regiment in Siam."

"If that son ever meets Miasme, Roche and Lerat there'll be trouble I expect," was Mulligan's comment.

"Yes, it was reported in the French papers that when he heard of the result of the trial he swore he would have the blood of his mother's murderers yet. I dare say, however, he soon cooled down. At any rate, he has made no move, and as long as he has money and a bomb manufactory we shall have plenty of outrages."

"That's quite true," said Inspector Murphy. "The pressing question then is, how can we trap La Revanche?"

"I was thinking," said Mulligan, "that when we're fortunate enough to trace Miasme and Lerat, we should not arrest them—only shadow them. La Revanche must meet them some time or other, and when he does we could shadow him until we discover where his bomb factory is, then we might catch the lot."

"A sensible plan," answered the inspector. "But, no doubt, Miasme and Lerat meet others than La Revanche. How could you tell which was which?"

"Well, probably, they don't meet many gentlemen—French or otherwise," argued Mulligan, "so we should shadow all the well-dressed people they speak to or have dealings with. At any rate, that seems to me the only chance of catching La Revanche."

The inspector lay back in his chair and reflected. While he was doing so, a messenger entered the room and handed him a telegram. He tore the envelope and glanced at the message. Then he whistled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "they are going it. Just listen!"

Portsmouth, 11:20 p. m. Explosion in harbor. No injury to person or property. No trace of perpetrator of outrage. Send officer to investigate.

"What do you think of that?"

"Looks like another bungle," said Mulligan, quietly.

"Faith it does," answered the inspector, "but it may put us on the track of the rascals. Mulligan, start you by the first train and make searching inquiries."

Mulligan did start by the first train and did make searching inquiries. These inquiries resulted in a pretty certain opinion that, as he said when the telegram was received, there had been another bungle. He discovered that at Southsea a foreigner on the night of the explosion had hired a small rowing boat and that that boat had not been returned. He discovered further that fragments of a rowing boat similar to the one hired had been picked up outside Portsmouth harbor. On showing to the owner of the missing boat the photographs of Miasme and Lerat, that person, after

Detective-Sergeant Mulligan struck a light and examined the dead man's face.

"The chief hero of the Notre Dame explosion has exploded himself; the Lord be praised!"

Subsequent investigation confirmed the detective's theory. They left no doubt that the man killed that night was the redoubtable anarchist, Louis Roche, and that he had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb he was carrying while on his way to commit some diabolical outrage. What the outrage intended was and how he became possessed of the bomb—which, from the fragments discovered about the scene of the explosion experts pronounced to be of excellent workmanship—were not known for some days. At length, however, another communication was received from the French police, which threw light on both these points and on many others besides.

From the communication it appeared that among anarchists in Paris it was said that the outrage intended was nothing less than the blowing up of the houses of parliament, or, at any rate, of the Clock Tower. The bomb had been prepared by a person passing among the anarchists under the name—assumed, no doubt—of La Revanche. This person was reported to be a man of some wealth, and at the same time a skilled chemist, and he was devoting both his talent and his money to the cause of anarchism. He appeared to be known personally to a few of the brethren—indeed, for purposes of safety, he mixed little with them, living in rooms in the West End of London, where he prepared his bombs, and meeting professed anarchists only from time to time in order to plan outrages and provide them with the means of carrying them out. Miasme, Lerat and the late Roche were his special intimates and his chosen instruments for effecting his malignant purposes—in fact, he had created some jealousy in anarchist circles by refusing to place confidence in any others than those.

The communication concluded by stating that the misadventure by which Louis Roche had lost his life had not in the slightest degree discouraged La Revanche and his associates, and that another attempt at outrage might be expected at any moment. According to the rumors circulating among the militant anarchists in Paris this would probably take the form of an explosion at Woolwich arsenal, or at some of the government dockyards.

On receiving this communication Inspector Murphy had another consultation with his subordinates.

"This," said Magee, when the inspector had stated the effect of the French police's communication, "is a new development in anarchism—the gentleman anarchist."

"Yes, and a very awkward one, too," replied Mulligan. "We know nothing about their haunts and their appearances—but we know nothing about this La Revanche, except that he is a gentleman and lives in the West End, and is probably a Frenchman. That's too vague to help us much. We can't shadow every French gentleman living in West London, and yet while he's free there will be no cessation of outrages. It's true he is said now to employ only Miasme and Lerat, but even if we catch them we will soon get other desperadoes to take their places. He carries the sinews of war, and as long as he has money and a bomb manufactory we shall have plenty of outrages."

"That's quite true," said Inspector Murphy. "The pressing question then is, how can we trap La Revanche?"

"I was thinking," said Mulligan, "that when we're fortunate enough to trace Miasme and Lerat, we should not arrest them—only shadow them. La Revanche must meet them some time or other, and when he does we could shadow him until we discover where his bomb factory is, then we might catch the lot."

"A sensible plan," answered the inspector. "But, no doubt, Miasme and Lerat meet others than La Revanche. How could you tell which was which?"

"Well, probably, they don't meet many gentlemen—French or otherwise," argued Mulligan, "so we should shadow all the well-dressed people they speak to or have dealings with. At any rate, that seems to me the only chance of catching La Revanche."

The inspector lay back in his chair and reflected. While he was doing so, a messenger entered the room and handed him a telegram. He tore the envelope and glanced at the message. Then he whistled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "they are going it. Just listen!"

Portsmouth, 11:20 p. m. Explosion in harbor. No injury to person or property. No trace of perpetrator of outrage. Send officer to investigate.

"What do you think of that?"

"Looks like another bungle," said Mulligan, quietly.

"Faith it does," answered the inspector, "but it may put us on the track of the rascals. Mulligan, start you by the first train and make searching inquiries."

Mulligan did start by the first train and did make searching inquiries. These inquiries resulted in a pretty certain opinion that, as he said when the telegram was received, there had been another bungle. He discovered that at Southsea a foreigner on the night of the explosion had hired a small rowing boat and that that boat had not been returned. He discovered further that fragments of a rowing boat similar to the one hired had been picked up outside Portsmouth harbor. On showing to the owner of the missing boat the photographs of Miasme and Lerat, that person, after

some hesitation, identified Miasme as the foreigner who hired the boat. From these facts Mulligan drew the conclusion that Miasme had made an attempt to blow up the dockyard or the shipping in Portsmouth harbor, and had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb. And this conclusion was shortly afterwards confirmed by advices from the French police. These were to the effect that among Paris anarchists it was stated that the dockyard was the object of attack, and that since the attempt was made Miasme had been dissatisfied. It was added that much dissatisfaction existed regarding La Revanche and his skill as a bomb maker, but that, as he alone among London anarchists possessed funds he still controlled, in spite of his successive failures, to maintain his position.

"And long may he," was Inspector Murphy's comment on reading this communication. "He's doing more to suppress both anarchism and the anarchists than all the police in Europe put together. The best thing that could happen would be for him to go on blowing up his friends until they were all in fragments, and then for him to blow up himself."

Inspector Murphy had not very long to wait. Some three weeks after this conversation he received word of an attempted outrage at Hampton Court. The inhabitants of the palace were awakened about midnight by a tremendous explosion. The guard turned out, and, after considerable trouble, discovered the dead body of a man in the gardens. Evidently he, like Roche and Miasme, had been "exploded" himself, as Inspector Murphy called it, when attempting to blow up Hampton Court. On the inspector examining the dead man, he had no difficulty in identifying him as the third of that terrible trio of desperadoes—Lerat. Every one of them had perished by the same means as they had used to murder the innocent congregation of Notre Dame.

The detectives were still engaged in investigating the circumstances connected with this explosion when Inspector Murphy received a mysterious note. It ran as follows:

All is discovered. Let La Revanche take care. He thinks he has escaped, having fled from London. But the arms of the brotherhood stretch far. Tell him—your agent provocateur—that he is now in a great danger as he is in Belgrave road. The avengers of blood are after him. He shall perish.

Signed, Anarchist.

"Hullo," cried Inspector Murphy, when he had read his note; "the third failure has been too much for them, and La Revanche is now to be blown up himself. More power to their elbow, I say."

"Belgrave road," said Mulligan; "that's where he hung out, apparently. Surely with such a straight tip as that we should be fools if we failed to lay hands on him."

"He has left it though," said Inspector Murphy. "I don't know whether we shouldn't let him and his friends settle matters between them. It's another case of treason!—tra-hison!—ah-son!—"

But the inspector was only joking, and half an hour later he and Mulligan were in Belgrave road searching for the lodgings of the missing M. La Revanche. They soon discovered them, too, though the name he had passed under with his landlady was not La Revanche, but Montagnard. The lady gave a very particular description of him, and stated that the cab which took him away and his luggage and what he had left behind demonstrated his identity with La Revanche. It consisted of several uncharged bombs, a large bottle of sulphuric acid, and the materials for compounding an explosive powder of great strength. Evidently he had left in a hurry.

To Mulligan was delegated the duty of tracing the missing man. The task was no easy one, and for more than a month his reports were not altogether satisfactory. He had traced La Revanche to Paris, but there for a long time he completely lost sight of him.

One morning, just after Inspector Murphy had reached his office at the "Yard," the door opened and in walked Detective-Sergeant Mulligan. Though entirely unexpected, he was received by his inspector without the slightest indication of surprise.

"Well, what's up now?" Murphy asked in his quietest manner.

"Oh, I've finished the job, sir," replied Mulligan.

"Found La Revanche?" asked Murphy.

Mulligan nodded his head.

"Had him arrested?" asked Murphy.

"Failed to establish his identity," asked Murphy, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, I had some trouble over that," replied Mulligan; "but in the end I admitted it himself."

"Admitted it himself!" cried the inspector. "And why did the French government refuse to arrest him?"

"Because he's the young Comte de la Targe whose father, mother and two sisters were murdered by Roche & Co. at the Notre Dame explosion. The inspector looked steadily at his subordinate for a moment; then he whistled to relieve his feelings.

"What are they going to do with him?" he then asked.

"Decorate him and send him back to his regiment in Siam," was the answer.—[London Truth.

"I saw a very curious thing today."

"What was it?"

"A woman driving a nail with a hammer instead of with the back of her best hair brush."

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Compensation—Floored—A Wife's Bright Idea—A Sympathetic Strike—The Parlor Military—Etc., Etc.

COMPENSATION.
Of dog days I do not complain,
The heat I do not mind;
I do not utter words profane,
And am to all resigned.

I try to be content and gay,
My temper I control,
And, oh, I chuckle at the way
They're frolics at the Pole! —Judge.

FLOORED.
"Yes," said the young man, "I believe the people are right when they say this summer has been the hottest ever known."

"Sho!" exclaimed the oldest inhabitant.

"Well, it's mighty hot, anyway," pursued the youth. "My collar wilted yesterday two minutes after I put it on."

"Sho!" said the oldest inhabitant. "I've seen it so hot that the collar wilted before you put it on at all." —[New York Press.

A WIFE'S BRIGHT IDEA.
"John," said the wife to the husband, who was struggling with business difficulties, "I think you would get along better if you could make people think you are doing well."

"Ah," exclaimed the husband, "but how can I make them think that?"

"Just you rig me out in fine clothes and everybody will think you are making a fortune." —[New York Press.

A SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.
"Children," said Mr. Chugwater, emphatically, "close that piano!"

"What's the matter, father?" inquired one of the two little girls in blue.

"The matter," he answered, locking the instrument and putting the key in his pocket, "is that the musicians of the city have been called out, and you're going to join that strike out of sympathy for the neighbors." —[Chicago Tribune.

THE PARLOR MILITARY.
She (petulantly)—I don't care if you are captain, you needn't devote all your time to drilling your company.

He—But, my dear, a captain is known by the company he keeps. —[Detroit Free Press.

A COMPLIMENT.
Jack—I am coming to the conclusion that I must be something of an idiot.

May—Dear me. Why?

Jack—I have noticed that the most idiotic fellows were and win the loveliest girls, and here I am, after winning the loveliest girl in the world.

May—Oh, Jack! (Ecstatic silence.) —[Truth.

INFALLIBLE EVIDENCE.
"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged in a work of profane history."

"Yes," replied the author's wife, "it certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs." —[Washington Star.

WHY HE DIDN'T WANT IT.
Jones—I say, old man, have you a dollar you don't want?

Smith—Yes, here it is. Take it.

Jones—Awfully good of you, old man. You are sure you don't want it?

Smith—Yes, absolutely sure. It's a counterfeit. —[Truth.

SOMETIMES AN ADVANTAGE.
"Isn't it a nuisance to have a treacherous memory?"

"Not always. Some days ago my wife told me not to forget to call a veterinary physician for her poodle or it would die. I forgot." —[Chicago Record.

A WEE CONNOISSEUR.
Auntie (finishing story)—And so Prince Goody-good married her and they lived happily ever afterwards.

Helen (thoughtfully)—Now tell us a true story, auntie. —[Judge.

UNACCOMMODATING.
Tramp—Will you give me a few cents?

Gent—I never give anything to beggars.

Tramp—You never give anything to beggars! Do you think I'm going to become a bloated bondholder just to accommodate you? If you do you are fooling yourself badly. —[Texas Siftings.

RAPIDITY.
"Are these colors fast?" she asked of the new clerk.

"Yes, indeed. You ought to see them when they once start to run." —[Washington Star.

RESULT OF THE FAMINE.
First Tramp—What's the matter with sleeping in the coal-yard tonight?

Second Tramp—You're a fine one to tell. They ain't bin no soft coal dere fer a week. —[Judge.

HE OVERDID IT.
The Man with the Big Valise.—How far is it to the Northwestern Railway Station?

The Cabman (with an eye to a profitable fare)—About two miles.

The Man with the Big Valise (consulting watch)—Pshaw! Then I won't be able to catch that train anyway. Guess I'll ride over in a street car and catch the next train after.—[Chicago Record.

FOR HARMONIOUS EFFECTS.

"Mamma is thinking of buying a dog."

"Really! What kind?"

"Oh, she's not particular as long as it matches the carpets." —[Boston Budget.

A LITTLE TWITTER.
"I am all at sea over this thing," he exclaimed, throwing his work aside, "and am thoroughly sick of it."

"Seasick?" she twittered softly, and it gave him courage to try again. —[Detroit Free Press.

FORCE OF HABIT.
First Reporter—The city editor doesn't seem to be able to get away from the habits he acquired while in the patent medicine business.

Second Reporter—No?

First Reporter—No; he's headed up by my description of the new penitentiary "A Cure for Felons." —[Buffalo Courier.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND."
The summer sun is firing
The woods and all the streams.
The pine tree is perspiring
And hot the hill-top gleams.

But the weather hath its pleasures
In the North and in the South;
For the hot sun strikes the melon
And it's melting in the mouth! —[Atlanta Constitution.

THE WRONG DESTINATION.
"Could this little poem get in tomorrow?"

"Don't know; waste-basket pretty full, but we'll try to make room for you!" —[Atlanta Constitution.

A MISLEADING SIGN.
The sign in this city said simply: "Umbrellas Recovered."

Old Wayback, when he was "seen" the sign, discovered that sign. He hesitated a moment and then went in. Said he:

"Say, I want yew to recover my umbrella."

"All right," replied the workman, "where is it?"

Old Wayback looked at him in astonishment and drewled out:

"Ef I knower that I'd recover her myself!" —[Printer's Ink.

MODEST.
Wool—There is one thing I like about a dog.

Van Pelt—What?

Wool—He may have a good pedigree, but he isn't forever talking about it.

OF NO EARTHLY INTEREST.
Professor—You do not appear to be much interested in the study of prehistoric man.

Miss Youngthing—Mercy, no! He's dead.

AN AGGRAVATED INSULT.
Young Wife (at telephone)—Is that the office of the telephone company? I want to talk with Cyrus Winterbottom. I'm his wife, and—

Telephone Girl—Number?

Young Wife—Number? I'm his first and only, you insulting creature! —[Chicago Tribune.

PACIFYING HIM.
"It is strange," exclaimed the irritable man, "that I can't get what I order to eat."

"What's the matter?" asked his wife.

"I ordered bluefish and the waiter brought me black bass."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't get angry. Perhaps the poor fellow is color blind." —[Washington Star.

MIGHT CONSIDER IT.
Visitor—Well, Tommy, do you think you ever will be President of the United States?

Tommy—Oh, I dunno. Mebbe I'll try for it after I git too old to be a pitcher. —[Indianapolis Journal.

NO HARM DONE.
Fond Mother—Why, Jane, you let the baby swallow that pin.

Jane—Yis, mum, but it was a safety pin. —[Truth.

SERVICEABLE.
"Don't you think this spring chicken is excellent?"

Boarder—Yes; I should think it would outwear even Russia leather. —[Chicago Inter Ocean.

iced Drinks and the Teeth.
While that awful drill went whizz-z-z, and the boss of the situation sardonically looked down, the speechless patient with the rubber dam under his teeth listened, between jumps, to the philosophical rumbblings of the ivory carver, and along about midnight recalled this much:

"Do you know that filings come out, neuralgia is developed and teeth generally are badly injured by the use of iced water, iced tea and iced beverages of any kind?"

Of course, the man in the chair cheerfully grunted out as intelligently as the other side to a dentist's argument always does, and the tooth carpenter went on:

"People will eat hot dishes and wash them down with iced drinks, and then wonder why their teeth can't stand such a terrific and sudden change of temperature. It's a marvel that the teeth do not crack completely with the alternate roasting and freezing. Filled teeth are extremely sensitive to such action, and neuralgia frequently results. But until doomsday the unhealthy ice mixing will keep up." —[Philadelphia Call.

The number of possible voters in 1890 was 27.05 per cent. of the population.

Medicine for Horses.

Few people understand how to administer medicine properly to a horse. Even when well the animal will instantly reject any food of an unpleasant taste, and when sick, and consequently irritable, the difficulty



is greatly increased. The medicine must be given quietly and skillfully, or the thrashing about of the animal in its efforts at resistance will do more harm than the good effected by the drug.

If the medicine is in a liquid form it may be administered by tying up the head of the horse as high as possible, putting up boards to prevent being struck by the fore feet, pouring the mixture from a bottle, and holding the head high until the horse is obliged to swallow.

The easiest method when the medicine is to be given as a paste, which is oftentimes necessitated from the decided distaste which the horse has for the drug, refusing to eat it with the food—is to mix the medicine with bran, making a sticky mass that can be rolled into a ball. This may be wrapped in a small piece of tissue paper, so as to keep it from the animal's tongue.

The person administering should bare the right arm and stand in front of the horse, a little to the right, and with the left hand take hold of the horse's tongue, draw it gently from the mouth, placing it on that part of the lower jaw that is bare of teeth. It is a good precaution to place the tongue between the molar teeth to prevent the horse closing his mouth and biting the arm. The right hand holding the ball is now inserted in the horse's mouth as shown in the accompanying cut, and the ball deposited at the root of the tongue. The right hand is then withdrawn, the tongue released, and a small handful of hay offered to the horse at once, the head being still held up. In the movement made to eat the hay he swallows the ball, and its course down the gullet may be seen by watching the side of the neck. —New York World.

AN ORANG-OUTANG'S NEST.
The nest of an orang-outang has been placed in the natural history museum at Berlin, by Professor E. Salenka, and Professor Mobius has discussed it in the Berlin academy. Professor Salenka removed the nest himself from a tree in Borneo. The nest, which was situated about thirty feet from the ground, in the crotch of a tree forty-five feet high and about one foot in diameter measured four and one-half feet long, and one to two and one-half feet wide, by about seven inches high. It is made of twenty to twenty-five branches locked and twined together, and is large enough for a fully grown orang to lie in it at full length, though this monkey probably always sleeps as it does in captivity, with legs drawn up and arms crossed over its body. The so-called nests of orangs are not skillfully built huts or closed shelters for new-born young, but simply sleeping-places, as many careful observers of these monkeys in Borneo have established. —New York Times.

THIS MOTHER CAN JUMP.
This mother is as fond of jumping as the grasshopper is, and nature has given her the power to take long leaps and to get over the ground faster than way that most animals do in running. She takes sometimes thirty feet at a jump, which is pretty rapid locomotion, you see.

The kangaroo, for I sup, so you know what animal is referred to, can walk, but it is an awkward walk at best. Apparently it would be better to hop when hopping is so much easier, and no doubt the kangaroo thinks so. The tail of the kangaroo is almost as good as a fifth leg to her. She rests upon it in walking or jumping and uses it as a weapon to strike animals that attack her.

The kangaroo is said to be a sociable animal. It lives in the woods, in herds. But the strangest thing about the mother kangaroo is the way she arranges her nursery. She does not construct a house in a cave or a hollow tree or in the ground. Nature has provided her with a soft, furry bag on the under side of her body. So she carries her babies around with her everywhere she goes. In this bag the babies stay until, at eight or nine months old, they have grown strong enough to hop out a little and eat some nice, fresh grass while the mother is getting her own dinner.

But even when it gets to be a pretty big child the baby kangaroo likes to creep back again sometimes to its cozy, warm nursery and take a nap. And while the babies are hopping about the mother is very watchful. At the slightest suspicion of danger she picks up her children, pops them into the bag, and off she hops with them to a safer place.

In Australia the giant kangaroos are hunted for food. They are very good to eat, and they often have occasion to hop as fast as they can to get out of the way of hunters who are determined to have a good dinner of kangaroo meat. Sometimes they are caught in nets. Indeed, they are all sorts of ways of catching them. —Detroit Free-Press.

His Apprehension.
First boy—You're 'fraid to fight that's what.

Second boy—No I ain't; bu fight you, my mother'll lick me.

How will she find it out, eh?

"She'll see the doctor goin' 't house." —Good News.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

When the "Kid" Turned.
The Dog—"I'll frighten the life out of that kid."

"Good gracious!"

"What'er matter, doggy?" —Lillo.

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM.