

A BRIDE FOR CASEY.

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CHAPTER II. 3 Continued.

"I knew it was all right from the first," she said; "but slippers are not comfortable for walking, and cabs are not really improper. When you ordered chocolate I realized how safe you were to champion luckless dandies; but when you did not tip the waiter I understood the whole thing. Poor fellow! He looked so surprised. We must go back some day and make it up to him. Only you ought to have told me at first, and we could have talked it over comfortably. Men are so foolish."

Sheer surprise kept me silent, and as she pushed back the lap-robe I got out and stood at the door of the brougham, trying to think of something effective to say that would not convey too much to the listening Perkins. As I stood there, the door of the next house opened and the steps were flooded with light. Three men emerged, with the complacently prosperous air of those who have dined slowly and well, and I felt as though I were dreaming as I recognized Starr and Ferguson, with Casey bringing up the rear. Also, I was unhappily conscious that they saw and knew me, although they passed us without a pause or glance.

"Do you live next to Mrs. Schuyler-Smythe," I managed to inquire, "and do you know Miss Mildred Schuyler-Smythe and her cousin Miss—?"

I paused, for Miss Nancy Welles' nose was pointed skyward and she stepped haughtily from her brougham as she replied:

"Oh, those impossible people! I believe I've heard my aunt mention them, but of course we don't know them."

They were all waiting for me around the corner, as I knew they would be, and I met the fire of questions as well as I could. Starr and Randy were in high spirits, but I thought Casey looked depressed, and once or twice he smothered a yawn.

"Well," said Randy, as we reached our rooms, "it's been a great night for all of us, eh, Casey?"

"Speak for yourself," he returned. "Maybe you enjoyed it; I didn't. I know what Mr. Schuyler-Smythe died of and how long he was sick; I know he never could take green turtle soup without indigestion and always would order it, and that he never liked caviare. I know that Mildred had chicken-pox when she was five and measles when she was six, and that she inherits her father's delicate digestion. Sometimes she has trouble with her liver."

"Shut up!" interrupted Starr, but Ferguson took up the thread of discourse.

"Old Casey was great," he said. "You should have seen him making himself solid with mother. Honestly, I didn't think he had it in him to be so diplomatic."

Casey grinned in rather a sickly manner.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Somebody had to talk to the old lady. You fellows hadn't time."

"She invited him to dinner Thursday," said Starr. "I think myself the thing is as good as settled already."

I felt much relieved to hear it, but as I was going to bed Casey came into my room and lingered there, talking about nothing in particular.

"Billy," he said finally, "I got a look at your friend of the fire as we looked the carriage to-night. She looked all right. Take me around to call, will you? You've done nothing for me so far, and you are in honor bound to help, you know."

I said nothing. At that moment I disliked Casey intensely.

"You know?" he repeated sharply, with a rising inflection.

"Yes," I said; "I know. It's silly business."

"Not at all," said Casey; "simply business."

I said something about wishing to be left in peace to sleep when I was sleepy.

"I expect you to do your part," said Casey. "I'm willing to make the sacrifice, but it's up to you to help when you can. Remember your career."

"Confound my career!"

"Certainly," said Casey. "Good night."

CHAPTER III.

I got a card to Mrs. Joseph Robinson's "At Home," and said nothing about it. One minute I decided to go, and the next I bitterly reflected that it would be better for me to keep out of the way of temptation. I had not yet, however, discovered the color of Miss Nancy Welles' eyes and felt I could not be satisfied until I had done so. This point settled, I should consider the incident closed.

So I went and it was indeed the beginning of the end.

Just about that time Casey developed an insistent personality that proved most annoying. He became curious as to my engagements and demanded detailed accounts of my movements every day. Then, too, he suddenly conceived an interest in my career and a desire for my society which might be flattering but were very inconvenient. Casey bought new clothes, and whenever I purchased a cravat he borrowed it before I had a chance to wear it. He wore a carnation in his buttonhole and the smile that won't come-off upon his lips. I had weakly consented to take him to call, and after that he went to Mrs. Joseph Robinson's whenever I did, as well as sometimes when I didn't.

And Nancy liked him. She said she found him charmingly original and awfully quaint and attractive, with his old-school gallantry. He was so different from the present-day young

men that Aunt Josephine delighted in him and had urged him to drop in informally whenever he felt inclined. In fact, Aunt Josephine quite yearned to mother the dear boy. I quote verbatim from Nancy.

I had never noticed any gallantry about Casey, old-school or otherwise, nor should I have described him as quaint. Moreover, my own status with Mrs. Robinson was so formal as to be almost frosty, and she showed no desire to enter into any relationship with me, however remote. In fact, Aunt Josephine's manner was distinctly inimical, and I raged hotly but impotently.

I mentioned the case to Starr one day.

"You're talking perfect rot," he said. "Casey is forever tagging after me; I can't lose him."

Ferguson corroborated this statement with certain amendments, and added:

"He is tame cat about the house at Mrs. Schuyler-Smythe's. She's perfectly daffy about him. I wonder—"

Starr and I wondered also, and we all became thoughtful.

"I consider," remarked Randy, at last, "that Casey is as good as engaged."

"So do I," agreed Starr.

So I felt immensely relieved, and thought I must have misjudged him. It is so easy to imagine things.

Starr walked down-town with me that afternoon, and it was evident that he was uneasy in his mind. When he told me he had read and admired my last magazine article I suspected he wanted me to do something for him, but when he added that I had not been paid enough I was sure of it.

I made a few tentative remarks regarding the political situation and other topics of general interest, but they were not well received and conversation languished.

"Billy," he began at last, "you're a good old sort, after all."

I thanked him and waited further developments.

"The fact is," he continued, "I'm in no end of a mess."

I immediately became apologetic.

"I'm awfully sorry, Starr, but I have not a picaque just now."

"Oh, it isn't money; it's Aunt Harriet."

"Who?"

"Aunt Harriet. I wish she had never been born, together with all my other numerous relations. In fact, I'm not at all sure they ever were born, and that's the trouble. I'm simply badgered to death about them."

I began to have a glimmering of light, and laughed unkindly.

"Well, Bertie, what about Aunt Harriet?"

"She is coming on for a visit; that's all."

"When?"

"Next week. I'm to dine with them the night she arrives, as surprise. She'll be surprised all right, won't she?"

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive,"

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I quoted maliciously, and then suggested to owning up to a case of mistaken identity.

"Mrs. Schuyler-Smythe would never receive an impostor," objected Starr, "and she's got to keep on receiving me. She thinks I'm somebody else, so I've got to be somebody else. Goodness knows I wish I were somebody else. Besides, you forget Casey."

I had forgotten momentarily, but I realized at once the difference it might make in his future. It seemed a pity that so eminently suitable a girl as Mildred should be withdrawn from Casey's radius of action. It narrowed competition, and that often produces disastrous results. Therefore I felt a budding interest in Aunt Harriet and a sympathy for Starr.

"You'll do what you can to help me out, Billy?"

I rashly pledged myself to do anything under the sun, and then hazarded a question:

"You really think Casey will win out?"

"Not a doubt of it."

It was delightful to hear the sincere conviction in Starr's voice, and I quite glowed with satisfaction.

"Well," I remarked, "old Casey is all right. Miss Mildred Schuyler-Smythe might live longer and do worse. And I hope they'll both be happy."

"Look here," said Starr, "you don't know what you're talking about. A girl like Mildred wouldn't look at Casey."

"Wouldn't she?"

"Certainly not. Sometimes you seem positively lacking in intelligence."

"Then—I was slightly bewildered—then whom is Casey going to marry?"

"Her cousin Julie, of course," said Starr, "and it is a most suitable thing. But Aunt Harriet may interfere, and it's up to us to do what we can. You want Casey safely married, don't you?"

I said I did, provided he got the right girl.

"Yes," said Starr; "that's it. So do I, and Julie is very suitable. But we've got to get busy before Aunt Harriet comes. Somehow I've taken a dislike to her."

"It is your guilty conscience," I suggested, but Starr was lost in thought and did not respond at once. Finally he spoke, as though simply following out his own train of thought and not with any reference to me.

"I've thought of garroting, and of kidnapping, and of all those things,

but somehow I can't seem to dispose of her. You see, she is Mildred's aunt, too."

"Then, Bertie, are you and Mildred cousins?"

"No. You see, it is a rather complicated business. Mildred's mother married twice; and the first one was named Schuyler. When she married Mr. Smythe she clung to the Schuyler also, as being more aristocratic, and joined them with a hyphen after No. 2 died—many years ago."

"Then Aunt Harriet—?"

"Is the sister of Mrs. Schuyler-Smythe's first husband and no real relation to Mildred, but she is 'Bertie's' mother's sister. See?"

"Don't," I begged. "It is altogether too complicated for me. Who is Julie?"

"Why, she is Julie Schuyler—niece of No. 1 and also niece of Aunt Harriet. She lives with the Schuyler-Smythes, and I wish she'd marry Casey."

Just then we both looked at our watches and simultaneously remembered important engagements. So we parted, but a little later, as I breathlessly ascended Mrs. Joseph Robinson's brownstone steps, I sighted Starr coming around the corner. Even as I entered one house, he touched the electric button next door, a curtain moved slightly, and I saw a glint of golden hair at Mrs. Schuyler-Smythe's window.

I found Nancy at the tea table, as I had expected, with Casey beside her, which I had not expected. I had left him luxuriously sprawled on the couch in our living-room.

Casey was fluently agreeable, and Nancy was responsive. I intended to be dignified and distantly disapproving, but fear I was merely sullen. I knew I sat and glowered like an angry boy, and the little imps of mischief that laughed at me through Nancy's eyes mocked unmercifully.

I shall always feel grateful to Aunt Josephine, although I am quite sure nothing was further from her thoughts than obliging me. Nevertheless, when she sailed impressively into the room, greeting Casey cordially and bestowing a slight nod on me, she did me an inestimable service. For Casey was obliged to go forward and respond politely, and while he was doing it Nancy turned and looked at me. As she looked the laughter faded from her eyes, and I saw the dawning of another light. It was something greatly longed for, yet not really expected, and I watched it incredulously, tremulous, excited, and doubting if it could indeed be true.

"Nancy," I whispered. "Nancy." She said nothing, and I bent closer, oblivious to everything.

"I thought you didn't care."

Red lips curved suddenly and dimples were in evidence.

"Men are so foolish," said Nancy Welles.

I will not dwell upon the days that followed—days when I was entirely too self-engrossed to remember Casey and his matrimonial prospects, or anything else. The world contained two people, and I was one of them—that was quite enough for me.

There were stolen interviews, long walks in the winter twilight, anxious consultations as to ways and means, and finally a decision. We spoke of it in whispers even to each other. It was a pity, for Nancy had always wanted twelve bridesmaids and a white satin train three yards long, but there seemed no other way to circumvent Aunt Josephine. It was to be the Little Church Around the Corner.

I admit to a creepy sensation about my spine when I allowed myself to think calmly. I had heard that love alone was not enough for the average woman, and how else was I to support a wife? But then I was not going to marry the average woman; I was going to marry Nancy, and that made all the difference in the world.

"At dusk," said Nancy, "because Aunt Josephine always takes a nap before dinner. It will be easiest then."

To be Continued.

Curfew Law.

The practical revival of the curfew law at Paragould, Ark., where it is now a fineable offense to be in the streets after midnight, reminds us that though its penalties have long since vanished the curfew bell may still be heard in England, and even in London. At Lincoln's Inn 9 o'clock each evening hears the ringing of the curfew from a bell which is said to have been brought from Cadiz at the time of its capture by Essex and Effingham in 1596. A list compiled in 1897 mentions the preservation of the custom in many towns, ranging from Carnarvon to Newport, Isle of Wight, and from Durham to Buckingham, where the bell is rung every day between September 29 and March 25. And Canterbury still rings the curfew from the cathedral, as Oxford rings it from Christ Church at 9 o'clock.—London Chronicle.

The Christmas Indel.

Miss Carey Thomas, the head of Bryn Mawr College, said at a dinner in Philadelphia that college girls chose better and also wealthier husbands than other girls.

Miss Carey Thomas, after instancing a number of Bryn Mawr girls whose marriages had been in every way ideal, told a story of the son of one of these Bryn Mawr girls.

"He came home a few days before Christmas," she said, "from a visit to his cousin."

"Mother," he cried, "do you know that Freddy is an infidel?"

"His mother laughed."

"An infidel? How an infidel, my son?" she asked.

"He doesn't believe in Santa Claus," she was shocked reply.—Washington Star.

Golf For Paupers.

In some English workhouses paupers have golf outfits given them and used of grounds for playing the game.—New York Press.

Poison from infected or rotten cheese is not so very rare. The German Government proved that some cheeses are deliciously ripened by ways too nasty to tell.

POPULAR SCIENCE

Cork oak is to have a thorough trial in the National forests. The bureau of plant industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has assigned two thousand one-year seedlings of cork oak, now at a nursery at Chico, Cal., to be used by the forest service for experimental planting.

An English inventor has devised a new speed meter for automobiles. Placed in front of the vehicle, the exact speed may be ascertained at any time either from the vehicle or from the road. An excess of speed limit is announced by a gong, which continues to sound until speed is reduced. For night driving excess speed is also indicated by the figures on the face of the instrument being illuminated.

Theodore Imback, of the State experiment station, has found a new use for abandoned mines. He has produced in them mushrooms of the best grade, his experiment showing the abandoned mine to be an ideal place for mushroom culture. He is producing mushrooms of the best quality in an abandoned mine near the State farm here, having plants that yield from one mine from \$8 to \$10 worth of mushrooms a day.—Baltimore Sun.

G. A. Campbell recently conducted some experiments to investigate the subject of telephone intelligibility. In his experiments, usually only detached syllables were employed, so as to give the listener no clue from the context. The syllables easy to interchange are right in about half the cases. Thus, while it is obvious that the telephone seriously distorts speech waves, nevertheless, even those consonants which nearly resemble each other are not sufficiently distorted to be indistinguishable.—Scientific American.

Ostriches lay the largest eggs of all birds now extant, according to a writer in the Scientific American, but the ostrich's egg would have appeared small beside that extinct Madagascar bird, the epyornis, which measured more than thirty inches in its smallest circumference. The smallest birds' eggs are those of the minute species of hummingbirds, which are smaller than the eggs of certain kinds of tropical beetles. But the cuckoo lays the relatively smallest egg. That is to say, while the jackdaw and the cuckoo are about equal in size, the former's egg is five or six times larger than the latter's. The fact that the cuckoo is wont to deposit its eggs in the nests of birds which are usually much smaller than itself doubtless accounts for this. The relatively largest egg is laid by the kiwi, a strange, wingless New Zealand bird. The egg is no less than five inches long, although the extreme length of the bird itself is only twenty-seven inches.

ONE MINUTE WIRELESS.

Uncle Sam's Trained Men Can Put Up Portable Station in That Time.

"There is no other country with a trained squad of men possessed of apparatus which can be taken from a wagon, set up and put in operation capable of sending a wireless message twenty-five miles and occupying one minute and eight seconds only from the time of command 'Halt, open station!' to the first buzz of the wireless wave producing spark," says Popular Mechanics.

"There is more to opening a wireless station than hauling the apparatus from the wagon. It means erecting a mast forty feet high, spreading for 150 feet each four stranded wires which perform the double purpose of holding up the mast and of serving another smaller set of insulated wire at the base of the mast for a 'ground' and connecting the instruments and the source of power.

"When the first portable wireless was made in this country a few years ago a sixty-foot mast was required, demanding a complicated system of guys, a troublesome ground and several hundred feet radius of clear space for the erection of the station. The writer well remembers seeing the first tests of erecting this mast at Fort Myer, Virginia, and thinking that a hostile force would have little trouble finding time to demolish such an outfit during the three-quarters of an hour it took to get it in working order."

What Shall We Do For Lobsters?

Approximately 20,000 people have supper in or near the Tenderloin each night. Next year, when newer Lobster Lairs are built, the number is expected to increase to 30,000. Several thousand pounds of lobster, and several thousand quarts of champagne (besides innumerable other things to eat and drink) are served by several thousand waiters every night. And in the morning there are several thousand empty pocketbooks and several thousand aching heads.

You have doubtless heard Mr. James J. Hill's shrewd epigram to the effect that it is not so much the high cost of living which ails the United States, as the cost of high living.

The cost of eating lobster must increase. The demand grows, but the supply diminishes. Millions of pounds of lobster are caught along our coasts each season, but the Government statistics show that, despite the work of various fish commissions, the available supply has shrunk more than fifty per cent. within the past three years. In short, starvation stares the Tenderloin directly in the double chin.—Everybody's Magazine.

Solving the High-Price Problem.

It seems that in the year 1200 eight cents a day was high wages for an expert artisan. We move to have the scale of prices of commodities reduced to the 1200 standard, with present wages left untouched.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There are 6300 electric lights on the Mauretania.

ALASKA—LAND OF VAST RICHES.

Benjamin B. Hampton, editor of Hampton's Magazine, considers the subject of "Who Shall Own Alaska—The Guggenheims or the People?" of so much importance that he himself has prepared an article on the subject for that periodical. A table of statistics shows Alaska's wealth to be anywhere from fifteen billion dollars to a trillion and a half.

"No man can estimate accurately the wealth of Alaska," says Mr. Hampton, "wealth that is to-day the property of the people of the United States, theirs just as surely as if they were stockholders in a corporation. Nearly one quarter of Alaska has not even been explored. An Alaskan said recently that the only two persons who really know anything about Alaska are the Almighty and Alfred H. Brooks. The latter is a member of the United States Geological Survey, and we have what he knows about Alaska."

"Mr. Brooks says that only twenty per cent. of Alaska has been surveyed at all. That is, only this much has been passed over even in reconnaissance surveys, which barely divide vast stretches according to their geological character. Survey in detail has covered less than one per cent. of the territory. This affords at least some basis for an estimate. What is known of that one per cent., added to what is known of a patch here and there, suggests the possibilities for the rest."

"There is sound reason to believe there is \$500,000,000 worth of placer gold in Alaska. There may be a hundred or a thousand times that amount."

"As for lode gold mining, there is practically only one deep gold mine being worked in Alaska, the Treadwell—the Rothschilds are said to control that—and it has produced so far \$30,000,000. There may be at least \$625,000,000 lode gold in Alaska."

"As for copper, this one item alone will some day make a big crop of Alaskan millionaires. The Government survey experts say, 'It is impossible to estimate the copper reserves.' Others say there is another Montana there, another Arizona."

In coal, the official Government figures can be definitely obtained. The coal areas known at this time aggregate 1238 square miles, three times the area of Pennsylvania's coal-bearing fields—and much of Alaska's coal equals or better Pennsylvania's in quality. In unreserved areas there are some fifty thousand square miles of coal-bearing lands. Mr. Brooks' lowest estimate of Alaska's coal reaches the stupendous total of 15,104,500,000 tons; and, he adds, it would be conservative to multiply this figure by ten, or even a hundred."

"There are thousands of tons of other minerals: silver, quicksilver, tin, lead, iron. There is also petroleum. There may be vast quantities of oil under large areas. Of silver, 1,817,000 ounces have been taken out. Iron abounds."

"One great source of wealth—sealing—has been exhausted already. The total of this single item reaches the amazing figure of \$125,000,000. The salmon industry produces a value of \$10,000,000 every year."

It is estimated that there are 17,000,000,000 feet of saw timber in Alaska; probably there is twice that much. There are agricultural and grazing lands that may some day support a population of ten million."

Where White People Originated.

Professor Gustav Retzius says the result of an anthropological investigation carried out in Sweden does not leave any possible doubt as to the Swedish nation being the fairest of all investigated nations, unless the inhabitants of Norway and Denmark might compete with the Swedes for that distinction.

From the inquiry the conclusion may be drawn that Sweden was inhabited by the purest population of the North European (Germanic or Teutonic) race branch to be found remaining in our time.

This result has served as a support for the theory that proclaimed Scandinavia and the region adjacent to the southern part of the Baltic as the original home of the Teutons (Germans), in opposition to the dogma, so long accepted as incontestable, of their—or rather the Aryans—having originated in Asia, the Indo-Germanic theory of the philologists.

A Statesman's Prophecy.

It is sixty-five years since the first telegraph line, built for commercial purposes, between Washington and Baltimore was opened. After the formal opening Professor Morse and his associates offered to sell the invention to the United States Government for \$100,000, but the price was considered too high. The Government had appropriated \$30,000 toward the construction of the Washington-Baltimore line, but after a short period of operation the Postmaster-General, to whom President Polk had referred the matter, wrote: "Although the invention is an agent vastly superior to any other devised by the genius of man, yet the operation between Washington and Baltimore has not satisfied me that under any rate of postage that can be adopted its revenues can be made to cover its expenditures."—Washington Star.

Hard Luck, But—

Two young women went to the matinee. They could not get seats together, but were told at the box office that each could have an end seat, centre aisle, in adjoining rows, and most likely somebody who came along and had a chair next to one of them would obligingly change seats. Near the close of the first act one of the young women timidly whispered to a heavy, middle-aged man at her side, who had been sitting stiffly and looking straight ahead:

"Are you buried, sir?"

The man turned one side of his face in his program and breathed: "Sh! Wife."—Everybody's Magazine.

SPIDERS.

Some Odd Facts About the Web Spinners and Their Habits.

(From the Saturday Review.)

The male of the well-known garden spider is a tiny creature, unfamiliar to the casual observer and very different from the female both in form and habits. Although in early life he can construct an exceedingly perfect snare, he seems to lose the art, or at any rate the ambition to exercise it, upon reaching maturity, and merely spins a few tangled threads, intended, no doubt, as a position of vantage from which to approach his lady love. His courtship is, as a rule, an ignominious affair. He is bullied, pushed out of the web and, not infrequently, trussed up and relegated to the larder by his physically superior spouse.

Zilla, a very common dusky colored spider which frequents stone walls and fences, has improved somewhat upon the orb web of the garden spider, inasmuch as she leaves segments devoid of the sticky cross threads to facilitate her passage from her hiding place to the hub of the web. Hyptiotes seems, however, to have reached the highest development in the orb spinning art. The snare is reduced to a mere triangle stretched upon a firm, elastic thread, and at the apex sits the obscure little owner with a coil of thread firmly held in such a manner that the whole web is drawn forward under considerable tension. No sooner does a fly attempt to pass than the thread is released and the web springs forward like a catapult upon its luckless victim.

Closely allied to the orb spinners are those spiders which spin saucer-shaped snares surmounted by a tangle of threads into which flies blunder, falling in their confusion into the sheets of web beneath. In this group are the smallest known spiders, some of them measuring less than a millimetre in total body length. Many of them are aeronauts, traveling vast distances by silken threads emitted from their spinners. They seem able to regulate their flight to some extent by paying out more thread as they desire to rise and rolling it up by means of their legs when they wish to descend. Often in suitable localities and under favorable meteorological conditions immense multitudes of these tiny creatures simultaneously embark upon their strange journeys.

Trials threads, false starts and collisions are inevitably frequent and the accumulations of web descend as delicate flakes of gossamer, to the considerable surprise of the superstitious rustic, who as a rule attributes the phenomenon to the fairies or occasionally implicates the Virgin Mary.

The water spider, which makes a silken bell beneath the surface of ponds, fills it with air and within it brings up its family, is well known to all readers of general works on natural history. It may surprise some, however, to learn that this species is very closely allied to our commonest house spiders. The male of the water spider is larger than his mate, a most unusual thing among spiders.

The vagabond spiders include, besides a number of little known groups, three well marked sections which we may broadly refer to as the crab spiders, the wolf spiders and the jumping spiders. Some of the crab spiders are exceedingly rapid, but the more typical species move very deliberately and trust to cunning rather than to speed for the capture of their victims. Often these spiders are speckled and blotched so as to resemble exactly the ground upon which they rest, and one well-known species, *Misumena vatia*, which is of an almost uniform yellow or greenish white tint, hides in the centre of flowers and seizes insects which approach to gather honey. Even bees are not immune from the attacks of this ferocious little creature, their stings being awkwardly placed for use against a foe who seizes them by the head and drags them into a blossom.

The wolf spiders are dark creatures, commonly of some shade of brown, which run fearlessly upon the ground in the open. They often occur in enormous numbers in suitable spots, giving one the impression that they live in "packs." The eggs when laid are enclosed in a small spherical or lenticular sac, which is carried by the female attached to her spinners. This sac she guards with the greatest care, manifesting the greatest concern and searching diligently for it should she be deprived of the precious packet. Nevertheless she will receive the sac of another female with every indication of satisfaction, and, in fact, a piece of pith cut to approximately the same size as the original sac is, as often as not, accepted, and tenderly guarded.

A small section of the wolf spiders, frequently known as the "pirates," regularly the herbage upon the sides of ponds and streams. They chase their prey upon the surface of the water, often diving when threatened by an enemy. An allied species actually constructs a raft of dead leaves and other debris, upon which it circumnavigates ponds of considerable magnitude, hiding beneath the raft when danger threatens.

Probably, however, the most curious spiders as far as habits are concerned, are the salticids or jumping spiders. These creatures have been fairly extensively studied, especially in the United States, and their life histories would make a volume teeming with interest. The antics of the male during the courting period are most extraordinary, especially when, as often happens, several suitors aspire to the hand of one lady. Dancing matches and wrestling bouts, in which the spiders appear carefully to avoid using their poison apparatus, are the usual means of deciding the claim, and the female having made her choice, the rejected suitor departs, little the worse for the encounter. Should, however, two females come to blows the result is very different. Within a few moments the stroke of a poison fang generally leaves one of the combatants dead upon the field.

With the Funny Fellows



A Way to Fame.
Take heart, O bards, the way to tam. For one at last been brought to view, For one at least has won a name In form and manner wholly new! You must be cold and starved and broke— That's nothing new, of course, to us— That long has been a standing joke. In items "miscellaneous" To make a hit a burg