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## The Substitute

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### CHAPTER XXXII.

ON the afternoon of the next day Hillyer returned. Leaving his horse at the door, he went up to George's room. His trousers were bespattered with mud and covered with the white hairs of his shed-ding horse.

"I've had a trip of it, George," he said, his face glowing, "but I was well repaid. You couldn't guess what I've been."

"How could I?" said Buckley, with a smile.

"I've got a heap to tell you," the old man ran on, with enthusiasm. He sat down on the edge of the wounded man's bed. "Trabue's death worried the life might nigh out of me tell I tuck a notion all at once that the bite of the dog couldn't be any wuss'n the bark, an' that I'd better go see that old woman myself an' tell 'er the plain truth. I reckon I prayed a prayer for every mile o' the way, my boy. I didn't know whar she lived an' had to go by directions to find 'er. I got to the foot o' Bald mountain jest about dark last night, an' a feller that lived on the side o' the road give me directions how to reach 'er house. I thought they was plain enough, but purty soon it got as dark as pitch, an' I was as bad as a blind man on a blind horse. One thing the man said, though, was that as soon as I got a mile or two up the road I'd see the light from 'er kitchen fire. He said it could be seen fer miles—that she never was knowned to shut 'er door this time o' year."

"Well, sir, I got then to prayin' fer a sight o' the light. I begged the Almighty to let it shine out as a sign I was forgiven fer my crime, but it was slow a-comin', an' when it did come I said to myself that a man was a fool to ask the Lord to make a sign out o' some'n' that wasn't any more'n natural, so I wasn't much comforted over that. Housenover, I did feel a little mite better. It seemed so steady an' bright an' peaceful away up there among the stars, above them rough rocks an' deep gullies. I started right fer it. The road got so bad I had to get down an' lead my boss. Sometimes we'd have to step over trees that lay across the way, an' then there'd be a branch or a creek to ford an' fences to let down an' briars an' rocks an' steep places. But I kept up my heart. Sometimes the light wd be out o' sight completely, an' then ag'in it wd blaze up steady an' strong like a promise writ in fire."

"I got to prayin' more hopeful. Ever' time the light wd flare up out o' the gloom my spirits wd rise, till after awhile I felt as light as a feather. I sung an' shouted an' prayed an' hugged my boss. It seemed like I was climbin' up to God. The light on the mountain was his presence. Once I fell down a steep bank in the dark, but I wasn't hurt, an' then ag'in I slipped on some rocks while I was crossin' a branch an' got wet to the waist, but when I scrambled out the light was a-shinin' brighter than ever. Finally I crossed a old field an' seed the open door of her house. A dog ran out barkin', but I wasn't no more afeard of 'im than the apostles was o' snakes. I walked straight at 'im, called to 'im in a firm, friendly voice, an' patted 'im on the head, an' he licked my hand an' pranced about in front o' me like I was a old acquaintance he was glad to see. Mrs. Hambright was at the fireplace cookin' some'n' t' eat when I got thar, an' she invited me in. I went in an' shook hands an' set down in the chair she give me, an' she put more wood on the fire, fer she seed I was wet."

"You don't know me, Mrs. Hambright," says I.

"No," says she, "I don't know you, sir; but that don't make no difference. I take in a lots o' folks that git benighted up here. Nobody would be mean enough to rob ur harm a woman as old as I am."

"That's so," says I. Her head was as white as cotton, an' she was all bent over, but she had the sweetest, most patient face I ever seed. It made me feel easier about tellin' 'er who I was an' what I'd come fer, but I acknowledge I was afeard. Then she proposed to set the table, fer she said she knowed I was famished, but I wouldn't let 'er."

"No; wait," says I, "wait till I've told you who I am, Mrs. Hambright," says I, an' I couldn't look at 'er then. 'T'm Hiram Hillyer, the man who tuck yore pore boy's life."

"I seed 'er sorter jump a little, an' then she got as still as a grave rock. I was afeard to look at 'er. All my new found hope seemed to be leakin' out o' me. I bowed my head an' wait-ed fer 'er verdict. God knows I was miserable, but I was prayin'—prayin' fer pardon—prayin' both to her an' God. She was still a long time. I reckon she was studyin' up what to say to me. Then she spoke. "Did you come away out here jest to see me, Mr. Hillyer?" she axed in a trembly voice, an' I nodded, still afeard to meet 'er eye. "I come to make a confession an' implore you to pardon me," I said.

"Pardon you?" she said, slowlike an' soft.

"Squire Trabue's dead," I told 'er. "He died two days ago."

"I heard he was low," she said, "an' I was sorry to hear it, fer he was a good man, but is that all you wanted to tell me?"

"No," says I, "twasn't. Mrs. Hambright, the pension he's been payin' you all these years never come from the government. It was from me."

"Hiram Hillyer," says she in her sweet old voice, "I've knowned that for twenty-five years. Squire Trabue told me an' axed me never to let on to you, fer he'd promised you never to let me know; but, Hiram, ef I've prayed God to bless you fer it once I have ten thousand times. I couldn't 'a' lived without that allowance. It has kept me in comfort an' enabled me to help my neighbors in time o' sufferin'. I've wanted to tell you how grateful I felt, but the squire wouldn't let me an' said you never wanted that old trouble mentioned, an' so I couldn't do it."

"Then, George, I broke down completely. I couldn't hold in. I set thar an' cried like a child. I told 'er how long an' hard I'd suffered an' how I had tried in all manner o' ways to git forgiveness an' feel right, an' I never seed such a look on a human face as was on her'n. She actually set down on the bare floor before the fire an' laid 'er thin, bony hands on my knee."

"Hiram, my boy, my pore boy!" says she. "Shorely you hain't been all that time thinkin' yore God was that sort o' a God. Why, he's all goodness, all glory, all infinite perfection. You've been blamin' yoreself fer some'n' an' other man done. It was a man you hain't seed in thirty odd year that shot my son in a hasty passion. God don't hold you—the new man—accountable fer that, but he's been holdin' you accountable fer thinkin' so ill of him, fer all yore worry has come from wrongly accusin' yore Holy Maker!"

"Oh, George, she made it as clear to me as daylight. She was right—she was right. God don't hold a new, repentant man accountable fer what his old dead self done. She thought I wasn't convinced, I reckon, fer she got down on her knees an' sent up a prayer that ripped the roof off the house an' showed the glorious way clean to God's throne above the stars."

"Lord, Lord! Hosts!" I kin remember every word the old saint said. "Show this pore, deluded man the truth. Tear away the mist o' doubt an' misconception that's clouded his conception an' dampened the ardor of his great soul. Give 'im peace right now, this minute. Pity him, Lord, an' don't let 'im cling to his old self. Show him the new soul that dwells in the old shell o' mortality, an' let 'im walk with bare head unbundred in the sunshine o' thy heavenly smile." An', George Buckley, when she riz to her feet I did see an' comprehend. I laughed an' sobbed an' shouted. My fear was all gone—all an' it will never, never return, fer I understand now. She showed me. Jest think o' that—Lynn Hambright's mother was the one appointed to show me the truth—the old woman I was fearin' more than everybody else. She cooked me a good supper, an' after eatin' it I laid down in Lynn's bed—the dead boy's bed, mind you—an' slept as sweet a sleep as I ever slept in my life, the fust fer thirty years. She come to me away in the night, pitapat, pitapat over the puncheon floor, jest like she used to go to Lynn, I reckon, an' spread more cover on me. It reminded me of my dead mother. I retched out an' kissed her hand an' drifted away in sweet dreams. This mornin' when I woke the sun was shinin' in my room, an' I smelt some good meat a-ryin' an' good coffee a-boilin' an' seed that old woman a-movin' about the big, blazin' fire. "George, George, God is good! She didn't want to let me continue the allowance, but when she seed how I felt she agreed to do it an' to come straight to me fer it in full. Now I'm givin' down an' tell Marthy all about it. All these years I've been afeard to mention the subject to her, but I can talk about it now to anybody. I wish I could reach the ears o' all the men on the face o' the earth who are afflicted as I have been. Ef they only knowed, as I now know, that God don't hold them accountable fer what the old selves done, they wouldn't suffer needlessly."



"She got down on her knees an' sent up a prayer that ripped the roof off."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE next morning George's mother returned to Darley and came directly from the station to his room. As she entered he stared at her in surprise, for she was dressed in black, even to her sunbonnet.

"Mother," he asked wonderingly, "what has happened?" She did not answer for a moment, but sat down near his bed and folded her bonnet in her lap.

"When I heard how you was hurt Mr. Hillyer laid up," she said presently, "I writ Mr. Hillyer not to let you know about yore pa. He was a sight wuss when I got to 'im, an' they didn't see no chance fer 'im to live. He's dead, George; yore pore pa's dead an' buried. All his trouble is over. He's in God's charge now."

"They were both silent for a moment; then Buckley said comfortingly: "Well, you must not grieve over it too much, mother. After all, it may be better as it is."

"That's so, George," she answered, "but my heart aches fer 'im. He wasn't treated right, my boy. It turned out jest like I thought it ought. The doctors up thar said his crim'nal acts all come from that old hurt in his head. After his death they made an examination. They found 'at a splinter o' the skull had been workin' into his brain all them years since his fall off'n the wagon. It finally formed a abscess that killed 'im. Oh, the doctors raised a big fuss about it! They told me yore pa had been treated wuss'n a dog. They said what he done in violation o' the law was caused by the hurt in his head an' that he'd never 'a' touched a thing that wasn't his but fer that, an' when I told 'em how honorable all yore pa's folks had always been away back as far as anybody could trace an' how hard you was strivin' to live the disgrace down they all got together an' writ it signed a paper—Mr. Hillyer's got it—testifyin' under oath that yore pa wasn't naturally a dishonest man. They say, George—an' Mr. Hillyer says he'll put it through right away—that they are goin' to git the legislature to exonerate yore pa."

"Judge Moore was in the warehouse as I come by, talkin' to Mr. Hillyer, an' he come out an' tuck me by the hand, an' says he, 'Mrs. Buckley, me 'n' them twelve men made a awful mistake. An', says he, 'ef a case like that had come up in a community whar doctors an' lawyers was up to the latest notch in new discoveries a plea of insanity would 'a' been made an' sustained. But, says he, 'the twelve jurors will sign a paper with me, an' yore husband's name will be cleared.' Oh, George, it might nigh break my heart. I 'lowed all them years that yore pa was jest mean an' stubborn an' had old Nick in 'im, while the truth was he couldn't help hisself. It's goin' to be in all the newspapers tomorrow. Are you glad to hear it, George?"

"More than anything," was the reply in a low, husky tone. "I hain't thought yet," went on the old woman, wiping her eyes. "They old read Mr. Hillyer's letter to me about how you refused the combination to the safe, preferrin' to die rather than give in, because you wanted to show the world you was honest, an' how you was shot down an' lay hoverin' betwixt this life an' the next, an' I never seed a set o' men more anxious to be kind to a woman in affliction: They got the idea we was needy, an' started in to collect a lot o' money, but I stopped 'em. I told 'em you wouldn't like that."

"No, I wouldn't," said George; "but I am glad they wanted to do it." "When I got to yore pa he was too fur gone to know me," went on Mrs. Buckley. "I jest wish he had. I was so sorry fer him when I seed how thin an' wasted he was, with the prints on his pore ankles whar—"

She broke down and began to sob. George Buckley sat up more erectly. "It's the way God, Providence or whatever it is that rules over all has of managin' matters," he said, his eyes flashing rebelliously, "and, for my part, I'm tired trying to do right. What's the use? Why should that poor man fall from his wagon while honestly endeavoring to earn a living for his family, and through that accident end his life in a prison? That's his fate, while such-men as Telfair—"

"Don't, don't, George!" The old woman dried her eyes. "It may all seem wrong, but it hain't 't hain't! My faith in my heavenly father is brighter 'an it ever was. I don't know exactly what it 'ud be fer, but I feel like drappin' on my knees an' thankin' 'im at this minute. My heart is full o' sadness of a certain sort, but thar's another feelin' that I can't describe. As I was comin' on in the train I got to imaginin' seein' yore pore pa up in heaven, whar I know he is, an' the fancy struck me that our Saviour held the highest place up thar, because he suffered the most to help others along, an' then thar's that keen, spiritual eyes the angels had seed all the good thar's growed out o' yore pa's sufferin', an' was givin' 'im credit fer his life down here. Thar's no tellin' what the good may be. Yore pa's trouble is at the bottom of all Mr. Hillyer's done fer you, all the kindness o' them men at the prison an' the sympathy thar's doodin' this town right now, because one man was so wrongly judged. Why, George, it may make the courts more careful in the future, it may make doctors study diseases better, an' it will make some folks ashamed fer ever sneerin' at the brave soa o' such a man. George, thar's one heart in this town that's flowin' over with joy—of the news has reached 'er—"

"Do you think so, mother?"

"Oh, I know it, George—I know it! I'd give anything to see her face when it's told to 'er. She's led by them folks o' her'n to some extent, but below all that she's jest a good, strong, sufferin' woman."

George made no answer. They were both silent for several minutes, then

Mrs. Buckley rose to leave. "I want to go out home," she said. "It will be sad, too, lookin' round the old place whar he used to be. Now he's gone, I don't seem to remember anything but the good, sweet things he used to do an' say before his affliction. He's buried up thar, George, but after he's vindicated, we'll bring him down here an' put 'im away whar he belongs."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### CARAVAN ROAD 5,000 YEARS.

Scenes Along One of the Most Ancient Highways in the World.

The road from Homs to Hama runs almost due north, a straight white line cutting across the green fields. It is one of the oldest routes in the world. Caravans have been passing along it for at least 5,000 years, just as we saw them—long strings of slow moving camels with their bright colored bags of wheat.

One could almost imagine that Pharaoh was again calling down the corn of Hamath to fill his granaries against the seven years of famine. But even here the old things are passing. Just beyond the long line of camels was a longer line of fellah women, their dirty blue robes kilted above their knees, carrying upon their shoulders baskets of earth and stone for the roadbed of the new French railway. The carriage road is French, too; and a very good road it is. Some men were repairing it with a most ingenious roller. It was a great round stone, drawn by two oxen, and having its axle prolonged by a twenty foot pole, at the end of which a bare legged Arab was fastened to balance the whole affair. If the stone had topped over, the picture of the Arab dangling at the top of the slender flagstaff would have been worth watching.

All along the ride we were reminded of the past. It is a fertile soil, but the very wheat fields are different from ours. Only a few yards in width, they are often of tremendous length. I hesitate to commit myself to figures; but it is certain that the thin, green fields would stretch away in the distance until lost over some little elevation. At one place the road was cut through a hill honeycombed with rock tombs, which the haj said were Jewish. Every now and then we passed a tall, or great hemispherical mound, built up of the rubbish of a dozen ruined towns; for even as late as Roman times this was a well cultivated and populous country. There is now no lumber available for building purposes, and in a number of the villages the houses are all built with conical roofs of stone. Where the rock happens to be of a reddish tinge, the houses remind one of nothing so much as a collection of Indian wigwams; where the stone is white, as at Tell el-Bleeh, it glitters and sparkles like a fairy city out of loaf sugar.—Scribner's Magazine.

### PET TERRORS.

#### Uneasy Feeling That Is Familiar to All.

"Has it ever struck you that most everybody has a pet terror," said a student of human nature. "Men who would not be afraid on the battlefield will faint if a cat comes near them. I know of cases in which men have gone through life having a deadly terror of something with which they have never come in contact. For instance, I know a man who lived in New York City all his life. His one dread was that he would some day step on a rattlesnake. He confessed to me that the idea bothered him continually, although he had never in his life been in a region where rattlesnakes abounded and did not have any expectations of going to such a place. We all know that most every person has a certain kind of nightmare, which at perturbed moments of life will come to bother sleep. Whatever form this nightmare may take, and probably in the case of no two persons is the form exactly alike. It invariably excites the uncanny, overmastering terror which is to my mind the most uncomfortable oppression that may affect the human spirit. A great many persons will experience this sensation of terror if they happen to be awakened by the moonlight shining in their faces. The persistent nightmare with me is one which I think is remarkable in many respects. It has come to me in periods of my life when I have suffered from high fever, or after I have experienced much mental worry, which is a species of fever. As a nightmare which by cumulative stages leads up to a state of horror, it is particularly effective and extremely simple. The dream begins by an imagination that I have awakened in a dark room, and that some vague presence in the dark is threatening me. I rise in trepidation, and in the dark seek the mantel. The matches are hard to find; I grope all over the mantelpiece; over the washstand, the bureau and finally when the suspense is becoming almost unbearable, I find the box. Taking out a match, I strike it in feverish haste. It flickers, and before I get it to the gas jet, goes out. I try another match. The sulphur refuses to give any light. Another match, and just as I am about to make the jet, it too, becomes dark. This goes on, one match after another. I begin to believe that something in the room intends that I shall never have a light. The sensation is maddening, and when I finally really awake, it is some time before I can shake off the sensation of terror that has dominated me."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The preacher who is all blow deals in no blows.

Aspiration always seeks service.

### EXPERIENCES OF REPORTERS.

They Include Knowledge of Happenings Both Gloomv and Gay.

Leaving aside the consideration of the personal equation, perhaps no class of men furnish a more interesting group than reporters, owing to the nature of their profession. Recruited from all walks of life, the cardinal principle they follow is to get the news, the pursuit of which not only takes them into the most complex situations, sometimes dangerous as often pathetic as humorous, and always more or less exciting; but they daily run the gamut of human nature in delving beneath the surface. What they turn up does not always possess a current news value, and, in fact, the various personal experiences of reporters seldom find their way into print, for the simple reason that they are too busy with the joys and troubles of other persons, their own being simply incidental to the business.

Not long since a number of newspaper men, all of whom have been in the business long enough to lose their pin feathers, happened to drift together and got to talking "shop," out of which came some interesting experiences. After considerable urging John H. Finn, who can justly lay claim to being a veteran, was induced to relate how he came to adopt the newspaper profession for his life's work.

"Guess it must have been my vocation," said "Mickey," blushing, "but it came as a blessing unexpected. In 1884 I was studying at Notre Dame, when I had a row with one of the professors. So I quit and went to Chicago. The World's Fair was about to start in New Orleans, and as I had some money I decided to take it in. Gradually my financial condition forced its attention on me, and I was in sore straits to discover how I was going to make out, having neither a trade, profession or any business experience. One day I was sitting in a little park thinking how close I was to the cushion, when a young fellow sat down beside me and we struck up a conversation. When he learned my plight he suggested that I go up to the Pica-yune and apply for a position as reporter, telling me that they wanted experienced men on account of the fair. It did not appeal to me, as I knew absolutely nothing about the business, but he insisted that I would be kept on for a week, and as I never had to consult a nerve specialist I decided to try it on."

"The first question the city editor asked me was where I had been working, and I named a prominent Chicago paper. This satisfied him, and in a few minutes he assigned me to go to the St. Charles Hotel and interview Colonel Bob Ingersoll, who was then at the zenith of his fame. I knew that I was up against it, but Colonel Ingersoll received me in a kindly way. Instead of making a bluff I told him that I had secured the job under false pretences, but that I wanted to hang on for a week. This evidently tickled him, for he said: "You're pretty hard up, my boy. Well, I'll give you a better interview than anyone else has ever had." He did, too, dictating it to his stenographer, and I copied it in my own handwriting. That interview created a sensation and I was the biggest man from the north that had struck New Orleans for some time. I hung on for six months as they assigned me to the Parish Prison beat. The fellow that covered that beat for the opposition paper was named Kelly, who helped me out. That's the way I got tarred with the stick, and I have been in the business ever since."

Training enables newspaper men to see and catch many things that would go unnoticed by the ordinary observer, and while constant contact with passing events might seem to dull their sensibilities, startling happenings in which they have part are seldom forgotten.

"The most pathetic incident I ever had anything to do with," said a well-known newspaper man, "occurred some years ago in Chicago. The very first assignment I received was to write up the suicide of a girl who had taken laudanum. The surroundings were striking, but it seems that suicides were frequent, and I was told to let it go with four or five lines. That same evening I was sent out to a fashionable quarter of the city to write up the coming-out ball of the daughter of a wealthy merchant. She was a girl of eighteen years, handsome and surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth could give her. My instructions were to spread, and I remained long enough to get saturated with the atmosphere. After I had left the house and was walking to the car a detective from the central office, who had been on duty there, joined me."

"I noticed that you covered the suicide of that girl this morning," he remarked.

"Yes," I replied; "a sad case."

"Sadder than you could ever suspect," said he. "Those two girls are twin sisters."

It took my breath away, but the statement was true. The dead girl had run away with a waiter a year before and her father disowned her. As usual, the man deserted her and she drifted down the primrose path. To this day I often think of those two girls, one surrounded by the glitter and gayety of fashionable society, while the other was lying on a slab at the morgue. It was the sharpest drawing of lights and shadows one could well meet with, but the facts were never printed.

"When I was considerably younger," said another member of the party, "I was fired with the ambition to become a dramatic critic. The opportunity presented itself one fine day, when I was assigned to write up a vaudeville performance, so I was on my mettle. It was the first year that illustrated songs came into vogue, one member of the team doing the singing

### TERrible EXPERIENCE.

Had By Officer Who Was Held Captive By a Tiger.

Major Ridan, of the Bengal Lancers, was hunting with a small party, and one afternoon he wandered away from camp a short distance and stretched out under a tree for a nap. He had not slept above a quarter of an hour when he was aroused by what seemed to be the purring of a cat, only the sound was much louder. He had never heard the purr of a tiger or a panther, but realized in an instant that one or the other had come creeping upon him as he slept.

The tiger, as was afterward ascertained, had his lair within a few hundred feet of where the soldier was lying. After a minute or two, a paw was placed on the officer's shoulder and he was turned over on the broad of his back.

Through his eyewinkers he caught sight of the paw, and then realized that he was in the clutch of a full-grown tiger. For the moment he was rejoiced. A panther hasn't the good nature of a tiger, and is also more treacherous. A tiger will starve before he will feed on anything he has not killed with his own paws, while a panther will grab at anything that comes in his way.

When the man had been turned on his back, the tiger sat up like a dog, and purred like the great cat he was.

The beast was rolling and purring when one of the horses in camp uttered a neigh. The major was watching through half-closed lids, and the move the tiger made astonished him. He turned like a flash and bounded six feet into the air, to whirl again and stand head to camp.

As the neigh was not repeated, the tiger finally wheeled around and lay down with his head on his paws, and fastened his eyes on the soldier's face.

There was a long ten minutes, during which the major lived a month for every minute. Then the beast slowly rose up, and, with a touch of his right paw turned the man over on his face. After sniffing at the head, he ran his nose down the leg clear to the ankle.

One leg of the soldier's trousers had been pulled up, leaving his ankle bare, and the beast gave the flesh a couple of licks with his tongue that felt like a file.

The taste didn't seem to tickle his palate for some reason, and he returned to the playful mood. Once, as he pawed at the jacket, a claw caught and ripped it down as a sharp knife would have done. Once, too, he stood with his paw on the man's hand, but as his claws were sheathed the paw felt like a ball of velvet.

The major was rolled over at least a dozen times by the tiger, and the beast leaped over him back and forth like a dog at play, and he seemed to get a good deal of amusement out of it and to preserve his good nature.

He finally fastened his teeth in the man's hunting belt, and lifted him clear of the ground as easily as a man might lift a kitten. If the soldier had not been told over and over again that a tiger eats only what he kills, he would have made sure that he was to be carried off.

He had a revolver in his belt, and as his right hand fell down it encountered the butt of the weapon. He might have drawn it and killed the beast, or a shot might have frightened him away, but it was hardly a chance in a hundred.

It may be that the tiger was holding the man up to see if there was life in him, and was hoping to feel him make a movement. If there had been the stir of a hand, death would have been swift and merciless.

After swinging the man pendulum fashion for a full minute, the beast laid him down as carefully as you please, gnawed the belt in two and pulled it off, and, carrying one end in his mouth, he frolicked away and was hidden by the jungle.

An hour later the major's party had formed a cordon around the tiger's lair and sent in the beaters. At the first uproar the beast charged out with a fierce growl and killed a native with one blow of the paw which had treated the soldier so gently.

Three minutes later he wheeled and charged in the other direction, and though he received bullets from two different rifles, he sprang upon Capt. West of the artillery, and carried him 300 feet before falling dead. The officer, who had been seized by the neck, was dead long before the tiger gave up the ghost.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CRESCENT.—The crescent symbol of the Mohammedans has nothing to do with their peculiar religious opinions and ceremonies. It was not originally a symbol of the followers of Mohammed at all, but was first used by the Byzantines. Thousands of coins have been found in all parts of Turkey which date back to the time when Constantinople was known as Byzantium, and on each of these the symbol of the crescent appears, proving conclusively that it was in use as an emblem among the people of that region long before Byzantium was overthrown and its name changed to Constantinople. The story of the origin of the crescent symbol is as follows: When Philip of Macedonia besieged Byzantium he had planned to storm the city on a certain cloudy night, but before his arrangements were completed the moon shone out and discovered his approach to the besieged citizens, who accordingly marched out and repulsed his forces—something which would have been impossible in the darkness. After that event all Byzantium coins bore the symbol of the crescent moon, which was always alluded to as the "savior of Byzantium."—Boston Transcript.

There is generally an opening in the hospital for the young man who has appendicitis.

The thermometer seems to be imbued with the idea that there is plenty of room at the top.