

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN

By **ETTA W. PIERCE**

CHAPTER XXXV.

How They Meet.

In a dejected frame of mind Esther pursued her long and wearisome journey westward. Her heart misgave her when she thought of her father. There was no mutual love between the two. How would Gilbert Vye receive her at Happy Valley? Not with pleasure, surely, unless the sealed message which Aunt Deb had entrusted to her care should have some soothing effect upon his temper. When Esther considered that he had never attempted to find her after her flight from Rookwood, or to hold any communication with her, her spirits fell. She began to distrust Aunt Deb's judgment, and the wisdom of the mysterious errand upon which she had been sent.

She had taken the precaution to write to Gilbert Vye in advance, and beg him to meet her at Diamond City, the railway terminus, forty miles from Happy Valley. Would he heed the request? Throughout her journey she was haunted by lively apprehensions on this subject, and when she reached the terminus she found they had not been in vain. No Gilbert Vye was there.

It was a dreary autumn day. Esther took refuge in the Diamond hotel, an ugly frame building, with a bar that seemed to be conspicuously patronized by the male element of this rough mining town. She inquired of the landlady if there was a gentleman named Vye among his guests.

"No, miss," answered the man, "never heard of such a party." "He is my father. I had hoped to find him waiting for me here," explained Esther. "He lives on a ranch in the township of Happy Valley."

"You don't say! I'm something of a stranger in these parts myself—come from Vermont. Haven't been at the mines but a few weeks. I'm blessed if I know where Happy Valley is. Your dad hasn't shown himself yet; but you'd better wait a spell. He'll be sure to turn up."

The rain poured in torrents, the mud was deep in the miserable streets of Diamond City. Esther concluded to wait that day at the hotel; and if Gilbert Vye failed to appear to go on alone to Happy Valley by the stage that left Diamond City just before midnight. Thus far no one had molested her on her journey or made her afraid.

She spent the day in fruitless waiting. From the window of the hotel she looked out on a street filled with log huts, canvas tents and board shanties. Every other door seemed to open into a saloon. As the dark drew on, sooty oil lamps began to flare weakly out in the reeking barrooms. There was one across the way in which dice were rattling. She could even hear the call of the dealers. A brawl was going on over there, too, and shots were flying across the billiard tables. Pack mules and Mexican donkeys, laden with tools and provisions for distant mining camps, passed along the street. A woman rider in flannel clothes and battered sombrero, with a bright-barreled Winchester swung across his high-pommed saddle, rode by through the wet. After him came a miner on a shaggy burro, so small that the man's heels almost touched the ground.

Oh, where was Gilbert Vye? Plainly he did not mean to meet her. She summoned the landlady at last, and bade him secure a seat for her in the evening stage for Happy Valley.

The sitting room of the hotel had been given over to the exclusive use of the handsome young lady from the east. An hour before starting time, as Esther sat before the fire taking a solitary cup of tea, the landlady tapped at the door.

"There's a gent outside who has come to the terminus to meet a lady from the east," he announced. "It ain't your father, miss, with a broad grin; but maybe it's somebody he's sent."

regard a known wish of yours! Since you will have it so—farewell!"

He made her a deep bow, and went out, closing the door after him.

In a state of some perplexity Esther stood in the meagre sitting-room. Shirlaw's words concerning Gilbert Vye disturbed her greatly. Should she heed his warning, and return at once to Aunt Deb—return, with her errand undone? No, that could not be. The stage had already appeared at the door of the hotel—a hundred protesting voices could not hold her back from Happy Valley now. She paid her bill and made ready to depart. Shirlaw landlady escorted her to the coach-door, and held it open for her to enter.

"I wish you a safe journey, miss," he said; "you are going in good company."

She looked around and saw that she had the whole vehicle to herself. "Am I to be the sole passenger on this night-ride?" she asked.

"Oh, no, miss," said the landlady, with a grin; "there are others bound the same way, and I reckon they'll be able to keep you from harm."

The driver came stalking out of the barroom, smacking his lips, significantly. He was covered with whiskey. He looked at his seat and gathered up the reins, but the horses remained motionless. From the barroom a voice called after him, desistively:

"Look out for your dust tonight, pard. Black Dave's been heard of along your road, and he shows no mercy to drivers."

Jehu gave a chuckling laugh. "Black Dave!" he answered, there above Esther's head, "I'm blessed if he ain't the very chap I'm hoping to see tonight! I'd rather meet him than my own father."

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"I am gratified that my niece has made so brilliant a match." He then congratulated Mignon; I need not speak of the extreme fitness of the marriage—with an ironical smile—"everybody must see that at once."

"The hot blood flew into Lispenard's face and out again. He was dumb. "Mignon is only seventeen and handsome as a picture," continued Philip Vye; "but never mind. You have money, and that is all-sufficient. I have nothing more to say—indeed, it is little that I can say under present circumstances—you are the master of the situation; biting his lips. "I will see that Mrs. Lispenard's possessions are sent across the river without delay."

"Doublets you know the outrageous circumstances which forced your niece to leave Rookwood," said Lispenard, sternly. "Your son has probably told you all that."

Philip Vye coughed in a confused way. "Yes, and I confess that Cyril's unlucky passion for his cousin has led him into some very gross errors of judgment."

"Errors of judgment!" echoed Lispenard, with a withering tone; "is that the term you apply to his conduct? One word about yourself, Philip Vye! You have lent a passive aid to Cyril's infamous plots against Mignon; you have withheld the protection which you should, in common decency, have given to your brother's daughter, and you are, like your son, a contemptible scoundrel!"

"The lawyer's cold gray face became suddenly livid, but he choked down his temper as best he could. "I dare not quarrel with you, Lispenard. Plainly, my niece has found that which she may have lacked before—a zealous protector."

"She has, indeed!" "And, with an apprehensive ring in his voice, "perhaps an avenger also. You mean mischief?" "Precisely!"

"Ha! am I to receive no further consideration at your hands?" "None. I tell you frankly that I shall press my claims upon you—and you know what they are!—immediately and to the utmost!"

"Would you ruin me, Lispenard—me, whose firm friend you have been till this hour?" Lispenard's eyes glowed fiercely. "There can be no further talk of friendship between you and me, Philip Vye."

The lawyer fell into the nearest chair. "Spare me!" "It is too late. Did you spare Mignon?"

"That jade! She has transformed my chief friend into a determined enemy, then? I am entirely in your power, but you have always been the most generous of men—do not let me ask your pity in vain."

"Did you pity Mignon?" Philip Vye dashed his hand violently down on the library table. "I wish to Heaven the girl had drowned while she was crossing the river to your tower last night! Ah, Cyril's wretched blunders have destroyed us both! All my life I have lived like a rich man, Lispenard; bear in mind that you are now making me a beggar!"

"I made yourself a beggar months ago," replied Lispenard, stern as rock. "I give you and your son just four-and-twenty hours in which to leave Rookwood."

"Let me see Mignon herself—let me plead with her!" cried the now thoroughly frightened and humiliated man. "You shall never see Mignon again, with my consent," answered Lispenard; "you shall annoy her with no appeals. The same measure of mercy which you meted out to her, I will now mete out to you."

Then he took the dust of Rookwood from his feet, and went back across the river.

In her tower-chamber Mignon slept on. In dreams she was riding through green forest glades with Victor Shirlaw. She was listening to his low love-words. She was looking into the bonny gray eyes that had once been her paradise. The sun was high in heaven when she awoke to an imperfect, coning waiting-place the servant-woman, and to the knowledge that she was Abel Lispenard's wife.

On her hand she saw a strange band of gold glittering. It was the wedding-ring of Lispenard's mother, and he had placed it there at the ceremony of the preceding night. She grew hot, then cold at the sight. Her first movement brought in from some neighboring waiting-place the servant-woman Molly.

"Master went away an hour ago," said the latter, before her new mistress could utter a word. "He left a message for you, ma'am."

And she gave Mignon a slip of paper, penciled with these lines: "I have seen your Uncle Philip—he will leave Rookwood immediately. Fear nothing more from that quarter. Gustave Laurent, the husband of my sister—I for I have learned, thank God! that Lillian was a lawful wife—is lying very ill at St. Margaret's Home. He has sent for me, and I must go to him without delay. There was a child, Gilbert Vye's first heir, lost many years ago, and upon me devolves the task of finding it. Should you at any time wish to see me, a dispatch, addressed to the Home, will reach me at once."

That was all the bridegroom had to say to his bride. There had been no wooing previous to the marriage, and none seemed likely to follow it. It would have been impossible for Mignon at this time to connect any idea of love with the curious union she had made. The Frogman had never uttered such a word to her. He had saved her from her arch-enemies, the Vyes; he was forcing them to leave Rookwood—as yet these two supreme facts absorbed all her thoughts.

She descended to the breakfast-room—a table sparkling with crystal and china and a coffee-set of silver filigree, spread for herself alone. The room was full of warmth and hoarse flowers and—silence. A fugitive last night, this morning she found herself a sovereign lady. Lispenard's servants had been carefully instructed to anticipate

her wishes and obey her slightest behests. His dogs followed her about, fawning upon her and mutely beseeching for notice. All things that towered to Beauty. Had been made subservient to the Beauty.

For the first day or two she was too dazed and bewildered to think much about her marriage. A nervous terror of the Vyes still held possession of her. On the third morning a wedding-gift arrived from Abel Lispenard—nothing less than the deeds conveying to Mignon herself all right and title to the whole estate of Rookwood. The home of her ancestors belonged unreservedly now to Lispenard's wife.

"Your uncle and his son have left the house," the Frogman wrote, "and the house will be closed till you, its owner, order otherwise."

He had put her enemies under her feet. Mignon went to a window of the tower and looked across the river. Yes, silence and loneliness reigned there. The shutters of the old mansion were closed and the grounds were a deserted air.

"In spite of all that has passed, Uncle Philip," sighed Mignon, "I pity you now."

Then she wrote a little letter of thanks, that seemed, somehow, very stiff and formal, and sent it to the man at St. Margaret's Home.

At the end of a week she began to adapt herself to her new conditions. She caressed his fawning dogs; she sat down to his piano and struck a few notes, but the sound frightened her—Lispenard seemed standing at her very side—so she rose hurriedly and closed the instrument.

She went to his library and spent long hours among the priceless brace-brac there, and the wealth of books gathered from every country. As if under a spell she wandered through the grandeur of his marvelous rooms, and the bloom and fragrance of his great conservatories, where a tropic summer reigned, in vivid contrast to the wintry New England landscape outside.

She would stand before her mirror and say to the pale, beautiful image reflected in it, "You are Mignon Vye no longer. You have married that strange man, Abel Lispenard; do you not know? But the words always had an odd ring in her ears, and brought sometimes a smile, sometimes a shudder with them.

One day she opened a drawer in his library table, and came upon a photograph of Victor Shirlaw. Handsome, debonaire, the life-like face of the brown captain looked, as of old, upon his jilted love. Long and wistfully Mignon gazed upon it. She did not weep, she did not even sigh. She was amazed at her own lack of emotion.

"He is nothing to me now," she murmured, drearily. "I am but seventeen, and yet it seems that I have already outlived love. He is as dead to me as though he lay under the graveyard sod."

And then she put the photograph back in the drawer, and turned the key upon it. Regularly each day a message arrived from Lispenard—brief but always kind and full of solicitude for her comfort. Was she well? Did she lack anything? Had she any ungratified wishes? As for himself, he was still at the home, comforting Laurent in his last hours, and following through trusty agents the clew to Lillian's lost child. Many years had passed since his disappearance that he found the search beset with great difficulties.

At first Mignon read these messages listlessly; then with growing interest. In her enchanted tower the girl-bridge began to feel a lively concern in the fate of Lillian Lispenard's child. Sometimes, of windy nights, she fancied the ghost of the dead beauty walked in the fast closed chamber at the end of the corridor. She seemed to hear her sighs and fleeting footsteps. Perhaps the spectral creature was likewise looking for the baby Lillian, that lost child of the Cornishmen. "Many of the old men who drink little other drink, and yet enjoy more perfect health than most of them that drink the strong-est," the phenomenon was undeniable, but the natural inference was none the less to be resisted.

"You delightful simpleton! He sent me here today." "You err," she answered, "but I need not see how you were getting on—if you had grown lonely and all that!" "It was very kind of him."

Nina Berkely laughed, but in a very hysterical way. Lispenard's bride, standing there, with the setting sun shining on her dazzling tresses, filled the poetess with raging despair.

"It is the old story," she said, bitterly; "he flings his grand heart away on a pink and white face and some yellow hair!"

Mignon was not the simpleton which the poetess supposed her to be. "You err," she answered, "but I need not see how you were getting on—if you had grown lonely and all that!" "It was very kind of him."

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Miscellaneous Reading.

FOUGHT THE SEPOYS.

Recollections of Great Uprising in India. P. J. Quealey, an employee of the postoffice, is probably the only man in the United States who was in the Sepoy mutiny in India fifty years ago. Mr. Quealey was hardly more than a boy at the time, although he was in the queen's service and shouldered a gun in more than one campaign. In the mutiny of 1858 he was in a garrison at Monu, in Central India. In this small garrison there were but a handful of soldiers. For months hints of the mutiny among the Sepoys had reached the garrison, but it was scarcely credited that the East Indians would actually rebel.

The Sepoys were Indian soldiers and among the most valued of her majesty's soldiers. They were considered loyal and faithful to their queen until the mutiny showed their inborn hatred for the East India company. When it was known that they were on the brink of a massacre orders were given to all white women and children to gather at the garrison for safety.

"We held the garrison for weeks," said Mr. Quealey, speaking of the mutiny. "On one occasion he held it against four regiments of the Sepoys and twenty out of our forty men were killed. We had many women and children in the garrison and their lives depended upon our ability to hold those cursed Indians at bay. We knew too well the horrible tortures and the terrible fate in store for those poor women and children.

"It would take days to tell of the frightful suspense. You have read of the uprising in China, when men, women and children were herded together, with the yellow devils crazy to get at them. It was but a replica of that awful Indian mutiny. We knew that it would take many days for help to come from Bombay and we stood at our posts day and night. We managed to keep them off until even our spirits flagged and we felt that worse than death stared us in the face.

"The women were brave and cheered us on while we stood at every loophole ready to send a shot into the heads of those grim, yelling brown fiends. Many of the native servants remained with their mistresses, but they were not to be trusted and had to guard against foes from within the garrison as well as without.

"Twenty of our men were gone. Imagine the situation! A mere handful of worn-out, half-starved soldiers braving four regiments of tricky scoundrels. And then one day they vanished when they heard the sound of the men sent to our relief.

"The sight of those columns was the prettiest thing I ever saw. The women broke down and wept with thankfulness and I will not deny that some of the men brushed away a tear or two at the thought of the helpless women and the innocent babes that were saved.

"The rest is not a pretty story. Told away from those terrible scenes, it is less a pretty story. But those were grim days of warfare and terror. There were many whispered tales of horror, and we had many a black score to pay back.

"So I was one of the men that stood by the guns when the Sepoy prisoners were led to the cannon's mouth and tied there to be blown away. I do not wish to think of it now. But then we stood filled with a fierce joy at the sight, remembering the deeds they had done.

"I recall the bravery of an old Sepoy and his son, and somehow I like to think of their attitude in the face of death. They were tied together, and when the boy, a mere stripling, heard the sounds, and saw the men blown into strings and lumps of flesh from the cannon's mouth, his face drew and he whimpered. When it came their turn, the father drew himself up proudly and walked alone to the cannon's mouth. "The son turned away his head and shrank back into a heap. The father turned and spoke to him with a tone of contempt in his voice that brought the boy up standing. The old Sepoy went on to the cannon's mouth, staring straight before him, his black eyes blazing with hatred for the white man, and his grim mouth fixed in a sneer of haughty insolence.

"His last word was an admission that the son to remain brave and not give way before the white man."

"The boy straightened without a quiver and walked to the cannon as unflinchingly as did his father, only the boyish terror in his brown eyes betrayed his state of mind.

"And that was how we rid ourselves of the Sepoy mutineers. We blew them from the mouth of the cannon. And the insides of a man are not a nice sight."

tors and often by the same impostors. Here the beggars have made a sort of gypsy camp where they cook beans in the hot lava and lead sentimental visitors to talk with an old man.

Seated on a block of lava with the wind blowing through his long white locks and beard, he stares in front of him.

"This old man was very rich," says the chief of the beggars. "His house, his fields, his fortunes are under this lava. Worst of all his sufferings was to see his wife swept alive under the flowing lava."

At these words all the beggars begin to wall and weep. Many of the visitors contribute liberally to the fund that soon accumulates in the old man's open palm. Some return to Naples profoundly touched by the sight.

"They would be consoled by the fact, did they but know it, says the New York Sun, that not a person was killed at the explosion last year either in Boscotrecase or in Ottajano. The beggars are nevertheless earning a fortune out of sympathetic travelers who journey there to see the lava fields.

GENESIS OF BELL ROPE.

Combat That Settled Conductor's Supremacy Over Engineer.

Although in common between pugilism and railroad rules, yet the adoption of the familiar bell rope that stretches through every car of the modern train was the result of a fistic encounter. At the same time and by the issue of the same combat, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the supremacy of the conductor in railroad travel was ordained. It was Philadelphia which gave both to the world.

One of the oldest railroads in the country is the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, now known as the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The first schedule contained one passenger train, which went to Baltimore one day and came back the next, which was considered a remarkable feat in rapid travel. When a train a day each way was placed in service the people of the two cities served concluded that the acme of convenience in transportation had been reached.

Next to the president of the railroad the most important functionaries were the engineer and conductor. It was a question whether or not the head of the line was considered a subsidiary official in popular estimation to the men who ran the train; but Robert Fogg, who pulled the throttle, and John Wolf, who collected fares, won the deference of the public because of their high and responsible duties.

Fogg, an Englishman, had all the tenacity of opinion of his race; Wolf, an American, had the ingenuity of the Yankee, and as the log of some method by which he could communicate with the engineer, devised a scheme of running a cord through the cars to the locomotive. As the engine was a wood burner, Wolf fastened one end of the cord to a log, which was placed on the engineer's seat and was pulled to the floor when the conductor desired to signal for a stop.

Fogg resented what he considered an interference with his rights on the platform of the locomotive, and on the first run out with the new device paid no heed to the implementation of the log. From the seat when the conductor desired to take on a passenger from a farm near Gray's Ferry, but sped on over the bridge and did not design to bring his engine to a stop until Blue Bell station, on the south side of the Schuylkill, had been reached. Then he demanded to know of Wolf why he had been jerking that log all about the locomotive.

Wolf hotly declared that he had signalled to stop, but Fogg retorted that he would stop when and where he pleased, and that, too, without any reference to orders from the conductor, whom he did not regard as his superior in the management of the train. The altercation grew very heated, and Wolf invited the engineer from his cab to settle the matter, and the challenge was quickly accepted.

Passengers and a group of men who had gathered at the station to see the train come in formed a ring about the combatants, but the fight did not last long, as Wolf proved by far the superior artist with his fists, and with a few blows made it almost impossible for the engineer to see sufficiently to complete his run; but Fogg admitted that he had been fairly beaten, and the supremacy of the conductor on a railroad train was settled.

As the log signal was crude and ineffective, Wolf devised the use of a bell on the locomotive, and this method was soon adopted by all of the American railroads. Then a code of signals was adopted, and these remain practically the same to this day. The only change in the bell cord is that by use of the air from the brake system a whistle has superseded the bell in the locomotive cab.

Unconscious of Fame.

George Grote, the famous author of the "History of Greece," long the standard on that subject, was a man of great simplicity and was wholly unconscious of his own celebrity. Several anecdotes, illustrative of this fact are given in "Some Famous Women of Wit and Beauty," one of whom is Mrs. Grote.

While Mr. Grote was walking in the park he would perhaps notice that one or two persons looked at him with some attention. He would at once turn to his wife in alarm.

"Have I got any dirt on my face, Harriet? Is there anything on my hat with my hair?" and he would clutch his headgear with both hands.

"Why are those people looking at me?"

"Mrs. Grote's proud answer was, 'Because you are George Grote, that's all!'"

Once when he was on a visit to Cambridge, Grote wished to see the professor of natural history, but was impossible for the professor was so busy dissecting something that he could not be interrupted, "strongly insignificant power, modest and self-respecting, and would be bothered with anybody." The modest historian would have retired, but his wife persisted that it was to his credit that he was dissecting.

"What?" he cried. "Mr. Grote? Give me my coat. I must wash my hands. In a minute he will be transformed himself and would not let them go for two hours."

BEGGARS ON VESUVIUS.

Rich Harvest Reaped From Tourists as Result of Last Year's Eruption.

Since the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius the volcano had been extremely profitable to the beggars that infest Naples and its vicinity. They are fleeing the visitors to Boscotrecase and Ottajano, the two places laid waste by the lava flow last year.

Huddled in groups which might have been posed by a skillful stage manager, the population of Boscotrecase awaits the arrival of the strangers. Men, women and children, shrieking and howling, begin to depict the terrors of the catastrophe of 1906.

Emotional women are moved and immediately contribute. Those who do not give freely are so beset by the weeping and complaining natives that they are finally convinced that it would be heartless not to help those who have suffered so deeply. Every day the beggars make a highly profitable haul in spite of the fact that not one of them ever lived or was at Boscotrecase until after the eruption.

At Ottajano the same appeal is made to the sympathies of the visi-

WATER WAS NOT POPULAR.

Some Queer Views of Its Use Three Centuries Ago.

It needed a very bold man to resist the medical testimony of three centuries ago against water drinking. Few writers can be found to say a good word for it. One or two only are concerned to maintain that, "when begun in early life, it may be freely drunk with impunity," and they quote the cryptic instance given by Sir Thomas Elyot in his "Castle of Health," 1541, of the Cornishmen. "Many of the old men who drink little other drink, and yet enjoy more perfect health than most of them that drink the strong-est," the phenomenon was undeniable, but the natural inference was none the less to be resisted.

Sir Thomas Elyot himself is very certain, in spite of the Cornishmen, that "there be in water causes of divers diseases, as of swelling of the spleen and liver." He complains oddly also that "it fitteth and swimmeth, and sometimes is hot, and sometimes is cold, and sometimes is of hot complexion, it doeth less harm, and sometimes it profiteth, but to them that are feeble, old and melancholy it is not convenient."

"Water is not wholesome cook by itself for an Englishman," was the verdict of Andrew Borde—monk, physician, bishop, ambassador and writer on sanitation—as the result of a life's experience. And to quote the "Englishman's Doctor": Both water and small beer, we make no question, Are enemies to health and good digestion.

But the most formal indictment against water is that of Venner, who, in 1622, pronounced "to dwellers in cold countries it doth very greatly defect their appetites, destroy the natural heat and strength of the stomach."—London Telegraph.

Alec Canova brought a three-pound trout to the St. Augustine Record office, and gave a very interesting description of the manner in which it was caught. His son Frank observed a big fishhawk swoop down on the fish near Bar creek, about a mile and a half north of town, and noted that the fish was of very respectable size. He watched the big bird until it hovered almost overhead, but within close range, and he picked up a stone, and with splendid accuracy hurled the missile at the hawk, striking it. The bird dropped the trout, and Frank ran forward and took charge of it. The head was torn open, but the body was uninjured, except for the punctures made by the talons of the hawk.

The Collinsville correspondence of the Kansas City Journal says "Jersey Cat Farm," is the very latest industry to be established in that part of the country. The "farm" is about eight miles west of there, directly on the Cherokee and Osage nation line. There are nearly 600 cats of all kinds and colors, owned by John Polston, formerly of Ozark, Ark., says: "It is to be able to produce a jet black cat that will sell for ladies' neckwear. I can raise about 2,000 cats every year at a cost of less than 10 cents each, and any old hild will bring from 50 to 80 cents."