The Girl from Tim's Place

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CHAPTER I.

Chip was very tired. All that long June day, since Tim's harsh, "Come, out wid ye," had roused her to daily toil, until now, wearied and disconsolate, she had crept, barefoot, up the back stairs to her room, not one moment's rest or one kindly word had been hers.

Below, in the one living room of Tim's Place, the men were grouped playing cards, and the medley of their oaths, their laughter, the thump of knuckles on the bare table, and the pungent odor of pipes, reached her through the floor cracks. Outside the fireflies twinkled above the slow-running river and along the stump-dotted hillside. Close by, a few pigs dozed contentedly in their rudely constructed sty.

A servant to those scarce fit for servants, a menial at the beck and call of all Tim's Place, and laboring with the men in the fields, Chip, a girl of almost 16, felt her soul revolt at the filth, the brutality, the coarse existence of those whose slave she was.

And what a group they were!

First, Tim Connor, the owner and master of this oasis in the wilderness, 60 miles from the nearest settlement; his brother, Mike, as coarse; their wives and a half a dozen children who played with the pigs, squealed as often for food, and were left to grow up the same way; and Pierre Lubec, the hired man, completed the score.

There was another transient resident here, an old Indian named Tomah, who came with the snow, and deserted his but below on the river bank when spring unlocked that stream.

Two occasional visitors also came here, both even more objectionable to Chip than Tim and his family. One was her father, known to her to be an outlaw and escaped murderer in hiding; the other a half-breed named Bolduc, but known as One-Eyed Pete, a trapper and hunter whose abode was a log cabin on the Fox Hele, ten miles away. His face was horribly scarred by a wildcat's claws; one eye-socket was empty; his lips, chin, and protruding teeth were always tobacco-stained. For three months now, he had made weekly calls at Tim's Place, in pursuit of Chip. His wooing, as might be expected, had been a persistent leering at her with his one sinister eye, oft-repeated innuendoes and insinuations of lascivious nature, scarce understood by her, with now and then attempted familiarity. These advances had met with much the same reception once accorded him by the wildcat.

Both these visitors were now with the group below. That fact was of no interest to Chip, except in connection with a more pertinent one—a long conference she had observed between them that day. What it was about, she could not guess, and yet some queer intuition told her that it concerned her. Ordinarily, she would have sought sleep in her box-on-legs bed; now she crouched on the floor, listening.

For an hour the game and its medley of sounds continued; then cessation, the tramp of heavily shod feet, the light extinguished, and finally—silence. A few minutes of this, and then the sound of whispered converse, low yet distinct, reached Chip from outside. Cautiously she crept to her window.

"I gif you one hunerd dollars now, for sc gal," Pete was saying, "an' one hunerd more when you fotch her."

"It's three hundred down, I've told ye, or we don't do business," was her father's answer, in almost a hiss.

A pain like a knife piercing her heart came to Chip.

"But s'pose she run away?" came in Pete's voice.

"What, 60 miles to a settlement? You must be a damn fool!"

"An' if she no mind me?"

"Wal, thrash her then; she's yours."

"But I no gif so much," parleyed Pete; "I gif you one-feefty now, an' one hunerd when she come."

"You'll give what I say, and be quick about it, or I'll take her out tomorrow, and you'll never see her again; so fork over."

"And you fotch her to-morrow?"

"Yes, I told you." And so the bargain was concluded.

Only a moment more, while Chip sat numb and dazed, then came the sound of footsteps, as the two men separated, and then silence over Tim's Place.

And yet, what a horror for Chip! Sold like a horse or a pig to this worse than disgusting half-breed, and on the morrow to be taken—no, dragged—to the half-breed's hut by her hated father.

Hardly conscious of the real intent and object of this purchase, she yet understood it dimly. Life here was bad enough—it was coarse, unloved, even filthy, and yet, hard as it was, it was a thousand times better than slavery with such an owner.

And now, still weak and trembling from the shock, she raised her head cautiously and peeped out of the window. A faint spectral light from the rising moon outlined the log bara, the two log cabins, and pigsty, which, with the frame house she was in, comprised Tim's Place. Above and beyond where the forest enclosed the hillside, it shone brighter, and as Chip looked out upon the ethereal silvered view, away to the right she saw the dark opening into the old tote road. Up this they had brought her, eight years before. Never since had she traversed it; and yet, as she looked at it now, an inspiration born of her father's sneer came to her.

It was a desperate chance, a foolhardy step—a journey so appalling, so almost hopeless, she might well hesitate; and yet, escape that way was her one chance. Only a moment longer she waited, then gathering her few belongings—a pair of old shoes, the moccasins Old Tomah had given her, a skirt and jacket fashioned from Tim's cast-off garments, a fur cap, and soft felt hat—she thrust them into a soiled pillow-case and crept down the stairs.

Once out, she looked about, listened, then darted up the hillside, straight for the tote road entrance. Here she paused, put on her moccasins, and looked back.

The moon, now above the tree-tops, shone full upon Tim's Place, softening and silvering all its ugliness and all its squalor. Away to the left stood Tomah's hut, across the river, a shining path bright and rippled.

In spite of the awful dread of her situation and the years of her hard, unpaid, and ofttimes cursed toil, a pang of regret now came to her. This was her home, wretched as it was. Here she had at least been fed and warmed in winters, and here Old Tomah had shown her kindness. Oh, if he were only in his hut now, that she might go and waken him softly, and beg him to take her in his canoe and speed down the river!

But no! only her own desperate courage would now avail, and realizing that this look upon Tim's Place was the last one, she turned and fled down the path. Sixty miles of stony, bush-encumbered, briar-grown, seldom-trav-

The Ever Present Menace of a Wilderness Assailed Her.

eled road lay ahead of her! Sixty miles through the somber silence and persistent menace of a wilderness, peopled only by death-intending creatures, yellow-eyed and sharp-fanged!

With only a sickening, soul-nauseating fate awaiting her at Tim's Place, and her sole escape this almost insane flight, she sped on. The faint, spectral rifts of moonlight through interlaced fir and spruce as often deceived as aided her; banding boughs whipped her, bushes and logs tripped her, sharp stones and pointed sticks bit her; she hurried over hillocks, wallowed through sloughs and dashed into tangles of briers, heedless of all except her one mad impulse to escape.

Soon the ever present menace of a wilderness assailed her,—the yowl of a wildcat close at hand; in a swamp, the sharp bark of a wolf; on a hillside above her, the hoot of an owl; and when after two hours of this desperate flight had exhausted her and she was forced to halt, strange creeping, crawling things seemed all about.

And now the erratic, fantastic belief of Old Tomah returned to her. With him the forest was people by a weird, uncanny race, sometimes visible and sometimes not—"spites," he called them, and they were the souls of both man and beast; sometimes good, sometimes evil, according as they had been in life, and all good or ill luck was due to their ghostly influences. They followed the hunter and trapper day and night, luring him into safety or danger, as they chose. They were everywhere, and in countless numbers, ready and eager to avenge all wrongs and reward all virtues. They had a Chieftain also, a great white spectre who came forth from the north in winter, and swept across the wilderness, spreading death and terror.

To Chip, educated only in the fantastic lore of Old Tomah, these terrors now became insanity breeding. She could not turn back—better death among the spites than slaving to the half-breed; and so, faint from awful fear, gasping from miles of running, she stumbled on. And now a little hope came, for the road bent down beside the river, and its low voice seemed a word of cheer. Into its cool depths she could at least plunge and die, as a last resort.

Soon an opening showed ahead, and a bridge appeared. Here, for the first time, on this vantage point, she halted. How thankfully blessed those knotted logs now seemed! She hugged and patted them in abject gratitude. She crawled to the edge and looked over into the dark, gurgling water. Up above lay a faint ripple of silver. Here, also, she could see the moon almost at the zenith, and a few flickering stars.

A trifle of courage and renewal of hope now came. Her face and hands were scratched and bleeding, clothing torn, feet and legs black with mud. But these things she neither noticed nor felt—only that blessed bridge of logs that gave her safety, and the moon that bade her hope.

Then she began to count her chances. This landmark told her that five miles of her desperate journey had been covered and she was still alive. She began to calculate. How soon would her escape be discovered, and who would pursue her? Only Pete, her purchaser, she felt sure, and there was a possible chance that he might return to his cabin before doing so. Or perhaps he might sleep late, and thus give her one or two hours more of time.

And now cheered by this trifling hope and lessening sense of danger, her past life came back. Her childhood in a far-off settlement; the home always in a turmoil from the strange men and women ever coming and going; the drinking, swearing, singing, at all hours of the night, her constant fear of them and wonder who they were and why they came. There were other features of this disturbed life: frequent quarrels between her father and mother; curses, tears, and sometimes blows, until at last after a night more hideous than any other her mother had taken her and fled. Then came a long journey to another village and a new life of peace and quietness. Here it was all so different—no red-shirted men to be afraid of, no loud-voiced women drinking with them. She became acquainted with other children of her own age, was sent to school and taken to church. Here, also, her mother began to smile once more, and look content. For two years, and then only ones Chip cared to recall, she had been a happy schoolgirl, and then came a sudden, tragic end to it all. Of that she never wished to think. It was all so horrible, and yet so mercifully brief.

The one friend life held, her mother, had been brought home, wounded to death amid the whirring wheels of the mill where she worked; there were a few hours of agonized dread as her life ebbed away, a whisper or two of love and longing, and then the sad farewell made doubly awful by her father's frowning face and harsh voice. At its ending, and in spite of her fears and tears, she was now borne away by him. For days they journeyed deeper and deeper into a vast wilderness, to halt at last at Tim's Place.

Like a dread dream it all came back now, as she lay there on this one flat spot of security—the bridge—and listened to the river's low murmur.

All through her mad flight the wilderness had been ghostly and spectral in the moonlight; now it had become lost in inky blackness, yet alive with demoniac voices. All the goblin forms and hideous shapes of Old Tomah's fancy were rushing and leaping about. Now high up in the treetops, now deep in the hollows, they screamed and shrieked and moaned.

And now, just as this fierce battle of sound and spectral shape was at its worst, and Chip, a hopeless, helpless mite of humanity, crouched low upon the bridge, suddenly a vicious growl reached her, and raising her head she saw at the bridge's end two gleaming eyes!

CHAPTER II.

Martin Priable and his nephew Raymond Stetson, or Ray, were cutting boughs and carrying them to two tents standing in the mouth of a bush-choked opening into the forest. In front of this Angle, Martin's wife, was placing tin dishes, knives and forks upon a low table of boards. Upon the bank of a broad, slow-running stream, two canoes were drawn out, and halfway between these and the table a camp-fire burnt.

Here Levi, Martin's guide for many trips into this wilderness, was also occupied, intently watching two pails depending from bending wambecks, a coffee-pot hanging from another, and two frying-pans, whose sputtering contents gave forth an enticing odor.

Twilight was just falling, the river murmured in low melody, and a few rods above a small rill entered it, adding a more musical tinkle.

Soon Levi deftly swung one of the pails away from the flame with a hook-stick and speared a potato with a fork.

"Supper ready," he called; and then as the rest seated themselves at the table, he advanced, carrying the pail of steaming hot potatoes on the hooked stick and the frying-pan in his other hand.

The meal had scarce begun when a crackling in the undergrowth back of the tent was heard, and on the instant there emerged a girl. Her clothing was in shreds, her face and hands were black with mud, streaks of blood showed across cheek and chin, and her eyes were fierce and sunken.

"For God's sake give me suthin' to eat," she said, looking from one to another of the astonished group. "I'm damn near starved—only a bite," she added, sinking to her knees and extending her hands. "I hain't eat nothin' but roots 'n' berries for three days."

Angle was the first to recover. "Here," she said, hastily extending her plate, "take this."

Without a word the starved creature grasped it and began eating as only a desperate, hungry animal would, while the group watched her.

"Don't hurry so," exclaimed Martin, whose wits had now returned. "Here, take this cup of coffee."

Soon the food vanished and then the girl arose. "Sit down again, my poor child," entreated Angle, who had observed the strange scene with moist eyes, "and tell us who you are and where you came from."

"My name's Chip," answered the girl, bluntly, 'an' I'm runnin' away from Tim's Place, 'cause dad sold me to Pete Bolduc."

"Sold—you—to—Pete—Bolduc," exclaimed Angle, looking at her wide-eyed. "What do you mean?"

"He did, sartin," answered the girl, laconically. "I heerd 'em makin' the bargain, 'n' I fetched three hundred dollars."

Martin and his wife exchanged glances.

"Well, and then what?" continued Angle.

"Wal, then I waited a spell, till they'd turned in," explained the girl, "and then I lit out. I knowed 'twas 60 miles to the settlement, but 'twas moonlight 'n' I chanced it. I've had an awful time, though, the spites hev chased me all the way. I was jist makin' a nestle when I seed yer light, an' I crept through the brush 'n' peeked. I seen ye wa'n't nobody from Tim's Place, 'n' then I cum out. I guess you've saved my life. I was gittin' dizzy."

It was a brief, blunt story whose directness bespoke truth; but it revealed such a pigsty state of morality at this Tim's Place that the little group of astonished listeners could scarce finish supper or cease watching this much-soiled girl.

"And so your name is Chip," queried Angle at last. "Chip what?"

"Chip McGuire," answered the waif, quickly; "only my real name ain't Chip, it's Vera; but they've allus called me Chip at Tim's Place."

"And your father sold you to this man?"

"He did, 'n' he's a damn bad man," replied Chip, readily. "He killed somebody once, an' he don't show up often. I hate him!"

"You mustn't use swear words," returned Angie; "it's not nice."

The girl looked abashed. "I guess you'd cuss if you'd been sold to such a nasty-looking man as Pete," she responded. "He chaws terbacecr 'n' lets it drizzle on his chin, 'n' he hain't but one eye."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Trick Not Always Amusing.

Sometimes Hubby Is Entirely Unable to See the Joke.

This is a simple trick, and every married woman can perform it; but it requires the assistance of a confederate with a big bag of shining tinware on his back. First get a husband with an extra pair of slightly worn trousers in his wardrobe; then have the confederate—the man with the bag of tinware—come to the back door and knock gently. The wife must then peep out in a frightened way, and immediately the man with the tinware tells a tale that resembles a mining stock advertisement. The wife stops to think a few minutes. Suddenly she must rush to the wardrobe, but only after the man rattles the brilliant tinware to arouse her. The wife must walk back to the man again with the trousers. The man must take them and hand the wife a few tin pans. All the while the man with the tinware must smile happily. At last the transaction is completed and, presto change! the husband's trousers have disappeared and in their place appears some tinware on the kitchen table. This trick is very novel, and will amuse the husband greatly. The trick should not be performed while the husband is in bed, unless he has an extra pair of trousers.—F. P. Pitzer, in Judge.

Why Caged Birds Die.

"So the canary's dead, eh?" said a dealer. "It was a fine bird, too—well worth the $40 you paid me for it. But I don't wonder it died. You would keep it hanging near the ceiling. That is why so many birds die. They shouldn't be kept up high at all. Their cages should be on tables, not hooks. Up near the ceiling the air of a room is very bad, especially at night. Indeed, at night, if you burn oil or gas, the air is insupportable up there. And particularly in rooms where smoking goes on—you know how smoke, like all other impurities, mounts—it is bad to hang birds high. Why can't the world remember the old catch: 'Birds hung high ever die!'"

BALLOON CORPS FOR ARMY

CAPTAIN C. DE F. CHANDLER AND J. C. McCOY IN THE BASKET JUST BEFORE THE ASCENSION

The big European nations have set the pace and the United States is following. Aeronautics are occupying a large place in military operations in Germany, France and England, and regular balloon corps have been added to the armies of those countries and hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in securing dirigible balloons of the most approved type.

With such advances being made in that direction it behoved Uncle Samuel to stir himself and provide equally effective means of protecting his land and his people, and so it has come to pass that a balloon corps has been added to our military equipment, and although we are somewhat behind European nations in tackling the problem of military aeronautics, our army is now working overtime in the effort to excel in this, the most modern branch of warfare. At the time the navy department is letting contracts for submarines, the war department is deep in the problem of selecting the best types of balloons. While the special army and navy board is discussing behind closed doors the use of balloons as a part of our coast defense system, actual ascensions are being made daily from various points in and around Washington by Capt. Charles De F. Chandler of the balloon division of the signal corps. His first ascension several days ago was witnessed by gaping thousands; subsequent ascensions were seen by undiminished crowds, but their gapes are fast disappearing. The novelty is wearing off. Military aeronautics is gradually taking its place in this country as a recognized and necessary branch of military science.

Congress will be called upon at the coming session to increase the appropriations for the purchase of balloons, and the chief signal office of the army is now considering plans for a dirigible balloon, to cost in the neighborhood of $100,000, with a capacity of 50,000 cubic feet, equipped with two 120-horse power engines of foreign design, and a contract speed of 35 miles an hour under favorable atmospheric conditions. The hope is expressed, however, that this announcement will not move the unknown number of balloon cranks in this country to swamp the war department with descriptions of their contrivances. If it were left to the army to decide, the statistics would show that the number of balloon cranks in this country far exceeds any other class of cranks.

There are about a half-dozen balloons, all captive, now in the possession of the signal corps. The largest of these, which was recently purchased, is what is known as a "complete military captive balloon," with all appurtenances. It has a capacity of 300 cubic meters. An ordinary spherical balloon, with a capacity of 2,200 cubic meters, has also been bought recently. It will be filled with coal gas and used for preliminary instruction of officers and enlisted men of the signal corps in the elementary principles of aeronautics. On its trial trip this balloon, of course here being adapted to the respective needs of the three service schools. For the protection of the Pacific coast balloon headquarters are to be established on Angel island, and the selection of an advantageous site on the Atlantic coast is now under consideration. In case the dirigible balloon of the type which the authorities are now considering is contracted for, it will, when completed, be sent to East Omaha and there tested. The officers of the signal corps are unwilling to give details regarding its main characteristics until it is completed; they are guarding them with all the care that the navy attempts to guard its battle-ship designs. But it is not unlikely that, before congress appropriates very much money for balloons its members will call for "persons and papers," and then the cat will be out of the bag.

There is no disposition to go too rapidly in the purchase of a dirigible balloon, for the reason that Capt. Chandler, who is to become one of the chief instructors in military aeronautics, is just now taking his first lessons in actual "ballooning."

Army officers who are interested in the development of the balloon as an agent of warfare have encountered an obstacle in the disposition of the public to question the practicability of military aeronautics. This is probably because the American really knows very little about balloons. When it is remembered that as long ago as the siege of Paris the inhabitants of the French capital were enabled by means of balloons to communicate with the forces outside the walls, doubts about the utility of the balloon in time of war should vanish. More than 70 balloons during that memorable siege carried dozens of passengers, tons of mail and hundreds of carrier pigeons from the city to the troops outside, and in due time were returned to the besieged people with valuable information about the movements of the enemy.

In a recent communication to the war department from Europe, where he has been gathering valuable information on the subject of military aeronautics as practiced in continental armies, Lieut. Lahm sounds a note of warning: "We should not fail to appreciate the necessity of preparedness for war above the earth as well as on the earth, and when our next war comes we should not be found wanting in this particular branch of military science."

Germany is at the present time conducting very elaborate experiments in the use of balloons for military purposes, and this branch of military science has received attention in the annual manoeuvers of the French army for the last six years.

In the course to be given at Fort Omaha it is proposed to instruct the balloon division not only in the art of making ascensions, but in the quickest methods of inflating, of unpacking the balloon from the wagon, and of towing it, once it is inflated, until the opportune time for making the ascension arrives. In short, it will be the effort of Capt. Chandler, of Lieut. Lahm, and our other military aeronauts, to develop a regular form of balloon drills, and in time a drill book giving the various manoeuvers of inflation, how to prepare for ascensions, how to handle the delicate appurtenances that make up the complete balloon outfit.

No great deeds are done without the doing of many little details.

Didn't Roost with the Chickens.

The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith and her mother boarded this summer were frequently very puzzling to the child.

One evening the farmer's wife, in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother, remarked that, as she was very tired that night, she believed she would "go to roost with the chickens."

When Edith's bedtime arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house quietly watching the fowl as they came in one by one.

"Edith!" called her mother; "what are you doing there! I've been looking for you everywhere; it's time to go to bed."

"I know, mother," was the reply; "but they're nearly all in now, so she'll be here soon, I guess."

"Who are in and who will be there? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother.

"Why," explained Edith, rather impatiently, "you know Mrs. —— said she was going to roost with the chickens to-night and I'm waiting to see how she does it."

Living Up to Regulations.

A number of small North Delaware street girls had opened a lemonade stand at the edge of the curb. The drink was in a large glass pitcher, with sliced lemons floating appetizingly at the top. One small girl, with a red crayon, had lettered the word "artificial" and leaned it against the pitcher.

"What's that for?" inquired a passer by.

"Pure food law," said the girls in chorus.

"But why should you label it? Are not the water, the lemons, and the sugar pure?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's artificial about it?"

"The ice."—Indianapolis News.

City and Country Air.

City air contains 14 times as many microbes as that of the country.

HUSKS STILL GROWN

AN ABUNDANCE OF FOOD FOR THE PRODIGAL SONS.

Arabs and Moors Eat Carobs—Cyprus Exports Them as Food for Cattle to a Very Large Extent.

The "husks" of the parable of the prodigal son are still extant in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Consul General G. B. Ravndal writes from Beirut as follows concerning this food:

"Arabs and Moors eat them. In the south of Europe carobs are employed as food for horses, cattle and swine. In Cyprus, next to barley, they constitute the principal article for export. The total yield of the island of carobs or locust beans (not to be confounded with St. John's bread), in 1906, amounted to 69,000 tons. In August the carob tree is seen bearing both flowers and ripe fruit. The latter is a pod, brown and leathery, four to eight inches long, a little curved, and containing a fleshy and at last mealy pulp, of an agreeable sweet taste, in which lie a number of shining brown seeds; these are bitter and of no use.

"On account of the abundant sugar contained in carobs, the latter form a nutritious and fattening food for horses and cattle. England, for the feeding of cattle, imports large quantities of carobs, in the form of flour (that they may be more digestible) from Spain, Italy, Crete, Ragusa and Cyprus. Most of the Cyprus carobs however, are exported in bulk, and the grinding is done in England. A considerable quantity of this 'cattle food' is exported from Great Britain to the United States. If proper shipping facilities existed between the United States and Levant, carobs would probably be carried direct to the United States to be prepared there into cattle food. Carobs are also used in considerable quantities especially in France, for distillation, and the aprits obtained are deemed choice. Carobs are also employed for the production of a semi-liquid substance, resembling molasses, largely used in the manufacture of oriental sweets."

The carob tree, which is quite distinct from the locust tree of America, seems to prefer the mild climate of the southern sea coasts and islands of the Mediterranean. It is, however, found in the Lebanon, for instance, and its introduction into the north of Syria has been recommended on the supposition that it would prove an important addition to the resources of the country and a valuable safeguard against famine. The produce is exceeding abundant, some trees yielding as much as 900 pounds of pods. The wood is hard and much valued and the bark and leaves are used for tanning. The carob tree propagates freely. The cultivated trees have all been grafted."

Copper in Japan.

Copper, with a value of $12,000,000, stands first on the list of metals of Japanese production. Gold follows with $2,000,000; then silver with $1,650,000, and then with $1,300,000. Lead shows $160,000; antimony, $45,000, and manganese, $40,000. The value of the sulphur output was $237,000, and the value of other mine products is trifling. The future of Japan's mining industry, with the exception of coal, is entirely speculative, with the chances against its important development in any line. Yet probably as long as there are indications of metals there will be hope and holes in the ground.

Uncle Sam's Limit.

The secretary of agriculture protests against the irresponsible announcements that the government stamp is equivalent to a guarantee that goods so stamped are exactly as represented as to quality. Uncle Sam guarantees nothing. He only inspects as far as he is able, but he does not insure the purchaser against possible adulteration. The government does all it can to maintain the standard, but if the manufacturer puts other material in the package the action must be taken against him and not the government.

Irish Kings.

There were plenty of Irish kings in early history and they were good fighters. Some historians have traced the line of native sovereigns of Ireland back as far as the time of the flood. Heber and Heremon in 1300, B. C., are the first of whom there is any absolute certainty. Following them were 169 kings all of whom except fifteen died in battle or otherwise by violence. Home rule was in existence until 1172.

Bicycling Popular in Formosa.

Bicycling is very popular with both the Japanese and Chinese residents of Formosa. Bicycle meets in which Japanese and Chinese participate are held twice a year in the capital city. Besides Chinese, Japanese and foreign spectators lining the circular track upon which the Japanese and Chinese contestants were racing their wheels, there were about 50 tattooed-faced savages of the head-hunter tribe.

The Phrenometer.

A curious electric machine is the phrenometer. The sensitive part of the instrument is a huge metal cap, which is brought slowly down upon the head, and clasping the skull gently but firmly, indicates the size of the "bumps" at 28 different points. The turning of a handle not only registers the size of each "bump," but prints and delivers the record.

The Woman Every One Likes.

The woman whom every one likes is an excellent talker and listener, but she listens more than she talks. She never gossips, but she is kind and liberal in her judgments. She has a faculty of remembering likes and dislikes, and never treads on other people's corns, and she never asks unnecessary or curious questions.

The Limit.

Dr. Johnson once, speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."