The Bear from Miss Place

By Charles Clark Munn

Copyright, 1906, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisble. Journey of Frisble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc and escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returned from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Amzi.

CHAPTER XII.

The streams and swamps contiguous to this lake were well adapted for the habitat of mink, muskrat, otter, fisher, and those large fur-bearing animals, the lynx and lucivee.

Old Cy, familiar as he was with the homes, habits, and the manner of catching these cunning animals, soon began his trap-setting campaign. A few dozen steel traps were first set along the stream and lagoons entering the lake, and then he and Ray pushed up Beaver brook, and leaving their canoe, followed its narrow valley in search of suitable spots to set the more elaborate deadfalls.

As gum-gathering was also a part of their season's plan, they now left the swamp valley, and, ascending the spruce-clad upland, began this work.

There was also another element that entered into the trapping and gum-gathering life,—the possible return of the half-breed.

"He hain't nothin' agin us," Old Cy asserted, when the question came up. "We didn't chase him the day ke stole Chip, 'n' yet I s'pose he'll show up some day, 'n' mebbe do us harm."

It was this fear that had led Old Cy to leave one of their canoes in a log locker, securely barred, and also to caution the hermit to remain on guard at the cabin while he and Ray were away.

A canoe is the one most vital need of a wildwood life, for the reason that the streams are the only avenues of escape and afford the only opportunities for travel.

Old Cy knew, or at least he felt almost sure, that the half-breed would return in good time. He had also reasoned out his failure to do so at once, and knew that left canoeless, as he had been that tragic day, his only course must be the one he actually followed. A month had elapsed since then, with no sign of this "varmint's" return, and now Old Cy was on the watch for it.

They had first visited the small traps near the lake, securing a couple of mink and three muskrats, which were left in the canoe. An otter was found in one of the deadfalls, and taking this with them, they entered the spruce timber and hung it on a conspicuous limb. Then the search for gum began.

As usual, they worked hard. The days were short, the best of sunlight was needful to see the brown gum nuts in the somber forest, and so they paid no heed to aught except what was overheard. When time to return arrived, Old Cy picked up his rifle and led the way back to where the otter had been left, but it had vanished. Glancing about to make sure that he was right, he advanced to the tree, looked down, and saw two footprints. Stooping over to examine them better in the uncertain light, he noted also that they were not his own, but larger, and made by some one wearing boots.

"Tain't the half-breed," he muttered, with an accent of relief, and looking about he saw a well-defined trail leading down the slope and thence onward toward the swamp.

Some one had crossed this broad, oval, spruce-covered upland while they were not 200 rods away from this tree, had stolen their otter and gone on into the swamp.

Any freshly made human footprint found in a vast wilderness awakens curiosity; these seemed ominous.

"He must 'a' seen us 'fore he did the otter," Old Cy ejaculated, "an' it's curis he didn't make himself known. Neighbors ain't over plenty, hereabout."

But the sun was nearing the treetops, the canoe was a mile away, and after one more look around, Old Cy started for it. There was no use in following this trail now, for it led into the tangled swamp, and so, skirting this until a point opposite the canoe was reached, Old Cy and Ray then plunged into it.

Twilight had begun to shadow this vale ere the canoe was reached. And here was another surprise, for the canoe was found turned half over, and on its broad oval bottom was a curious outline of black mud. The light was not good here. A fir-grown ledge shadowed the spit; but as Old Cy stooped to examine this mud-made emblem, it gradually took shape, and he saw—a skull and cross bones!

"Wal, by the Great Horn Spoon!" he exclaimed, "I never s'posed a pirate 'ud fetch in here! An' he's swiped our muskrats and mink," he added, as he looked under the canoe, "darn him!"

Then the bold bravado of it all occurred to Old Cy. The theft was doubtless made by whosoever had taken their otter, and not content with robbing them, he had added insult.

"I s'pose we'd orter be grateful he left the paddles 'n' didn't smash the canoe," Old Cy continued, turning it over. "I wonder who't can be?"

One hasty look around revealed the same bootmarks in the soft earth near the stream, and then he and Ray launched their craft and started for home.

"I'm goin' to foller them tracks tomorrer," Old Cy said, when they were entering the lake and a light in the cabin just across reassured him. "It may be a little resky, but I'm goin' to find out what sorter a neighbor we've got."

CHAPTER XIII.

All fellow-sojourners in the wilderness awaken keen interest, and the unbroken silence and solitude of a boundless forest make a fellow human being one we are glad to accost.

A party of lumbermen wielding axes causes one to turn aside and call on them. A sportsman's camp seen on a lake shore or near a stream's bank always invites a landing to interview whoever may be there.

All this interest was now felt by Old Cy and Ray, and with it an added sense of danger. No friendly hunter or trapper would thus ignore them in the woods. This practically minded thief must have seen them, for the spruce-clad oval, perhaps half a mile in width, was comparatively free from undergrowth where they had been working. He had crossed it within fairly open sight of them, had found the otter hanging from a limb, had taken it, and thence on to rob their canoe, daub it with that hideous emblem, world-wide in meaning, and then had gone on his way. Almost could Old Cy see him watching them from behind trees, skulking along when their backs were turned, a low, contemptible thief.

Old Cy knew that bordering this oval ridge on its farther side was a swamp, that a stream flowed through it, and surmising that this fellow might have come up or down this stream, he left their cabin prepared for a two or three days' sojourn away from it, which meant that food, blankets and simple cooking utensils must be taken along.

No halt was made to visit traps. Old Cy was trailing bigger game now; and when the point where they had left the canoe the day previous was reached, the canoe was pulled out on the stream's bank, the rifles only taken and the trailing began. He followed up the brook valley a little way, to find that only one track came down; he then circled about the canoe, until, like a hound, he found where the clearly defined trail left the swamp again.

Here in the soft carpet under the spruce trees one could follow this trail on the run, and here also Old Cy found where this enemy had halted beside tree, evidently while watching them, as the tracks indicated. When the bordering swamp was reached, the trail turned in a westerly direction, skirting thus for half a mile, and here, also, evidences of skulking along were visible.

Another trail was now come upon, but leading directly over the ridge, and just beyond this juncture both the trails now joined, entered the swamp, and ended at a lagoon opening out from the stream. Here, also, evidences of a canoe having been hauled up into the bog were visible.

"That sneakin' pirate come up this stream," Old Cy observed to Ray, as the two stood looking at these unmistakable signs. "He left his canoe here 'n' crossed the ridge above us 'n' down to whar we left the otter 'n' on to our canoe. Then he come back the way we followed, 'n' my idee is he had his eye on us most o' the time. I callate he has been laughin' ever since at what we'd say when we found that mud daub on our canoe, durn him!"

But their canoe was now a half-mile away, and for a little time Old Cy looked at the black, furrentless stream and considered. Then he glanced up at the sun.

"I've a notion we'd best fetch our canoe over here," he said at last, "an' follow this thief a spell farther. We may come on to suthin'."

"Won't he shoot at us?" returned Ray, more impressed by this possible danger than was Old Cy.

"Wal, mebbe and mebbe not," answered the old man. "Shootin's a game two kin play at, an' we've jest ex good a right to foller the stream ex he has."

But when their canoe had been carried over and launched in this lagoon, Ray's spirits rose. It was an expedition into new waters, somewhat venturesome, and for that reason it appealed to him.

For two hours they paddled along this serpentine highway, and then the vastness of this morass began to impress them.

No halt for dinner had yet been made. They were both faint from need of food, and so Old Cy reached for a small wooden pail containing their solo supply of provisions. Neither was it a luxurious repast which was now eaten. A couple of hardtacks munched by each and moistened with a cup of this swamp water and a bit of dried deer meat was all, and then Old Cy lit his pipe, dipped his paddle in the stream, and once more they pushed on. Soon a low mound of hard soil rose out of the tangle just ahead, an oasis in this unvarying mud swamp, and gaping at them from amid its cover of scrub birch and cedar stood a deadfall. It faced them as they neared this small island, and with lips upraised between a pair of stakes it much resembled the open mouth of a huge alligator.

"Hain't been built long," Old Cy exclaimed, after they had landed to examine it. "I've a notion it's the doin's of our pirate friend, an' he's trappin' round about this swamp. He's had good luck lately, anyhow, for he's got six o' our pelts to add to his string."

From here onward signs of human presence in this swamp became more visible. Now and then an opening cut, through the limbs of a lopped-over spruce was met; a spot where drift had been pushed aside to clear the stream was found at one place; signs of a canoe having been nosed into the bog grass were seen; and here were also the same footprints they had followed.

Another bit of hard bottom was reached, and here again was another deadfall. Tracks evidently made within a few days were about here, and tied to its figure-four spindle was a freshly caught brook sucker.

"The sneak's gettin' warm," Old Cy muttered, as he examined these signs of a trapper's presence, and then, mindful of the sun, he paddled on again.

And now an upland growth of tall spruce was seen ahead, the banks became in evidence, and a slight current was met. One more long bend in the stream was followed, then came curving banks and large-bodied spruce. They were out of the swamp.

Soon a more distinctive current opposed them, a low murmur of running water came from ahead, and then a pass best seen two abutting ledges was entered. Here the stream eddied over sunken rocks, and pushing on, the forest seemed suddenly to vanish as they emerged from the gloom of this short canyon, and the next moment they caught sight of a long, narrow lakelet.

The sun, now almost to the treetops, cast a reddish glow upon its placid surface, and so welcome a change was it from the ghostly, forbidding swamp just left, that Old Cy halted their canoe at once to look out upon it. It was seemingly a mile long, but quite a narrow lake. A bold, rocky shore rising in ledges faced them just across, and extended along that side, back of these a low, green-clad mountain, to the right, and at the end of this lanelike lake a bolder, bare-topped cliff was outlined clear and distinct.

The strip of water, for it was not much more, seemingly filled an oblong gorge in these mountains, only one break in them, to the left of this bare peak, and as Old Cy urged their canoe out of the alder-choked stream, now current-free, into the lake, a margin line of rushes and reeds was seen to form that shore. Back of these, also, rose the low ledge they had passed.

"Looks like a good hidin' spot fer a pirate," he exclaimed, glancing up and down the smiling lakelet. "Thar ain't many folks likely to tackle that swamp—it took us most all day to cross it. I'll bet no lumberman ever tried it twice, 'n' if I wanted to git absolutely 'way from bein' molested, I'd locate here. I dunno whether we'd best cross 'n' make camp 'mong them ledges or go back into the woods. Guess we'd best go back 'n' take a sneak round behind the ledge. I noticed a loggin leadin' up that way 'fore we left the swamp."

But now something was discovered that proved Old Cy's wisdom, for as they, charmed somewhat by the spot, yet feeling it forbidding, still glanced up and down the bold shore just across, suddenly a thin column of smoke rose from away to the right, amid the bare ledges.

First a faint haze, rising in the still air, then a burst of white, until the fleecy pillar was plainly outlined as it ascended and drifted backward into the green forest.

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Cy was, above all, a peaceable man, and while curiosity had led him to follow the trail of this robber and to cross this vast swamp, now that he saw the suggestive smoke sign, he hesitated about venturing nearer.

"I guess we'd best be keerful," he whispered to Ray, "or we may wish we had been. I callate our pirate friend's got a hidin' spot over thar, 'n' most likely don't want callers. He may be only a quoer old trapper a little short o' scruples agin' takin' what he finds, 'n' then agin he may be worse'n that. His campin' spot's agin him, anyhow."

But the sun was now very low; a camp site must soon be found, and scarce two minutes from the time he saw this rising column of smoke, Old Cy dipped his paddle and slowly drew back into the protecting forest. Once well out of sight, the canoe was turned and they sped back down-stream and into the swamp once more. Here he turned aside into a lagoon they had passed, and at its head they pulled their canoe out into the bog.

The two gathered up their belongings, and picking their way out of the morass, reached the belt of hard bottom skirting the ridge. They were now out of sight from the lake, but still too near the stream to risk a camp-fire, and so Old Cy led the way along this belt until a more secluded niche in the ridge was reached, and here they began camp-making.

That night was the longest ever passed by Ray, for not until near morning did he fall into a fitful slumber, and scarcely had he lost himself before Old Cy was up and watching for the dawn.

Its first faint glow was visible when Ray's eyes opened, and without waiting for fire or breakfast, they started for the top of the ridge. From here a curious sight met their eyes, for the lake and also the ridges out of which the smoke had risen were hidden beneath a white pall of fog. Back of them also, and completely coating the immense swamp, was the same sea of vapor. It soon vanished with the rising sun, and just as the ledge across the lake outlined themselves, once more that mysterious sign rose aloft.

And now the two watchers could better see whence it came. Old Cy had expected to obtain sight of some hut or bark shack nestling among these rocks; but none was visible. Instead, the smoke rose out of a jagged rock, and there was not a cabin roof or sign of one anywhere.

"That feller's in a cave," he whispered to Ray, "an' the smoke's comin' out o' a crack, sure's a gun!"

It seemed so, and for a half-hour the two watched it in silent amazement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Two Watched in Silent Amazement.

Home-runs Would Be Numerous.

Schoolboy's Comment on Absence of Attraction of Gravitation.

A clever teacher, who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils, says that she would have no use for text books if she took time to answer all the startling questions asked in the class-room. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion, when one of the boys said that he didn't see any need of it, anyway. "It seems to me," said he, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason for it, that apple might just as well have stayed where it was until somebody gathered it." "You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher. "Well, suppose you knock the ball very high, what happens?" "It falls." "But if there were no attraction towards the earth, it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?" "My!" cried the boy; "what a belly chance for a home-run!"

Washington Gossip

Interesting Bits of News Picked Up Here and There at the National Capital

SENATORS TOSS COIN TO DECIDE STATE PATRONAGE

WASHINGTON.—The newest and most unique method of dispensing federal patronage was exemplified by President Roosevelt in the White House the other day. It marks a departure in the usual procedure governing the selection of presidential appointees. There is nothing complex or intricate in the process. It is merely a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose."

There were a large number of vacant offices in South Dakota due to the fact that the two senators, Kittredge and Gamble, have been unable to agree upon applicants, thus permitting the old office holders to retain their positions long beyond the time to which they were appointed. Senators Kittredge and Gamble scarcely have spoken to each other since the former started in to defeat the latter for re-election two years ago.

The senators met in the president's office by appointment to agree, if possible, upon a distribution, but when they confronted the president they found themselves just as far apart as they have been in his absence. The president saw the difficulty, and proposed that they draw lots. The senators agreed, and the position of national bank examiner being the place for immediate dispute, the president tossed up a coin, saying that heads meant Kittredge should win and tails Senator Gamble should name the man.

The piece of money fell heads up, and the nomination was then awarded to Mr. Kittredge.

The twirling of the coin by the president also determined the appointment of land agents, Indian agents, a United States district attorney, a collector of internal revenue, an assayer of the mint and an auditor of the treasury department.

ODD POSTOFFICE NAMES ON DEPARTMENT RECORDS

OUT of the mist of bank failures, frenzied finance, horse shows and the like, Douglas county rises to sublime heights of esthetic devotion, reviving the Bull Run controversy and changes the name of the classic town of Starvout to the more tragic name of Booth. Time was perhaps when Starvout was a euphonious and appropriate cognomen for the little cluster of saloons and other more or less ornamental and necessary structures which kept back the sage-brush from the bosom of Douglas county, but that day has passed, and now it is Booth on the records of the post office department.

But Douglas county does not seem to be the only one, nor does the great and important question of whether the name Bull Run contaminates the water: Portland drinks seem to affect all parts of the country alike. The post office records show that many different municipal christenings have been celebrated throughout the country in the immediate past. New baby cities have been entered upon the roll and, sad thought, some have had their names changed or lost in the darkness of the records of other years.

Alabama has started things going in good shape by creating a town bearing the energetic name of "Getup."

Some poetic fancy not long ago substituted the harmonious name of Bellview for the old-fashioned and pioneer name of Salile.

California comes bravely to the rescue of modern language by the establishment of the post offices of Crackerjack and Skidoo. It also shows its aversion to unpleasant refreshments by abolishing the office of Bitterwater.

Florida has caught the habit and has cut Cat Creek off her visiting list while Idaho has disguised her desire, spelling her new town according to the phonetic system, Buhl. Indiana has cut out Gnat and Wishtown.

Louisiana, preparing for the future, has established the town of Brimstone, while Maine, suddenly unfriendly, has throttled Dutch Neck. Mississippi, in remembrance of certain well-known insects, perhaps, has christened a new town Crawley, but has relegated to the past the burgs of Dido, Mike and Shute. Missouri, utilitarian in her endeavors, has created the village of Useful, but now that the war is at last a thing of history has abolished Arsice.

Montana, not yet weaned from her other days, has dubbed a new place Hellgate, while just to the oposite North Carolina has put Outlaws Bridge in the catalogue of the past.

GOVERNMENT COIN MAKERS ARE WORKING OVERTIME

THIS is the busy season in the United States mint at Philadelphia. All the country is calling for money.

Every bit of coin-making machinery in the big institution is working overtime. Streams of bright new coin, silver and golden, trickle from the big money-stamping presses. Millions of dollars' worth of bullion is coming to the mint from all directions for coinage.

Secretary Cortelyou has ordered the coinage of $60,000,000 in $20 gold pieces within the next three months. The mint machinery has a capacity of 4,000 of these coins an hour.

Meantime there is an insistent demand from all over the country for silver coin of the smaller denominations. The mint officials have been wholly unable to supply these calls.

Day and night engineers, assayers, weighers and the countless other specialized workers have been working overtime, some of them 14 and 16 hours a day. They have succeeded only in giving each city less than half what was requested.

Peremptory demands have been made for an unlimited amount of dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars. Within the last two weeks $2,000,000 in gold has been coined. Every department has been ordered to get busy.

About $40,000,000 in bullion is already within the vaults. More is coming. It is all to be coined without delay. Massive new machinery has been added lately and is now being tried for the first time, very satisfactorily. The mint officials are confident they can complete the task on time.

The new issue of gold eagles will have 46 stars around the edge instead of 45, as heretofore, Oklahoma having become a state.

PRESIDENT A BUSY MAN; CANNOT SEE ALL CALLERS

SCORES of Washington sightseers go to the executive offices every day under the belief that all they have to do is to ask to see the president and the thing is done. They are a sorely disappointed lot when they find that they can't get in. They go away murmuring at times, and occasionally saying things above a murmur about aristocratic government and head-in-the-air presidents.

If Mr. Roosevelt saw every person who wanted to see him there wouldn't be any messages written and there wouldn't be any policies outlined for the progress of the greatest democracy on earth.

When a stranger comes to Washington bent on seeing the president he or she should call on the representative in congress from the home district. The representative, 99 times in 100, won't be a bit pleased at being called on, but he will take good care not to let his constituents know it. If he can't find an excuse that is ample and that won't give offense, he will take his callers to the executive mansion, where they will have a chance to shake the presidential hand.

Mr. Roosevelt will say that he is very glad to see each one of them, and he will tell the callers something about their home town which they knew before, but which they will be very much surprised to know that the president knows. Mr. Roosevelt apparently knows something about every city, town and hamlet in the United States from which there is any possibility that a journeyer to Washington may come.

"Made in America."

In Cologne, a few blocks from the great cathedral, there is a little shop where one may buy old books, prints and curios of all kinds. An American tourist and his daughter bought some trinkets there a few months ago, and were leaving the shop when a little, apparently antique, crucifix attracted the attention of the girl. She examined it, found that it was bronze, somewhat corroded, and was told that it was "very old." The emblem was purchased and brought home with other souvenirs of the voyage, and recently the evidences of antiquity were removed when the bronze was polished. The owners were surprised to find on the reverse side, scratched with a sharp point, "S. C." and parts of another letter, and under these the words: "New York."

Tall Englishmen.

Lord Clifton, whose coming of age has just been celebrated at Cobham Hall, Kent, England, is six feet seven inches high. His father, the "early of Darnley, is six feet four inches, while the earl, Lord Bligh, the Hon. Arthur Bligh and the Hon. E. V. Bligh, average six feet two and one-half inches

NOW MR. BAXTER HAS REFORMED.

In the Future He Will Think More About Appearances.

One reason why Mr. Baxter never likes to go out evenings is because he seldom can find room enough in the street cars to make himself comfortable. There never was a person who liked to spread himself physically as does Mr. Baxter. Mrs. Baxter has frequently been sorely humiliated by that fact. When they are out together he refuses to squeeze into close quarters just for the sake of being near her. If there is a wide space at the other end of the car Baxter unsentimentally moves on and drops into it without minding in the least that he has left her alone.

Since last Thursday night, however, Baxter has promised to think lessons his material sensibilities. When evening the Baxters went to the theater, Going home Baxter, as usual, refused to ride by his wife on the ground that he would be unduly crowded. There was a rift in the row of humanity further along the line, and he went down and filled in there. He sat beside a fat man, who had previously traveled a short distance over the alcoholic route. The fat man had noticed from afar Baxter's disinclination to share his wife's society, and he thought he understood the cause. Pleased with his powers of divination he nudged Baxter good-naturedly.

"That's right," said he. "Don't give her a chance to bullyrag you before folks. It's bad enough when you're alone, but it's worse when there's anybody around to hear. That's why I give the old lady the slip. We'll both catch it when we get home, but we're safe for the rest of the trip, anyway."

The alcoholic man's "old lady," half a dozen steps away, overheard, and, judging by the rapid-fire action of her eyes, it was pretty safe to guess that the fat man would "catch it" even if Baxter didn't.

Canaanite Burials.

Some important discoveries have lately been made with regard to the burial customs of the Canaanites. The bodies were usually deposited in caves, as Abraham deposited the body of Sarah. The caves were either natural hollows in the rock, such as abound in Palestine, or artificially formed excavations, usually roughly circular. On the floor of these caves the body was laid, in a contracted position, knees drawn round it and earth strewn over it. For the use of the spirit of the deceased vessels of food and drink were placed nearby; not without pathos is the deposit of cooked meat, with a knife to cut it and a saucer inverted over it to keep it warm, that was found in one tomb in Gezer. Spears, swords, ornaments or other objects which the deceased might be supposed to require were also deposited. These objects are valuable testimonies to the belief of the Canaanites in the continuance after death of a life similar to the earthly existence.

The Spanish Galleon.

Primarily the galleon was but a peaceful merchant ship, but by the irony of fate she became, almost from her inception, a center of the fiercest fighting. Square rigged and high of stem and stern, broad of bow and low of waist, with massive bulwarks and forecastle, and poop three and four decks high, she possessed a picturesque appearance, but little of sensible naval architecture. The stem was clumsy, broad and blunt, and smashed heavily through the waves, to the great detriment of speed; this and the towering stern presented such a surface to the wind that the difficulties of steering were quite formidable, and six or eight men at the wheel were not unusual. The method in this apparent madness of marine construction was the landlubber's instinct, still strong in men of the sea of those days, to reduce all naval maneuvers to the stand-up-and-knock-down tactics of the land fight on a common platform.—Scribner's Magazine.

Hotel Keys.

"It takes just about 500 new keys a year to keep us going," remarked Dave Mills, assistant manager of the Euclid, the other day. "That does not include the keys that are carried away and returned by mail. Then lots of people take the metal tags off keys in order to carry the keys in their pockets, and the tags get lost. Sometimes a guest will return a key that he has carried for a year or so. Now the funniest proposition I ever struck was this: We got a letter one day from a man out in Des Moines, Ia., who wrote to apologize for not returning a key he had taken away. He said he found that the key just fitted the front door of his home and as his wife had lost the key to the house a few days before, he felt obliged to keep the key from the Euclid, much as he hated to do it."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

King of Spain's Incognitos.

The king of Spain sometimes travels as the Duke of Toledo, but before his marriage his designation when on his journeys was Count of Covalonga—a title which recalls an interesting historical event. It was at Covalonga that Pelayo, the first king of Leon, fought the battle which saved a portion of the peninsula for Christendom and put the Moors to rout. Some of his men had climbed the precipices and destroyed the Moorish rearguard with showers of stones, while Pelayo himself charged their main body with the flower of his cavalry. Immediately after the victory his followers proclaimed him king of Spain in the village which was the scene of his triumph, and the title of Count of Covalonga, which he simultaneously assumed, has ever since been borne by his successors.

Family Telephone Signals.

In a busy family where there are numerous telephone calls a simple device has saved steps and calling. The telephone is between dining room and kitchen, where the one-maid can answer it easily. Beside it is a button controlling a small bell in the upstairs hall. Each member of the family has his or her particular number, as 1-2, 1-3, 1-4, etc., which the maid rings whenever a message comes. If there is no response she knows the person called for is not at home.