

When Clarence Rebelled

Clarence had been given a fair chance to be a good boy. He would have been a good boy, if he had been a good boy. But a fond mother believed in bringing boys up to be good. Clarence had gone far to make a good boy. Miss Nancy, with nothing but a good heart, had nothing to say about him from any point of view.

Clarence was a rich boy. His father was a rich man. His mother—herself the daughter of a poverty-stricken family—therefore able to indulge in her peculiar theories in the matter of the "rearing of Clarence." She had, in the first place, that to be a good boy, the public schools were to be attended. The public schools were to be attended. The public schools were to be attended. The public schools were to be attended.

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long and one short—coming from outside the alley fence.

In answer Clarence put most of his ten fingers in his mouth and blew four feeble blasts in answer.

"Why didn't you ever teach me to whistle wid my fingers, Whity?" demanded the disrespectful Clarence. "You're no good!"

The next afternoon Mr. Whitley was summoned into the library for a conference with the mother of Clarence. He left Clarence behind him in the study. When the conference was over—greatly to the relief of the tutor—he went back to find the study empty. The boy had disappeared. A search of the house failed to locate him. Mr. Whitley broke the news to his mistress. She raved.

"I thought you were paid not to let that darling child get out of your sight, sir!" she said. "I shall telephone for my husband."

The father of Clarence was a busy man, but he really loved his son, and he started at once and in a hurry for home. Meanwhile the distracted Whitley made inquiries of everybody in the neighborhood. Judy, the cook, was the only one who could throw any light on the subject.

"Sure," she said, "I seen him go out in the back yard half an hour ago wid all his old clothes on."

Then Mr. Whitley remembered the previous day's adventure with the leaders of the Slim street gang, and when Clarence's father got home the two men started out to look in that neighborhood. It was fast growing dark when they reached a vacant lot, overgrown with tall weeds, from the center of which came boyish whoops and yells. As a mere matter of thoroughness, and with no idea of finding the lost boy, they pushed their way through close up to the big gaping hole in the ground which marked the spot where once a house had stood. The weeds were so thick and tall that the two men were entirely concealed from view. Presently through a break they made out eight or ten small boys gathered about a common center, and in the center, with his back against an apple tree stood the lost Clarence.

Mr. Whitley started forward, but the father of Clarence, who was a wise man, held him back.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Don't say a word."

Presently the crowd of boys about the tree stopped their war whoops and the leader, whom Mr. Whitley recognized as "Nigger" White, stepped forward.

"De Roarin' Red Skins," he said to Clarence, "demands yer surrender."

"Never!" Clarence answered. "Old Silver Bullet may bite de dust, but he will never surrender."

Then he suddenly struck "Nigger" a swift punch on the nose.

"Bully!" said the father of Clarence in the background. Mr. Whitley writhed in agony.

The battle raged fiercely. Before he finally went down under a pile of waving legs and arms Clarence had bloodied several noses and done execution with his copper-toed shoes.

"Whitley," said the father of Clarence, "it strikes me I've got quite a boy there. Somehow I never realized it before."

Clarence was tied hand and foot. Then a long rope was fastened about his feet. After which "Nigger" White made another speech.

"De Roarin' Redskins offers yer annuder chanst," he said. "Betray de garrison an' yer goes free. Refuse an' yer dies."

"Do yer worst," said Clarence.

Before Mr. Whitley or the father of Clarence could interfere the Roarin' Redskins, who had hold of the rope which was attached to the feet of Clarence, had started down into the empty cellar on the run, and Clarence, lying on his back, went bobbing and bounding and sliding after.

Still not a whimper came from him.

"Bind to de stake," said the voice of "Nigger" White. The prostrate figure of Clarence was raised to an upright position and fastened to a post which was still standing in one corner of the cellar.

Then Whitley and the boy's father finally stepped forward. The Roarin' Redskins melted away like a fall of snow on a sunny day, only much more swiftly.

"Clarence," said his father, "are you hurt?"

"Naw, I never had so much fun in my life. The kids was 'nitiatin' me into the Slim street gang. Say, father, did you see the swipe I hit the great chief?"

"But what will your mother say?"

"I don't care. I'm tired of being a gussie. I want to run with the other kids and have some fun. Father, I want to go to the public school."

"And so you shall, my son," said his father.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gold Hoarded by Misers

The world is full of millions and millions of lost sovereigns. A competent authority has just completed some investigations which, he declares, show that in three years the Bank of England has lost trace of no fewer than 20,000,000 golden coins of the realm. This wholesale disappearance of the elusive sovereign has been going on for years. A river of gold has flowed unceasingly from Threadneedle street to all parts of the world, but it has come back only as a tiny yellow streamlet. What has become of the surplus in its wanderings? "Misers" is the unpoetical explanation for a great part of this disappearance. There still exist in this and other countries people who are unbusinesslike enough to hoard up gold and keep it lying idle by them for the sole pleasure of knowing it is there and occasionally counting it.

The people of India appear to be particularly addicted to a habit that is more reminiscent of mediaeval times than of an age when money is generally saved so that more can be made with it. In the regency of Bombay it is estimated that 12,000,000 golden sovereigns are hoarded. If that is the record of Bombay alone, what is the full tale for the whole country? China, too, absorbs a vast amount of gold that never sees the light again. As a matter of fact, while the whole world is searching for and trying to acquire gold, a goodly part of it appears to be engaged in the less thrilling pastime of hiding it away.

Great Britain is not guiltless of this commercial sin. Dotted all over the kingdom are graveyards of gold which if discovered and opened might restore to circulation a vast amount of wealth at present absolutely useless. At a spot about two miles from Herefordshire beacon a treasure chest is recorded in the local history as having been buried by a great family once resident in the district. But the money cannot be found. There is a similar record in connection with Hulme castle, formerly a seat of a branch of the Prestwich family. Somewhere near Stokesay castle, Shropshire, there is believed to be hidden a great oaken chest filled with

Fall of the Campanile

Venice, Italy, July 14.—The Campanile (detached bell tower of St. Mark's church, 98 metres high) collapsed at 10:40 this morning and fell with a great crash into the piazza.

The Campanile, which was entirely detached from the cathedral and palace of the Doges, collapsed where it stood and is now a mass of ruins. The Cathedral and Palace of the Doges are quite safe, but a corner of the royal palace was damaged.

Repairs on the Campanile were to have been commenced today. It is feared there was some loss of life. The ruins are surrounded by a cordon of troops.

The first intimation of danger was the sudden appearance yesterday of a longitudinal crack in the corner wall of the clock tower and the breaking of two windows.—A concert which had been arranged to take place on the piazza yesterday was stopped by order of the prefect with the object of preventing a concourse of people.

The Campanile stood opposite the church or cathedral of St. Mark's. It was founded in 888, restored in 1329, provided with a marble top in 1417, and in 1517 was crowned with the figure of an angel nearly 16 feet high. The loggetta or vestibule on the east side of the Campanile was once a rendezvous of the nobility and afterwards a waiting room for the guards during the sessions of the great council. The clock tower stands opposite the Campanile.

Venice, July 14.—The ruins are piled up to a height of 100 feet, and the Piazza di San Marco and the adjoining squares are covered with debris and dust. Some damage was done to the San Sovino Loggetta or vestibule on the east side of the Campanile.

Kaiser's Yacht Wins

Dover, England, July 16.—Emperor William's yacht Meteor III was the first to arrive here in the race from the island of Heligoland, Germany, for the Von Busch trophy, valued at 600 guineas (\$3,150) and two other prizes. The yachts started in the race on Monday last, but were becalmed in the North Sea.

Dover, July 16.—The official time of the Meteor was 1.53.14. She took 46 hours to cover 310 miles. The

Meteor III. allows the Navahoe and the Clara two hours; the Lasca three hours; the Comet, formerly the Meteor, four hours, and the Susanne six hours. The Navahoe and Lasca are American built yachts.

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