

## JACK MASON'S WAGER

HE WON IT IN GREAT STYLE WITH-  
OUT "TURNING A HAIR."Unique Hunting Escapade of a Famous  
Old Time Virginia Sportsman.  
Bird Shooting That Opened a Grim  
Old Scotchman's Eyes.

From all accounts Jack Mason in his youth was the wildest rattling young blade in the country. One of his sporting escapades is a household tradition down in old Quantico to this day, says Alexander Hunter in Outing.

There was a large plantation in the section owned and worked by a Scotchman, an elderly man, who employed no overseer, but filled the place himself. He was the typical stern, bigoted Scotch Covenanter as drawn by the immortal pen of the Wizard of the North. He was a fanatic in all things and was utterly out of place among the pleasure loving Virginia gentry. It was the irrepressible antipathy of the Cavalier and Puritan—the rising of the bristles of the boar at the approach of the staghounds. He herded by himself, and they left him severely alone. The canny Scot was himself no sportsman, nor would he allow any of the neighbors to fire a gun on his place.

Now it happened there was a large ball near by, with Jack Mason in attendance, of course, and during the night the young planters discussed the chances of autumn shooting and deplored the failure of all their efforts to be allowed to hunt on the Scotchman's preserves. Jack Mason offering to bet his favorite horse against any of equal value that he would shoot over that preserve on the morrow and with the full and free consent of the owner. He was asked if he knew him personally or had unknown means of winning his favor.

He answered in the negative and added he had never even met the Scot in his life. The wager was closed there and then. The next morning as the old Covenanter was walking up and down the porch enjoying his after breakfast pipe a strange apparition advanced up the gravel walk and took off his three cornered hat and made him a sweeping bow. The Scot winked his eyes and looked again. He saw a slender, effeminate looking fellow some twenty-five years old who seemed literally to have stepped from the ballroom. His ruffled shirt front was adorned with a diamond, mother of pearl buttons gleamed on his sky blue coat, and his satin small clothes glistened in the sunshine. A pair of silk stockings were decorated by a love knot bow of blue ribbon, and his dancing pumps were decorated by a jeweled buckle. He carried a gun in one hand, and two pointer dogs trooped at his heels.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the planter.

In a mincing voice the intruder asked his gracious permission to shoot a few birds, saying he had been dancing all night at Warwick hall and needed a little morning exercise.

The Scot gazed at him with the same feeling perhaps that his stalwart mount tain bred ancestor had at the portly dandy fops of Charles II's court. He was about to utter a curt and positive refusal when his grim Scotch humor got the better of him. He came near hissing laughter as he saw that delicately clothed creature standing so clean, jaunty and nice and then pictured him returning from the hunt, his costly attire in rags, his tender limbs scratched, his morning glory all gone. So he smiled in his beard and asked him if he intended to hunt just as he was dressed. He was answered in the affirmative. So he gave his assent that his unknown guest for that one day might shoot all he pleased, and then he started off for the low grounds to attend to the cornshucking.

A short time after his negro manager came running up to him and said:

"Master, there won't be a bird left on dis here place. De man's a debbil, and de dogs is de debbil, and de gun is a debbil."

Dropping his work, the owner hurried to the scene, and he opened his eyes very wide indeed at what he saw. In the front of the house was a stubble field of several hundred acres that had been harvested in wheat the same year. It was as level as a table and an ideal feeding place for the quail. For many years they had whistled, mated and fed around the place all undisturbed until they became almost as tame as barnyard fowls. The owner saw the dogs stand motionless, saw the dandy sportsman pick his way gently where they were, saw a few birds rise and two puffs of smoke, followed by a nearly simultaneous report. Two birds dropped, then the dogs retrieved, and the game was handed to a nondescript negro lad who somewhere, who had tied the birds to a string and wrapped them around his body until he was half hidden from view.

The gun was loaded and capped inside of a minute. The performance was repeated. The man never hurried, the dogs, beautifully trained, never bungled, the gun never missed, and the dandy had, in sporting parlance, never "turned a hair." The stockings were a little colored by the chickweed, but he was ready to lead the minuet that moment.

The Scotchman at first was furiously angry, but as he saw the matchless work of the trinity of destructive agents—man, gun, dog—so perfectly blended into one, and beheld the affected coxcomb the same metal which under Rupert had again and again broken the steel fronted squares of Cromwell's Ironsides, he advanced and asked his name, and when it was given he answered, "I might have known it." And that's how Jack Mason won his bet.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

House-Painting Headaches. House painting and decorating are just now in evidence, and the season is not without its dangers as well as inconveniences to those who are compelled by necessity or slender means to stop at home during the progress. Headache, says The London Lancet, is a common experience at this time. Possibly the oil with which the painter mixes his pigments is sufficient to cause nausea, although there seems to be little doubt that minute quantities of lead are inhaled also. People have been known to suffer from a severe attack of colic after sitting in a room for a few hours a day in which there were "canvases covered with white lead and a drying oil. Artists, again, have been attacked with paralysis owing to the action of the oil paint. People susceptible to the action of the poison should make a strenuous endeavor to leave the house during its painting and decoration, while those who are compelled to remain should live in the fresh air as much as possible. In the sleeping room a very useful precaution is to leave the washing basin full of clean water, or, better still, milk, during the night. In the morning a groggy person will be found on the surface of the water. Milk is a well-known absorbent of odors, and appear to get more effectually than water for this purpose, for after exposure in a freshly painted house the milk will be found to smell quite distinctly of paint. Our contemporary does not mention the practice in some localities of hanging up a bunch of straw or hay dipped in water. By this means a larger wet surface is exposed to the air, with correspondingly increased absorbent powers.—London Telegraph.

Later in the Game. "Ah, me," sighed the drug clerk, "how women do change!" "What's tangled in your wheels now?" asked the boss. "When I was doing the courtship stunt with Cordelia," said the d. c., "she declared that if I should pass in my checks she would also die without delay. And now?" "Well, what now?" queried the boss. "We have been married only six months," continued the assistant pill compiler, "and she is dropping hints around to the effect that I ought to get my life insured."

Don't buy a thing because you want it; wait until you need it.

Sick Headache—  
Lack of Appetite.

Its glorious to feel right in the morning—ready for work. But how seldom one does. Sick headache, lack of appetite, disagreeable taste in the mouth—these are the usual morning feelings of most people—even of careful livers. This morning illness shows that the organs of digestion are not working properly. They need a tonic. Take a teaspoonful of

Abbey's  
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in half a glass of water as soon as you rise—you'll be ready to do justice to a good breakfast. Abbey's Effervescent Salt cleanses the bowels and intestines, invigorates the fagged out stomach and energizes the torpid liver. At all Druggists.

There is no mention of crowns before the eighth century after Christ. The crown really did not become the Lead covering of kings until the times of the Christian rulers after the might and power of pagan Rome were broken. Before those days the crowning was done with a helmet. This change in the method of crowning the rulers is typical of the changes that occurred in the spirit that animated nations and races in the selection of their kings.

The first kings and chiefs, after the world had emerged from the patriarchal forms of government, were selected almost altogether for their prominence as leaders in war. Thus, gradually, the chief of the army became the chief of the nation. Almost all the ancient kings were military despots. Then, with the prevalence of Christianity and the overthrow of the old governments, came the new rulers who claimed to rule by divine right. They, too, were almost all military despots, especially in the beginning, but the world had progressed far enough to demand more proof of authority to rule than mere brute power.

Travels of a Bullseye. A German scientist says that if a marksman at noon on a cloudless, windless day sets his rifle so that it will cover the bullseye of a target the gun will in the same position the next day, if it also happens to be cloudless and windless, shoot "high left." "The bullseye is apparently attracted by the position of the sun or of any other luminous point," says the scientist, "and apparently during the day follows the course of the sun in a semicircular line on the target."

This seemingly changed position of an object under the changing influence of light cannot, he thinks, be produced by refraction nor by the changing temperature of the air nor by changing barometric pressure. The change of position is instantly responsive to the sun "reaching through a cloud. It cannot be akin to mirage, because the shooter would then have to lower his gun at noon instead of elevating it as he now does.

Glory. Glory is but a transient dream that gives color to a sleep bespangled with illusions of greatness; a mirage, glittering, but unsubstantial, hovering above the oasis in the desert of life at whose fountain many a weary traveler would quench his burning thirst that he may press on to grander heights. It beckons us on to where the broad light plays on countless graves of those once called great, but now forgotten, upon whose gravestone is chiseled the mocking phrase, "Sic transit gloria mundi." How often does the victor, spent and worn, look around for the laurels and the peace he has earned, only to find the bubble burst, the colors faded.—Roanoke Times.

Tortillas. Tortillas, the Mexican substitute for wheat bread, are made from selected corn. The kernels are boiled soft in lime water and after being thoroughly washed are rubbed between the hands to remove the outer husk. They are then ground while wet to a soft mass with stones or a peanut butter mill, patted into thin cakes, baked on a dry griddle and eaten while still hot.

Somewhat Inconsistent. Sir Hartley Williams, a celebrated judge of Australia, said he once knew a pious lawyer who was in the habit of praying for clients. "Imagine," exclaimed the judge, "the insult to the Almighty contained in the request that he should stir up strife among people, foment discord and promote litigation just to serve the selfish purposes of this pious solicitor."

True Philosopher. "Well, sir, lightning" set his house afire, a earthquake swallowed half his land, and then the river ran overflowed the whole business!" "Well, what's he a-doin' of now?" "Thankin' the Lord that he kin swim!"

Hard to Meet Them, Though. Miss Romanique (ecstatically)—I guess in Bohemia every one is Tom, Dick and Harry. Painter Lott (a poor artist)—Oh, yes, and there are a good many bills there too.—Indianapolis Journal.

Feeble Information. Mr. Tytephist (at the club)—By the way, doc, what is good for indigestion? Doctor (fellow club man)—Well, a Welsh rabbit is sometimes good for about three days of it.

One thing is clear to me—that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—George MacDonald.

Knew All About It. Teacher—What is the meaning of "parvenu?" Johnny—An upstart. Teacher—Give a sentence in which the word is used. Johnny—When a man sits down on a bent pin, he gives a violent parvenu.

Precisely That. Braggish—I tell you I'm overworking. I am turning out an awful lot of work just now. Nocker—That's just exactly the word your employer used in describing your present work.—Baltimore American.

Jealousy. Nell—He isn't very handsome, but his face lights up well. Belle—Is he so lantern jawed as all that?—Philadelphia Record.



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