was itemized as follows. 1 Diamond pin, valued at

It was a long time since Tolchester had enjoyed such a sensation. The so-cial prominence of the parties lent ad-ditional piquancy to the occurrence, and people who, as a rule, never looked at the society columns, eagerly scanned the list of wedding guests, and wondered who, in that provincially august catalogue, could have been the author of one of the neatest "touches" on re-

of one of the neatest "touches" on record.

Nick Hogaboom, police reporter of the "Courier," felt a double interest in the affair, both from a personal and prefessional point of view. Much to his disgust, he had been assigned to write up the ceremony, the reportorial staff being below its normal strength, and had with his own hand catalogued for his paper the large array of wedding gifts. He had been greatly taken with the beauty of the diamond pin, jocularly remarking to the society editeres of the "Weekly Hearth and Home" that he "had a good mind to pinch it that he "had a good mind to pinch it for his Sunday tie," and had wished,

what he "had a good mind to pinch it for his Sunday tie," and had wished, with a sigh, that he could afford to hand such a string of pearls on a certain white neck.

As police reporter of the "Courier," with a reputation for "scoops," for so exclusive news stories are called in the jargon of the press, it behooved him to jet the earliest information on the subject of the robbery, and so he stroiled into the office of the chief of the city detective staff, 1, pick up any crumbs into the office of the chief of the city detective staff, t) pick up any crumbs which that august official might vouch-safe to let fay. The chief liked Nick Hogaloom as well as he permitted Rights of the reporters, whose premature disclosures sometimes interfered seriously with his plans, and tinterfered seriously with his plans, and he graciously suffered two pieces of laformation to be extracted—first, that Mr. Wotherspoon and offered a reward sea artunand dollars for the recovery of the stolen jewelry; and, secondly, that Delective Wright, who had been caseigned on the case, was ill, and that This place had been taken by Detective

Sundlesroth.

"Bundles, eh?" queried Nick, with a "alight uplifting of the eyebrows and an indrawing of the lips, which did not escape the keen eyes of the chief.

"Have you got any objection to my putting him on?" he asked, sarcastically. "If you have, why, don't hesitate to say so, and I'll switch the staff around the accommodate you." The chief's

say so, and I'll switch the stati atoms to accommodate you." The chief's eyes might be open to the deficiencies of certain members of his force, but he did not choose that others should comment on them, even by depictatory Nick laughed. "Oh, Bundles is all

Nick laughed. "On, Bundles is an Fight, I guess," he said.
"What's the matter between you and "Bundlesroth these days?" the chief enguired. "You used to be as thick as thieves. A bit too thick to suit me sometimes," he added, with a grim

smile.
"Just a little difference of opinion,"
replied the reporter, carclessly. "We'll
get over our grouch some day." He
"showed no inclination to pursue the

"Showed no inclination to pursue the conversation along these personal lines, and a few minutes later took his leave. Passing down the stairs Nick met another reporter, to whom he imparted the routine information which he had just received. The other grinned.

"It's a pipe for the bird if old man Bundles has got the job of putting sait on his tail," he said. "Why, the pid jay couldn't catch the smallpox in presthouse. He's beginning to tum-

esthouse. He's beginning to turn ble to the fact that he's getting pretty ble to the fact that he's getting pretty breach, but this'il bloat him up some."

Two policemen, standing near, overheard the remark, and snickered ap-

heard the remark, and snickered appreciatively.

"Poor old Bundles!" sollloquized Nick, as he left the building. "If he doesn't get a move on, I'm atraid it's going to be a case of saw," and then he fell to meditatips ruefully on his own relations with the despised detective.

It was true, as the chief had remarked, that Nicholas Hogaboom and Detective Bundlesroth were no longer "thick," and the reason for the split was a woman. Bundles had a daughter, Mamie, a bright-faced, who esone,

ter, Mamie, a bright-faced, who esonie, attractive lass, and Mamie had found favor in the eyes of the police eporter attractive issa, and Mamie had found favor in the eyes of the police oporter He had seen her on many occasions when he called for a private and condential clist with her father, and had taken her a veral times to the theater with fun parentel sunction. He felt it had, therefore, that, after he had obtained from the girl a biushing confession that his attachment was responded on him and sternly refused to allow of an engagement. Nick pointed out that his savings and his present salary were amply sufficient to varrant his taking, a wife, but the father was obdurate, and forbade any intercourse hetween the young people. Consequently the two men now confined themselves to a attrictly professional relationship, and spoke to one another as reidom as possible.

Nick, strolling, towards the lourier office, paused in front of the alluring family displays in the windows of Mul-

office, paused in front of the alluring sewelry display in the windows of Mularkey & Co. Those windows had receivly held a great attraction for him. and he never passed them without stopping to select a ring, usually, the

The seal of the seal of

most expensively to collection, which he pictured hinself as purchasing and supping on to Manter a flaget, with an appropriate accompanying speech. Nick had that speech down pat, and he was running his owe over the ring-cases, preparatory to got a through his customery mental theoricals, when he became aware that another man was also regarding the fewers, and with the eyo of a connoisseur. The stranger was tall, well dieszed in a frock-coat and silk hat, and wore an air of distinction. Nick looked at him once or twice out of the corners of his eyes, and his brows drew together in a puzzled frown. For the moment Mante was forgotten. He had seen that face recently, under circumstances which lent the recognition an additional interest, and he had seen it some years before under other circumstances which his mind was unable to recall. As he tried in vain to locate the brain-cell in which this special memory was stored, he saw

in vain to locate the brain-cell in which this special memory was stored, he saw to man raise his hat, draw a hand-kerchief from his pocket, and, grasping it delicately between forefinger and thumb, pass it once or twice across his forehead. Then a great light broke suddenly on the young reporter, and he checked a whistle of astonishment which gathered behind.

suddenly on the young reporter, and ne checked a whistle of astoniahment which gathered behind. lips.

"What a cinch," he waispered, as he continued to gaze fixedly in front of him. He permitted himself the lux ury of snapping the finger and thumb of the hand in his trousers' pocket, but externally he gave no sign of the triumph surging in his bosom.

"It's a case of shadow, sure," he ssid to himself, as the man moved away from the window, and while the tall, silk-hatted figure strolled leisurely along the street, the sturdy form of the reporter loafed behind at a convenient distance.

Before they had gone far the object of Nick's pursuit encountered the assistant manager of one of the city banks, and stopped for a few minutes' conversation. Nick, who happened to be passing a corset emporium, at one

banks, and stopped for a few minutes conversation. Nick, who happened to be passing a coract emporium, at once halted and became engrossed in the contents of the window, until the two separated after a warm handshaks. Now, it so happened that the bank manager lay under a slight obligation to Nick Hogaboom, and he greeted the young man pleasantly when they met. "The man I was just talking to?" he said, in reply to Nick's artless enquiry. "Oh, that's Walter Welfern of Boston. Been here some months trying to get people interested in a patent soap-dish. Live? Has a flat at 17 Marobel street. Why? D'ye want to interview him? Just told me he was leaving for New York to-morrow for a few weeks. Well so long! Glad to have seen you."

have seen you." have seen you."

The bank manager hurried away, and Nick abandoned the chase. He had learned all that he wanted to know Fifteen minutes later he rang the bell at 17 Marobel street.

"Mr. Welfern ain't in just now," said

the servant who opened the door. "Did you want to see him perticlar?" "Pretty particular," replied Nick
"When would I be likely to catch him

"He'll be in about ten o'clock to-night, I guess," said the servant. "He's goin' away to-morrow on the 8.15 train."

Nick expressed his thanks for the information and withdrew.

information and withdrew.

"Things are looking my way all right," he said, "and now to play my hand for what it's worth."

When Mamie Bundlesroth opened the door of her father's house in response to Nick's ring and saw who stood outside, she blushed and beamed, and then looked frightened.

looked frightened.
"Paw in, Mame?" asked Nick. He winked and grinned in a manner in-comprehensible to the girl, but he made no lover-like advances. Mamie's face

no lover-like auvanted fell.

"He's in the parlor, Ni— Mr. Hogaboom," she said, with a pathetic attempt at dignity.

"All right, Miss Bundlesroth," replied

Nick, jocosely. "Just show me in, will you?" and added in a low voice, as she your" and added in a low voice, as she preceded him along the passage, "Things are coming our way at last, little girl, and we can afford to wait for paw's blessing."

Detective Bundlesroth did not wear

the appearance of a hospitable host when Nick walked jauntily into the parlor, ushered in by a "Here's Mr. Hogaboom to see you, paw," from Mamic. He fixed a stony stare on his visitor, and emitted an interrogative grunt, which, translated into politic English, stood for, "To what am I in-debted for the honor of this visit?"

"I dropped in to see you, Bundles," began Nick, easily, "for two reasons.

began Nick, easily, "for two reasons. First, because I want to find out whether you haven't changed your mind about Mamie—"
"I haven't, then," replied the other, sourly, "an' I don't mean to. I suppose you an' her have had a huggin'-match in the passage?"
"Then, our sunges "Trong" said.

"Then ou suppose wrong," said ick "For a detective you're a mighty Nick poor judge of human nature. "I'm playing my cards on the table of direct Mame There's no back-door business

e detective's expression softened a little.
"It ain't no use talkin', Nick," he said.

You ve got to give her up. I've got to objections to you personally, but there's richer men than you wants to marry my girl, an' she's got to take one of 'em." one of 'em."

Nick shrugged his shoulders. "We'll drop it, then," he said, "and now, howere things going in that Wotherspoon business? The chief tells me he's put you on to it Picked up any clues yet?"

An air of profound wisdom, the air with which the professional detective masks the more or less of knowledge which he happens to possess, spread over Rundles' foce. Youse fellows'll get to know in good

"Youse fellows'll get to know in good time," he replied. "Mum's the word just now."

The reporter took a couple of cigars from his pocket, and rolled one across the table to his companion, who, after reports of the report with the report of the report of

eyeing it for a moment with profession-ai mistrust, bit the end off and lit it. ai mistrust, bit the end off and lit it.

"It'll be a great thing for you, Bundles," said Nick, meditatively, as he blew a succession of rings and impaled them on his forefinger. "A thousand bucks ath't to be picked up overy day, and then there's your rep. Say, I don't want to rub it into you, old man, but your brother cops are kind of giving you the laugh, and the papers are just a bit sore on you. They say you haven't pulled out anything since that Ellerman hold-up, and that you'd never have got wise to that It'one of the thugs hadn't squealed to you on the q. t."

Now, in spite of an overweening van-

Now, in spite of an overweening vanlty, Detective Bundlesroth was aware,

in the inmost recesses of his soul, that Nicholas Hogaboom was not far from the truth He had caught covert is allest on the faces of detectives and policemen when he had been expounding his theories Humiliating references to theories Rumiliating references to his lack of acuteness as an officer, dropped in casual conversation by newspaper men, had come to his ears, and the chief's manner had not been as cordial of late as it used to be. There was no disguising the fact that he had falled lamentably in several cases entrusted to him, and although he had plenty of plausible explanations at command, he nevertheless felt that it behooved him to do something to re-establish a reputation which was fast becoming tarnished. The Wotherspoon robbery afforded him a brilliant opportunity, but unfortunately he was at the present time as far from any solution of the mystery as ever. Nick's remarks consequently touched him on a very raw spot, and it was with no very friendly look that he replied: lack of acuteness as an officer, dropped

spot, and it was with no very friendly look that he replied:
"They say that, do they? Well, I'll show 'em in a little while that Bundles ain't such a stiff as they think,"
"It'll be a great thing for you, rure,"
continued Nick, placidly, "and it would look pretty in print. 'Detective Bundlesroth has again shown his oldtime sagacity, and demonstrated that. time sagacity, and demonstrated that, in spite of advancing years, his intel-lect is as acute, and his intuition as sure, as in the days when he bore the reputation of being one of the most astute officers on the continent.' Say, how'd that hit you as part of the introduction to the story? Great, wouldn't

The smile of gratified vanity, which had played over the detective's face during this recitation of a possible paragraph, faded as he realised its

"It'd be no more'n the truth," he granted.
"Well," said Nick, with a sigh, "it's no use gassing about what might be, I guess I 'll drop over and see Em-

"TVhat d've want to go an' see tha "What d'ye want to go an' see that silf for?" queried Bundles. Emmett was a well-known private detecti 2, whom the officers of the city force regarded with undisguined hostility. Bundles was especially bitter, Emmett having carried to a triumphant termination a case in which his, Bundles', lack of success had been conspicuous.

lack of success had been conspictions.

Nick blew a ring, impaled it with
great exactness, and looked the detective straight in the eye.

"I want to put him next," he said.

"Next to what?"

"To who pinched those bits of glass

"And whet in h— do you know about it?" Bundles seldom swore, but he was agitated. Then Nick fired his

I know all about it," he said. "I know the man, I know where he lives, and I can put my hands on evidence. Oh, it's a lead-pipe, and to think that I've got to cough it all up to Emmett. and throw down the force, and you in particular. Say, Bundles, why ain't we friends?"

we friends?"
The detective's face flushed, and his eyes bulged out. "Are you giving it to me straight, or are you putting up a bluff?" he asked.
"Bluff be damned!" replied the young

"Bluff be damned!" replied the young man. "I've got the cards for a show-down. Look here, I'll give you a little bit of it. Some years ago I was working on a paper in—well, never mind where, but it's quite a good-sized village. There was a big robbery trial on, and one of the slickest crooks in the States was in the dock. I was on the case, and used to sit day after day in the court room. The prisener was a the court room. The prisoner was a fine-looking fellow, and when the evidence was thin and there was nothing for me to do, I used to sit and look at him. He had a trick of wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, which struck me as neulist—sort of ladv-like forehead with his handkerchief, which struck me as peculiar—sort of lady-like fashion. Well, he was convicted, and got seven years, but on his way to the got seven years, but on his way to the pen he made a clean getaway, and I never heard that they'd pinched him again. There was a reward of five hundred out for him, which I guesa is still standing. At the Wotherspoon lay-out I piped this same man, but I didn't know him; couldn't think where I'd seen him. Two hours ago, in front of Mullerkey's was this same coon I'd seen him. Two hours ago, in front of Mullarkey's, was this same coon standing, and I tried to size him up, but it was no go, till he pulled out his wipe and mopped his fevered brow. Then I tumbled right off. I found out his name, where he lives, when he's going to make a sneak, and all about it, and and I guess that's about all at and—and I guess that's about all at

present from yours truly."

There was a long pause. Nick sat smoking deliberately and gazing abstractedly into the atmosphere. The detective shited uneasily in his seat, examined the ash of his cigar with great minuteness, and cast sidelong looks at the other. Presently he broke the silence.

"What do you want?" he asked, fluskily. present from yours truly."

Kuskily.

nuskily.
"I reckon you don't wear blinders," replied the police reporter, coolly. "Now, Bundles, I'll give it to you straight. You give me your word—and you're not the man to go back on it—that I may marry Mamie inside of six months, and I'll put you next to the whole business. You can pouch all the stuff—fifteen hundred nice, juley samoleons—and I'll see that you get ail the credit that's comiag. I'll square the boys on the other papers to give you the best send-off any of you cops ever had, they'll do that for me when they know I'm going to marry your girl. I'll pick the picture for you out of the gillery—it'll be there, dead sure—and we'll tell the people how Detective Bundlesroth saw the man on the street, and, possessing one of those "I reckon you don't wear blinders, tective Bundlesroth saw the man on the street, and, possessing one of those phenomenal memories, rare among the cleverest of the force, that never forats a face, recalled a certain photograph sent in to the office years ago, and worked this slight clue to a successful termination. Say, I'll never need to show in the business at all. I'll fix the man who handles A.P. here, and you'll get a good show in every paper in the country. What do you say? Is it a go?"

say? Is it a go?" As the reporter proceeded, the im-ignation of the detective painted a agination of the detective painted a series of highly-colored pictures in rapid succession. He saw himself raised to a pinnacle far loftier than that from which he had slipped so unaccountably. He saw his fame blazoned forth, from ocean to ocean, as the solver of a deep mystery and the capter of a noted malefactor who was badly "wanted," And last, but not least, he saw his bank account, now sadly attenuated, swelles, into comparative fathers by the addition of fifteen hundred dollars. Hitherto his reputation at its best had been local; to-morrow it would be conbeen local; to-morrow it would be con-tinental. He heatinted; but not ifor

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Depends upon the name Scott's Emulsion is a name that has value. Maybe it doesn't mean much to youbut to the consumptive who has been strengthened and fattened, to the sickly children who have received good health, to the weak mothers and babies who have grown strong -to these Scott's Emulsion means something.

To all of them it has meant an easy and natural return to

We'llsend you a little to try, I fyon like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,

long. Taking a last suck at his cigar,

long. Taking a last suck at his cigar, and throwing it into a spittoon, he rose to his feet and held out his hand.

"It's a go," he said.

"Good," replied Nick. "I guess I'm going to be proud of my pa-in-law; and now, maybe we'd better call in Mamie and give her the latest bulle-tim."

At eight o'clock next morning a cal At eight o'clock next morning a cab waited in front of 17 Marobel street, and two men stood near in animated diacourse. A trunk was brought out and placed on the box, and a few minutes later a tail, well-dressed man appeared on the steps. As he lelaurely descended, the other two moved forward, still talking, and reached the door of the cab just as the tail man had comfortably ensconced himself. Then, to the great surprise of the occupant, one of the pedestrians jumped suddenly into the vehicle and seated himself beside him.

himself beside him.
"What does this mean?" cried Mr Welfern of Boston, in great indigna-

tion.
"It's no go, Brady," said the intruder. "It's all up. Now, don't make a beef, because there's a gun in my pocket stickin' right into your ribs. Get in, Sam. Coachman, you know me—Detective Bundlesroth; drive to head-

In spite of the excellent advice prof In spite of the excellent advice pref-fered by the detective, Mr. Welfern did hake a considerable "beef," and it was not till a systematic search of his trunks at the central police station had revealed the missing articles of jewelry that he ceased to threaten all kinds of pains and penalties for the outrage to which he was being subjected. Then he accepted the situation with philosophical composure, and handed round his cigar-case with charming cordiality.

Nicholas Hogaboom was as good as his word. He sourced the hove and

his word. He squared the boys and the Associated Press correspondent, as he had promised, and Detective, Bun dies respect a harvest of glory such as dles reaped a harvest of glory such as he had never dreamed of. The rewards were duly-paid over to him, and no one, not even Mamie, ever knew that the entire credit for the achievement really belonged to another.

"How did you ever persuade paw to let you mar." me?" Mamie asked wonderingly of he husband as they drove from the paternal mansion, followed by a shower of slippers discharged by the paternal hand.

by a shower than the paternal hand.
"You know what a scoop is, don't you?" Nick enquired.
"Of course I do. It's something that you reporters get exclusive."
"Well," replied Nick, laughing, "this was just a case of scoop

more than that Mamie could

Something Like a Toronto Case.

Edna Crawford, the beautiful daugh-ter of Chief Detective Ralph Crawford, of Cincinnati, has brought suit for ten thousand dollars damages against the famous New York photographer, Sar-ony, for using her picture as a corset advertisement without her permission. Detective Crawford was so incensed that he threatoned to thrash Sarony, but was persuaded to let the law settle but was persuaded to let the law settle the matter. Sarony declares the girl was given professional rates, and thus gave him the right to use the picture as he did. Several days ago some of Miss Crawford's classmates were as-tonished to see her face mounted on the body of a giddy, bespangled actress in a maguaine and in several theatrical namers. Next it hegan to appear out papers. Next it began to appear out corset "ads. of corset "ads." and wearing two-dollar-and-forty-nine-cent shirt walsts. She was shown as a high-kicker and in shocked the young woman. Miss Craw-ford denies the professional rate an-

awer
A really forgivable pun is one pub-lished by the Philadelphia "Ledger" when it ascribes the suicide of the dia-bolical governor of Shansi by swallow-ing gold leaf to "a consciousness of in-ward gilt."

Novel Prison Discipline.

They have a novel method of maintaining discipline in the state prisor at Folsom, California, and it has proven to be a great success. They have no dungeons or dark cells in the prison, corporeal punishment is unheard of, tying up by the thumbs is never permitted, none of the old modes of punishment. prison, corporeal punishment is unheard of, tying up by the thumbs is never permitted, none of the old modes of punishment are recognized in this institution. The system in vogue is this: When a new prisoner is received, he is informed that they have three difforent bills of fare in the prison, and that it is optional with each man as to how well he lives. If he is industrious, orderly, well-behaved, and in all things conforming strictly to the rules of the prison, he is served with excellent food, nicely cooked. He can have chops, steaks, eggs, tea, and coffee, milk, and white bread; if he is only fairly well-behaved, and does not do his allotted task properly, is inclined to growl and grumble at the regulations of the institution, he is given ordinary prison-fare—mush and molasses, soup, and corn breads, and if he is ugly and insubordinate, he is permitted to feast on unlimited quantities of cold water and a rather small allowance of bread. There is said to be an intense rivalry among the convicts to enter the first class, and once there, it is very seldom that one of them has to be sent; back to a lower class. to a lower class.

SHE SIGNALS ALL SAILORS

"The Little Lighthouse Girl" Never Fails to Greet Ships That Pass.

Sailormen who navigate the seas on Atlantic coast are always glad when they near the harbor of Savanuah, for that means that they will pass within saluting distance of "the little lighthouse girl." This, be it understood, is the officially accepted title deratood, is the ollicially accepted this of Miss Florence Martus, who has for the last eleven years waved a friendly signal to every craft passing between the city and the zea. It is the hobby of this young girl to greet the ships that go and wish them a safe return, and greet the ships that come and con-gratulate them on their voyage. She says that the ships are her world. She hasn't much world outside of the mar-ine houses, to be sure, for she lives with her brother and her mother on the bleakest, most uninyiting island imaginable on the southern bank of the Savanah River, ten miles from

The Martus dwelling is the only hav-Station on Elbs Island. There is no fanding wharf and visitors arrive on an average once a year. George Mar-tus attends to the range of lights which the pilots in the right part of the most tortious channel in that part of the cocan. Besides the lighthouse is the cottage where these three persons spend their lives. The barks, the steamers, the schooners and the variour other craft never get near enough for an exchange of greetings other than fhat expressive form of good will, the waving of a handkerchif by day and of a lantern by night. And as the girl sends out her welcome the seames. who all know her and who would rement the elimination of the ceremony which she has popularized, send back an answering salute, three "toots" of the steam whistle. Then Miss Martus is as happy as a belle at a debutante

It is her desire that no vessel shall pass the lighthouse without receiving a salute. She never overlooks a sali in the daytime, and her handkerchief is ever ready for its service of cordiality. And at night she seems to feel in-tuitively the approach of her ships, for she has frequently made ready the lanene has frequently made ready that the fern before the expected boat hove in eight. She rays it is her ambition to signal every ship that touches Savan-nah. She was asked her reason for signalling the passing sea throng.

"I do it," she answered, "because

"I do it," she answered. "Because they are my friends, almost the only friends I have. I love to see them come and go, and when they go I always pray for their and return."

Do to Others, Etc.



Little Johnnie--I wonder way men al-Aways like to 'sik about their school

Little Willie-Oh, I guess it's because after they get growed up they want to sind out where their teachers live so they can do unto them as they got done by.

Was Panished Enough,
A very subdued looking boy of about
thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Beston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows: "Miss B.: Please excuse James for not being thate yesterday. He played trooant, but i gess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' a driver of a aled they hung onto licked him allso. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lie'. him until next time.

Remarkable Dog is Trip.

With the departure of Lieutenant-Commander C. S. Richmond from League Island he having been detached from the command of the Dixle and ordered to take the Pensacola from Mare Island, Cal., to Gaum, there has disappeared from the navy yard one of the sights, the commender's three legged dog. This animal has been the officer's constant companion on land and sea since the recent war, and, with its master, was in the thickest of some of the engagements off Cuba. The dog is known as Trip, because he has only three legs, the left front limb having been cut clean off in the war by a shell from a land battery on the Cuban shore. The dog is of the mongrel or-der, his owner having picked him up while at one of the southern ports. while at one of the southern ports.

Sommander Richmandeclares that Trip
must go wherevor his master is orderad, and so the dog it off for Gaum.
The sailors on the different vessels on
which Trip has fourneyed with his
ground owner spent much of their spare time teaching him tricks, and he is time teaching him tricks, and he is now able to give a very entertaining, acrobatic performance. He turns front and back somersaults, but his principal act is to stand on his lone front leg. For minutes he will thus poise himse", with his tail sticking, as in the air. ap in the air.

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For full information see Calendar, L. B. SZEWART, Sedv., L. B. SZEWART, Sedv.

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