

THE WHITE DEATH

By DON MARK LEMON

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He was an American. He had come to the country in search of gold. He should have remained on his estate at home in Virginia. But no, he must come to South America and prospect in Tarantula valley. He proposed it first to his Mexican guide, Lozo. Lozo grew white about the lips, despite his tawny color, and shook his head.

"Why not?" the American questioned.

"The White Death, senior; it is there."

"Where—in Tarantula valley?"

"Yes, senior."

"What is the White Death?"

Lozo drew his lips firmly together and again shook his head. Evidently the White Death was something to be silent about, as well as to fear.

"Is it a pestilence of some kind?" the American questioned.

"No, senior."

"Is it a snake?"

"No, senior."

"A wild beast?"

"No, senior."

"Is it death from poisonous gases?"

"No, senior."

"Is it death by the hand of men—bandits, for instance?"

"No, senior."

"Hunger? thirst?"

"No, senior."

"Then what the devil is the White Death?"

The American spoke angrily, but Lozo made no reply. He only drew his lips tighter together and looked more frightened. The fellow—half savage that he was—feared he might draw the anger of the White Death upon himself should he describe its nature.

"Queer!" the American muttered, greatly perplexed. Then he tried policy. "Come, I'll double your pay if you'll act as guide."

"No, senior."

"Treble it."

"No, senior."

"Give you ten dollars a day—American gold."

"No, senior."

The American considered awhile. Then he said: "That decides me; I'll prospect Tarantula valley and see if I can't stack a mortgage on this White Death—and I'll go it alone."

The Mexican was a Catholic. He crossed himself and looked unhappy. There was no reason he shouldn't look unhappy. He liked the American, in his rough way; besides the American's pay was good—and certain. And now the American was going to meet the White Death!

Having made up his mind to prospect Tarantula valley at any cost, the "Virginian" looked about for another guide than Lozo, but his labor was wasted. No one would accompany him on his proposed prospecting tour, nor explain what was meant by the White Death.

Was it something so strange, so far removed from common nature, that human speech could frame no description of it? Or did the superstitious villagers fear that they might draw the anger of the White Death—what ever it was—upon themselves should they go into particulars?

The next day the American set out alone for Tarantula valley, very curious and not at all nervous. He was well provisioned—one burro bore his supply of food, another his blankets and mining outfit—and well armed. He didn't reason that there might be something lurking in the valley before him against which his Winchester would be no protection—some Shape such as might haunt the infernal pool and make it more hideous than even a diseased spot could imagine. No; he didn't reason at all.

Tarantula valley, in appearance, was a pleasant place, with a wooded river flowing through it and a wooded lake, or large pool, in its center. The American thought what a paradise it would be in which to dream away the rest of his life with one by his side who was waiting for him in Virginia.

Yet, despite the sylvan charm of the valley, the American grew lonely, for there really wasn't much society about. To be sure, there were the two burros, an occasional snake, a few horned toads, and some buzzards; but, apart from these, the dumb creatures to be seen were not at all sociable. Not sociable, at least, like the buzzards. In one particular, they were almost as good as human society, talking, as they did, a very evident interest in the American's state of health.

One strange thing that impressed the Virginian were the collections of bones scattered over the valley, and especially about the lake. On his first day in the vale he had lighted on one of these collections. He had examined it. It looked like a little open-air cosmopolitan graveyard. Within a circle of about 20 feet in diameter were collected the skeleton of a burro, the skeleton of a buzzard, the skeleton of a large wild animal of the cat tribe, the skeleton of a cow, several skeletons the species of which the American couldn't determine, and last, but not least, the skeleton of a man.

It was evident that some wild animal had lately ravaged in that part of the country, gathering into one feeding ground the prey of a month or so.

The second day he spent in the valley the American lighted on a second collection of bones. It was much like the first, only the human skeleton bleaching in the sun was that of a woman, and not a man. At this the Virginian got very angry, though without especial reason. The woman, surely, couldn't have died any harder than the man.

The third day he lighted on a third collection of bones, and the skeleton of a man and woman lay side by side. With this he began to wonder seriously what manner of thing it was that had turned the valley into a charnel. Was it a great panther of some kind—or a huge snake? Or—but no, it couldn't be a man. That was something too hideous to believe. And a man or band of men it was not. Then he struck gold. He slipped in-

to the river one morning, scraping the bank in his fall, and in the riverbank he found the gold. It was placer and so rich that in less than a week he got enough to satisfy a woman, let alone a man. Then he laid off a day and went down the river in search of game, and, without especially looking for it, he found a fourth collection of bones which, from its condition, seemed to be the latest feeding ground of the Thing—the White Death.

Now, when a man has a cool million in sight—or thinks he has—he feels more secure from personal danger than when he has little or nothing, so the American decided to hang about that fourth collection of bones and try to bag something.

Straightaway he found a suitable spot beside a rock, and, leaning his Winchester within easy reach, proceeded to watch. About 30 feet distant was a huge collection of bowlders; perhaps hidden in the wide fissures of these bowlders was the thing he sought.

For a half hour, or, rather, 40 minutes, the American gave his whole attention to the business in hand, then he looked up.

At first he thought there was something wrong with his eyes and he winked them several times. Then he thought his brains were tangled, and so he multiplied several figures mentally, but getting the right answers, for four times four is sixteen, six times three is eighteen, and eight times seven is fifty-six, he concluded it was something else than his reason at fault. Then he reached out his hand for his Winchester, but desisted before touching the rifle, for he chose rather to watch the Thing squatted upon the pile of rock than handle an uninteresting weapon. But perhaps he couldn't do other than watch. The Thing was so very fascinating.

It was looking directly at him—the Thing on the rock—and though it made no the slightest noise to attract his attention, there was no reason he



The Thing Leapt Thirty Feet Through the Air at the American.

should not see it. For it was as big as an ox lying down. But it wasn't an ox. Neither was it anything like an ox.

It was a gigantic spider or tarantula, large as a full-grown tiger, with long white hair all over its huge and horrible body!

"Why," the American began. Evidently he was going to say: "Why, if I had known of such a thing as that around here, I would have stayed away." But he got no further than "Why," for it was more fascinating watching the Thing than talking or thinking.

Then, again, the American tried to reach for his Winchester, but the light that came out of the eyes of the squat Thing upon the rocks paralyzed his arm. Or perhaps it was only surprise that deprived him of the power of motion, for he well knew that there is no such thing as hypnotic power in the eye of man or beast.

Then suddenly the long white hair of the Thing began to tremble and the American felt as if his whole body were blistering from some intense heat, and, as the eyes of the White Death stood out farther from his horrible head, and its great legs drew closer together for the 30-foot spring, the Virginian began to cry and whimper.

Then the squat Thing upon the rock began to tremble throughout and its long white hair to shiver and its legs to eddy closer and closer. Whereupon the American began to laugh foolishly, like a baby, and beat and paddle his hands in the dust, and his body grew flaccid and flabby and his breast sank down into his stomach.

Then, like a flash of white light struck out of the rock, the squat Thing leaped 30 feet through the hot air, and sunk its horrible fangs into the neck of the American.

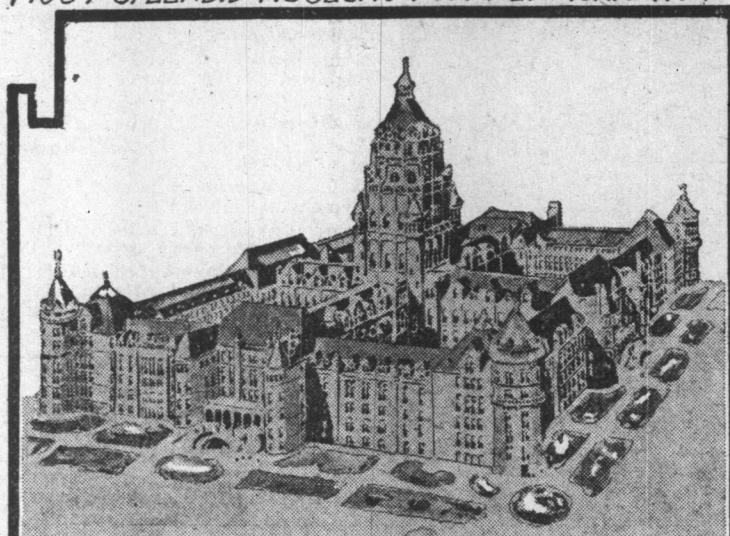
Concrete Made Prosperity. The Allentown, Pa., chamber of commerce has issued a book showing the growth and industrial importance of the town, in which it is stated that within a radius of six miles there are 18 cement mills, employing 12,000 men, whose output for 1926 was 1,000,000 barrels of Portland cement, about 36 per cent of the total product of the United States.

The rank of the Portland cement producing states has shown little change in the last two years. Pennsylvania is still the leading state by a large margin. New Jersey is second, Indiana third, Michigan fourth and Kansas fifth. None of the remaining states produced as much as 3,000,000 barrels during the year, and the five states named contribute almost three-fourths of the total production.—Cement Age.

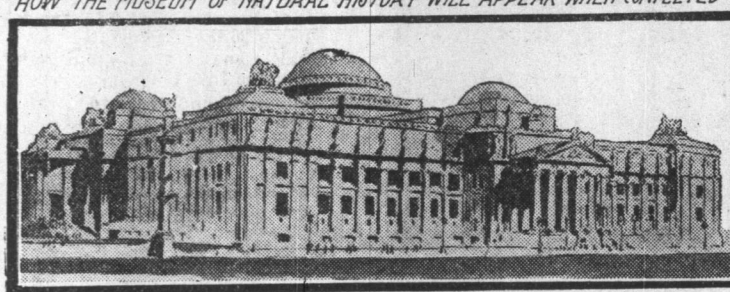
Dental Floss Substitute. When a particle of food has become lodged between the teeth it can be removed by pulling an ordinary rubber band between the teeth. This will be found much better than a toothpick, which breaks, leaving a piece of wood. The rubber will not injure the teeth.

World's Palaces of Art

MOST SPLENDID MUSEUMS FOR NEW YORK CITY



HOW THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED



COMPLETED BROOKLYN INSTITUTE MUSEUM

When the three great museums of the Greater New York are completed in the years to come there will be given to the country and the world groups of art palaces the like of which the world has never before seen. They will represent an expenditure of \$50,000,000 exclusive of the priceless collections which will find shelter within the spacious walls of the institutions. The Metropolitan Museum of Art will be the largest building devoted to art in the world; the completed museum of natural history will overshadow the British museum, and the Brooklyn Institute museum is planned along the same magnificent lines. In the case of the last named the eastern wing, recently finished, completes an entire front of the structure, including the corner towers. In the case of the Natural History museum the great outer wall has finally turned the southwestern corner and is being carried some distance northward. The new wing is the first of the great side walls of the building.

The Fifth avenue facade of the Metropolitan museum is being carried this year nearly a block northward from the main entrance. The new wing is particularly interesting, since it is the first wall to be built besides the entrance on the outer line of the building. The museum will ultimately inclose the great hollow rectangle, whose longest dimensions will parallel Fifth avenue. The main buildings of the museum to-day, those in red brick, will in time be completely inclosed. The outer walls will be of a light gray stone. The cost of this building when completed, it is estimated, will be \$22,000,000. Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke said recently that he believed the great museum would be completed in ten years, when it will certainly be the chief architectural feature of the city. Some idea of the proportions of this building may be had from the statement that the present Fifth avenue facade, nearly two blocks in length, is less than one-fourth the length of the completed eastern front.

The new wing is built of a somewhat lighter stone than the main entrance. The same alignment is maintained. It is two floors in height, with a basement. One of the features of the new addition is a spacious lecture hall opening from this wing into the inner courtyard. The need of such a hall has been felt for years. The walls of the new wing on the inner courts are of white brick, and the greater part of the roof is of glass. The interior is designed with the same effect of lofty spaciousness so characteristic of the older halls of the museum.

The management of the museum has long been embarrassed for room, and the new wing will be quickly taken up. The second floor, according to the present plans, will be devoted to Robert Fulton and Hendrick Hudson and their times. The display of these collections will have a peculiar timeliness in view of the approaching Hudson anniversary. It is probable that the Henschel collection, the property of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, will also be allotted space in this wing. Although the new wing, as seen from the street, appears to be practically complete, it is not expected that it will be regularly thrown open to the public for some months.

As in the case of its neighbor, the Metropolitan museum, the new wing hands practically complete so far as its outer appearance is concerned. The brown stone used in its construction is of course somewhat lighter in tone than in the older parts of the building, but a few years of exposure will correct this.

The new addition to the Brooklyn Institute museum has already doubled the capacity of the building. The work here has been completed some months in advance of the similar addition to the other city museums. The completion of this wing has done more for the general appearance of the building than have the additions to the other museums. An entire facade of the Brooklyn museum now stands completed where before a single wing appeared somewhat isolated and detached.

The new wing has so far cost \$2,400,000, and it stands to-day less than one-fourth complete. The central staircase and approach to the east wing cost alone nearly \$50,000. It is in some respects the most beautiful architectural feature in the city.

SOMETHING SOOTHING, PLEASE

Man with a Boli Couldn't Listen to Political Talk.

They were waiting on a corner for the street car when the man with the folded newspaper turned to the man with the eye glasses and queried: "Well, how do you like the Denver nomination?"

"Um!" was the response. "Going to be a strong candidate, don't you think?"

"Um!"

"And I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see him elected."

"Um!"

"In fact, I find lots of people who think it's time for a change. Perhaps you think that way yourself?"

"Um!"

"At any rate, it's going to be a hot campaign from now on, and, of course, every lover of his country will be interested."

"Um!"

"As to Roosevelt, sir—as to Roosevelt, while I have no particular fault to find with him—"

"Perfectly impartial."

"I want a kiss, darling!" he murmured.

"What cheek!" she declared.

"Either will do," he answered.—Baltimore American.

David Brings the Ark to Jerusalem

Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 4, 1928
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—3 Samuel 6:1-12. Memory verse 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise."—Psalm 100:4.

TIME.—Elihu B. C. 1033 (Ussher); or 1002 by revised chronology of the Assyrian Epitome. Prof. Beecher points out the fact that David's reign of 33 years in Jerusalem is divided up into three periods: 1. A period of rest during the conquest. But the exact order of events is not easily obtained from the narrative.

PLACE.—(1) The ark had been for a long time at Kirjath-jearim, about 11 miles west of Jerusalem, in the Valley of Sorek (where Delilah, lived), a valley which leads up from the Philistine country toward Jerusalem. (2) At house of Obed-edom between Kirjath-jearim and Jerusalem.

DAVID'S COUNSELORS.—Ahithophel, a very shrewd man; Nathan, the prophet; and Joab, his chief general.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Long Period of Decline.—For 70 years the ark as the center of religious worship had lain in partial neglect. Soon after the settlement of the Israelites in Palestine Joshua deposited the ark at Shiloh, 20 miles north of Jerusalem, and ten miles north of Bethel (Josh. 18:1). It was still there at the close of the period of the Judges (1 Sam. 1:3); and Samuel lived at Shiloh with Eli. The sons of Eli had carried the ark from Shiloh into a battle against the Philistines, hoping that God would give them the victory for the sake of this symbol of his worship. But God did not reward wickedness in that way. The Israelites were defeated, and the Philistines captured the ark. But the Lord would not permit them to retain it. Their idol, Dagon, fell before it. The people were smitten with severe sickness wherever the ark was sent. Finally it was restored to Israel, and sent up the Sorek valley as far as Kirjath-jearim, 11 miles southwest of Jerusalem, in the house of Abinadab on the hill (1 Sam. 7:1), who put it under the charge of one of his sons.

The neglect of the ark and its separation from its place in the tabernacle at Shiloh, with one high priest following Saul and another David, shows to what a low and divided state religion had fallen in Israel under Saul. The neglect from the Levites, the neglect of places of worship and set times for devotion is generally accompanied by a decline in the spirit of religion. It is both a sign of the decline and a means toward it.

V. 1. "Again." For a different purpose from the former gatherings for war. "Thirty thousand," representatives of the whole people. According to Chronicles, they came as far as Shiloh, 50 miles south of Gaza, and then to Hebron, 250 miles north of Jerusalem. The restoration must be a national act, or it would lose much of its unifying power. The joyful procession and the religious enthusiasm were marred by an act of disobedience, where a good thing was done in a wrong way.

The first error was committed by transporting the ark by a cart instead of in the way ordained by God (Num. 4). The ark was to be carried by Levites.

The next error grew out of this first one. "The jagged bridlepaths of those parts are not at all adapted for wheeled conveyances," and when the procession had reached Nachon's threshing-floor, the "oxen shook" the ark, "were throwing it down," and (6) "Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God," to keep it from falling to the ground. He had carried the ark as was commanded, he would not have been tempted to this second disobedience.

V. 7. "And the anger of the Lord was kindled." Not passion, but rather indignation—that feeling which makes him hate sin and compels him to punish it. All that was loving and good in God was aroused against the act. "And God smote him there."

Why this severity? (1) It was a direct double disobedience. (2) The wrong was enhanced by the fact that it was committed by a man who as a son of Abinadab had been with the ark, and should have known the law. (3) It was a public disobedience in matters of religion. It was a desecration of the holiest symbol of their religion. It was needful at the outset to prove to the people the necessity of obeying the law, and hence the careful study of God's law.

A Note of Encouragement. 1. There was real encouragement in the fact that God was so careful of the religion of the Jews that he expressed by his act the value of religion, and impressed it so deeply on their hearts.

2. The blessing that rested upon the family of Obed-edom through the presence of the symbol of religion in his house was a foretaste and a promise, and a prophecy of what it would be to the nation.

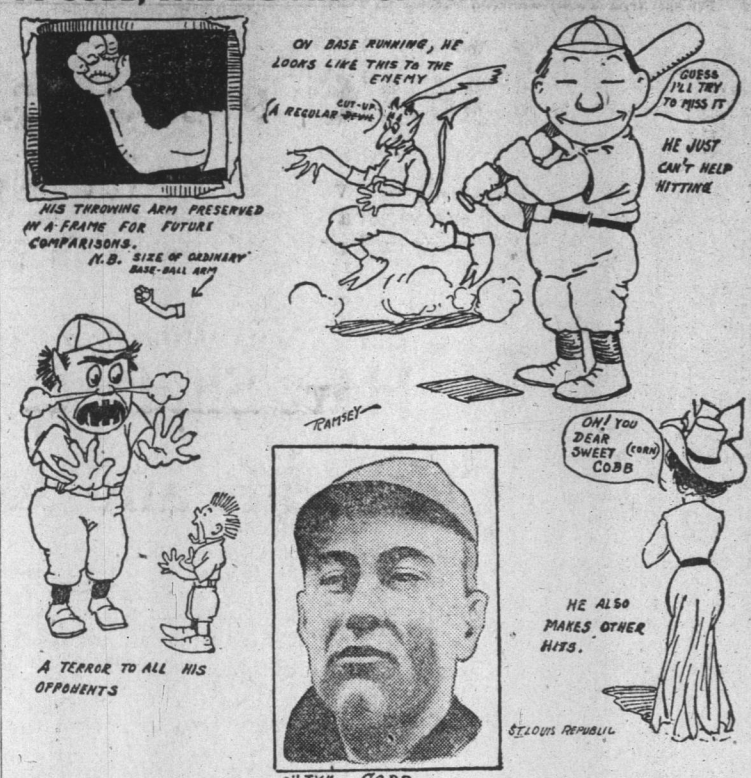
A fuller description of this festival procession is given in 1 Chronicles 15 and 16.

"It was the greatest day of David's life. Its significance in his career is marked by his own preeminent position—conqueror, poet, musician, priest, in one. . . . It was felt to be a turning-point in the history of the nation. . . . That day the dream of freedom only, but of an empire; not of religion only, but of a church and commonwealth."

The decision in the case of player R. C. Hoblitzel, which has been heretofore unofficially announced in favor of the Cincinnati National league club, was given out by the national baseball commission. Hoblitzel was claimed by both the Cincinnati and St. Louis National league clubs. The Cincinnati club purchased the player from Clarkburg, W. Va., while the St. Louis management negotiated for him with Wheeling, W. Va., with which club he had been playing. The controversy over the player was as to whether he belonged to Wheeling or Clarkburg, the commission deciding that Clarkburg had a valid claim on the player and the right to sell him to Cincinnati, which club is now entitled to his services.

A Curious Phenomenon. A German officer describes in the Rote Kreuz a curious phenomenon he witnessed on a ride in southwest-Africa. A number of vultures, eagles and other large birds suddenly gathered on the trees at one place. A few dark clouds were visible, and ere long there was a violent tropical storm. The ground penetrated into holes in the ground from which presently emerged large numbers of snakes, scorpions and mice, and as these the birds pounced upon and devoured.

TY COBB, THE BIG MAN OF THE DETROIT TIGERS



STARS DRAFTED FROM THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

Each of the Eight Clubs to Lose Man—All But Two in Big Leagues Before.

The list of American association players drafted by the two major leagues contains many surprises. That all those drafted possess unusual ability is admitted, but it also is the general opinion that many of the best players were overlooked.

The work of Hayden, the crack Indianapolis fielder, attracted the attention of a larger number of clubs than did the efforts of any other minor leaguer. No less than five teams put in drafts for the doughty Jack. The clubs who wanted him, but were disappointed, are Pittsburgh, Boston, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Chicago landed him. His fielding has been the equal of that of any other American association gardener and he has been by far the most valuable batter in the circuit.

Seven other American association stars were drafted, each of the eight clubs losing a man. Stanley, the Louisville outfielder who goes to the Cubs, is a fast player in all departments, who is bound to make the other candidates for jobs work hard to beat him. Bennie Myers, the St. Paul gardener, drafted by the New York Nationals, never would have had a chance to show what he could do this season but for the illness of "Skeeter" Dunleavy. Myers is of the hurricane style of players, always hustling. James, the Columbus catcher, allotted to the Boston Americans, should develop into a star later, but now he hardly appears ripe for a major league team. Possibly if carried along a season or two as second catcher he will later do great things. Barbeau should be able to deliver for the Philadelphia Americans, judging by his American association work, although he was a dismal failure when a member of the Cleveland American league team three years ago. Catcher Buelow's work at Minneapolis would not indicate that he is good big league material, and the Washington club's draft looks like a case of covering him up. Essick, the Kansas City pitcher, picked off by the Boston Nationals, has shown good form and with a winning team probably would have ranked with the leading American association pitchers. He has an even chance to make good.

Big Cliff Curtis, the former Indian, will get his second trial in the fastest company in the land as a member of the Philadelphia Athletics. He once had a chance at Cleveland, but failed to come up to expectations. He is an in and out, some of his performances being unusually brilliant, while much of his work has been mediocre.

Of the eight players drafted, all but two have already seen service in one or the other of the big leagues. Hayden was with the Boston Americans, Barbeau at Cleveland, Buelow at Cleveland, Essick at Cincinnati, Curtis at Cleveland and Stanley at Washington. James and Meyers will make their first appearance as real major league players, although the former was the property of the New York Giants last spring.

Big Sum Paid for Players. According to a statement of Secretary John E. Bruce of the national baseball commission there has passed through his hands this fall for players drafted \$47,500, for players purchased outright, \$68,500, making a total of \$116,000 sent through the national commission for minor league players during the past two months. This amount does not include a number of transactions that were made directly between clubs, the money not being sent through the commission clearing house.

"At a fair estimate," said Secretary Bruce, "I should say that to date there has been spent for players by the 16 big league clubs \$150,000 in round numbers. There will be more sales between now and the end of the drafting season, October 15, that probably will swell the sum to \$175,000."

Hoblitzel Awarded to Reds. The decision in the case of player R. C. Hoblitzel, which has been heretofore unofficially announced in favor of the Cincinnati National league club, was given out by the national baseball commission. Hoblitzel was claimed by both the Cincinnati and St. Louis National league clubs. The Cincinnati club purchased the player from Clarkburg, W. Va., while the St. Louis management negotiated for him with Wheeling, W. Va., with which club he had been playing. The controversy over the player was as to whether he belonged to Wheeling or Clarkburg, the commission deciding that Clarkburg had a valid claim on the player and the right to sell him to Cincinnati, which club is now entitled to his services.

Giants Best Base Stealers. New York has the best record of stolen bases in the two major leagues. The Giants have purloined 123, while the Highlanders have figured 173 thefts.

Clubs Are Not Punished. National Commission Says There Was No Intent to Deceive. No penalty was imposed on the Cleveland, Akron, Nashville, Columbus, Toledo and Portland clubs for irregularities in transferring players, the national baseball commission in a decision promulgated the other day excusing the offenses because there was no intent to deceive the commission. The decision states:

"Several weeks ago the commission promulgated a notice setting aside certain agreements that had been filed by the Cleveland American league club pertaining to players who had been sold by that club to Akron, Nashville, Columbus, Toledo and Portland, because the transactions were considered irregular and not in accordance with the rules of the commission. "A further examination of this case clearly shows that there was no intent on the part of either of the clubs involved to deceive the commission or to enter into any collusion to cover up the players. It is evident that the clubs interested believed these agreements would be approved for the reason that a year ago agreements of similar character were permitted to stand because the irregularities therein had not been brought to the attention of the commission.

"For this reason no penalty will be inflicted against any one of the clubs involved in these transactions. It is further ordered that the title to all of the players involved who have not again been purchased by the Cleveland club shall revert to that club at the end of the playing season of the particular league in which such players are now playing, unless the clubs to whom they had been sold by the Cleveland club make suitable arrangements with the latter club."

Home of Washington's Private Secretary Still Well Preserved. Washington.—A traveler on the road between Mount Vernon and Alexandria—the same road over which George Washington passed so often—may see an old house that bears traces of former elegance. It is nearly screened from the view of pilgrims along the public road by venerable trees and by vines of Virginia creeper and honeysuckle. The approach to the house from the main way is through a lane lined with cedars. This was a part of the Mount Vernon estate.

Home of Tobias Lear. When Washington lived and was the home before and after the death of Washington of Tobias Lear.

Tobias Lear came to Mount Vernon as private tutor to the young Custis children—the grandchildren of Mrs. Washington and the wards of her second husband, George Washington. He came to be private secretary to Washington and at one time his military secretary. Lear was with Washington when that great man breathed his last and the authentic account of the last hours of Washington came from Lear. It was Lear who arranged the private papers of Washington after his death.

Washington's will contains this provision: "To Tobias Lear I give the use of the farm, which he now holds in virtue of a lease from me to him and his deceased wife (and during their natural lives), free from rent during his life."

All these lands passed out of the hands of the Washington family many years ago. The Lear tract has passed through the hands of a number of owners. The present tenants of the place are E. R. Sherman and family. Lear's salary was \$200 a year. After Washington's death he was appointed consul to Santo Domingo and in 1804 was appointed consul to Algiers. In 1805 he was one of the commission which concluded a treaty with the dey under the terms of which the United States paid \$60,000 for the release of 200 Americans held-prisoners in Algiers. This treaty was strongly denounced by the war party in the United States.

President Madison appointed Lear accountant in the war department. On the morning of October 11, 1816, Lear was found dead in the garden of his home just west of the treasury office. He had shot himself through the head. The cause for this act was never ascertained, or at least there is no record of it.

TO BE SENATOR FROM KANSAS. Joseph L. Bristow Will Succeed Chester I. Long.

Washington.—The senate galleries will have a new hero when Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas arrives and puts on his toga March 4 next. The capitol guides will point him out as the man who unearthed the big postoffice frauds.

On his retirement from the post-office department, Mr. Bristow resumed the management of his two Kansas newspapers. He went back to Salina, Kan., and has been devoting much of his attention to his newspaper in that town. But he soon grew tired of the Washington. Senator Chester I. Long, whom he has just defeated for reelection in a hot primary campaign, had been his particular friend and counselor.

Some months ago Mr. Bristow entered upon a campaign against Senator Long, and their combat for the suffrages of the Kansans in the first senatorial primary was soon attracted to Washington. The former fourth assistant postmaster general now has the nomination. As the legislature is almost certain to have a Republican majority on joint ballot, the primary nomination is equivalent to an election. The new senator is familiar with political methods at the capitol. His habits of industry and persistence, and his unswerving honesty are traits his colleagues cannot ignore. He may become a force in the senate during his six years' term.

No Right to Kick. Customer.—It seems to me that's an awful price to have to pay for a pound of liver.

Butcher.—You must remember, ma'am, that the liver is a choice part. This steer weighed nearly a ton, and he had only one small liver.—Chicago Tribune.

Columbus' Mistake. Teacher.—Did Columbus know that he discovered a new continent? Class.—No; he thought it was India. Teacher.—Correct. Why did he think he found India?

Bright Boy.—I s'pose it was 'cause the inhabitants was Indians.—New York Weekly.

WHERE TOBIAS LEAR LIVED.

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