OF JOY

re livin' blest? outh!

ugle's call, the fall!

iife we'**re Hviu' jes** n' full o' joya! your sweethearts, boys

r the bugie's call, in the summertime, s in the fall. tar on in Chicago Times-Herald

THE **CHOST'S** EYES.

Robert Livingstone was a nan or superb dignity. Yet any of her tity friends would scarce-have recognized her in the rather nsy figure running and stumbling e rough canon road that led the lower bean field to the house. Her black skirts were then house. Her black satisfact were hot held up, but allowed to trail a little and catch the fine dust and tar weed stain as she hurried on-Nothing of triffing importance could have forced Mary Livingstone thus far to forget her elegant self, even one in a canon.

The frg was coming up from the and slowly closing in and deepeng the shadows of the gorge. It as already late twilight, and the preliness and gloom of the place torred her over tense nerves. A little bured her over tense herves. A name bowl flew with a shrill scream over her head, and she screamed with it. A belated ground squirrel rustled in the underbrush up the bank, and the feit that all the terrors of the

jungle were upon her.
A sharp turn in the trail brought
her at last in view of the house and
the welcome glimmer of a light gave er a little courage. She quickened her steps still more in her eagerness, torgetting that the canon stream orgetting that the canon stream crossed the road at the bend, and, missing the board, she stepped in ankle deep - Even this she searesty noticed, but splashed on according to the searchy noticed, but splashed on according to the searchy noticed. shippery stones. It was only when the reached the gate, breathless and isheveled, that she seemed to be ble to think

ible to think.

"I can't let Allen see me in this plight," she said to hersef. "He would ask all manner of questions and not be put off, and I could not tell him that. Oh, no, no!" But just then a slight, youthful figure appeared at the veranda steps, standing on crutches.

"What makes you so awfully late, nother?" he called out to her. "If

mother?" he called out to her and the thin, complaining voice was even a little more impatient than usual. "Sing is on one of his worst rampages and is mad as hops because er is late. I was even afraid to ask him to light the lamp and I've been sitting out here in the dark for ages. If there's a dish left out there it won't be his fault. Listen to that!'

and just then a tin pan seemed to go spinning across the kitchen.

"I am very sorry, my dear," said Mrs Livingston, quietly? "but I was detained by the engineer. He says the thresher engine is broken, and he must go to Seco Grande to-morrow for repairs. Some of the mea-were to be paid off, and I had their accounts to look over. I will be glad when your father gets home. Har-vesting is too important a time for me to be left alone. Poor Allie. What a forlorn time you've had! Come in and we'll make up for it," and she preceded him into the dark and she preceded him into the dark

ly lighting the lamp, it up more, dear, after little, and tell Sing five minutes. I'll h five min**nice.** I'll hd she húrried to her her son wondering his methor's hand hould tremble as she held the match, wondering

and secretly wishing she had not left him to face the leate Sing alone.
Allen Livingstone was 17, but long customed to having every wind impered for him, he was naturally timid and not a little spoiled. Mrs.

Togeton, lavished upon him that tenderness the second of the content of the second of the second

ne of those primibanish structures, built of he story and three sides facing £**, on square—very pleasant and it with the deep verandas, vine-red and cool, and the little court trays full of flowers and sunshine, not so convenient and practical sage everyday comforts as some more saddern plans for homes. The main part of the house is taken up by the living rooms, leaving the sleeping rooms in the wings and far sepa-

It had been a trying time for Mrs. Livingstone, when her husband had insisted that Allen should give up his little bedroom next to theirs, which he had always occupied, and go across the court. The boy was no longer a baby, he said, and he had always needed that room for his own private use. He wanted a place for his desk and books and the big safe which held the family valuables and often considerable sums of gold and silver, as he preferred to pay his men in coin rather than by check in the usual way. But his wife had never been

But his wife had never been reconciled to having her delicate child out of the sound of her voice at night, and many a time had she stolen out in the darkness to listen at his window to see that her darling was sleeping well, and to indulge in a long moment of adoring worship, as she strained her eyes to see the pale face on the pillow. "I will go around the veranda now, dear," she said, as Allen smoked, "and bring your things for the night. The couch is very comfortable, and it will be lovely to have you back."

The chill air struck her unpleas—

The chill air struck her unpleas antly as she opened the door. shuddered a little and drew her shawl

closer.
What a fog!" she exclaimed.
"The beans will be again delayed.
It's worse than the conflict of haynaking and showers in New England.

Coming out of her son's room moments later, with her arms full of his clothing she was startled by a slight noise across the court. It seemed like some heavy thing dropping with less sound than its weight would suggest. In the misty darkness she could see nothing.

Mary Livingstone was known far and near as a woman of unbounded courage and self reliance. During her husband's frequent business trips to San Francisco she stayed and ruled the little kingdom like a queen Not a man-on the ranch but was glad when Mrs. Livingstone was boss. The house in the canon was her casthe, where she and Allen, with the faithful Sing, abode in security which none dared to molest. If anyone had told her a week ago that this night she would be a haunted creatrembling and unstrung, tor-ed by an evil presentiment and ling she knew not what, she mented by an evil presentiment and in an incredibly short sine inc

The parlor door had been left a litajar, and she pushed through it lon to her own apartment. Please shut the door, Allie. My and

"Please shut the door, Allie. My hands are full. I'll be ready for you

soon."

Drawing the shades, she set resolutely to work about making her son's room comfortable for the night. She room comfortable for the night. She dared not think, or she felt that she would scream from sheer nervous-

The dainty silver toilet articles, which were his pride, she arranged on the broad desk, and soon had, the low lounging couch transformed into an inviting bed with even a hot water bag tucked in at the foot. She took from her closet shelf his little toy like night lamp, which had been one of his childish idols, and lighted it, and, after one or two little final touches here and there, she

called him. "It's time small boys were asleep Lock the front door dear, and come have such a funny story to read

Allen habbled in, a slight frown on his delicate face at being bebyed, and surveyed the little room. s ac cold as a bern here," his "What makes it so cold? I want to go to had wat "?

n't want to go to bed yet.'?
"Oh, yes, you do. It's getting
ee. You'll soon he nice and comlate

late. You'll soon be nice and comfortable in your old nest. You will
find it warmed."

"Oh, well, I suppose there's nothing class to do," he complained.

"Vineral the story!!"

"I'll begin to sight sow, while
you're parties made," and him Livtone active heartiff by her home

y fast

with the first stroke of the clock at midnight she woke from a troubled sleep. In a moment she became distinctly conscious of a smoky odor, the unmistakuble scent of a Chinese's clothing. A slight noise on the floor caused her to sit up quickly. A man's head and shoulders were

thinking of hers, but she was soo

fill her soul with an irresistible

slowly there had grown from it two dark, glittering eyes close to her own, which held her gaze with terrible intentness. The evening in the canon they had been there before her all the way, and she had almost succumbed to their terror. For the first time she had noticed that the brows and corners of the eyes had been slightly upturned, like the Mongolian. What did it all meas? The end was not yet. What would it be?

These thoughts seemed to enthrall

upon her.
She turned the light down, and

threw herself wearily on the bed as

It was nearly 11 o'clock. It was nearly 11 o'clock. Would it come to-night? Outside, the night was so deathly still, and so lonely. Why didn't the wind blow! Anything that would break the spell

Would

slowly there had grown from it two

slowly emerging from under the bed. One sickening moment she wavered, then sprang out upon him, holding him down for an instant; but he turned, and there glared up at her those same eyes—the fiend like eyes vision, and the man was Sing.

She grappled with him in supernuman strength, how many desper-ate, struggling moments she never knew. It seemed an eternity. Not a word was uttered. She saw that his superior strength must gain in the end. He constantly tried to reach for a knife, which evidently was caught in some way, for he failed to get it in his head. to get it in his hand.

At last, Allen heard the noise and appeared at the door, almost faint-

ing with fright.

His mother spelled out to him:

"G-e-t t-h-e a-x q-u-i-c-k," then
added: "Go to bed, child."

The boy had presence of mind to go around, as there were many locked

The fiend saw it and became like a madman. He shrieked and bit at the strong white wrists that held him like a vise. He foamed at the mouth in his fit of rage and fear.

"Allen," she said. "get the trunk rope in the closet—be quick."

After an almost honeless struggle

After an almost hopeless struggle

and a little weak help from her son, she managed to tie one hand, then both together, and had Allen make the other end fast to the bedstead.

The rope was old, and if it gave way they were lost, for it was only thing of the kind availat Her knees were still on his chest. kind available.

Allen," she commanded, "go this room and shut your doo tight after you."
He was almost stupefied,

but obeyed blindly. In another instant he heard an awful blow and a short shuffling round, then a long moment of silence, but he dared not go in

Presently his mother appeared holding her wounded hand. She looked to him in the dim light like an old woman. Her face was asker

an old woman. Her face, was saken and drawn, and her dark hair had turned aimost snow white. He looked at her rautely.

"My dear," she said, slowly, "God knows it was the only way. He gave me the power to save us, er you and I. Allen, would this moment have been in the traitor's place."

She gave an involuntary shudder, but turned and looked the door en the shastly scene.

but turned and locked the door en the ghastly scene.

Taking some antiseptic solution she bathed her hand thorougher and better with some of Angar a keepited. She then sipped a small state of whisty and water the some beste her son. So the seep heate her son. So the seep heate her best her son. So the seep heate her son. The limit been grow that the same have been few changes in the seep heate and the limit been grow annual seep heater than the limit been grow and the limit been grown and

gold in Bloss or brought back face to face with the present. The thought that she was struggling so to keep in abeyance at last seemed to break its bounds and it w tone that ex-cination; she dwelt upon it and did not try to put it aside. Three nights ago, at midnight, she had awakened suddenly, being con-scious of a noxious presence near, and

To only one frusted friend did she confide the mystery of her life. Every night at 12 o'clock there appeared to her two fierce, hard eyes, which would not turn till she was nearly beside herself with horror.

CLEARED FOR ACTION.

How the Chinese Vessels Got Ready for the Yalu Fight. an account of the Yalu

fight between the Chinese and the Japanese vessels, written for the Century by Philo McGiffin, Com-mander of the Chinese man-of-war mander of the Chinese man-of-war Chen Yuen, the writer says: From the outbreak of hostilities, officers and men had worked incessantly to put our ships into as efficient fighting trim as possible. Profitting by the lessons taught in the Tsi Yuen and Kwang Yih's hapless encounter with the enemy off Baker Island, Korea, on July 25, all boats were left behind, save one six-oared gig for each vessel. In case of disaster, quarter was not expected, nor was surrender contemplated. The fate of the ship was to be the fate of the crew. The Tsi Yuen's boats had crew. The Tsi Yuen's boats had been shattered and set on fire almost immediately, and had been extin-guished only after much trouble, and after they had been rendered totally unserviceable.

The heavy steel gun-shields, one inch thick and over thirty feet in diameter, which covered the two pairs of 35.5 centimeter (12.2 inch) pairs of 3.3.5 centimeter (122 pairs of 3.5.5 centimeter (122 pairs of 122 pairs of with out any but man that manner and siles, they would have served only as man traps, since shells which might pass directly over the barbette and on when meeting no resistance, if intercepted by these shields would have penetrated and, bursting, have filled the entire closed space with flame and fragments. Subsequent experience proved the wisdom of this removal, for many a shell passed

All unnecessary woodwork, rig-ging, etc., were taken away, the side wings of the bridge cut off, all hand go around, as there were many locked doors in the way through the house.

The Chinese, afraid of some outside assistance, began to beg.

"Me catchee money—me no kill. You no gib key—me no kill. You gib key—me no kill. You no gib, me allee same killee you, killee Allie, too. You gib key."

Mrs. Livingstone said nothing, and in an incredibly short time for him, Allen came in, panting and dragging the gleaming ax.

The fiend saw it and became like a madman. He shrieked and bit at the strong white wrists that held him like a vise. He foamed at the like a vise. He foamed at the like a wise. He foamed at the like a vise. He foamed at the like a vise a vise and and shell for the 6-inch guns, to pro mote quick service. Much of th glass was unshipped; the rest th Japanese unshipped for us in time Coal in bags was also utilized coal in bags was also defined for protection where possible. This protection by coal and sand-bags served admirably, a number of projectiles and fragments having been found in them after the battle. When the bugles sounded "action" but little commined to be done save to lower remained to be done save to lower to the deck the ventilators, or wind sails (which obstructed the fire of the guns), to close scuttles, watertight doors, etc., and go to stations.

Character Reading From Teeth.

Character reading from handwriting, from shoes, and from the face, has now been succeeded by a char-acter reading from the teeth. A dentist asserts that a careful study of seath will reveal the fact that they of speak will reveal the tact that they they reply indicate, according to shair shape and setting, she temperament of their possessors. One has only to note the teeth of one's friends and relatives to verify his ervations on pointed, projecting, pearly dentures. Those that are long and narrow, we are assured denote wastly; those that are long and pro-

MOCKING BIRDS.

HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT FOR THE MARKETS.

A Curious Industry Described by One Who Has Devoted Years to It. Methods Employed to Capture the Singers.

The most famous and successful In most ramous and successful hunter of 'mocking birds in this country is John Jacobs. He goes to Texas every spring and captures from 2,000 to 8,000; his average for a season is about 2,500. Long experience has made him familiar with the strange ways of these interesting feathered creatures. Said he yester

day:
"The most remarkable thing about a mocking bird is its way of laying out a range. In the autumn it goes South and establishes itself for the winter on a patch of ground that will yield berries and other food enough to last until the following spring. The tract is determined respecting boundaries with as much accuracy boundaries with as much accuracy as a mining prospector would use in staking out a claim. Perhaps it may be only 50 yards square. or it may have a length and breadth of as much as 160 yards. The space demuch as 160 yards. The space de-pends mainly upon the food supply in sight; but the mocking bird is a great glutton, and wants ten times the quantity that would be necessary to keep him alive. Having laid out his range, the owner will defend it with his life, and no other fruit-eat-ing bird is permitted to edter it:

"In this manner vast areas in Southwest Texas are thickly occupied by mocking birds, tach of them holding his range against intrusion by neighbors whose tracts immediately adjoin his. Perhaps a boundary line will run through the middle of a bush, and, if it is disputed, you will see the pugnacious proprietors try-ing to settle the question by a con-flict after the style of the duello. But the main anxiety of the feathered real estate owner is about tramps. There are always mocking birds without a location and eager to grab a suitable farm and settle upon it. The price of security for those who possess the claims is unceasing vigilance. Every bird has his watch tower on the topmost twig of the tallest tree in his domain,

If a stranger is seen winging his way across the country, the first mocking bird who spies him utters a keen and very peculiar cry, which says, 'Look out! Here comes a tramp!' Immediately every mocksays. Look out: Here comes a tramp! Immediately every mocking bird in the neighborhood echoes the shout and flies to his own watch-tower. If the tramp attempts to pause for a moment, the owner of the territory attacks him and drives him away. On entering the next range he is assailed by its occupant, thus he is passed on out of sight. Eventually he finds a place where competitors are not so many and where he is able to secure a claim

for himself,
"When very young, after leaving "When very young, after terring the nest, the mocking birds keep together in bunches, feeding along the river courses. At thatstage of their career they have speckled breast feathers, which they shed after a while. When they are old enough the look out for themselves they are while. When they are to look out for themselves they are shedding they separate, and each one attends exclusively to his own affairs. Their most important business is to locate claims of their own. The tramps are usually young birds looking for homesteads.

"In winter the mocking bird doesn't do anything but est and look out for tramps. Once in a while an interloper will steal info the range unobserved and feed under the range unobserved and feed unfor the cactus, keeping as still as death. The chosen food of the spaces are sists chiefly of the fruit of the tar-tus, mistletoe, mesquite and policy. The mistletoe is a pariatic plant that growe on trees, and tills propagated by the birds, which eat the little white berries and drop the seeds upon the branches of the

the little white peries and drop seeds upon the branches of the trackets the seeds upon the branches of the trackets. Thus they may be said to plant the own farms. The country I design in yory dry, and you will find the line of more freely any peries to the seeds of the seeds o water; but what they need in the way of moisture is obtained from cactus and other interest and other interests.

cactus and other julcy fruits.
Some mocking birds are
from the nest, but ordinarily vasity; those that are long and projecting indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is shown by the position of small, white separated accepts from the nest, but ordinarily are captured by means of trait decoys. For a decoy I use of male or a female mocking bird, and inconstancy is revealed by overlapping teeth.

Relative Heights of Hats.

Relative Heights of Hats.

While the silk int looks a good a intruder, and merchas are an intruder, and merchas are against the finds an adversary great, and between some hats it is next to nothing at all. When silk hats run 6 to 6 indeed deep, derives hat are not to 6 indeed deep, derives hat are mixes; a fernale and for the purpose.