

is so big, so magnanimous, that it will not heed the strivings of an untutored soul, eager only to assert its innocence."

"Dat would certainly sound punk from any gent but youse," observed Mr. Bilks doubtfully. "But wot I was goin' ter say was dat over de apples was a sign, writ large, dat read: 'Take a Chance.' Dat was me ter de finish."

"Your Honor," bubbled Juror Number Six eagerly, forgetting his recent rebuff and now leaning far out over the rail. "I was there, and some unknown, roughly-dressed man did snatch an apple from the guessing booth, which bore the placard he speaks of. And in one of the apples was a gold ring, and the chances were ten cents each, although not so stated on the placard." Then he added sorrowfully: "The ring was never found in any of the apples sold, and was probably contained in the one snatched by the stranger."

"I demand the privilege of asking the juror if this is the ring taken from the fair and contained in the apple," said Mr. Butterworth gravely.

The juror, who now considered himself greater than the Court, broke silence by crying: "If it has a narrow, oval band with the initials 'L.A.F.' for 'Ladies' Auxiliary Fair,' engraved inside, it is our ring!"

"It has such an inscription, and I refer it in evidence," said Mr. Butterworth. "I contend the defendant entered the church vestry on the night he is represented as being busy in blowing the lumber company's safe. Being hungry and seeing the sign, 'Take a Chance,' over the luscious pile of baked apples, he obeyed the dictates of his stomach, reassured by the generous wording of the placard, and seized an apple and retreated. That he did not know of the presence of the ring is self-evident, as we must assume the guessing contest was to be a fair one. That he did not sell the ring is evidence of his honesty."

"The contest was certainly fair and square. I'm a deacon in that —" began Juror Number Six complacently.

But he was cut off by the Court's trillible voice crying:

"Will you refrain from taking over all responsibility in this trial, sir?"

"And, your Honor," cried the District Attorney, now awake to the fact that he had been silent overlong, "I want to interpose an objection!"

"You object to what?" asked the old lawyer pleasantly.

The District Attorney ruffled his hair and glared wildly at his rival for a few seconds, and then lamely qualified: "To everything about this ring."

"The ring will be returned to the Ladies' Auxiliary Society," said Mr. Butterworth sternly, "whether you object or not."

Juror Number Six smiled openly at this announcement.

"I will now ask the witness if he ever plays cards," said Mr. Butterworth.

"When I's a kid I's a wise guy wid any kind of a pastebord game," was the rumbling reply.

"So that you know one card from another?"

"Oh, your Honor, I must protest!" cried the District Attorney; then sarcastically: "Unless you intend to show he lost the stolen money in some game of chance. Are we to understand he frittered it away at the church fair?"

"Fer de love of —" ejaculated the indignant witness, when his attorney stilled him and explained to the Court: "It is merely intended to pave the way for perfecting our alibi."

"Then we must receive it," moaned the Court, now openly evidencing his perturbation. "But—er—kindly keep as close to the bounds of normality as possible, counsel."

Mr. Butterworth promptly took an exception to the last remark and then allowed the defendant to state that he did know every card in the pack and knew them intimately.

"Did you meet a playing card that night, after leaving the church fair?"

At this question Juror Number Three displayed symptoms of hysteria and caused the Court to demand: "What are you laughing at, sir?"

Number Three denied the imputation and insisted that his bulging eyes and red face were purely the results of a coughing spell. "I felt as if I was going to have a fit," he added humbly.

"How dare you have fits in my courtroom? Did you ever have a fit?" pursued the Court hotly.

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know it felt like one? A man who has fits is disqualified

for jury duty," stormed the Court. "Huh! Repeat the question, stenographer."

The query was put anew, and Mr. Bilks, who had been winking reassuringly at nervous Number Three, gave attention and replied: "I certainly did. He was walking near de edge of de town."

"Card was walking," murmured the Court, speaking wholly to himself and in a trancelike tone.

"Dat's wot. Dat is, he was in a guy's hatland dat was walkin'," modified the witness.

"What card was it?" inquired Mr. Butterworth gently.

"De Jack of Spades."

"What was the man doing, in whose hat you saw this card?"

"Not much of nuttin'," deprecated the witness sorrowfully. "Only now an' den he'd light a match an' look inter a big milk-can ter see de time o' day."

"Witness," cried the astounded Court, while the District Attorney held his aching head unsteadily, "do you mean to tell this Court a man looks into milk-cans to ascertain the hour?"

"Say, Bo, dat siffs in slow," remonstrated Mr. Bilks earnestly; "but I reckons I's on an' twigs de drift. An' I do mean it. De guy was potted—"

"I believe he intends to say the man was intoxicated," explained Mr. Butterworth softly.

"Well, he had it proper, anyway. An' he was a milkman. An' he'd strike a flicker an' take a squint inter de can an' den call de hour. Dat's all," insisted Mr. Bilks, now looking very solemn.

"We have the milkman in Court," assured Mr. Butterworth, "and although reluctant to appear and confess his weakness, yet to save an innocent man he is here, ready to admit his inebriated condition on this night in question; and also to relate how he wore home in his hatland from a neighbourhood card-party the Jack of Spades. He left the party at eleven o'clock, thus proving conclusively the defendant met him and observed his actions at an hour when the prosecution alleges he was ten miles to the east, busy robbing a safe."

This completed the direct examination of Mr. Bilks, and, cross-question as he would, the District Attorney could gain no advantage. He dared not ridicule the stone dog and baked apple and the lone playing-card too strongly, as Juror Number Six had vouched for the first two, and doubtless there were several witnesses ready to establish the last.

The milkman was called next. He testified in detail, in so far as he could remember, what Mr. Butterworth had promised to obtain from him. Then followed several of his neighbours, who grinned broadly in describing his actions when wearing the Court card in his hat.

That closed the evidence, although the District Attorney recalled the company's manager and the man who swore to seeing the defendant fleeing from the scene of the robbery. The two attorneys were brief in their summaries; the Court was sleepy and rambling in his charge, and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

While Mr. Bilks was busy returning the felicitations of "Butch" McCarty and other friends, the old lawyer gathered up his papers and quietly made for his office. He had done his duty, and acquitted an innocent criminal, and now he wished to see him and his class no more.

But if he thought to escape thus easily he erred, as an hour after he had reached his desk the door opened softly — nay, almost slyly — and Mr. Bilks stepped gently in.

"Jest dropped round ter say 'anks," he explained gruffly and almost sheepishly, as he exhaled a heavy cloud of smoke from a big pipe.

"Not necessary, Mr. Bilks. I have been paid in full and it's all right. By the way, I never smoke a pipe, you know. Sometimes I think the smoke chokes me up," said Mr. Butterworth stiffly.

"Say," declared Mr. Bilks impressively, removing his pipe, "I ain't so low down but wot I can take a hint when it's kicked inter me. But how a new pipe, sweet as Heaven, can stuff a guy up gits yers truly. Look at it," and he held it from him in pride. "Es her, tin' dat joy producer cost ten plunks."

Mr. Butterworth pricked up his ears a bit and carelessly said: "Fally as much as that. You gave—"

"Jest 't'ree hundred cowpoms for it."

"What!" cried Counsel. "Cowpoms!

And then you did get them, after all?"

"Why, yes, Bo," grinned Mr. Bilks; "I's put me hoof in, I reckon. But wot's de odds? I's acquitted. An' I's did git de cowpoms."

"And the money?" gasped the old lawyer.

"Never had a smell at it," mourned Mr. Bilks sadly. "Say, dat manager is a smooth 'un! He smooched de wad, after temptin' me ter do de job. De wot was ter be in a fat wallet an' we was ter go cahoots. See? An' den I wakes up an' finds me prize is only a mess of cowpoms. Course, if I blowed de gaff no one would believe me, an' he was wise enough ter know I'd say nitn. See?"

"But how could this man of business meet and know you and put himself in your power by making any such a deal?" demanded Mr. Butterworth icily, his eyes seeking the telephone.

"Why," explained Mr. Bilks easily, "his porter use ter be a ol' pal of mine. He reformed an' got work wid dis guy's company, an' dey got thick at last, an' when de manager decided he'd frame up a clean-up he reached me 't're de porter. I was ter pinch de stuff an' divvy. See? An' I gits a new pipe out of it. See?"

"But the alibi?" expostulated Mr. Butterworth. "The juror substantiated that. Wasn't any of it real?"

"De tings was all hunkey; real see-ery, youse know. De apple an' de dawg an' de Jack was all on deek, but it wasn't me dat was in Eply ter twig 'em. Butch is de only harp in de city dat can handle a tough ward. Say, he's slick! One of de boys put up a ring fer drinks in his dry house, an' when he was busy gunnin' 'round ter dig up a alibi fer yers truly he remembered it an' framed up a few more tings dat was been' pulled off in Eply on dat night. An', when I could show down dat I was de guy wot see 'em, de gitaway was easy. See?"

"I see," said Mr. Butterworth sadly. "And here is the retainer I received from your cultured friend, Mr. McCarty. Give it back to him. It is tainted. The door is right behind you. Good-day."

"Why, Bo, I certainly wants youse ter keep dis reward of merit 'er holdin' out a helpin' hand ter me—" remonstrated Mr. Bilks earnestly, but he was cut short with another curt "Good-day."

Within forty-eight hours the creditors of the Ward-Hungar Lumber Company were agreeably surprised to learn they would be paid in full, and yet another day saw a new manager in charge.

A week later Mr. Butterworth awoke to find his house had been feloniously entered during the night. And on a library table was an envelope containing a sum of money and a rough-scrawled note, which read:—

"Youse certainly was good to me this money haint tainted see it comes cten an' fresh from the house of the judge wot tried to jug me I always remember my friends.—Slinky Bill."

Old-time Marriage Notices.

Personal journalism is supposed to be a recent development, but these extracts from old newspapers show that it has at least the sanction usually accorded to old age.

"A few days ago was married at St. Bridget's Church in Chester, Mr. George Harding, aged 107 years, to Mrs. Catherine Woodward, aged eighty-three. The bridegroom served in the army thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I. and part of George II. This is his fifth wife, and he is Mrs. Woodward's fifth husband. It is also worthy of observation that the above old man's diet has been for the past thirty years chiefly buttermilk, with a little flour, and bread and cheese." The personal tone of the latter part of this announcement suggests another, which ends with the edifying information: "He served in King William's Wars and received a ball in his nose."

Besides age and diet and accidents there are also allusions to height, fortune and length of courtship; as for example the following: "Mr. Thomas, a genadier in the Yorkshire militia, six feet two inches high, to Miss Hannah Tennick, three feet two inches high, with a fortune of five thousand pounds."

And to another item is appended: "What is still more remarkable, there has been a courtship carried on betwixt them for more than sixty years."

Often a complete romance has been related, as in the case of an English soldier, who went through various experiences in foreign countries and after an absence of thirty-three years returned to his native land where he accidentally met his first wife. He had lost two wives and she two husbands during the time and "both being disengaged, they willingly renewed their former connection."

Disparity of ages is one of the commonest of incongruities among married couples, the instance of the much-married woman, who for the fourth time had "honoured the marriage register with her name," suggesting a ridiculous condition. It was announced that in the evening "several of the relations went to the apartment of the newly married couple to pay their respects to their young grandfather."

A difference less great but more conspicuous is referred to in an account of the low status of the colliers in a certain district of England. Church ceremonies were attended with unseemly display, and from time to time collections of absurdities passed through the streets on the way to the parish-house. On one occasion the marriage of "Johnny and Betty" was being celebrated. In the procession floated a couple of yards of painted calico upon which the secret of rejoicing was told in the words:

"At Johnny and Betty's wedding
We will merry be;
For Johnny's sixty-five,
And Betty's seventy-three."

Reinforced glass, produced by rolling two plates of glass with a metallic grating between them, promises to become of great importance as a building material. In a recent French test, a sheet four feet long by 18 inches wide, and less than a quarter of an inch thick, easily supported 1047 pounds, and under heavy weights or exposed to fire, it bends and cracks without breaking. Its strength, resistance to fire, and passage of light, admirably fit it for roofs, shop-windows, partitions, and staircases.



WET FEET

If you are tired of living, and want to see what comes next, you've only to cultivate WET FEET.
WET FEET carry off more people than war and old age combined. This is the season when it is most important to PROTECT YOUR FEET.

We have just opened, ex. ex. "Sonoma" and "Star of New Zealand," direct from the manufacturers, 46 cases of HOLLAND & AMERICAN RUBBERS. BEST IN THE WORLD! WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

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