

HEWK CAUGHT A FISH FOR AN ANGLER

Harrisburg, Pa., June 9.—The State Department of Forests and Waters stands sponsor for a fish story that has a Munchausen tang to it, but which Director Joseph S. Illick, of the Bureau of Research and Information, says is absolutely true.

Stanley Cole, of Watrous, while standing on the bank of a branch of Pine Creek in Tioga County, several days ago, according to the department records, saw a fish hawk circling over the water. As the hawk darted to the creek, Cole threw a stone, which struck the water just as the hawk landed upon a fish.

The hawk, in its fright, flew toward Cole and dropped a sixteen-inch brown trout, which almost struck Cole.

New York and London are to be connected up by telephone. The mermaids can hardly wait to listen in.

DYSPEPSIA WAS SO BAD Could Hardly Eat Anything

Mrs. C. Stone, Nanticoke, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I had a very serious attack of dyspepsia, and was also troubled with gas on my stomach. I could hardly eat anything, and very often had pains after meals. I had used different medicines, but they did not seem to do me any good. At last I happened to run on the track of Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using it for a short time I felt a lot better. I continued its use until I was completely relieved and now I am ready to recommend it to anyone troubled as I was."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

UNSINKABLE SHIP IS CALLED ONLY A MYTH

(British United Press.)

London, June 9.—"The unsinkable ship is a myth," said Sir Alan Anderson, presiding over the international conference of world shipping interests in London. "It is not only a myth, it is a dangerous myth, if it induces false confidence. A modern ship, properly handled, does not sink unless she hits something harder than water; but if she charges another ship, or rock, or iceberg, she will sink in spite of bulkheads, loadline and deck cargo regulations, and the lives of all on board will be in peril in spite of lifeboats, rafts and boats."

"The only absolute safeguard at sea is a vigilant master."

"Bulkheads and other precautions may and will mitigate disaster, but they are more likely to prove useful if they are wisely, and not extravagantly framed."

GAVE LIFE DEFENDING HIS DOG

(British United Press.)

Clinton, Ark., June 7.—Herbert Rhodes, a farmer boy, defended his dog with his life here. Leaping on Robert Lentz, who had the reputation of being the "town bully," and who was kicking the dog, Rhodes was stabbed to death. Lentz was held in jail, pending an investigation by a grand jury.

THRONE OF GREEK KING IN MUSEUM

(British United Press.)

Athens, June 9.—The throne of King George has been taken to the ethnological museum, where it will remain as a curiosity for the benefit of future generations. Saturday was the first day the new exhibit was on view, and not five persons went to look at it.

You Have Seen the Picture, Now Read The Story

The HUNCHBACK of NOTRE DAME

A Serialization by PAUL PEREZ of VICTOR HUGO'S CLASSIC

(Continued.)

XI THE ATTACK

"Were ye not also born of women after the manner of kings?"

There was a frantic shout from the mob as some comprehension of Clopin's larger meaning began to penetrate their sodden brains. But his eloquence was a purifying fire. He was radiating a terrific energy.

"Long enough the aristocrats have treated us like sheep! We'll show them—we are wolves!" He shouted in a voice almost electrical in its effect on the crowd. The mob churned and howled, but Clopin dominated the frenzied excitement as a master conductor might control an orchestra of a thousand strings. Again he cried to them:

"And will ye—will ye follow me to Notre Dame?"

There was a howl like that of the hurricane Clopin dreamed about. "To arms! To arms! Rescue Esmeralda—sack the city! To arms!"

Clopin unsheathed an ancient two-handed sword that one of his lieutenants had brought him. It was his insignia of generalship—of future

kingship, maybe. More than one man had hewed his way to dominion with a tool like this. As he flourished the sword, Clopin threw away the scabbard—thus indicating his sword would never be sheathed again.

"Ere dawn," he howled, "my people live in the palaces of the aristocrats!" He waved his sword aloft and started ahead—toward the Cathedral. His mob of an army was falling in behind him—men and women. Most of them carried torches which they had lighted at the fires. All of them were armed with weapons that had been stored in Clopin's secret arsenal. There were spears and ancient halberds, clubs and knives, pitchforks and scythes, swords, crossbows, longbows, crowbars, hammers large and small, woodmen's axes and battle-axes, maces, flails.

Clopin's call to arms reached all the hidden corners of Paris—a kingdom was at stake. "To arms! To arms!" went the call. "It is Clopin who calls you!" Swiftly and noisily the mobs fell in behind Clopin. The only suggestion of discipline was that Clopin remained at the head of the frightful band—gaunt and loose-jointed, a good head taller than anyone else, yet walking with a stop at a sort of run, like the panther that has caught the scent of easy prey.

Jehan had made his escape before the mob was on the move. He went flapping back through the silent streets by the way he had come. He had unleashed the hurricane, and he knew it. And under cover of that storm he had raised there were many things that he could do that otherwise would have been impossible for him. He was filled with gloating and lust, a sense of triumph that almost equalled Clopin's own. Gold!—and the girl! At last! At last! He came again to the Place du Parvis. Far up in one of the towers he could see a small speck of light—from Quasimodo's cell, there where the girl was. He circled the Cathedral. There was another tiny twinkle of light close to the Gothic eaves. That was where his brother, the Archdeacon, was keeping vigil, poring most likely over some saintly book.

Next he made his way into the Cathedral garden, there to await the coming of the magicians. He knew it wouldn't be long. When Clopin came . . . the key to the treasure chests—the girl—he couldn't decide which should have his attention first. The doors of Notre Dame were strong—they would hold Clopin long enough if—

Even while he waited, he could hear a murmur like the rising of a gale—the first breath of that hurricane he had conjured up. He knew that the time for action had come. He entered a back door quietly.

Phoebus, meanwhile, had recovered, but the wound in his heart still ached. Through days and nights of delirium he had called upon the name of Esmeralda. This was even so when he was told she had "confessed." At that, did anything matter, now that Esmeralda was dead? His head sank upon his arms.

Gringoire rushed in, breathless. "Clopin and his rabble have risen!" he panted. "They've sworn to bring back Esmeralda! She's in the tower of Notre Dame! They're about to sack the city!"

"Take Notre Dame?" Phoebus' head was in a whirl.

"Yes," Gringoire repeated, "they have sworn to bring back Esmeralda." His words seemed to pierce the haze engulfing Phoebus.

"Esmeralda!" Phoebus repeated blankly. "Esmeralda!"

"Hast thou not heard? Esmeralda was saved but yesterday while on her way to the gibbet. The Hunchback saved her. She has found sanctuary in Notre Dame." Gringoire talked as to a child.

"Alive! Alive! Esmeralda alive!" Phoebus cried.

"But dead, if thou dost not bestir thyself. To horse!"

Phoebus let out a shout for his servant: "Ho, my sword, my armor! And thou, Gringoire, to the stables—two horses, mine own, and one for thee! I join thee forthwith!"

The servant ran in, badly frightened. "Master, thy wound—"

(To be Continued.)

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