"Don't go to-night, Dick. Stay home with Kiddy and me.'

A slender, pale-faced girl was speaking. She was about twenty-six years of age, and undoubtedly she was pretty, but want had set its mark on ber, so that her hollow cheeks added several years to her appearance and, at the same time detracted from her good looks. Her eyes were deep blue, and now, as she gazed on her husband, they were very wistful.

"I must go to the club to-pight. Ethel," the man replied. "I'm almost sure to hear of a job to-night."

Richard Carrington had been a member of the unemployed for nearly aine months. Perhaps it was largely due to himself; he was too anxious to find an appointment just cut out for him. He was good looking, at least, many people said so, but on close inspection, a certain weakness was apparent in his face. He was an excellent boon companion, ready to be hail fellow well met with anyone, ever ready to dip his hand in his pocket (when there was money there) to help a friend, but just as ready to yield to temptation that a stronger character would have kept clear of.

He had one child, a boy, commony known as Kiddy, and he was wrapned up heart and soul in the youngster. He was as fond of his wife as It was in his somewhat shallow nature be, but her good advice, which would have steered him clear of many socks, had little or no effect on him.

Now their finances were at their ast ebb. Both husband and wife now that in a day or two the wherewithal to live would be missing, and et Dick Carrington must go to his

"Don't go to-night, old boy. Stay with me," Ethel Carrington pleaded. "I must go to-night, Ethel, but it shall be for the last time."

The girl sighed. How often she had heard those words, "for the last Carrington tried to look in-

"I might hear of something toright," he said. "It would be silly to ales it. Look here, it's eight o'clock ow. I'll be back by nine."

Ethel was silent; she knew she was owerless to prevent his going. He sed her—there was rarely any lack affection between them when he sober-and presently the door ammed.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. he mounted heavily up the stairs and at by Kiddy's cot. The youngster ept the deep sleep of innecent babyood. No care or trouble had any efect on him, except his childish ailsents. If his father and mother went ungry, he was always looked after ad well fed.

"My darling little Kiddy!" whispert the mother, gazing with mingled pture and pain at the soft face and ny clenched fists.

Meanwhile, Dick Carrington was ughing and joking with his comnions at the Welcome Club. All re had fallen from his shoulders. r was there not a full glass before n and laughter going on around

Then, curiously enough the last ing that he expected happened. He as fond of talking of looking for ork at the club, but he never antici-:ted finding it. Now a man entered e room, a man to whom the surundings and company were neither niliar nor congenial. He singled t Carrington.

"Ah! I thought I should find you re," he said. "I want to have a few ords with you."

Bomewhat regretfully, Dick left the cle of his friends and joined the wcomer. The upshot of the conreation was that Dick was offered i he acepted an appointment. He s to commence work on the folving morning.

It was characteristic of him that his st thought was to hasten home and I Ethel of his good fortune. With 's idea in view, he acquainted his ends with what had happened, and en sald good-night.

'Surely you're not going without inking luck to your new job?" cried man.

Well, just one, then," said Dick, ting down again.

The "just one" was but the forerunof many others, and not until the blic house closed did Dick try to home.

"Richard is himself again," he quot in a thick voice, tossing a final iskey and soda down his throat.

le made his way unsteadily home I tumbled into the living room. en he collapsed into a chair, and ed to review what had happened. new idea suddenly glimmered in fuddled face.

Wouldn't do for wife to see me." muttered. "Mus' keep her in

Ie felt his way to the bedroom I turned the key in the lock. Then staggered back to the living-room. S'airi' now, Richard," he hiccoughgrazely, addressing his reflection in mirror. "Knew you'd find job, n't you, Richard?"

To staggered back against the ta-, and with a sweep of his arm, upa lighted oil lamp. A moment lata pale blue flame ran over the tacloth. The man collapsed into a dr, and gazed in surprised annoyat the flame.

Ridiculous!" he muttered. "Silly flames ar'n they? If big nice big

flames, bin alri'. Richard do'n like li'l blue flames."

He felt aggrieved, and, to show his annoyance, he closed his eyes, so as not to see the sheet of blue flame that was rapidly growing larger and licking up everything in its path.

Carrington's head nodded, and s few seconds later he fell into a drunkcauses; one was a loud thundering noise, the other was a feeling of suffocation.

In a dazed manner he stared around to find the room filled with dense smoke tinged with a warm red glow. On all sides the crackling of burning timber was apparent, and every sow and then the thud of falling plaster was heard.

He was sober now. He realized that he had done this. He was responsible for the fire-he and the drink within him. He jumped to his feet, his eyes smarting, his breath coming with difficulty, because of the smoke, He dimly heard people shouting and thundering at the door, but he gave no heed to this; he was thinking of Ethel and Kiddy.

A great wave of smoke came out to meet him as he threw the door open. He felt his way through it to the he died, Mrs. Thies, having missed a bed, shouting "Ethel!" at the top of his voice. His scorched and bleeding maining twelve miles of her journey hands grasped at the smouldering sheets, but there was no life beneath them. Like a madman he began to feel about the room, thrusting his hands before him through the flame and smoke until suddenly he felt something soft on the floor.

It was Ethel and beneath her was

He called passionately to her, but she made no reply. Then, with a sudden fierce strength, he gathered plunged through the fiery smoke to the doorway. Down the trembling stairs he went, his clothes on fire, his hair burning, his skin black and scorched. Burning wood and masses of plaster fell about him, but on he strode, until a sudden blast of cool air met him as the street door was burst open by the firemen.

Then all seemed to go black before him. Great arms seemed to seize him and hurl him through space. On, on he flew, until suddenly he began to fall, down-down-

"I think he'll do now," said a man's voice.

Dick's eyes opened, and he gazed vacantly around, to see whitewashed walls, a nurse, a white coated doctor, and-Ethel and the Kiddy.

"Only three minutes, Mrs. Carrington," said the doctor.

Then the girl knelt by the bedside and Dick felt her cool, soft hands smooth his shorn hair. Her soft face was pressed to his.

"Dick, my love, my hero," she whispered.

"Alive?" he murmured weakly. "Yes, my dear, and loving you more than ever. Oh, Dick, I was so afraid you were going! But all's well now,

Dick; you're getting better. See, here's Kiddy; he wants his daddy." The man felt the chubby hands of the boy straying over his face, heard the childish crooning, and then a

scalding tear fell on to his cheek. "No, no, Mrs. Carrington; that won't do!" said the doctor. "You must leave my patient now."

Ethel bent over her husband and kissed him passionately, and, with Kiddy in her arms, went from the ward.

So it was only a dream-they were not dead. From his heart the man offered a silent prayer of thanksgiv-Then suddenly he shuddered. She had called him her hero. A grand hero he had been almost a murderer. His teeth gritted together. Hero she had called him, and he meant to earn brought life and living to Ethel and pencil and paper. the Kiddy-it made a weak man strong, and if it was not the V. C. bravery, it was, at any rate a bravery

that was as noble. Sure enough that visit to the Welcome Club was the last Dick Carrington paid. The appointment that had been offered him was still vacant, but the man who offered it made the proviso that Carrington must become an abstainer-a proviso that was accepted and faithfully adhered to .- E. Newton Bungey, in Pearson's Weekly.

An Open Congratulation. W. S. Gilbert does not retain all of

his humor for use in his librettos. In the early days of his success, when Gilbert and Sullivan were considered by managers as the "sure winners" in the comic-opera field, a young woman who was a member of one of the "Pinafore" companies wrote to Gilbert telling him of her approaching

marriage with a young man of good position and family. Gilbert congratulated the young woman, and expressed the hope that her future might be prosperous and

Only a little more than a month passed and another letter from the same girl reached him, in which she stated that her engagement with the young man had been broken, and that

she had accepted another suitor. He replied that he had every confidence in her judgment, and again expressed his hearty wishes for her

welfare. It was almost two months after that Gilbert received a third leaer from the same girl, who informed him that young Lord—had proposed and tnat she had accepted him, after breaking her engagement with No. 2. Gilbert's humor could no longer withstand the temptation, and he wrote, "I desire to congratulate you on your approaching marriage with-" Here he placed an asterisk, and in a

tootnote added, "Here insert the name

of the happy man."-Tit-Bits,

## TO BOY'S DEATHBED

en stupor. He was awakened by two Elderly Woman Did Not Even Know that Her Grandson Had Been Taken III

## CASE OF WEIRD TELEPATHY

Mrs. Louise Thies, Sixty-four Years Old, Tells Her Own Story About the Remarkable Mental Inspiration-Her Journey to See Dying Lad.

Nashville, Ill.-An intuition which she describes as mental telepathy, took Mrs. Louise Thies, sixty-four years old, from her home in St. Louis to the bedside of her dying grandson, Henry Hollman, at Cordes Station, a hamlet eight miles south of Nashville. Ill. To reach his bedside just before train at Coulterville, walked the realong the railroad tracks.

"I was at the house of my daughter, Mrs. Gus Tubbsing, No. 4313 North Fourteenth street, in St. Louis, when this inspiration or telepathic feeling first struck me," she said to a Post-Dispatch correspondent. "I was seated in one of the rooms by myself, with nothing specially occupying my attention, when my mind wandered off into a reminiscent mood. All of a sudden it transferred itself to the girl and the baby in his arms and thoughts of my son, Henry, and family. It was then that the remarkable part came.

"We had received no word of my grandson's iliness, in fact, his own parents had no idea that he was ill. Dr. S. P. Schroeder, of Nashville, who was called to treat him shortly before he died, stated that he was the most healthy looking child of several of the family. He was afflicted with diabetes, but it developed so rapidly that he was only seriously ill a short time before his death.

"It suddenly occurred to me that I was needed at the Hollman home. Every attempt to shake this thought proved fruitless. The idea clung to me. The inspiration clung to me. Finally it became so strong that I decided that I must go there. I so advised the members of my daughter's family and on the next morning started on my journey.

"I boarded an Illinois Central train at Union Station, which was to take me to Coulterville, Ill., where I was to change cars and board the Illinois Southern train for Cordes Station. Upon reaching Coulterville I found the train I desired had left and there would be no other train until late at night. My desire to reach the home of my son became still stronger. I decided to make the remainder of the way afoot.

"I was weighed down with two valises, weighing about fifty pounds, and these added to the burden of my journey. I had been to Cordes Station several times before, and had a general knowledge of where it was, but really had no conception of what twelve miles of travel over a gravel railroad bed meant."

MUST GIVE WIFE 20 PER CENT.

Court Figures that She is Entitled to That Much Pin Money.

Kansas City.-Municipal Judge Fyle fixed the amount of "pin money" a wife should be allowed at 20 per cent. the title. And he did, though his of her husband's income. Judge Kyle prowess was humble enough. Yet it figured it out to an exact nicety with

Mrs. J. W. Jollif had her husban4 in court on a charge of disturbing her peace. The chief charge is that he didn't give her enough money.

"How much do you make?" Judge Kyle asked Jollif. "Sixty dollars a month," Jollif re-

plied. The Court figured a minute and said: "Now, I'll tell you what you ought to do. After the rent and the household expenses are paid you ought to give your wife \$3 n week. She's entitled to that much. She takes care of the children and she never goes out of the house. I'll tell you something else. She'll save more money than you will out of that \$3 a

week." Jollif started to tell the Court that his wife took money, from under his pillow while he was asleep, but the Court waved him aside.

"You may go, with the understanding that your wife gets her 20 per cent. regularly," Judge Kyle said.

Wife Slept in Dog House.

Chicago.-Mrs. Gissela Skwarek had the time of her life after she startled Judge Honore and his court attendants by testifying in her suit for divorce that her husband, John Skwarek, had been so cruel to her that she was compelled to sleep in the dog house. And further than that, the dog had some of the characteristics of his master, for after she had taken possession of his apartment the ungallant brute tried to oust her.

The dog house was in court for exhibit purposes. The woman won the jury's hearts when she said that for nine years of married life her husband had never taken her out to a place of amusement or bought her even a

She was given a decree, and then the Jury bought her a dozen American Beauties and invited her to take dinner with them. They had music and an elaborate spread. Mrs. Skwarek's happiness was overpowering.

## MUNKEYS MUTINY AT SEA

Gallant Six Hundred Pull Out the Cook's Queue and Fight Excited Sailors on the Tannenfels.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- Capt. Lubke and the crew of the German freighter Tannenfels, which docked at Bush's Stores, a few days ago, after having discharged a cargo of 600 monkeys at Boston, declared that they would never sign again on a vessel, which featured ring-tailed roarers an' sich in its manifest.

It seems that while the Tannenfels was in mid-ocean six chimpanzees mutined and made a murderous attack on Wing Fu, the cook.

"Them chims were the biggest of their breed I ever seen," said Engineer Newman. "There was one in the bunch that had the build of Tom Sharkey, and he was a terror. As fast as we put in new bars in his cage he tore them out. Every time a chap would go near his bunk he'd reach out an' grab him by the hair, pullin' it out by the roots.

"He pulled out Wing Fu's queue, which got the chink sore, so one day when the big chim wasn't lookin' the cook dumped a bowl of hot soup on him. Twas this that set the whole bunch in mutiny. The big lad got out of his cage an' then pulled the bars out of his friends' cage, whereat they all galloped up forward, pickin' up belayin' pins an' marlin spikes, an' making for the cook.

"Wing Fu saw 'em comin' an' bolted with a terrible scream. Then we had the battle of our lives with them monks. The leader of the gang busted my wrist, and bruised me all over. Then when I got him cornered he dives overboard, marlin spike an' all. His suicide sort of quieted the rest of the bunch, and put an end to the mutiny. But from then on all the monkeys hollered murder, from morning till morning. They worked in relays, makin' the dod-blamdest din that ever was heard this side o' panjandrum."

Big Tomatoes on a City Lot. Kansas City, Kan.-E. M. Wiggin manages to raise fine tomatoes on a small plot of ground in this bustling city. The picture shows Mr. Wiggin and one of his mammoth Amazon vines which is 11 feet, 4 inches from the ground to the extreme tip.

This vine was full of great tomatoes and the top full of blossoms on October 4th, 1908.

A large number of tomatoes on the other side of the vine cannot be seen in the picture. Mr. Wiggin writes that some of these tomatoes measured 5 1-2 inches in diameter and 16 inches



in circumference, and many weighed from two and a half to three pounds

They were smooth, red, and without the hard, green core most large tomatoes usually have. No special cultivation was given the vines except to make the ground very rich. Some of the shoots were pinched off in

the early growth of the plants. The way Wigin explains his process of giant-tomato culture follows: About the middle of April he plants the seed in holes 18 inches or two feet deep. As the plant grows he tamps earth mixed with stable refuse about the stalk until the hole is completely filled.

The tomato, Wiggin explains, is the product of South America, where it grows to the height of 20 feet in the damp and warm morasses along the Amazon River. To accomplish the best results, then, it would seem necessary to have the temperature about the plant evenly warm and moist. The decaying manure furnishes the uniform warmth and holds the moisture.

"Any one can grow enormous tomatoes," says Wiggin, "If he will take up the work and then try to imitate the conditions the book says were enjoyed by the original plant. That was the way I did, and these are the results."

LOST BET ON HIS WIFE.

Richards Wagered She Wouldn't Meet Another Man-She Did.

St. Louis, Mo .- John B. Richards laid a wager with a friend that his wife would not make an engagement with the friend. The stake was a new hat. He lost the hat. Now he's afraid he will lose the wife.

A divorce suit has been brought against him by his wife in which she accuses him of having a man call her up and represent himself to be a friend of her brothers and ask her to meet him in East St. Louis in regard to railroad transportation.

Mrs. Richards says she kept the appointment, and while she was talking to the man her husband appeared and accused her of "making dates" with other men. Richards admits it was a put up job and says he's sorry, because he lost the hat,

## Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

MARY GARDEN'S OPINIONS.

The New York Man is a Golden Calf Whom Woman Skins.

The New York man is a golden calf; the New York woman-well, she does not fall down and worship him-sho merely skins him," quoth Miss Mary Garden.

Miss Garden, prima donna, has discoursed many a time and oft on "Salome" and others. But opera is over now. And so the other night it was just Miss Garden, woman o' the world, who for one hour talked wisely, merrily and with most exceeding frankness of New York and all they that dwell therein. "I can say what I want to now," she laughed, "for I'm going away so soon and everybody will have forgotten by the time I come back!" Forthwith she proceeded to hand out a swift succession of blows and bouquets-and the very first remark was

"What do you think of the New York man?" happened to be query number onc.



Mary Garden.

'Why, you see, the New York woman has impressed me so very much more!" was the unflattering-er, most complimentary - er, take-it-as-youplease reply.

But they were truly flowers of enthusiasm that followed—at first. Here are a few epigramatic opinions

dictated by the great opera singer: "The New York woman doesn't fall down and worship this golden calfsite merely skins him."

"There is less individual liberty here than in any place in civilized Eu-

"The best dressed man in the world is the English gentleman." "The New York man is not a bore, but he has not the little graces-the lingerie of life."

"The Latin gentlemen make love perfectly - but they don't make

Thinks We Work Too Hard. Lady Headfort during her American tour, said in New York that she approved of international marriages. "They correct us," she explained. Our Englishmen work too little, your American men work too hard, and the international marriage tends to bring about a happy mean.

"I have an English friend who attended the funeral of one of your hardest workers, a multi-millionaire.

"My friend's wife said rather bitterly to him at the funeral:

"'How you have missed your opportunities, my love. Place yourself beside Mr. Ritch there. You are both of the same age. You both began life together. Yet you are a poor man, while he died a multi-millionaire."

'Yes,' said the English husband. There Ritch lies, dead of nervous prostration, without one single penny in his pocket, and here I stand, hale and hearty, with a wallet in my coat containing quite a hundred dollars."

Woes of a Wife.



Wifey-I wonder why the grass doesn't come up. Hubby-I'm sure I can't tell. You don't suppose you planted the seeds

upside down, do you?

Big Salaries for Women. In six of the largest Boston department stores there are now thirty-seven women occupying responsible executive positions as buyers, floor managers, heads of workrooms, and heads of clerical departments, at salaries ranging from \$780 to \$6,500 a year. It is also pointed out that these successful women rose from the ranks and that an emulation of them implies a start behind the counter at perhaps six dollars a week.

KING EDWARD'S RACEHORSES

Only Two Have Been Winners in Great English Turf Events

Probably no owner ever had such a persistent run of 'rad luck as his Majesty, King Edward, during the early years of his racing co er. At his first modest appearance on a race course, thirty-seven years ago, his horse Champion had the misfortune to fall early in the race, and although he made a game effort to recover lost ground he could only finish second

Six years later-at his second an pearance-at the Newmarket July meeting, his horse Alep was badis beaten by Lord Strathnairn's Avowal and it was not until 1880 that Leon das II., ridden by Capt. Wentworth Hope-Johnnstone, scored his first vintory in the Aldershot cup.

Six years more elapsed, making at teen years in all from his racing debut, before the royal colors were carried to victory for the first time in flat racing, when, smid a scene of great enthusiasm. Counterpane, aldden by Archer, won a maiden plate at Sandown.

What's in a Title?

Judge Gray, of Delaware, was talk ing recently about the fondness of American girls for English titles, is speaking of how empty and meaning less such foreign titles usually were he illustrated it with the following:

"Titles are just as meaningless is the United States. Take my own title -the title of judge, for instance. | was traveling in the country a short time ago, and, at the table of the hotel where I was stopping, there was a man whom ever; one present address. ed as 'judge.'

"When this judge got up and went away, I said to the man sitting next him at the table, 'Is the gentleman who just left a United States judge or a local judge?"

"'He is a local judge, sir,' was the reply. 'He was a judge at a horse race last week." "Titles at hon. and abroad amount

counts but the man." Liquid Hellum.

to about the same thing. Nothing

In his recent experiments with the liquefaction of helium, Professor Onnes , erformed a labor of the most exhausting description. "Not only," we are told, "was the whole apparatus, with its subsidiary arangements, tested to its utmost capacity, but the physical energies of the professor and his assistants were well-nigh exhausted by the prolonged struggle." This is likely to give to most readers an entirely novel idea of the labors of the laboratory. When the absolute zero is approached the obstacles that have to be overcome in order to lower the temperature a few degrees are immense. The boiling-point of liquid helium is four and one-half degrees Centigrade above absolute zero. By great effort the temperature was reduced to three degrees, but without affecting the mobility of the liquid.

Facts About the Jews.

The number of Jews in the entire world is approximately 12,000,000scattered among all the nations of the

Of this number, about 2,000,000 are in America-haif of these in New . ork; 190,000 in Chicago; 100,000 in Philadelphia; 80,000 in Boston; 50,000 in St. Louis, and the rest distributed chiefly in other large cities. In an area of a single square mile in New York is a popul tion of more than 400,000 Jewish men, women and chil-

The Jews almost control the wealth of the world. In Germany, nearly onehalf of the rich people are Jews. Sixsevenths of all the bankers of Prussia are Jews, walle only one in 586 is a day laborer.

A Cement Grindstone.

A grindstone made from one-half best Portland cement and one-half silica sand may be use! in grinding glass to take the place of the wheel caster. The materials must be thoroughly mixed and evenly tamped. The advantage of this stone is that when properly made there will be no hard and soft spots, and it will grind glass without scratching. The cost is about ten per cent, of that of the common grindstone. The Onward Manufacturing Company, of Menasha, Wis., to whom we are indebted for this information, has been using cement grindstones successfully for a year.

It Does Not Pal.

"Quarrel not at all. No man who resolves to mare the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right, and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a do; than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dor would not cure the bite.

To Bar Christmas Solicitors. Boston.-The Salvation Army lassies and Volunteers of America "Santa Clauses" cannot hereafter solicit funds on the street for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for the poor. according to Police Commissioner Stephen O'Meara, His report says the custom has grown to such an extent that annually more than fifty dif-

ferent organizations seek the privi-

lege of soliciting aid. Mistake Mage by Many. "De smart mrn," said Uncle Eben. 'Is likely to git along fus' rate until he stahts in figgerin' 'roun' an' tryin to make his brains take de place of