

DO YOU REMEMBER, JOE?

Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe, How we used to go to grandpa's two score years ago? How dear old grandma kissed us, though we tried to squirm away? How we raced down to the meadows where the men were making hay (Grandpa the best among them, spite of his silver hairs)? How we rode home on the fragrant load as hungry as two bears? Oh, do you remember—do you remember, Joe, Dear grandma's light cream biscuits (yes, 'twas forty years ago, An' a Frenchman now is living in the old ancestral home), An' the butter from the spring house, an' the honey in the comb, An' the cookies (all we wanted—'twas at grandma's house, you know)? Have we ever had enough since then of life's rare sweets, dear Joe? An', oh, do you remember—from all the rest aloof—The little garret bedroom underneath the roof, Where, up the stairs a-climbing, spite o' fat and rheumatism, Dear grandma came to pat our heads and give a good-night kiss? It didn't seem five minutes from the time we dropped off, Joe, Till we heard the hired man in the yard a-hollerin': "Hello!" Sometimes I think we shall wake up from a deeper sleep, dear Joe, An' see them all a-crowding round, an' hear them call: "Hello!" For I believe they love us now as in the dear old home, An' that they talk about us, Joe, an' long for us to come; An' if goodness counts for honor, where they are now, dear Joe—Grandpa an' grandma will be found up in the highest row! —Mary F. Butts, in Farm and Home.

My Strangest Case BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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PART II.—CONTINUED.

Without more ado, like men who were drunk with the finest wines, they followed him along the passage and up the steps into the open air. They were just in time to see the sun setting blood-red behind the jungle. His beauty, however, had no effect upon them. In all probability they were regardless of him altogether, for with almost simultaneous sighs of relief they threw themselves down upon the flag-stones of the courtyard, and set to work, with feverish earnestness, to overhaul the booty they had procured. All three were good judges of stones, and a very brief examination was sufficient, even in the feeble evening light, to enable them to see that they were not only gems of the first water, but also stones of such size as is seldom seen in these unregenerate days. "It's the biggest scoop on earth," said Hayle, unconsciously echoing the expression Kitwater had used to him in Singapore. "What's better, there are hundreds more like them down below. I'll tell you what it is, my friends, we're just the richest men on this earth at the present moment, and don't you forget it!" In his excitement he shook hands wildly with his companions. His ill-humor had vanished like breath off a razor, and now he was on the best of terms not only with himself, but also with the world in general. "If I know anything about stones there are at least £100,000 worth in this little parcel," he said, enthusiastically, "and, what is more, there is a million or perhaps two millions to be had for the trouble of looking for them. What do you say if we go below again?" "No! No!" said Kitwater, "it's too late. We'd better be getting back to the camp as soon as may be." "Very well," Hayle replied, reluctantly. They accordingly picked up their iron bars and replaced the stone that covered the entrance to the subterranean passage. "I don't like leaving it," said Hayle, "it don't seem to me to be safe, somehow. Think what there is down there. Doesn't it strike you that it would be better to fill our pockets while we've the chance? Who knows what might happen before we can come again?" "Nonsense," said Kitwater. "Who do you think is going to rob us of it? What's the use of worrying about it? In the morning we'll come back and fill our bags, and then clear out of the place for civilization as if the devil and all were after us. Just think, my lads, what there will be to divide." "A million apiece, at least," said Hayle rapturously, and then in an awed voice he added, as if he were discomfited by his own significance, "I never thought to be worth a quarter of that. Somehow it doesn't seem as if it can be real." "It's quite real," said Mr. Codd, as he sprinkled some dry dust round the crack of the stone to give it an appearance of not having been disturbed. "There's no doubt of it." When he had finished they picked up their tools and set off on their return journey to the camp. The sun had disappeared behind the jungle when they left the courtyard of the Three Elephants' Heads and ascended the stone steps towards the inner moat. They crossed the bridge, and entered the outer city in silence. The place was very dreary at that hour of the day, and to Codd, who was of an imaginative turn of mind, it seemed as if faces out of the long deserted past were watching him from every house. His companions, however, were scarcely so impressionable. They were gloating over the treasure they had won for themselves, and one, at least, was speculating as to how he should spend his

share. Suddenly Hayle, who was looking down a side street, uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Did you see that?" he inquired of Kitwater. Then, without waiting for a reply, he dived into the nearest ruin and disappeared from view. "What on earth is the matter with him?" inquired Kitwater of Codd. "Has he gone mad?" Codd only shook his head. Hayle's doings were more often than not an enigma to him. Presently, however, the runaway made his appearance before them. His face was flushed and he breathed heavily. Apparently he had been running, and for some distance. "Don't you see him?" he inquired of his companions, in some surprise. "See who?" asked Kitwater, with elevated eyebrows. "Who do you think you saw?" "A man," Hayle replied. "I am ready to take my oath I saw him cross that narrow street back yonder." "Was it one of our own men, do you think?" said Codd, referring to the two Burmen they had brought with them. "Not a bit of it," Hayle replied. "I tell you, Kitwater, I am as sure as I am of anything that the man I saw was a Chinaman." "Gammon," said Kitwater. "There isn't a Chinaman within 50 miles of the ruins. You are unduly excited. You'll be seeing a regiment of Scott's guards presently if you are not careful." "I don't care what you say, it was a man I saw," the other answered. "Good Heavens! won't you believe me when I say that I saw his pigtail?" "Believe you, of course, I will," replied Kitwater, good-humoredly. "It's a pity you didn't catch hold of him by it, however. No, no, Gid, you take my word for it, there are no Chinamen about here. What do you think, Codd?" Mr. Codd appeared to have no opinion, for he did not reply. By this time they had crossed the last bridge and had left the city behind them. The jungle was lulling itself to sleep, and drowsy croonings sounded on every hand. So certain was Hayle that he had not been mistaken about the man he declared he had seen, that he kept his eyes well open to guard against a surprise. He did not know what clump of bamboo might contain an enemy, and, in consequence, his right hand was kept continually in his pocket in order not to lose the grip of the revolver therein contained. At last they reached the top of the hill and approached the open spot where their camp was situated. "What did I tell you?" said Kitwater, as he looked about the camp and could discover no traces of their two native servants. "It was one of our prowling rascals you saw, and when he comes back I'll teach him to come spying on us. If I know anything of the ratten, he won't do it again." Hayle shrugged his shoulders. While the fact that their servants were not at the camp to anticipate their return was certainly suspicious, he was still as convinced as ever that the man he had seen slipping through the ruins was no Burman, but a true son of the celestial empire. Worn out by the excitement of the day, Kitwater anathematized the servants for not having been there to prepare the evening meal, but while he and Hayle wrangled, Mr. Codd had as usual taken the matter into his own hands, and, picking up a cooking pot, had set off in the direction of the stream, whence they drew their supply of water. He had not proceeded very far, however, before he uttered a cry and came running back to the camp. There was a scared expression upon his face as he rejoined his companions. "They've not run away," he cried, pointing in the direction whence he had come. "They're dead!" "Dead?" cried Kitwater and Hayle together. Then the latter added: "What do you mean by that?" "What I say," Codd replied. "They're both lying in the jungle back there with their throats cut." "Then I was right after all," Hayle found time to put in. "Come, Kit, let us go and see. There's more than we bargained for at the back of all this." They hurried with Codd to the spot where he had discovered the bodies, to find that his tale was too true. Their two unfortunate servants were to be seen lying one on either side of the track, both dead and shockingly mutilated. Kitwater knelt beside them and examined them more closely. "Chinese," he said, laconically. Then after a pause he continued: "It's a good thing for us we had the foresight to take our rifles with us to-day, otherwise we should have lost them for a certainty. Now we shall have to keep our eyes open for trouble. It won't be long in coming, mark my words." "You don't think they watched us at work in that courtyard, do you?" asked Hayle, anxiously, as they returned to the camp. "If that's so, they'll have every atom of the remaining treasure, and we shall be done for." He spoke as if until that moment they had received nothing. "It's just possible they may have done so, of course," said Kitwater, "but how are we to know? We couldn't prevent them, for we don't know how many of them there may be. That fellow you saw this evening may only have been placed there to spy upon our movements. Confound it all, I wish we were a bigger party." "It's no use wishing that," Hayle returned, and then after a pause he added: "Fortunately we hold a good many lives in our hands, and what's more, we know the value of our own. The only thing we can do is to watch, watch, and watch, and, if we are taken by surprise, we shall have nobody to thank for it but ourselves. Now if you'll stand sentry, Caddy and I will get tea." They set to work, and the meal was

in due course served and eaten. Afterwards Codd went on guard, being relieved by Hayle at midnight. Ever since they had made the ghastly discovery in the jungle, the latter had been more silent even than the gravity of the situation demanded. Now he sat, nursing his rifle, listening to the mysterious voices of the jungle, and thinking as if for dear life. Meanwhile his companions slept soundly on, secure in the fact that he was watching over them. At last Hayle rose to his feet. "It's my only chance," he said to himself, as he went softly across to where Kitwater was lying. "It must be now or never!" Kneeling beside the sleeping man, he felt for the pocket of precious stones they had that day obtained. Having found it he transferred it to his own pocket, and then returned to his former position as quietly as he had come. Then, having secured as much of their store of ammunition as he could conveniently carry, together with a supply of food sufficient to last him for several days, he deserted his post, abandoned his friends and disappeared into the jungle! PART III. The sun was slowly sinking behind the dense wall of jungle which hems in, on the southern side, the frontier station of Nampoung. In the river below there is a ford, which has a distinguished claim on fame, inasmuch as it is one of the gateways from Burmah into western China. This ford is guarded continually by a company of Sikhs, under the command of an English officer. To be candid, it is not a post that is much sought after. Its dullness is extraordinary. True, one can fish there from morning until night, if one is so disposed; and if one has the good fortune to be a botanist, there is an inexhaustible field open for study. It is also true that Nampoung is only 30 miles or so, as the crow flies, from Bhamo, and when one has been in the wilds, and out of touch of civilization for months at a time, Bhamo is by no means a place to be despised. So thought Gregory, of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment, as he threw his line into the pool below him. "It's worse than a dog's life," he said to himself, as he looked at the ford a hundred yards or so to his right, where, at the moment, his subaltern was engaged levying toll upon some Yunnan merchants who were carrying cotton on pack mules into China. After that he glanced behind him at the little cluster of buildings on the hill, and groaned once more. "I wonder what they are doing in England," he continued. "Trout fishing has just begun, and I can imagine the dear old governor at the Long pool, rod in hand. The girls will stroll down in the afternoon to find out what sport he has had, and they'll walk home across the park with him, while the mater will probably meet them half way. And here am I in this God-forsaken hole with nothing to do but to keep an eye on that ford there. Bhamo is better than this, Mandalay is better than Bhamo, and Rangoon is bet-



NOW HE SAT NURSING HIS RIFLE, LISTENING TO THE MYSTERIOUS VOICES OF THE JUNGLE.

ter than either. Chivving dakus is Paradise compared with this sort of thing. Anyhow, I'm tired of fishing." He began to take his rod to pieces preparatory to returning to his quarters on the hill. He had just unshipped the last joint, when he became aware that one of his men was approaching him. He inquired his business, and was informed in return that Dempsey, his sub, would be glad to see him at the ford. Handing his rod to the man he set off in the direction of the crossing in question, to become aware, as he approached it, of a disreputable figure propped up against a tree on the nearer bank. "What's the matter, Dempsey?" he inquired. "What on earth have you got there, man?" "Well, that's more than I can say," the other replied. "He's evidently a white man, and I fancy an Englishman. At home we should call him a scarecrow. He turned up from across the ford just now, and tumbled down in the middle of the stream like a shot rabbit. Never saw such a thing before. He's not a pretty sight, is he?" "Poor devil," said Gregory. "He seems to be on his last legs. I wonder who the deuce he is, and what brought him into this condition." "I've searched, and there's nothing about to tell us," said Dempsey. "What do you think we had better do with him?" "Get him up the hill," said his superior, without hesitation. "When he's a bit stronger we'll have his

story out of him. I'll bet a few years' pay it will be interesting." A file of men were called, and the mysterious stranger was carried up to the residence of the English officers. It was plain to the least observant that he was in a very serious condition. Such clothes as he possessed were in rags; his face was pinched with starvation, and moreover he was quite unconscious. When his bearers, accompanied by the two Englishmen, reached the cluster of huts, he was carried to a small room at the end of the officers' bungalow and placed upon the bed. After a little brandy had been administered, he recovered consciousness and looked about him. Heaving a sigh of relief, he inquired where he might be. "You are at Nampoung," said Gregory, "and you ought to thank your stars that you are not in Kingdom Come. If ever a man was near it, you have been. We won't ask you for your story now; however, later on, you shall blurt to your heart's content. Now I am going to give you something to eat. You look as if you want it badly enough." Gregory looked at Dempsey and made a sign, whereupon the other withdrew, to presently return carrying a bowl of soup. The stranger drank it ravenously, and then lay back and closed his eyes once more. He would have been a clever man who could have recognized in the emaciated being upon the bed, the spruce, well-cared-for individual who was known to the Hotel of the Three Desires in Singapore as Gideon Hayle. "You'd better rest awhile now," said Gregory, "and then perhaps you'll feel equal to joining us at mess, or whatever you like to call it." "Thanks, very much," the man replied, with the conventional utterance of an English gentleman, which was not lost upon his audience. "I hope I shall feel up to it." "Whoever the fellow is," said Gregory, as they passed along the veranda a few minutes later, "he has evidently seen better days. Poor beggar, I wonder where he's been, and what he has been up to." "We shall soon find out," Dempsey answered. "All he said when we fished him out of the water was 'at last,' and then he fainted clean away. I am not more curious than my neighbors, but I don't mind admitting that I am anxious to hear what he has to say for himself. Talk about Rip Van Winkle, why, he is not in it with this fellow. He could give him points and beat him hollow." [To Be Continued.] INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS. How the Warriors Communicated with Each Other by Day and by Night. The traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat if that seemed advisable. The Star Monthly describes some of the signals and their meaning: The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal, and not taken for the smoke of some camp-fire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke rings said to every Indian within 30 miles: "Look out! There is an enemy near!" Three smokes built close together meant danger. One smoke merely meant attention. Two smokes meant: "Camp at this place." Travel the plains, and the usefulness of this long-distance telephone will at once become apparent. Sometimes at night the settler or the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the lines of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire-arrow, an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark, meant the same as the columns of smoke puffs—"An enemy is near." Two arrows meant: "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively: "This danger is great." Several arrows said: "The enemy are too many for us." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime. Rossetti in Self-Defense. Toward the latter part of Rossetti's life he rarely left his house and garden. He depended upon a close circle of friends for society, and in his own way was a sociable man, but he preferred to see his friends and acquaintances by appointment, and woe betide the too intrusive stranger. One day an enterprising man called who was duly armed with a letter of introduction, and the servant was nearly yielding to the impulsive stranger, whereupon the painter of "Dante's Dream," leaned over the banister and said in a firm, mellifluous voice: "Tell the gentleman that I am not at home."—Lippincott's Magazine. Earning a Dollar. A dollar saved is a dollar earned—for it's hard work to save a dollar.—Chicago Daily News.

A NEW RURAL NOVEL Will Deal with Life in Indiana in Mexican War Time. Booth Tarkington, Noted Hoosier Author, Is Now Putting Finishing Touches to It—About to Become a Benedict. Booth Tarkington, of Indianapolis, the well-known author and playwright, is completing the concluding chapters of another Indiana novel. The new book will make its appearance in time, the author's friends assert, to answer a double purpose. It will come not only at an opportune time for the publishers, but will not be amiss in assisting the author in furthering his political ambitions. For Booth Tarkington, the author, expects to become Booth Tarkington, the politician. Then, in addition, there is a strong rumor going the rounds that Booth Tarkington, the bachelor, is about to become Booth Tarkington, the benedict. Mr. Tarkington, however, does not admit this assertion. He will not countenance the rumor. Neither does Mr. Tarkington's family, unless, in truth, the author's mother be excepted. She has been quoted as admitting that the author and the young woman whose name has been linked with that of Mr. Tarkington by the gossips like each other—nothing more. Yet an intimate friend of the Indiana author said only a day or two ago: "Mr. Tarkington is working on the last novel he will write before he is married." "However," as Mr. Tarkington, himself, says, "the rumor does not affect the novel now in hand." As in his first success, says the Chicago American, the author will return to Indiana for the plot of his story. It will be laid in the city of Terre Haute, where, by the way, the author's father met, wooed and married the author's mother, and it will deal almost exclusively with bits of Indiana character. Mr. Tarkington considers it his most pretentious and most successful effort. The book has not yet been named—the author insisting on one title, the



BOOTH TARKINGTON. (Noted Indiana Author Soon to Become a Benedict.)

publishers suggesting another and the author's friends advancing a third. It will be a romance dealing with life in Indiana, in the vicinity of Terre Haute during the time of the Mexican war, and it will convey not a few of its incidents to the famous Catholic school near Terre Haute, "St. Mary's of the Woods." The book, however, Mr. Tarkington insists, will not be classed as a historical romance. This he says in the face of anticipating critics who have endeavored to predict the character of the work. The love story is delicately woven round the lives of a girl studying at the Catholic institution and a young man of the clear-brained, horny-handed class peculiar to the early period of Indiana's history. Mr. Tarkington said: "I will doubtless hear more from my friend at Seattle now. Shortly after the production of 'The Gentleman from Indiana' friends of mine residing in Seattle, Wash., sent word to me that a certain resident of that city was parading under the name of Booth Tarkington, claiming to have written my book. He was buying copies right and left and sending them to his friends with a neat little picture of himself and a card saying that this was his first venture into literature and he wanted their criticism. My friends desired to know whether I would have them expose him or not. It seems that he also claimed that while he had written the book I was reaping the golden benefits in the shape of royalties. It did not take me long to decide what to do. I wrote them to encourage him in his 'pipe dream,' explaining at the same time that every copy he bought was putting that much more money in my pocket. I needed the money. "This latest effort of mine is in some respects a more elaborate one than any of the others preceding. At least I have worked harder on it. Of course, I cannot say what success it will meet with—in fact, there are as yet several incomplete chapters. "I have endeavored in my book, nameless as yet, to combine romance and character delineation. At the time of which I have written the farmers and townspeople were of such a character as to attract the most fastidious student. I have also endeavored not to become historical, and I think I have succeeded to a certain extent. The life of the story will rest in the hands of the people in a very short time." American Coal for Germany. The United States will supply Stettin, Germany, with 125,000 tons of steam coal under yearly contract.

MISS VIRGINIA GRANES Tells How Hospital Physicians Use and Rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Twelve years continuous service at the sick bed in some of our prominent hospitals, as well as at private homes, has given me varied experiences with the diseases of women. I have nursed some President of Nurses' Association, Watertown, N.Y. most distressing cases of inflammation and ulceration of the ovaries and womb. I have known that doctors used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when everything else failed with their patients. I have advised my patients and friends to use it and have yet to hear of its first failure to cure. "Four years ago I had falling of the womb from straining in lifting a heavy patient, and knowing of the value of your Compound I began to use it at once, and in six weeks I was well once more, and have had no trouble since. I am most pleased to have had an opportunity to say a few words in praise of your 'Vegetable Compound,' and shall take every occasion to recommend it." MISS VIRGINIA GRANES.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has stood the test of time, and has cured thousands. Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass. A Car Load of Dimes. One would naturally think that the package dye business was a small industry, but there is more than one million dollars worth of package dyes sold in the United States every year. One of the largest package dye factories in the world is that of the Putnam Fadeless Dyes Co., Unionville, Mo. In this factory alone, three million packages of Putnam Fadeless Dyes are made every year. To put up this amount of dyes requires the handling of seven million of envelopes, think of it, seven millions of envelopes laid lengthwise would reach a distance of seven hundred miles; if laid one upon the other they would make a pile of Putnam Fadeless Dyes 4 1/2 miles high. As each envelope has to be handled five times before a package is complete, the completion of three millions of packages requires that they be handled thirty-five million times. This of course gives employment to a number of people, the Putnam Fadeless Dye Company alone employ almost a hundred people, 90 per cent. of whom are young ladies. As each package retails for 10c the weight of the retail price of the three millions packages in dimes is 18,000 pounds, or almost a car load. Man Behind the Gun. "Great cinders! Smith, look at this paper. Jones kicked out of the house by his father-in-law! Awful, awful! Why, Jones is one of our biggest guns." "And his father-in-law, I presume, was the man behind the gun, as it were?"—Baltimore News. MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE AND OUR GUARANTEE ARE BACK OF EVERY WATERPROOF OILED SLICKER OR COAT BEARING THIS TRADE MARK TOWER'S FISH BRAND. ON SALE EVERYWHERE. BEWARE OF IMITATION. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A. 150 Kinds for 16c. It is a fact that Salzer's vegetable and flower seeds are sold in more than any other in America. This is true for the reason that we own and operate over 200 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them, we make the following unprecedented offer: For 16 Cents Postpaid 20 kinds of finest insecticide radishes, 12 magnificent earliest melons, 16 sorts of glorious vegetable seeds, 25 superb lettuce varieties, 12 splendid beet sorts, 65 gorgeous beautiful flower seeds. In all 150 kinds positively furnishing beautiful charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables. Together with our great catalogue telling all about these seeds and how to plant and grow them, and a special offer for 16c. in stamps. Write to-day. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. Ease, Durability, Simplicity with G & J TIRE Accidents are rare, pleasure is increased by their superior elasticity, and you can mend them with your hands—no tools required. Our automobile tires are just as safe, satisfactory and reliable. G & J TIRE COMPANY, Indianapolis, Ind. PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief from hemorrhoids. CUREN PILES. For free sample address "ANAKESIS," Tribune Building, New York.