

THOSE WHO CAN'T KEEP UP.

It is human nature shabby to be borne along with the crowd.
 And when they shout and holla, to holla just as loud;
 But there's a sight o' pleasure like a draught from nectar's cup,
 In just a-totterin' back along with those who can't keep up.
 One needn't think the only men God ever made are those
 Who wear the finest linen and the latest cut in clothes—
 I find patriotism, honor and fidelity to truth
 In the man whose outward bearing often is the most uncouth.
 In the weather-beaten cottage where the eaves most touch the door,
 Whose shingles are quite hidden with the moss that's gathered o'er,
 There is still the old-time altar, where duly morn and night
 The inmates bow and ask the Lord to guide their steps aright.
 The gentlest words are spoken when the heart is sad with woe,
 And the rarest wisdom emanates from those whose steps are slow,
 And those whose eyes are blind to sights that gladden for a day
 See glories far transcendent that can never fade away.

So I like to totter back a bit; the crowd may surge along,
 Perhaps for some it's pleasant thus to jostle with the throng;
 But I find my life grows richer, even drinking sorrow's cup,
 With the weary and unfortunate who can't quite keep up!
 —Albert F. Caldwell, in Ladies' World, New York.

My Strangest Case
 BY GUY BOOTHBY.
 Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.
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CHAPTER XI.

It was in the early afternoon following our leaving Paris that we reached Naples. But this time, in spite of our endeavors to prevent it, Miss Kitwater was quite tired out. She certainly pretended not to be, but it was difficult, if not impossible, for her to conceal the fact. Immediately on arrival we conveyed her to the best hotel, of the proprietor of which Leglosse had already made inquiries, in order to find out whether or not Hayle had taken up his abode there.
 It was with relief that we discovered that no person answering at all to his description was located there. That done, we commenced our search for the man we wanted. We decided to first try the offices of the various steamers plying across the Mediterranean to Port Said. Considerably to our amazement, however, we happened to be successful at the first cast. A man signing himself as Henry Gifford had applied for a first-class passage to Colombo, with the intention of changing at that port into another steamer for Hong-Kong.
 "What was he like?" I inquired of the clerk; "and did anything strike you as peculiar about him or his appearance?"
 "Well, there was one thing," he said. "And at the time I must say I thought it funny. When I asked him his name he began 'Gideon,' and then suddenly corrected himself and said: 'Henry Gifford.' I remember wondering whether he was using a false name or not. He booked his passage at the last moment, and seemed in a great hurry to get aboard—being afraid he would miss the boat."
 I questioned him as to the man's general appearance, and when I had learned all he had to tell us, I was perfectly satisfied in my own mind that Hayle was the man who had gone aboard.
 "He didn't lose much time," said Leglosse. "Mark my words, he'll leave the steamer at Port Said, and will either come back on his own tracks, or go up the Palestine coast to Jaffa, and thence back to Europe. What do you think is the best thing to be done?"
 "See the agent of the company here and get him to telegraph to Port Said," I answered. "Both to their agent there and the captain of the steamer. If the captain telegraphs back that Gifford is our man, we must wire to the police authorities authorizing them to detain him pending our arrival. There is a bit of risk attached to it, but if we want to catch him we must not think of that."
 We accordingly interviewed the agent and placed the case before him. We told him who we were, and Leglosse explained to him that he held a warrant for the arrest of one Gideon Hayle, an individual whom he had every reason to believe was endeavoring to escape under the assumed name of Henry Gifford. The clerk was next called in, and gave his evidence, and these matters having been settled, the telegrams were dispatched to both the captain and the agent.
 Some four days we knew must certainly elapse before we could receive a reply, and that time was devoted to searching the city for Kitwater and Codd. That they had not booked passages in the same boat in which Hayle had sailed, we soon settled to our satisfaction. In that case we knew that they must be domiciled in Naples somewhere. In the intervals between our search Leglosse and I used our best endeavors to make Miss Kitwater enjoy her stay. We took her to Pompeii, climbed Vesuvius together, visited Capri, Ischia, the great museum, the king's palace, and dined together every evening. I had not been acquainted with the girl much more than a fortnight, and yet I felt as if I had known her all my life, and the greater my experience of her was, the better I liked her. As for Leglosse, he outdid himself in his devotion. He made the most extraordinary toilets to her honor, and on one occasion went even so far as to inform me that, if all Englishwomen were like this particular specimen, he would say

good-by to his beloved Paris, and cross the channel never to return again.
 At last the eventful day arrived, and from nine till twelve we called repeatedly at the office for the telegram that was to mean so much to us. It was not, however, until the afternoon was well advanced that a message was received. I could have taken my stick to the agent for the slowness with which he opened the envelope. The clerk was called in, the code translated, and the message presently transcribed.
 "This, gentlemen," he said at last, pointing to the telegram, "is from our agent in Port Said, and is as follows:
 "Gifford, small man, gray hair, and wears spectacles. No scar on face, cannot find first-class passenger with one. Fear you have been deceived."
 "Confound the fellow," I cried, "he's done us again. What's worse, we've wasted four precious days waiting for this message. What shall we do now?"
 "Look for him elsewhere," said Leglosse. "If he didn't go by that boat, he might have left by another."
 We thanked the agent for his courtesy, and were about to leave the office when another telegram was handed in. We waited to see whether it was from the captain, and presently found that we were not destined to be disappointed. Once more the agent consulted his code, transcribed the message, and read it to us.
 "Have interviewed Gifford, threatened him with the police for using passage booked by another person. He confesses having been induced by stranger such as you describe to accept passage Colombo. How shall I act?"
 "We've been done again," I cried, bringing my fist down with a thump upon the table. "It's only another proof of Hayle's cleverness. The ingenious rascal books his passage here, knowing very well that it will be one of the first places at which we shall make inquiries, lets fall a 'Gideon,' and then transfers his ticket to somebody else. I suppose he didn't bargain for my getting out of that house in time to follow him, and to telegraph to Port Said. Now that we are certain that he did not go that way, we must try and find out in what direction he did proceed."
 "And also what has become of the blind man and his companion," said Leglosse. "They may be hot upon his trail, and if we can only discover them, and keep an eye on them, we may find out all we want to know. But it is likely to prove a difficult task."
 We tried the various shipping offices, without success. We called at every hotel, important or otherwise, questioned the city police, who assured us they had seen nothing of the men we described, and finally were compelled to own ourselves thoroughly well beaten. Leglosse's face was the picture of despair, and I fear mine was not much better. We inserted advertisements in the papers, but with no more luck than before. From the moment the trio had entered Naples, they seemed to have vanished entirely. Then one evening a ragged urchin called at the hotel and asked to see us. In reply to our questions, he informed us that he had seen two Englishmen only the day before, such of the police were inquiring for; one of them was blind, the other dumb. Indeed, he was sure of this, for the reason that he had carried their bag for them down to the harbor whence the Palermo boat sailed. We picked up our cars on hearing this. If his story was correct, and Kitwater and Codd had visited Sicily, then without a doubt Hayle must have gone there too. But we had no desire to allow ourselves to be taken in again. It might be another of Hayle's tricks, and for this reason we questioned the boy more closely. He adhered, however, to his story without a variation. His description of the men was perfect in every respect, and he assured us most emphatically that he knew nothing of any individual with such a scar upon his face as Hayle possessed. At last we became convinced that his story was genuine, and we rewarded the boy accordingly. After he had disappeared we informed Miss Kitwater of the discovery we had made.
 "You will follow them to Palermo?" "Assuredly, mademoiselle," Leglosse replied. "I have my duty to perform."
 "Then I must go with you," she answered. "If he is on the island the chase must be drawing to a close, and I must be present to protect him, if possible, against himself."
 Accordingly next morning, for the steamer for that day had long since sailed, we set out for the kingdom of Sicily, that gem among islands as Goethe terms it. It was the first time Miss Kitwater had seen the southern coast, and for this reason I made her promise that she would rise early next morning in order that she might witness our approach to the famed island. This she did, and side by side we watched the vessel draw closer to the land. Away to the west lay the island of Ustica, its outline sharply defined in the clear morning air.
 "How beautiful it all is!" she said, "and to think that we are sailing such lovely seas upon such an errand."
 "You must try not to think about it," I said. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let us hope that it will all come right in the end. If only Leglosse can get hold of Hayle first, your uncle cannot possibly do him any harm, however much displeased he may be that way. Between us we ought to be able to manage that."
 Shortly after breakfast we obtained our first glimpse of Sicily. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The blue seas, the towering mountains rising apparently out of it, made up a picture that was lovely beyond compare. Presently we steamed into the harbor, and made our way to the

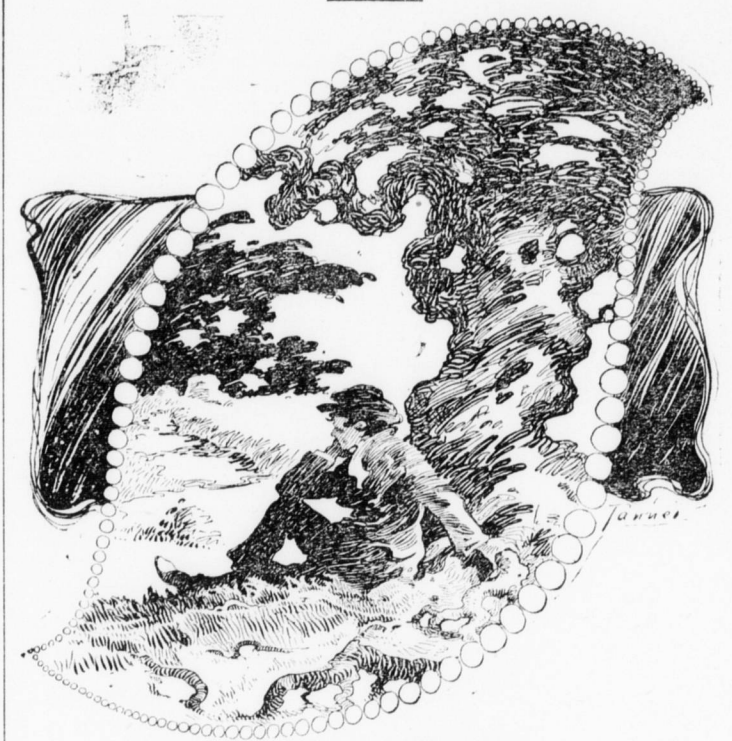
Dogana, where our luggage was examined. Here we commenced our inquiries concerning Kitwater and Codd, and had the satisfaction of learning, on undoubted authority, that the story the boy had told us was correct. Such terrible infirmities as theirs could scarcely fail to attract notice, and more than one of the officials remembered seeing and commiserating them. On leaving the Dogana, they had traveled to the city by cab, so we were informed.
 "The man who drove them is outside now," said one of them. "Perhaps the senator would care to question him."
 I replied that I should like very much to do so, and we accordingly went out into the street together. It appeared that the cabman remembered his fares perfectly, the more so by reason of the fact that the blind man had sworn at him for not using greater speed in reaching the city. He had driven them to some furnished lodgings kept by his cousin, he said, and was proceeding to recommend them to us, when I cut him short by informing him that we had already decided upon a hotel. We thereupon entered the vehicle, he mounted the box, and we set off. From the moment that we had set foot ashore Miss Kitwater had been growing more and more nervous. When it was taken into consideration that before nightfall some very unpleasant things might happen, I do not think this fact to be wondered at. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, and was prepared to do all that lay in my power to help her. It was a strange change for her, from the quiet little village of Bishopstowe, to the pursuit of a criminal across Europe to an island in the Mediterranean.
 "And when it is over?" was the question I asked myself on numerous occasions. "What is going to happen then? I suppose I shall bid her good-by, she will thank me for the trouble I have taken, and then our acquaintance will be at an end."
 After that it had become my habit to heave a prodigious sigh, and to wonder whether she could be induced to—
 But somehow I never got much further with my speculations. Was it likely she would ever think twice of me? She was invariably kindly and thoughtful; she deferred to me on everything, and seemed to think my opinions and actions must of necessity be right. Apart from that I felt certain I had made no other impression upon her.
 "Now, mon ami," said Leglosse, when we had installed ourselves at our hotel. "I think it would be better that you should efface yourself for a time. None of the men we are after know me, but Hayle and Codd would both recognize you at once. Let me go into the town and make a few inquiries, and if they are satisfactory we shall know how to act. Do your best to amuse mademoiselle, and I will hasten back to you as soon as I have anything to tell."
 Upon my consenting to this arrangement he set off, leaving me free to devote myself to the amusement of Miss Kitwater. As soon as she joined me we made our way into the garden of the hotel, and seating ourselves on a comfortable bench spent the remainder of the morning basking in the sunshine, and watching the exquisite panorama that was spread out before us.
 "I wonder what they are doing in Bishopstowe now?" I said, and a moment later wished I had held my tongue.
 "Poor little Bishopstowe," my companion answered. "How thankful I shall be to get safely back to it! I don't think I shall ever want to travel again."
 "Ah! you cannot tell," I replied. "You are seeing the world just now under very unfavorable auspices. Some day, perhaps, you will follow the same route under conditions as happy as these are the reverse."
 I think she must have guessed to what I referred, for her face flushed a little, and she hastily diverted the conversation into another channel, by drawing my attention to a picturesque sailing-boat which at that moment was entering the harbor. I tried to entice her back to the subject later, but she would plainly have none of it. Only once did she refer to it, and that was when we were making our way back to the hotel to lunch. I stated my fear lest she should find all this running about from place to place tiring for her.
 "You need not be afraid of that," she answered. "I am very strong, and am not easily tired. Besides, you have been so good and kind, Mr. Fairfax, and have done so much to insure my comfort, that, if only out of gratitude to you, I could not very well be fatigued. I think you know how grateful I am to you, do you not?"
 As she said this she looked up at me with her beautiful, trusting eyes, and so overwhelmed me that it was as much as I could do to keep back the words that rose to the tip of my tongue. I answered her to the effect that I had only done my best to promote her comfort, and was about to say something further, when Leglosse made his appearance before us. There was a look of great satisfaction upon his face.
 "I think I know now all that there is to know," he said. "If mademoiselle will excuse me, I will tell it. M. Hayle arrived here some five days ago, and has taken possession of a charming villa some ten miles from the city. It is situated on the coast and the agent declares it to be unique. How long he intends to occupy it, he, the agent, could not say, but he has paid a high rent for it in advance, which appears to have given unlimited satisfaction. The other two men are still prowling about the city in search of him, but so far they have not been successful in their endeavors."
 "Could I not go to my uncle?" Miss Kitwater inquired. "It might be possible for me to persuade him to leave

the island without seeing this wretched man."
 "I fear it would be useless," I answered. "And you would only cause yourself unnecessary pain. No! what we must do is to communicate with the Palermo police; Leglosse can show them our warrant, and then we must endeavor to get Hayle under lock and key, and then out of the island, without waste of time. That is the best course, believe me."
 "If all goes well, I shall make the arrest to-night," said Leglosse, and then added: "I must get back to Paris as soon as possible."
 That afternoon he went out once more, this time to interview the police authorities. At five o'clock he returned in a state of great excitement. "The other two have discovered Hayle's whereabouts," he said, when we were alone together. "And they have set off in pursuit. They have been gone more than an hour, and, unless we start at once, we shall be too late to take him before they run him to earth."
 "Good heavens! Are you quite sure of this?"
 "As sure as I can be of anything," he answered. "I have been to their house."
 "Do not say anything about this to Miss Kitwater," I said hurriedly. "We must make the best excuse we can to account for our absence."
 I tried to do this, but she saw through my endeavor.
 "You are going to arrest him, I can see," she said. "Poor unhappy man! But there, I would rather that should happen than that he and my uncle should meet. Go, Mr. Fairfax, and I pray God you may be successful."
 [To Be Continued.]

SOMETHING JUST AS GOOD.

Storekeeper Had an Idea That People Could Do Their Own Blowing If Necessary.
 Abel Judkins kept the corner store in Centerville, and it was his boast that no man who patronized him need lack for anything he wanted, provided he had the wherewithal to pay, relates Youth's Companion.
 Occasionally some unreasonable person would ask for a commodity not included in Abel's list; but if he did so, he was either provided with something which Mr. Judkins assured him was better than the article he had desired, and served exactly the same purpose, or he was made to feel that it was, for some dark and mysterious reason, no longer "carried" by any progressive and self-respecting shop.
 When a carping summer resident, whose pair of ancient bellows, bought at an auction sale, had collapsed beyond repair, expressed surprise that no bellows were to be had of Mr. Judkins, the Centerville storekeeper turned upon her with a lofty smile.
 "Folks here, ma'am," he said, coldly, "don't hold with getting so took up with old ideas, or being so narrow, as some of those that summer with us from below. The advances of civilization are prized here in this town, and air-tights with drafts are more thought of than old chimbley fireplaces that require constant feeding and have to be blown on to keep 'em a-going."
 He glanced at the summer resident, but could discover no special signs of weakening or humility in her face. With a briskness which always marked his mercantile proceedings, he changed in a twinkling from the advocate of progress to the upholder of primitive methods.
 "But folks will be folks, ma'am," he said, indulgently, "and if you like an open glow I don't know what's to hinder. And better than any bellows that ever were made, ma'am, is an onion-stalk. I can fit you out complete with three stout ones at this present, and when you've blown them out o' usefulness, all you've got to do is to come to Abel Judkins and get some more."
Doctor's Wife's Advantage.
 "Papa," said a Hyde Park preacher's little daughter the other day, "when I grow up I'm never going to marry either a minister or a doctor that gives people medicine."
 "Why, dear?" he asked. "Don't you like preachers and doctors?"
 You know, preachers and doctors ought to be the most useful men there are. Doctors try to save people in this world, and preachers do their best to save them in the next. Isn't that pretty good business?"
 "Yes," replied little Caroline, "but Dr. Pelletier's wife was here calling on mamma to-day, and they got to talking about things, and Mrs. Pelletier said when she was sick it was always just terrible to think of taking any of her husband's medicine. And then mamma said: 'O, but you're an awfully great deal more lucky than if you were a preacher's wife. You have only to refuse to take the medicine when you're sick, but a preacher preaches every Sunday.'—Chicago Record-Herald.
Comes That Way.
 A young minister who was naturally of a shy disposition was rather embarrassed at his first marriage ceremony, and unwittingly reversed the usual order of the service, thus making the bridegroom promise to love and obey his blushing bride. The error passed unnoticed at the time, but shortly afterward it dawned upon the father of the bride that a mistake had occurred, and he said to the minister: "I believe, Mr. —, you have made John promise to love and obey my daughter. Ah, well," he added, after a pause, and with a sly look at his better half, "I suppose it won't matter much; it generally comes to that anyway."—Stray Stories.
A Good Thing to Remember.
 Lots of people brag on your enemies just to make you still madder.—Washington (Pa.) Democrat.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



OF WHOM IS THE POET DREAMING?

WAR LOCUSTS AND THE COMET

While the Insects Cleared the Earth of Vegetation, the Heavenly Torch Frightened Negroes.
 "The year before the civil war," said the smoker, according to the Chicago Tribune, "the locust pests came to my section of the country in northwest Missouri in myriads. They weighted the branches of the trees until the fences, crawled up to the doors of the houses, and covered the roofs. They were of the singing species. I don't know whether there is another species or not, but the ones we had produced the most peculiar noise I ever heard. It was something like that made by the katydid. There was this difference, the katydid occasionally takes an hour or two off to tune itself, but the 17-year-old locusts, like the harp of David, were always in tune.
 "They began to sing at sunup. It was a sort of low hum at first, like the rustle of the leaves of a forest when they are stirred by the first whirl of a hurricane. As the day advanced the locusts got more courage and swelled the sound until it seemed as if it filled all creation. When the locusts once struck the keynote they never varied. That was what drove some people crazy—the monotony of that sound something like 'siz-z-z-ee; iz-z-z-ee; iz-z-z-ee,' with never a variation, until at sunset it would begin to die. And in its dying it seemed to fill the earth with a sense of desolation. As darkness crept over the country there came to the inhabitants the sensation that these winged songsters were still abroad, and that they were only turning over the music so as to begin again the next day on the first sheets.
 "And as surely as the sun came up the next morning the tuning in the trees and the housetops was revived, and as the sun mounted skyward the insect chorus increased. The music was the same, only the volume grew greater day by day, for the locusts multiplied by night.
 "One could easily believe the description of these insects as given by an Arab from Bagdad in olden times to be correct. He said the head of the locust was like that of a horse; its breast like that of a lion; its feet like those of a camel; its body like that of a serpent; its tail like that of a scorpion. The prophet, Joel, probably did not overstate it when he said of the locusts of his time that they darkened the sun. The locusts of the time of which I speak did likewise.
 "We had a large negro population

in our part of the state. Like all negroes, they were superstitious and their superstition culminated in weird religious zeal. The appearance of these locusts increased the camp meetings in the country, and the negroes went through their incantations in a way that made the midway contortions of the World's Columbian exposition seem tame.
 "Right in the midst of the visitation of the pest came the comet. Night after night for several weeks the heavenly visitor glowed like a hurricane of flame, and cast upon the earth a peculiar, yellowish light that was indescribable. The coming of this comet almost made the population frantic, for no sooner did the chorus of the locusts dwindle in the night than the lamentations and prayers of the negroes in their cabins filled the air.
 "As the comet grew less luminous night by night, and finally disappeared, the locusts began to disappear. But they did not take their flight until they had stripped the forests of their foliage, eaten into the roots of the grass, and killed every vestige of vegetation.
 "Nobody ever followed the winged army in its flight to see where it went, but the next year the civil war burst upon the country, and then the more superstitious asserted that it was presaged by the locusts and the comet. But by that time many of the negroes who had been impelled to what they called religion, backslid, and the chicken roosts suffered as of old. The idea of freedom was disseminated among them, and they forgot all about the locust plague and the comet. But the white folks never forgot either and there was a prevalent opinion that if the ancients ever fed upon locusts, all other crops must have failed, or else the ancients had appetites that were easily satisfied."
In Old Kentuck.
 "What are you doing in the mountains so early?" asked the hunter in Kentucky.
 "Thought if I came out early I might find a still," responded the revenue officer.
 "H'm! The early bird catches the 'worm,' I suppose."—Chicago Daily News.
Antiquity of the Umbrella.
 The umbrella and parasol were used by the eastern nations many centuries before the Christian era. The oldest chinaware shows pictures of ladies and mandarins shaded by parasols of patterns similar to those now in use.—Albany Argus.

Women in the law seem to have made reputations in patent

WOMAN AND THE LAW
 BY CATHERINE MAY BURNET,
 Manager of the Rockefeller Branch of the Legal Aid Society, New York.

There is said to be great opposition to the idea of professional women, and especially to women lawyers. Personally, I find that everybody treats me well. Judges have always been remarkably kind, and opposing lawyers respectful. SO FAR I HAVE FOUND MY SEX AN ADVANTAGE RATHER THAN A HINDRANCE.

Women who wish to pursue the law as a profession should have not only a college education and law school certificate, but knowledge of the world. They should knock about for a year, and come in contact with all kinds of people, before attempting to practice.

The usual trouble with women as lawyers as yet is that they are either too modest or too much the reverse. They are too new in the profession. They are too self-conscious, and take themselves too seriously.

After all, the chief difference between men and women in the court room is CLOTHES. To this people will in time grow accustomed.

Most women are better fitted for the fireside than for the court room. But if a woman has the proper qualities of mind for the bar, and is enthusiastic in her work, her chance of success in the law is a man's chance. HE BUILDS ON STUDY, WORK, CHARACTER. SO MUST SHE.

