

THE STEPHENSON OF THE AIR.

Where lives he?—that inventive one  
For whom the world is waiting—where?  
The ether's future Stephenson,  
The coming conqueror of the air?  
And has he found the secret yet,  
The solvent thought, what'er it be?  
May the explorer not forget  
That mystic Open Sesame!

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.  
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CHAPTER XXIV.

The threatening storm had blown over and the moon was shining fair and full upon a placid lake when the family dinner party at Dr. Farnham's adjourned to the veranda. Griswold and the Raymers were the only guests, and in the marshalling of chairs Griswold was skillful enough to cut Charlotte out of the group and so secure her for himself. At the dinner table the talk had turned upon the pivotal point of the strike, but that subject was coming to be pretty well threshed out, and on the veranda Charlotte spoke of the wind-blown incident of the afternoon and of the castaway on Oak Island.

"How can you ask! Is it so light a thing to help ever so little to set a snare for the poor fellow!" Griswold's laugh was almost harsh. "I shouldn't waste any sympathy on him if I were you. He is a hardened criminal, by his own admission to you."

CHAPTER XXV.

In after time Griswold could never satisfactorily account for the impulse which sent him to wander aimlessly through the deserted streets of the town after leaving Dr. Farnham's and parting from the other dinner guests. But this night the thought of Mrs. Holcomb's and the quiet room was curiously repugnant, and so he roamed, like any vagrant, far and wide, drifting at length to the railway crossing and beyond, and coming to some sense of the actualities only when he found himself in the neighborhood of the iron works.

She nodded slowly. "I know. But the motive isn't altogether avarice." "What else could it be?" She defined it in one word: "Pique." Griswold did not pretend to misunderstand. "So I thought at first. But that involves a woman as well as a man; from something which I learned to-day I am inclined to doubt the woman's complicity; to question whether she knows anything about it."

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Pat helped his comrade in a pinch and was none the worse off for it. An old soldier belonging to a well-known line regiment had gained the unenviable reputation of being known as a "sting," or, in other words, one who comfortably manages to live on another's pay, relates London Spare Moments.

general principle. He could by no means apply it to the particular personal instance. "That is nonsense, Martin, and you know it. Whose money built the plant?" The man took time to think about it, and, as slow men often do, he thought it over to some purpose.

WASHINGTON AS A MASON.

WASHINGTON AS A MASON. (Portrait Recently Presented to Grand Lodge of England.) In the discovery that the masonic regalia worn by Washington was presented to him by Mme. Lafayette. By the titled French woman's instructions, the regalia was sent to the first president by the firm of Watson & Cosson, of Nantes, France, and Washington's letter to this house, acknowledging the ornaments, is in the possession of the librarian of the Masonic hall in London.

TENETS OF MASONRY

They Were Religiously Maintained by George Washington.

Painting of First President, in Masonic Garb, Has Just Been Presented to the Grand Lodge of England.

Although the portrait of George Washington as a mason, which Henry S. Wellcome has presented to the grand lodge of England and which Ambassador Choate unveiled the other day, was painted two years ago, it never has been shown.

"JUG" MEDICINE.

Sally Kept All That Was Left Over to Use When a Doctor Wasn't at Hand.

Up in a little Vermont town they tell a story of an old nurse. She was the kind of an "old nurse" to be found in small towns, who comes, after much urging, to "tend" a case and who has many Sairey Gamp peculiarities, relates the New York Herald.

VERY LOW COLONISTS' RATES

To the West, Northwest and South-west. The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route will sell one-way Colonists' and Settlers' tickets to California and North Pacific Coast points, also to points in Missouri, Arkansas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories, Louisiana and Texas on the first and third Tuesdays of each month from October 21st to April 31st, at one-half the standard first-class fare, plus \$2.00.



WASHINGTON AS A MASON. (Portrait Recently Presented to Grand Lodge of England.)

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES Rheumatism Neuralgia Backache Headache Feetache All Bodily Aches AND CONQUERS PAIN.

IN WET WEATHER A WISE MAN WEARS TOWER'S FISH BRAND OILED WATERPROOF CLOTHING

31 YEARS AGO We began our present business of selling general merchandise at wholesale prices direct to the consumer—two millions of people—only from us last year, saving from 15 to 40 per cent. Your neighbors know us—buy our goods from us—our catalogue tells the story. We will send it upon receipt of 10 cents.

Montgomery Ward & Co. CHICAGO The house that tells the truth.



THEY STEPPED OUT FROM THE SHADOW OF THE TREE.

lifted his eyes to her face. But he was equal to the emergency which his slip had brought upon him. "You forget what you have just been telling me." "Did I tell you that, too? I didn't mean to." She paused and looked away from him, adding: "And—and I don't believe I did."

At this he turned back. Since the closing of the works the plant had been guarded nightly; first by the inner circle of deputies, and later by an outer cordon of the striking workmen. This outer guard had latterly been maintained in reliefs and made continuous, ostensibly to show the good will of the strikers and their readiness to protect the property; but really, as Griswold knew, to forestall any move on the part of himself and Raymer to supply the places of the men with imported labor.

It was a chance collision with this outer guard that brought Griswold alive to the actualities. Two men stepped out of the shadow of a tree and halted him. But at the word one of them recognized him. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Griswold. Beg pardon, sir, but you see we have to be sort of careful."

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It is a firm belief of the eastern monks of the Greek church that God will not allow a monastery to be burned. When the Russian monastery of St. Panteleimon, at Mount Athos, was burned a few years ago, the Greeks, who constitute the great majority of the 6,000 monks on the peninsula, maintained that their Russian brethren had brought the calamity on themselves, because they had fire engines and extinguishers, and did not trust wholly in God. Now the neighboring Greek monastery of St. Paul, which had no fire engines, has recently been utterly destroyed by fire. It is said that the monastery of St. Paul was the only one at Mount Athos which has ever been visited by a woman. The wife of a British ambassador landed from her yacht one day on its tiny pier and insisted on entering the church. In consequence the monks, relieving each other by relays, for 46 days and nights maintained a continuous service of prayer to purify the church from this communication.—N. Y. Tribune.