#### "All you want, I reckon." "Three dozen? 'Yes, marm.

Emmenne I

THE STORY OF

**BROTHER LUCAS** 

By ELLIOT WALKER

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Never shall I forget my husband's

"Threatened with assassination?" I

"Worse!" he grunted. "Brother Lu-

I had heard of but had never seen

no invitation to our wedding; that I

"Not coming here?" I gasped.

family black sheep. He received

"Read it," said Wilton, sinking back

Reaching for the dispatch, I present

"Be with you, dear Wilton, to-night.

It struck me humorously. I laugh

"He might have paid the charges," I

complained, biting my lip. "We had

tered me," he went on. "The last I 'earned, he wrote to mother from

some place in New Mexico. We fond-

"Is he so very objectionable?"

"My dear, he's awful."

hoped he would stay there-even

I stopped smiling. "But, after all," Wilton's refined,

"too bad! So much ability, and a really fine education. Well, the west-

ern express will land him here about

supper. He used to be fond of scrambled eggs. His appetite is enor-

I sighed. Eggs were high, and my

At five minutes after seven Brother

the

armer's bill a growing nightmare

Lucas arrived. Had he owned

Dear me!. Angeline, this is

is five years since he has pes

ly glanced at his pithy and poetic

There is more joy, etc. Brother.

little money."

nournful addition.

facial contortions when he read that

telegram. Wilton has an expressive

w B

Elevenenenen

countenance

remember.

helplessly.

message

easily.

Wilton.

mother.

mous

dreadful."

asked.

cas!

thi

"I'll try to have some money for you next week." Oh! how I hate that phrase!

"Shucks! Take your time. No hurry, marm. I'm not needin' it and you're good for yer orders."

I almost fell down with surprise. Mr. Ramsgate grinned amiably, counting Brother Lucas had vanthe eggs. He returned for breakfast; ished. Lucas was prompt at meals.

Little did I see of "brother," as we called him for two days. "Strolled about," was his explanation.

On the third day, brother hung about the house, playing with little Angie and following me around.

What do you want, brother? asked at last, a trifle irritated. We had let our servant go some time before and I was doing it all. "To talk," said he. "Angeline, I'm

going to night." "So soon?" It really grieved me.

"I'm sorry." "I know it," he said complacently.

We sat on the piazza in the shade of the clematis and talked.

"Wilt doesn't seem well," he began. "He's tired." My lip quivered. "Ought to take a rest, my dear,"

glancing at the baby, asleep on his massive arm. "He can't. It's difficult to make

"He never pays anything," groaned both ends even see each other, Lucas. Life isn't all sunshine." "Except visits," was his The man actually grinned. I felt a

> quick revulsion. Under his kindly exterior was he so utterly heartless? "Why!" said he, queerly. "I never notice the clouds."

> We talked for a long time, but I gained slight knowledge of Lucas; of his life during recent years, his occupation (if he had one). I fear I told him all about my affairs. He extracted confidence as a sponge absorbs water, silently, thoroughly.

Wilton came home at five o'clock, his thin face white and drawn.

ritical face softened, "one can't help iking Lucas. He's funny. Too bad. "The company has sold out," he groaned. "My position goes to the son of the new vice-president. I know seven o'clock, I suppose. We will wait of no opening."

"Cheer up!" said Lucas. I could have struck him.

'Not surprising," commented he "Why, I heard of the proposed sale out west, months ago. 'He that hath ears -' I have a great pair for gossip. Brace up, Brother Wilton; "tis a long lane that knows no turning."

I ran up stairs to cry, after my hus band had expressed another fear "It's the first of the month," he quavered. "Not a bill has come in Can the tradesmen have heard of this change? Of my disaster? Does it mean those wretched accounts are going to the lawyers for collection? If

"Quite likely," interrupted Brother Lucas; "that's the way they do." Then it was that I left them. Of all the cold-blooded remarks! I prayed he might go-quickly.

He did, right after (for Wilton and me) an untasted supper. For him it was a hearty meal with his usual chatter. Such absolute indifference to our woe made me begin to hate the man. He was an enigma.

"I'll send after my trunk from the depot," he announced, preparing to go. 'Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness.' Angeline, good-bye, my

His eyes were misty. Suddenly my anger left me. After all I should miss his big, breezy presence. I kissed him heartily.

He wrung Wilton's hand. Then came the last straw. "Five dollars will see me through, old boy," he said careless ly. "I have a return ticket, but I'll

need something for meals." I admired my husband. "Oh! take ten," he smiled, and actually gave this robber his last ten-dollar hill.

"Thanks!" said Lucas, with a sort of sob, and was gone.

"No mail to-night?" Wilton spoke wearily

"Nothing but a circular. Brother met the postman. What is that on the card receiver?" My glance naturally turned to the usual receptacle for our letters.

#### HE CARRIED THE GOLDFISH HOME JONES PUT UP A SUBSTITUTE.

Or, Rather, He Meant to Do It, but Fate Was Against Him.

When Clerk D. P. Conry of the West hotel won a bowl of goldfish in a raffle he was the produest man in the twin cities. He bore his prize triumphant ly into the hotel, and everybody ad-mired the fish. At last someone asked him what he was going to do with them.

Unfortunately, Mr. Conry had not thought of that before. It was a wet, rainy night, and the prospect of carrying home a bowl of mixed water and goldfish was not alluring. A thought struck him.

"I'm going to give them to Louis Fay," he announced, shoving the dripping globe at his assistant. "You are not," said Mr. Fay, backing

away. "I don't want them. 'Then you just keep them for me to

night," suggested Mr. Conry. "I'll be around first thing in the morning."

But Mr. Fav wouldn't do that, either, unless Mr. Conry would put the fish in the safe and take a receipe. This Mr. Conry hesitated at, because he had never heard of keeping goldfish in a safe, so he tried to give the fish each of the bellboys in turn, but with-out success. Then he tried the bartender, the carpenter, the elevator boys and the engineer. Nobody wanted goldfish.

Finally, he had to start home with them. Few persons, however, have ever attempted the feat of carrying a large bowl of goldfish wrapped in paper, while standing on the platform of a crowded car. Mr. Conry was shoved and pushed and jostled. And all the time he was getting wetter and wetter.

"Seems to me," he said, "that this is the wettest night I ever saw."

When he got home he prepared to exhibit his prizes to an admiring cir cle. "I've got something here," he said, "that will almost tickle you to death. These are the rarest specimens of their kind in the whole world. Cost me \$22.50 apiece, just because they were so rare." Then he unwrapped the package.

"I don't see anything but a piece of a glass bowl," said a bystander.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Conry, grabbing at the globe.

But that's all it was. Somebody had knocked the bottom out .- Minneapolis Journal.

# Bone Coal as Fuel.

In the tests conducted at the fuel testing plant at St. Louis, Mo., and Norfolk, Va., to determine the values of different kinds of fuel for use in the gas-producer, the United States geological survey obtained some interesting results with a bone coal which is found in West Virginia. Al though the fuel was found to be of little value under the steam boiler, it gave good results in the gas-producer where it developed a brake horse-power for each 1.65 pounds of coal con sumed in the producer. The lumps of coal were eight and ten inches in diameter. Some coal consisted of a high-grade bituminous coal, others ap peared to be simply lumps of a heavy and dry hard rock. All of these lumps the largest, burn entirely except through in the producer. There is no tendency to clinker or coke, and very litle stoking is required. There was a high percentage of about 45 per cent. of ash. With proper crushing and suitable attention the deposits of this fuel will prove to be decidedly valuable for producer-gas plants.

# English Women Are Taller.

That American women are considerably shorter than their English sisters was the dictum laid down by a ladies' tailor in a lawsuit in London in which Sydney Lyons sued a Canadian dressmaker for gowns he had supplied. The Canadian contended that the dresses were not "of American size." Some experts called to give testimony declared that models for gowns for English, French and American women are the same, but Dressmaker McKay of Toronto averred: "The English stock size would not fit anyone in

# And Incidentally Got Reputation as After-Dinner Speaker.

"If there is one thing I hate," remarked Mr. Jones, "it is after-dinner speeches. Well, once I found myself at a big banquet, where I knew very few of those present. To my amaze-ment and horror, toward the end of the festivities, the toastmaster fixed his eyes upon me.

"'We have with us to-night-' I heard the old, hated formula roll out unctuously from his lips—and then my own name—'Mr. Jones, the well-

known.' etc. "The toastmaster concluded, but made no move to get on my feet. felt paralyzed; my tongue was seeking to climb through the roof of my mouth.

"And then the guests, from all sides began yelling: 'Yes, Jones, Jones!-which is Jones?--where is Jones?'

"A brilliant idea came to me. Sit ting close beside me was a little man who dearly loved speechifying. Like 'Jones' flash I jumped to my feet. Why, here's Jones!' I cried, and clapped the little Demosthenes on the shoulder. Then I vanked him to his feet, murmuring in an ominous sotto voce: 'Don't give me away; speak

now! "He spoke. And, in the guise of myself, he made a most successful little oration. There was loud applause and much shouting of 'What' matter with Jones? He's all the right!

'As for me, I sipped wine and gradually recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by my narrow escape from being eloquent.

# YOUTHFUL MIND IN DISTRESS.

# Awful Possibility That Loomed Before

Six-Year-Old Jackie. Six-year-old Jackie's mother be lieved that absolute truthfulness was the only rock on which to build that youthful gentleman's character, and this the consistent working out of principle did away, of course, with be-lief in all such things as fairies, Santa Claus, and other illusions dear to childish hearts, and they became

stead "make-believe" games, Santa Claus in particular being a pet "joke" between his mother and himself. Jackie came in from play one after noon much excited and concerned. Mother, Jimmle Norton believes

there is a really and truly Santa He says he is sure that Santa Claus does come down the chimney He wouldn't believe me at all who I told him it was just a joke," with rising anxiety.

Jackie's mother was somewhat nonplused. "Well, son," she temporized, "perhaps Jimmie's mother will tell him the joke some time soon, and then

"Oh, I hope she will." broke in Jackie, forgetting his manners in his earnestness, "because, you know, if she don't, when Jimmie has little boys if of his own they won't ever get any Christmas presents."

# About Happiness.

There is no more beneficial tonic than good, hearty laughter. It in flates the lungs and has a magic effect upon the system. Giggling is not laughing, and it is a habit that brings wrinkles and soon spoils even a pretty face. Why not laugh? It improves the appearance and makes one popular. There is nothing to be glum over and, if there is, being glum will not help it. Be happy and bright and everyone will wish to help you. The girl who wants to be beautiful must sleep with fresh air, plenty of it, in her room. She must go out and revel in the sunshine. She must find plenty of laughter in her daily life. That is the only true way to live and the only way capable of bringing beauty.

# Poetical Epitaph.

The epitaph collector displayed en thusiastically the photograph of a severe and stately marble tomb. "A new epitaph," he said, "and one of the best in my collection. It is the epitaph of

#### WARNED BY THE PHOTOGRAPH. Strange Visitors Brought to San Ber-Disciplinary Measure nardino by Big Storm. Woman of Sense.

At an early hour this morning several flocks of strange birds numbering thousands came into the city on the wings of a big rain and wind storm. and this morning the bodies of many of the fowl were found lying inert in the downtown streets and in the parks, says a San Bernardino correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle. The air was filled last night with cries of strange fowl which, attracted by the electric lights, roosted upon the buildings or fell exhausted in the streets. Investigation to-day showed that many of the birds were of Alaskan variety, and the only accounting their presence in this latitude is that they were engaged in a long flight to the southern zones from their northern summer haunts and had been deterred from their route by heavy winds and rains. The most noticeable birds were the northern phalorpe and the night herons. The former birds are rarely seen outside of Alaska or in the far south.

ALASKAN BIRDS IN CALIFORNIA.

# SHOCKED IN HAUNTED CHAMBER

# Sleepers' Fright, However, Was Not Caused by Ghosts.

John Leech and a member of the Millais family once stayed a night at Cowdray hall, in England, where, many guests being present, the two friends had no alternative but to accept beds in an isolated room supposed to be haunted. In the middle of the night Millais

awoke, believing that some giant was shaking him violently by the shoulder. This was supposed to be the favorite device of the ghost. He rushed into a corridor and found Leech sitting there trembling and declaring that he would not for the world go back to

his room. They spent the remainder of the night in the corridor, but in the morning said nothing of their experiences In the afternoon there arrived an evening paper telling of a violent earthquake in the locality. The earthquake was what the two visitors believed to be their ghost.

# "Navigates" His Farm

A story which almost parallels that told of Capt. Gray, the sailor-farmer of Toddy Pond, who is said to carry a compass on his plow to run the rows straight, comes from Cranberry isles. One sea captain, who enjoys the proud distinction of owning one of the very few horses on the island, got alarmed for fear that he would lose his bearings in the recent smoke, and on the veracious accounts of sober citizens took the binnacle from the vessel and strapped it alongside the seat of his wagon, fearing that the weather might become so thick that he would lose his bearings and have to navigate in what was worse than a fog. It is currently reported that he shouts at his team to turn to starboard or port, instead of the more conventional landlubber terms usualemployed. - Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Shifting the Blame. According to all accounts the Cameron Highlanders militia are a fine body of men physically. Not long ago four of them occupied the least crowded seat in a full compartment on a Scotland railway. Just as the train was moving off a diminutive little clergyman jumped into the compartment, and tried to edge himself be-tween two of the Highlanders. Not finding it very comfortable, he turned to the one on his right, and said: "Sit up, please. You know that according to act of parliament this seat holds five." The Highlander looked at him for a moment, and then replied: 'That may be a' richt enough for your kind, sir, but shairly ye canna' blame me for no bein' constructed according to act of parliament!'

# To Relieve His Feelings.

# Boldly displayed in black letters on

"Above my desk," said the woman who does not lie about her age, "I keep an uncomplimentary photograph of myself. I keep it there as a dis-ciplinary measure. It prevents frivolity. My present photographic mon-itor makes me look about 70 years old. I am not 70, but I am more than half that age, and I look every day of my actual years. But I don't feel that old. Gay and giddy exploits still attract me. Pleasures, diversions, fiirt-ations that for a young girl are perfectly legitimate, appeal to me, also, yet if I should rush into those gayeties as a girl does my behavior would be characterized as foolishness. Every day I hear the actions of women younger looking than myself so described.

Adupted by

"'Just look at that old thing,' the critics say. 'Doesn't she act idio:ic?' "Then I come home and study this photograph. That destroys whatever inclination I may have had to behave like a 16-year-old. I never write a letter to a man friend-1 never make an engagement without keeping an eye on that photograph.

"'Don't be a fool,' says that vera-cious guide. 'You can't afford to do that.'

"So I temper ardent phrases and tone down ebullient spirits generally."

BORE LOVE LOCK OF EMPEROR.

# Coin Struck During Napoleon III.'s Reign Now Valuable.

There is a singular story in connection with a coin of the third Napoleon. While Louis Napoleon was prince president of France, just before he made himself emperor, a leon. decree was issued ordering a five-franc piece to be coined bearing his Image.

The dies were made, and one coin was struck off as a sample and sent to the prince president for his approval. But some time passed before he examined it. When at last he gave it his attention he was annoyed to find that he had been represented on the coin with a love lock, or hooked lock of hair on the temple, which he actually did wear at that period, but which he thought unsuitable to so dignified and permanent a representation of himself as an effigy on a coin.

The prince president sent for the director of the mint and ordered him to remove the love lock. Then he found that his silence with regard to the piece had been taken for approval. and that the stamping of the coins had begun. The work was stopped and the image deprived of its undignified lock But the 23 coins that had already been struck off were not destroyed and are now regarded as of great value.

# The Public Eye.

In a little more we came to an open space, very thronged. "The Public Eye!" shouted the

megaphone man of our party.

There were some curious people within the space, but even more curius were those just outside.

Of these latter we thought certain women especially interesting; were busily neglecting their families in order to get into the Public Eye. A pathos attached to another group of women who had been in the Public Eye and could never be happy out of it, though they couldn't in the least tell why.

Positively funny were a few men who kept trying, by a variety of droll devices, to break into the Public Eye. 'Vice-presidential candidates! our megaphone man explained .-- Puck.

# Three Sabbaths Every Week.

Morocco is a country of many Sabbaths. The first three days I spent in Tangier were all Sabbaths. Arriving on a Thursday night the next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, which was followed by the Jewish Sabbath—the Hebrew element in Tangier is considerable and strict in religious observance-and that in turn by the Christian Sunday. Subsequent comparisons, however, revealed little difference between any days of the On the Mohammedan Sabbath week. a black flag is hoisted on the minarets at the prayer of dawn, instead of the white flag that announces the time of devotions on other days. It re-mains up until the middle of the forenoon, by which time everybody is supposed to have found out what day it is.-N. Y. Post.

a stranger of 2 -ALC ALCON

# Wilton Picked It Up

nouse he could not have marched in vith more composure. I stood in the all behind my husband, listening to he words of reunion.

"Wilt, old boy! Give me both lands.' I never heard a heartier, nore affectionate voice. "Confound you, Lucas! You make

"Can't help it, Wilt, I had to come

This last exclamation was to me as

Where's my

"ive years, you know. Where's my lear little sister. Oh! I heard. Ah!"

ne glad to get you back."

stepped forward.

Brother Lucas was

proadest, heartiest, rosiest man you an imagine, and not at all evil look-His high arched eyebrows over he shrewd, hazel eyes, gave him a ook of constant surprise; his clean shaven lips possessed a comical twist, is chin was round and belligerently prominent. It was a face of humon nd good-natured deflance. He might e bad as the world reckons; careless, eckless, but never mean. I trusted m at sight and liked him.

The appetite of Lucas made me remble, although I did not begrudge im a mouthful. He was very merry, nd talked like a lecturer. His easy onfidence, his manners, his wonderful ommand of language, impressed me Could this man have been a iminal, a jail bird? I would not beeve it.

Shortly after eight came the trunk f Brother Lucas, a hard looking afair with a rope about it.

"Pay the expressman, Wilt," said brother-in-law jovially. "I'll make right by and by."

Poor Wilton! It was only a quarter, ut he produced the coin with a wry ace. Evidently our guest hadn't a enny.

Lucas retired early. He was singing Angeline" to the baby at six in the horning. His delightful baritone sent ne to sleep again with "Kathleen Ma While dressing, I heard ourneen. onversation in the road.

Ramsgate had arrived. The social was holding forth beside his vagon. I hurried and went down. In alked the farmer, all smiles. "How many eggs can you spare?" I ut the question nervously.

"From the bank." Wilton picked it up. "More trouble, I fear. 1 can't be overdrawn again?"

His frightened look gave place to a wild glare of astonishment as he gazed at the inclosure.

'Oh! what?' I shrieked.

"Nothing," he answered dully, like "My account has been one in sleep. credited with \$10,000, that's all. De posited by Lucas Messenger, Esq.

Then he broke down, telling me to leave him.

It was natural, perhaps, that I should go straight to brother's room, to the place he had been, had sleptmy heart was bursting.

A note on the pincushion caught my eve in a second, weeping blindly as I was.

For me! I caught my breath and read:

Tead: Dear Sister—I had hard work carrying out my little joke. I own a silver mine in N. M., that is panning out the equiva-lent of that trifle every six weeks. Long may she pan! By the way, I took the lib-erty of settling with your farmer, butch-er, etc. Said that Wilt had sent me, he being busy, so they will never know. Love to the baby. Take a vacation at once. Pardon hasty scrawl. BROTHER LUCAS. P. S.-If I come again next summer

P. S.-If I come again next sun will you feed me on scrambled eggs? Will I? Just wait until he comes!

# Nervy.

"I wanted some lump sugar." er claimed the angry customer, as he looked over the packages. "What does that grocer mean by sending me soft sugar?

"Well," laughed the grocer's boy, as he moved nearer the door. "he said if you didn't like it you could lump it."

America. They might fit giraffes, but not the women of Hamilton, Ontario. The length from the neck to waist of the American model is 141/2 inches and of the English 16 inches. The American shoulder seam is six inches and the English 434 inches." Unimpressed by these measurements the court gave judgment for the English dressmaker.

Unsuccessful Diagnosis.

The man's cough grew worse, so he resorted to the physicians. "From the stomach, I think," said

Dr. Simtom. "Pardon me, there is no such thing

as a cough from the stomach," and swered Dr. Modern.

"From the effects of vaccination, I should say," announced Dr. Nature. "Indeed," replied his colleague, Dr. Serum, "let me remind you that (ex cept tetanus, blood poisoning and graft), there are no evil effects of vaccination."

'Well," said Dr. Experiment. "it is not to be expected that we should all agree-

"On one thing we are agreed," cried Dr. Getrox, "that is to charge \$5

But the widow refused to pay .- Life.

#### Inconsistent.

"I actually felt sorry for you when you proposed to me." "Your actions and your statements

don't seem to show that you care much for the truth.

"I'd like to know why? I did feel sorry for you." "Yet you married me."-Houston

Post.

Indians slain in battle near Cooperstown. It was composed by a clergyman, W. W. Lord, and I consider it most poetical." The epitaph upon the tomb was as

follows:

"White Man, Greeting! We, nea whose bones you stand, were Iroquois. "The wide land which is now yours was ours.

"Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb.

#### Legal Amenities.

Several decades ago there lived in Charleston, W. Va., a judge noted for his boorish manners. A very finical lawyer whom he especially disliked was once trying a case before him, and all the while the barrister spoke the judge sat with his feet elevated the railing in front of him hiding his face.

Exasperated by this the lawyer queried: 'May I ask which end of your honor

I am to address?' "Whichever you choose," drawled the judge:

"Well," was the retort, "I suppose there is as much law in one end as the other."

#### Indisputable.

Two tourists on a personally conducted tour were overheard talking together in the window of a Florence hotel overlooking the Arno. "This does not look to me like Ven-

ice," said the first. "I do not see a single gondola." "No," admitte admitted her companion, "but it must be Venice. You know we were to be in Venice on Wednesday."---

Harper's Monthly.

the white gable of an unpretentious house on the road to Mount Stuart. Bute, Scotland, is the following scription: "The Materials of This Outrage Are for Sale." According to the ocal historians, the announcement, as it stands, is the last word in a duel beween neighbors.

It is said that the house was built to obstruct the view of a gentleman who had been successful in getting an interdict to prevent the owner from enclosing the foreshore. But after the death of the builder the house came into the market and was purchased by the other gentleman, who now seeks to express his wounded feelings in paint.

# Small Boy's Adaptation

"Things aren't always what they sound," remarked that very clever devil, Edwin Stevens, in Henry Sav age's production, as he drew a patent leather shoe over his cloven hoof. "A teacher of my kid days put this puzzle to us once

'Now, boys, the word 'stan" at the end of a word means "place of." Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of Afghans: also Hindoostan, the place of the Hindoos. Now, can any one give me another instance?'

"Yes, sir,' said the smallest boy, proudly, 'I can—umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas.'"

#### A Little Learning.

Earnest Female-Professor, I hear

you are a great ornithologist. Professor-1 am an ornithologist, madam.

Earnest Female-Then cordid you kindly tell me the botanical name fo

### The Better Part.

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party, Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display.

happen?" asked "How does this some one.

"Where game is so plenty, the merit of a marksman seems to me to lie in htting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy, "so I fired be-tween the birds."—Youth's Compan-

### Ups and Downs.

"Matrimony has its ups and downs," remarked the scanty haired benedict. What's the answer?" queried the confirmed bachelor. "It keeps the wife busy trying to

keep up appearances and the husband, busy trying to keep down expenses," replied the other with a large, open face sigh.