

version for a full quarter of a minute—not such a long time in itself, but unconventionally long under such circumstances. Then Mrs. Waldron suddenly and remarkably from:

"I'll leave you to entertain Mr. Hayne a few moments, Nellie. I am the slave of my cook, and she knows nothing of Mr. Hayne's being here to tea with us; so I must tell her and avert disaster." And with this barefaced statement on her lips and conscience, she rushed with equal lightness, that exemplary lady quitted the room. In the anxiety of the comely dame, that evening, some hours later, she thus explained her action to her absent spouse:

"Right or wrong, I meant that those two young people should have a chance to know each other. I have been convinced for three weeks that she is being forced into this New York match, and for the last week that she is wretchedly unhappy. You say you believe him a swayed and injured man, only you can't prove it. You have said that nothing could be too good for him in this life as a reward for all his bravery and noble under fearful trials. Then Nellie Travers isn't too good for him, sweet as she is, and I don't care who calls me a matchmaker."

But with Mrs. Waldron away the two appeared to have made but halting progress towards friendship. With all her outspoken pluck at school and at home, Miss Travers was strangely ill at ease and embarrassed when Mrs. Waldron was the first to gain self control and to endeavor to bring the conversation back to a natural channel. It was a struggle; but he had grown accustomed to struggles. He could not imagine that a girl whom he had met only once or twice should have for him anything more than the vaguest and most casual interest. He well knew by this time how deep and vehement was the interest she had aroused in his heart, but he would never do to betray himself so soon. He strove to interest her in reference to the music she would hear, and to learn from her where they were going. This she answered. They would go no further east than St. Louis or Chicago. They might go south as far as Nashville until mid-May. As for the summer it would depend on the captain and his leave of absence.

It was all vague and unsettling. Mr. Hayne was so wretched that his husband would not care to be obliged to leave for the states as soon as possible, and of course "she" must go with her. All the gladness, brightness, vivacity he had seen and heard of as her marked characteristics seemed gone; and yet she wanted to speak with him—wanted to be with him. What could be wrong? he asked himself. It was not until Mrs. Waldron had been seen returning that she needed her effort. She started him with her vehemence:

"Mr. Hayne, there is something I must tell you before I go. If no opportunity occurs, I'll write it."

And those were the words that had been haunting him all the evening, for they were not again alone, and he had no chance to ask a question. What could she mean? For a few days he had been a life of storm and stress, but long before his promotion the last penny of the obligation that, justly or otherwise, had been laid upon his shoulders was paid with interest. He was a man free and self-respecting, strong, resolute, and possessed of an independence that never would have been his had his life run on in the same easy, trusting, happy-go-lucky style in which he had spent the first two years of his army career. But in his isolation he had been himself no thought of anything that could for a moment distract him from the stern purpose to which he had devoted every energy. He would win back, command, compel, the respect of his comrades—would bring to confusion those who had sought to pull him down; and until that stood accomplished he would know no other claim. In the exile of the mountain station he saw no women, but the wives of his senior officers, and the merely bowed when they happened to meet him; some did not even do that. Now at last he had met and yielded to the first of two conquerors before whom even the bravest and the strongest go down infallibly—Love and Death.

Suddenly, but irresistibly, the sweet face and thrilling tones of that young girl had seized and filled his heart, to the utter exclusion of every other passion; and just in proportion to the earnestness and yearning of his life before her meeting was the intensity of the love and longing that possessed him now. It was useless to try and analyze the suddenness and subtlety of its approach; the power of love had overmastered him. He could only realize that it was here and he must obey. Late into the morning hours he varied and bewildering emotions. Win he must, or the inevitable fate of the past five years would be as nothing compared with the misery of the years to come. Woo her he would, and not without hope, if ever woman's eyes gave proof of sympathy and trust. But now at last he realized that the time had come when for her sake—not for his—he must adopt a new course. Hitherto he had scorned and repelled all overtures that were not prefaced by an expression of belief in his utter innocence in the past. Hitherto he had chosen to live the life of an anchorite, and had abjured the society of women. Hitherto he had refused the half extended proffers of comrades who had sought to continue the investigation of a chain of circumstances that, complete, might have proved him a wronged and defrauded man.

The missing links were not beyond recovery in skillful hands; but in the shock and horror which he felt on realizing that it was not only possible but certain that a jury of his comrades officers could deem him guilty of a low crime, he hid his face and turned from all. Now the time had come to reopen the case. He knew that a revulsion of feeling had set in which nothing but his own stubbornness held in check. He knew that he had friends and sympathizers among officers high in rank. He had only a few days before heard from Maj. Waldron's lips a strong intimation that it was his duty to witness for defense. You made your almost defiant statement, refused counsel, refused advice; and what could the court do but convict and sentence? Had I been a member of the court I would have voted just as was done by the court; and yet I believe you now an utterly innocent man.

So, apparently, did the colonel regard him. So, too, did several of the officers of the cavalry. So, too, would most of the youngsters of his own regiment if he would only give them a chance. In any event, the score was wiped out now; he could afford to take a wife if a woman learned to love him, and what wealth of tenderness and devotion was he not ready to lavish on one who would! But

would offer no one a tarnished name. First and foremost he must stand up and fight the calumny—"come out of his shell," as Waldron had said, and give people a chance to see what manner of man he was. God helping him, he would, and that without delay.

A MOST SINGULAR GENIUS.

LAFACIO HEARN, THE STUDENT OF THE TROPICS.

G. F. CAYLOR, Who Has Known Him for Many Years, Writes Most Entertainingly of Him and His Nervous Word Pictures.

NEW YORK, March 27.—A most romantic genius has forced its bright light recently through the thick atmosphere of literature. I refer to Lafacio Hearn, the author of "Chita" and "Yuma," the latter lately published in serial form in Harper's Magazine. This author's talents in weird romance are universally acknowledged. And I find myself wondering how many of his charmed readers have any sort of correct conception of what the author himself may be. For Mr. Hearn as a man is as widely distinct from the other types of mankind with which he mingles as his romance is peculiarly a type of its own among the multiplicity of styles in story telling as it exists and is practiced today.

I am one of three newspaper men now living in New York who knew Mr. Hearn when he struggled as a reporter, making his start in the world of letters. The other two are Col. John A. Cockerell, editor of The New York World, and H. E. Krehbiel, the distinguished musical critic of The Tribune. What I desire herein to say of Mr. Hearn will no doubt be concurred in by both the gentlemen I have named.

First, I wish to say that the creator of "Chita" and "Yuma," while a mental Apollo, an intellectual Samson, is and always has been a pauper in personal endowments, and wholly devoid of any external charms wherewith he could win the favor of those with whom he came in daily contact. As I knew him fifteen years ago, Mr. Hearn would attract attention anywhere; not because of a superior presence, but rather on account of his oddity among the multitude of the streets. He was a little over the medium height, with a stature still further shortened by a habit of rounding his shoulders and bending his head forward, whether walking, sitting or standing. He seemed to be painfully conscious—over conscious, indeed—of his appearance. The sight of one eye was entirely destroyed, and the glazed surface constantly bespoke the loss. The other eye was near sighted, and as a consequence Mr. Hearn never wrote a line which was not written four inches above the line of his face. His imperfect sight being confined to one eye caused his head to follow the line from left to right and back, like the motion of the typewriter.

I have often thought that this compulsory habit which caused Mr. Hearn's constant curve of the shoulders and droop of the head. But he disliked to face his fellow men, and why should he not? He would not let anyone approach to admire their physical perfections, and there was no reason why he should let those more favored by nature graciously and compassionately upon him. He went upon the street during the daytime no more than was necessary, and then chose the most secluded thoroughfares. But, late at night, when his reportorial duties were done, when the paper had gone to press and the city was asleep, this homeless gentleman would stroll forth, and would walk the streets till dawn, wearing in his tropical brain the most fanciful pictures a human mind could put together.

His nature was as timid as a woman's; he had a habit of approaching with a step as light as a feather and a ghost like motion. His words were uttered in a low confidential tone which frequently sunk to something only a few degrees above a whisper. He would not let anyone approach those whom he liked, until his face was almost in contact, while conversing. I doubt not still clings to this wonderful weaver of fiction. And while he talked in those cooling, purring, confidential tones he had a habit of smoothing the nap on your overcoat, twisting a button gently as if to test its fastenings or slyly insert a finger into a button hole, while he as gently insinuated his confiding soul into the heart of his visitor.

His first newspaper triumph was won in descriptive work upon what is still known in Cincinnati as "The Tan Yard Murder," which occurred in 1874. Previous to that time a possession of Mr. Hearn's existence is a possession of his own almost exclusively. Col. Cockerell, of The World, was at that time managing editor of The Cincinnati Enquirer. The Sunday edition was distinctive because of its sensational feature tendencies. A few weeks previous to "The Tan Yard Murder," Mr. Hearn came to The Enquirer office to sell a manuscript. He applied at the counting room, made known his wants in a voice scarcely audible, and was sent upstairs to see Mr. Cockerell. Upstairs he ventured, but there his courage failed him. It was not enough to induce him to brave the awful editorial presence. The door which separated him from the mighty man of the pen was closed, and he was sent back to the counting room. He returned, and he was sent back to the counting room. He returned, and he was sent back to the counting room. He returned, and he was sent back to the counting room.

Thus it occurred that the author of "Chita" sold his first manuscript or had it submitted. He came no more on future occasions, but never could he persuade himself to knock at that editorial door for admission. Up and down, up and down the hall he would pace or glide until Col. Cockerell came forth, whether the time consumed in waiting was ten minutes or two hours.

However, Mr. Hearn finally was put upon the regular staff of The Enquirer and long did good work there. Mr. Hearn and I labored together until Col. Cockerell's editorship for some years thereafter, up to the time he went to New Orleans. He was continually talking of the tropics and the lands of dreams, passion and vendetta. He chafed at the phlegmatic life and habits of the north. None of those who knew him was surprised, therefore, when he announced his intention to go to New Orleans. For days before his departure he talked about nothing but weird scenes, magnolias, luscious laden orange trees, romantic canyons, wild, weird bays, luscious, many hued, gilding blossoms, grewsome cemeteries where orange blossoms sent up eternal incense, and willowy, olive checked creole women.

Among his confidants was H. B. W. Smith, known at that time as "The Headline Fiend," as present exchange editor of The Chicago Tribune. To Mr. Smith, Hearn was in the habit of writing after "Chita" had been received and pouring out his hopes and expectations, which were to be fulfilled in that more genial latitude. None of us, I dare say, expected to ever hear of him in the foremost rank of novelists; not

because we did not think him capable and worthy, but because we all believed he would fall a victim to the semi-tropical climate and disease, on account of his delicate constitution and effeminate physique.

But how true it is that the expected seldom occurs. Mr. Hearn had scarcely been in New Orleans a few days when he was stricken with a most unexpected Memphis. For months nothing was heard of him by his friends and former newspaper associates in Cincinnati. When the disease had run its course Mr. Krehbiel, then a reporter on The Cincinnati Gazette, received a characteristic letter from Hearn. The writer expressed his inability to understand the workings of Providence because beautiful women, usually, handsome men, and lovely children had been stricken around about him on every hand, while he, the uncouth in appearance, for whom no human heart would quicken its pulsation at the announcement of his death, had been wholly ignored by the yellow reaper of death's harvest. His letter ended the subject by a suggestion that it might be possible yellow fever drew the line of its acquaintance upon the plane of personal appearance, and that he, Lafacio Hearn, occupied a position beyond the line.

One incident in Mr. Hearn's reportorial life on The Enquirer impressed itself upon my mind so vividly that I have never forgotten it in the slightest. At the time there was a newspaper train which left the Cincinnati station every morning at 9 o'clock for Dayton, Toledo and Cleveland, and it was, therefore, that every line of copy should be in the composing room by 9 o'clock for the railroad edition. One night there was a sensation of no small magnitude, and to Hearn and his pen of horrors was assigned the task of preparing it for publication. The facts were all in his possession by 11 o'clock, and he got down to his task to prepare the copy. He could not brook interference or a foreign presence while at work, and it was his privilege to occupy a desk in a little back room, both of which were used in the daytime by the late eccentric G. M. D. Bloss, the only newspaper writer known to history whose manuscript was more illegible than that of Horace Greeley.

The staff of The Enquirer at that time was filled with writers, every one of whom had full control of his own manuscript. There was no copy editor, but each writer sent his manuscript directly from his desk to the foreman of the news room. Whenever an article of a column and a half or more was being prepared late at night, it was customary to send the copy to the composing room as fast as it was ready, so that when the last few sheets were finished the main body of the article was in type.

On the night to which I have referred, Hearn's attention was to be the feature of The Enquirer. Three columns had been set aside for it, and Hearn, though a slow, careful writer, was expected to finish the task in the three hours from 11 till 2 o'clock. Mr. Cockerell, however, grew nervous and anxious as midnight came and passed and found Hearn patiently bending over his work of love, casting words of wonder and molding sentences of lingual consecration to express the phantasmagoria of his tropical thoughts. The editor began to look upon Hearn soon after he had partaken of his midnight lunch. First it was an inquiry: "How are you coming up, Hearn?" A gentle, low toned word of assurance came in reply and the face dropped once more above the task. "Hurry it up, Hearn," was the next interruption. Hearn bent with a still lower attitude toward his work. "Aren't you nearly finished?"—this time rather anxiously. Hearn squirmed as he answered, but pegged away at word coining. "Come, Hearn, close it up! No time to lose now!" The editorial voice was somewhat stern and indicated a state of mind which would brook no opposition. "Nearly done, Mr. Cockerell," came the cooling assurance, with a nervous tremor in the voice.

Two o'clock struck and found Hearn a whole lot over Bloss' desk, the perspiration oozing out on his forehead, while the most fanciful expressions ever coined were oozing out of his brain and trickling down his right arm through his fingers over his pen upon the paper, putting the finish to one of the most masterly reports of a sensation ever written. A half eaten apple lay hard by. The door opened with a jump. Editor Cockerell came in this time and walked across to the desk. "What is right off there, Hearn; we must go to press," was his command. "Only two lines more," gasped Hearn, as he picked up the apple and hastily revolved it close before his eye to select a choice bite. Biff! rattle! Before the bite was selected the editorial hand sent the half consumed fruit of good and evil across the room, and Hearn was forcibly informed that it was no time for fruit while the presses waited.

Cockerell had his hand on the sheet of paper when Hearn made the curlicue at the bottom to signify "finis." The pen was not raised from the final effort till the editor had that last page of manuscript in his hand and had started toward the door to carry it to the compositors, that it might be added to the rest of the article, already in type, as he believed. "Mr. Cockerell," the gentle voice stopped the chief. He turned, when to his horror Hearn lifted the lid of his desk and said: "Here is the rest of it." Sure enough, there it was—three columns of manuscript. Not a sheet had been sent to the news room, but had been chucked into the desk as it was prepared. Let me draw the veil or drop the curtain, as it pleases you. Every old employer of The Enquirer happened to be around the office that night; they remember the scene that ensued. There wasn't much action, but the technique was grand. The atmosphere was blue, hot and full of revolving corners for ten minutes. As Gus Williams says in his song, "Oh, such beautiful language." We cannot find fault with Col. Cockerell for the words he uttered upon that occasion; words more expressive and hair raising than any which Hearn had penned in his three columns sensation, but they were most pitifully powerless to express the state of Editor Cockerell's surprised soul.

In the foggy atmosphere of the editorial expression, Hearn escaped. And when he came back next day to report for duty he trod with angel steps and for six hours he was afraid to do more than think. When he finally met Mr. Cockerell he was fully prepared to drop dead. But the editor's kindly "Hello, Hearn," saved his life, and the how it happened is the "Chita" and "Yuma" to thrill us now. G. F. CAYLOR.

What had Friendship Did. "Study penmanship, my boy, as carefully as you would how I lost a fortune once by 'writing how.'"

Discrepancy Somewhere. Mrs. Bangs—Why, John, the waiter is standing upright. Fangle—Ten of 'em. Mrs. Bangs—But you said he had to be stooped—Eeek.

A REPORTER FOR A DAY.

REMARKABLE APRIL FOOL EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG BROKER.

Known on the "Street" as a "Hoodoo" and a "Jonah," He Becomes a Reporter and Strikes Blows by the Most Chance of Fortune.

Business was dull at the office of Mr. John Quarles, broker and general commission merchant. Business was not only dull, but it was bad. Indeed, to tell the truth, there was no business at all. Instead of rushing to banks, or clearing house, or the "floor," Mr. Quarles' office was empty in his chair, and absorbed large quantities of "Red Handed Rick, or the Raider's Revenge." While turning the leaves he would look casually from the window, view the crowds hurrying by, beneath the patting of a raw spring rain, sigh comfortably, assure himself once again that he "had a snap of a job," and resume his romance.

For his part the broker idly threaded the ticker tape through his hands, glanced at the quotations and listened hopelessly to the knock on the door along the hallway. He hardly expected any one to turn the knob and enter. No one was giving him business, and that undertaken on his own account had turned out badly. The men in the "street" liked him. They said he was a "good fellow" and always had a cordial greeting. But they placed their orders elsewhere.

Why? John Quarles was a hoodoo. All thought so, from the president of the exchange down to the smallest messenger boy. How the impression first gained currency no one knew, but it was a matter of record that everything Quarles went at proved unlucky. He lost his own money, and if a friend speculated on his advice disaster also followed. Custom dropped away, disappeared, and he was simply "Hoodoo" Quarles, a "rattling good fellow," but a "sure Jonah."

"My old wife goes home and take the old lady for a ride," he mused. "I'll try and get a little comfort out of life if I can't get any cash out of business. Sam"—to the boy—"close up at 4 o'clock. If any one comes in tell him—oh, tell him what you like."

"Yesair," responded Sam. "G'nicht, sir." Quarles strolled up Broadway in an absent mood, and before he was aware he had reached that far point, stood at the corner of Park street and called by name. He looked around and saw approaching Gen. Boomer, chief editor of The Daily Plunger and a man of might in the newspaper world. Boomer walked rapidly, and did not lessen his pace on reaching Quarles.

"Come," he said. "Can't stop; going to lunch; want to talk with you; chat and eat at same time; save a few minutes." There was no chance to protest or query. Boomer's force and assertiveness overbore everything, and, without exactly knowing why or how, Quarles found himself seated in a restaurant opposite his friend.

"How's business, John?" "Not very good." "Keep your seat in the exchange?" "Yes." "Want a place on The Plunger?" "What do you mean, the elevator?" "No; elevator would break down first trip; will give you job to write daily review of stock market; pay you \$40 a week; more if you're worth it; come round to-morrow forenoon and report for duty. What do you say—yes, or no?" "Yes, I'm afraid."

"Never mind your 'afraid.' If you don't suit in the 'street' I'll try you on some other line; if no good, bounce you. Quarles saw the sell, but stooped to pick up the bundle. Why not share a little of the gladness of his heart with others?" "April fool!" shouted the gamine gleefully.

"Yes," laughed John, "I am an April fool, the biggest ever seen, for I've fooled myself out of a job and into a fortune."

Where Patriotism Is Taught. Illinois floats a flag over every school-house in her borders and requires every child of school age to attend school unless ill. The coming generation in Illinois will be patriotic and intelligent. The same advance in the idea of education in patriotism is fortunately being made in other states as well.—Waterbury Times.

at 11:30 to-morrow. We'll give the street something to remember April 1 by. I'm going home. Good day, sir."

Quarles stood on the floor of the exchange. He was essaying work entirely new to him and felt nervous. One thing he wished to conceal, for a time at least, and that was his connection with a newspaper. It would not be pleasant, because of "guy" or "jobs" on the part of the "funny men," to make his journal ridiculous and write himself down an ass.

He joined a group of conversation quiered, in the course of conversation queried, "How about Mohawk?" "A hundred shares at par, ten days," briefly responded one of those addressed. Here was a point for his article. The much hampered stock was rising. Quarles pulled out his note book and recorded the statement. His companions looked surprised. The group soon separated, but a little later one of the "boys" strove along and said: "Two hundred Mohawk at 101, ten days." Another rise; another point for his article, and down it went just below the first memorandum. He nodded thanks to his informant. A third man approached. "Hello, Quarles," was his greeting. "Five hundred Mohawk, ten days, 101." "All right, old man," was the response, and he made the third entry.

As he returned the book to his pocket Quarles felt a cold chill go down his back. It flashed across his mind that he had been taking his cue as well as notes. He left the floor, rushed to his office and sank in a chair. The boy looked at him amazed. "Are yer sick, boss?" he ventured to inquire. "No, Sam, not sick, but an ass—a monumental ass."

"Do poor old hoodoo's got it in der neck again," murmured Sam, sympathetically, as he resumed his novel.

Quarles sat mentally numbed, until the clangor of bells, whistles and chimes told of the hour of noon. Then he roused himself. "I must go to The Plunger office and resign in time for Boomer to put another pan on the day's work," he groaned.

He found Boomer in his private room. With him was a short, gray whiskered, sarcastic looking man, to whom Quarles bowed reverently. It was Irvington. "Can't give this John, can't allow it; glad of your good fortune, but have to bounce you; must keep commercial column clear of prejudiced views; don't want reporters speculating; but an damned job you made a strike, old fellow."

Then Irvington spoke: "I don't know how you fathomed the secret of the Mohawk corner, young man, but I congratulate you on your shrewdness and nerve. I shall have your business for you in a few days." Quarles, you are bounced; come and dine with me to night in celebration of your luck. I'm busy now; good day."

How Quarles got to the sidewalk he never knew. Benumbed before, he was now dazed. Something struck like a blow on his brain. It was a newsboy's cry: "All about the big corner in Mohawk. Tremendous rise in price. Paper, sir!"

THE PANIC ON THE BOARD. Sure enough. There it was in black and white. Mohawk going up, up, up. The street frantic. Many sellers' options due, others to be settled later on. Irvington, man shoring buyers' options under the bears' noses and demanding their property. Five per cent. a day already offered for loans of shares—Mohawk at 200, and John Quarles, "hoodoo" John, a rich man.

The ex-reporter pulled himself together with an effort. He recovered his mental balance and fared merrily down the street. A package lay on the sidewalk, eagerly watched by a group of lads. Quarles saw the sell, but stooped to pick up the bundle. Why not share a little of the gladness of his heart with others?" "April fool!" shouted the gamine gleefully.

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Chess and Checkers. Chess problem No. 55.—By George H. Thornton. Black. White to play and mate in two moves. Checkers problem No. 55.—By W. J. Smith. Black 1, 3, 9, 14, 15, 19, 21, 25, 29. White 1, 9 to 13, 19 to 24, 3, 25 to 21, 4, 21 to 7, and wins.

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POINTS ON ROWING.

It is the Most Popular of Sports Says Malcolm Ford.

HOW FAMOUS OARSMEN TRAIN.

Some Peculiarities of William O'Connor and the Late Henry Sears—How to Avoid Getting a Wry Neck, Flat Chest or Round Shoulders.

Rowing is an exercise which probably stands higher in popular favor than any other form of physical work. The mere fact that it can be practiced only in the open air may account to a great extent for its popularity. As an exercise it acts directly upon the legs, back, shoulders and arms, and about the only part of the body it does not affect is the chest, although to a small extent it develops the muscles there. The back receives the greatest share of work, and the muscles on that part of a well trained oarsman stand out prominently. One great advantage in rowing is that both the young and old can engage in it with enough satisfaction to derive pleasant recreation. This is not in games that require activity, such as running or jumping, and although rowing in races is an unusually severe exertion, still a young man can engage in it with enough satisfaction to derive pleasant recreation. This is not in games that require activity, such as running or jumping, and although rowing in races is an unusually severe exertion, still a young man can engage in it with enough satisfaction to derive pleasant recreation.

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shows that that oarsman probably took a longer sweep than O'Connor. The arms are much extended and the body is thrown forward further than shown in O'Connor's picture. Ross told me that he thought Sears had a more powerful stroke than O'Connor, although he admitted that the latter did not seem to be at his best when the two were rowing, as is known to be the case in Australia. It is no wonder that good oarsmen are developed there. O'Connor left America but a few weeks ago for Australia in search of laurels, and he is well aware of the class he will have to compete with. The probabilities are that he will leave nothing undone to perfect his rowing abilities, even though they are now very high class.

The illustration "Finish of Stroke" is from an instantaneous photograph of two men in an eight oared crew. It can be seen that there is a decided difference in their attitude. One is leaning back more than the other. The picture shows well the general position of the arms and gives a fair idea of the amount of work done by the oarsman. There is a great difference in the way oarsmen hold the head at the finish of a stroke, and the tendency with the majority is to pull the head bodily forward on to the chest, thereby developing what some instructors call "wry neck," and which not only looks bad but is injurious. The same result, however, can be seen in many men who have rowed a stroke, having been brought about by sitting or leaning over desks. But rowing is known to prove, unless care is used, an aggravated type of wry neck, which looks in some cases like a deformity. The leaning forward of the arms will tend to throw

Very few athletes engage in the exercise of rowing simply for recreation. They generally have an object in view, such as getting into condition for a certain event. If, however, a man leading a sedentary life is troubled with headaches or dyspepsia, the exercise he would be advised to indulge in would be light all round gymnastic work or for the summer months rowing. The reason those exercises are best for such a purpose is that they can be taken in a very mild form, and at the same time call into play many muscles.

A man, whether young or old, can get in a boat and pull over a few miles, breathing at the same time plenty of fresh air, and on returning find that a complete change in his physical tone has taken place. He may be fatigued, but still no one set of muscles will have been worked sufficiently hard to cause a downright ache. The mere exercise of pulling an oar slowly will very seldom stiffen a man. Racing, of course, is different, and a tough two or three mile pull will cause a commotion among the muscles used, and the heart and lungs which will not be soon forgotten by one who is unaccustomed to such things. Although my forte is all round athletics I have done considerable boat pulling, and can say that to consider with an oar as an exercise as vigorous as I ever attempted.

One will often hear the question, "Where did Hanlan get his power from, and how is it that O'Connor is but a medium sized man, and Henry Sears, who was the world's champion at the time, his build was so much bigger?" These three oarsmen were and are looked upon as the best the world ever produced. Hanlan used to row at 156 pounds. O'Connor's weight in condition is between 158 and 160 pounds, and Sears is about 175. O'Connor last fall in England and won the proud title of champion of the world, weighed about 162 pounds. There are other good oarsmen who are many pounds heavier and three or four inches taller than these three men; they have a longer reach and sweep, but for the past dozen years no big man has reached the top.

When I first met Hanlan we engaged in conversation concerning what was necessary to keep in good condition at our respective occupations, and what he told me struck me so forcibly that I have thought often of the wisdom of his advice and how well one can apply it to any kind of exercise. At that time I did not know quite so much about exercise in general as I have since learned, and on asking him what diet he lived on and how he kept himself down in flesh, Hanlan said: "All these ideas about my dieting or reducing food are wrong. My rowing ability has come simply from a certain set of heart muscles, and put me on an exercise that would bring in the use of muscles other than those developed on me and I will be all at sea, even though most people probably imagine that I am in splendid condition and fearfully strong all over."

Hanlan at this time was in fine rowing fettle, and we were just about the same size and weight. Now, however, he is about twenty-five pounds heavier, for he lately told me he weighed 185 pounds in athletic costume. To continue what he told me at our first meeting, I remember well his asking me to feel certain parts of his arm developed by the exercise of pulling an oar, and he said: "I can tell by feeling yours that yours is quite a difference in shape from mine. You have shoved dumb bells and done a good deal of

the captain of the vessel, appeared as defendant, has called general attention to the severe and often unlawful punishments inflicted on seamen. Confinement, deprivation of shore liberty, on a restriction of the opportunity to see only sentences lawful under the laws of the United States, yet ever and anon stories reach the land of the terrible treatment received by Forecastle Jack at the hands of his captain or some other magnate of the quarter deck. The illustrations given show some of the "milder" sorts of punishment.

HANGING BY THE THUMB. The trouble on the United States warship Enterprise, recently ventilated in the course of the inquiry at the Brooklyn navy yard, wherein McClellan

marked by Great Cruelty. The trouble on the United States warship Enterprise, recently ventilated in the course of the inquiry at the Brooklyn navy yard, wherein McClellan

Albert Sundstrom, who died recently in California, was well known to me. He was only 25 years old, and his career was very promising in every way. He had taken good care of himself, had never dissipated, and the result was that he possessed a physique which nothing could equal. His father, Dr. Sundstrom, was a champion long distance swimmer, had devoted a good deal of time to the instruction of Albert, and the young man started on a tour of the world to visit all corners. His visit to the shore was brief, he was in town, and remained several weeks in every town waiting for the crack swimmers to come along. He defeated them one after another with ease at all distances, and had made an uninterrupted record in California, when he was stricken with small pox and died.