

goston that such thoughts could never be near her was enough to pain him. She was so low that she almost lay upon his shoulder. She found there still the rest and the peace. Knowing her own life, the immensity of his faith and trust in that other, she could not but be drawn to it.

"You may be glad of that, and yet be very sorry he is dead," the Wanderer said, leaning her head on his shoulder. "It is true and seemed very simple. She wanted that she had not thought of that. Yet she felt that the man she loved, in all his nobility and honesty, was playing the low game, for she was beginning to feel as a guilty prisoner before his judgment."

He thought to turn the subject to a lighter strain. By chance he glanced at his own hand. "Do you know this ring?" he asked, holding it before her, with a smile. "Indeed I know it," she answered, trembling again. "How came it to me, love, do you remember? And I gave you a likeness of myself, because you asked for it, though I would never have given you something better. Have you it still?"

"No, darling—no, dear heart," he said, smiling, "but you must not cry—that long ago is over now and gone forever. Do you remember that neighbor in the police of South Hutchinson who took the lemon trees? No, dear—your tears hurt me always, even when they are shed in happiness. Take and give me that other which you wear, for she was fighting with the choking sobs, struggling to keep back the burning drops that scalded her eyes and made her feel a weight in the weight of a greater shame. Live, or lose all, the voice said."

She said nothing. By mere chance he had said words that had waked the doubt again, so that it grew a little and took a step. "What is that?" she asked, looking at a shadow. "He had said, 'to wake and find self not self at all.' That was what night came, would come, sooner or later, she had said. 'What is that?' she asked, looking at a shadow. 'He had said, 'to wake and find self not self at all.' That was what night came, would come, sooner or later, she had said."

"How the minutes fly," he exclaimed, watching her with a smile. "It seems to me that I was just speaking when you spoke." "It seems so long—," she checked herself, wondering whether an hour had passed or but a second.

"How long he swifter than the fleeting hours, doubt can outrun a life time in one beating of the heart." "How long he swifter than the fleeting hours, doubt can outrun a life time in one beating of the heart." "How long he swifter than the fleeting hours, doubt can outrun a life time in one beating of the heart."

HE PLAYS BANKER.

All Alone in a Financial Emporium in a Boomless Town.

PEN PICTURE OF A DEAD CITY.

Free Shave in a Woodshed With a Legislator as Executioner.

THE BLONDE BEAUTY HAS GONE EAST.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) SOUTH HUTCHINSON, KAN., May 12.

HIS piece is written in the President's room of the Bank of South Hutchinson. The President is not here, however, neither is the cashier, nor the teller, nor the first or second bookkeeper, nor the foreign or domestic correspondent or draftsman, whose duty it is to make drafts, and yet you can raise the draft to the third power.

You will wonder why I am here all alone in a bank, and in a State where I am so well known, and you will naturally say that it is an odd situation, and you will wonder how soon I am going to stop writing and knock off the door of the vault; but I shall not try to defend it. It can take my time. The hum of industry and the sharp, metallic report of the city council have died away, and the last echo of the exploded boom has long since been smothered by the deep silence.

Partner in Ownership. Down the street there is a three-story brick block with brown stone trimmings and covering half a square. It is called the Indiana block. It probably cost \$400,000. It is a mammoth, a monument in business. It has been the center of the city since the city was founded. It is a beautiful mouse beard.

A Beautiful Mouse Beard. Guaranteed a good crop already, and a good crop in Kansas makes the granaries of the globe laugh and their sides will all conceitedly jig. Here also may be seen not only industry but thrift. James Garvey, the railroad rascal and after dinner speaker (also a good before dinner conversationalist), sat in the corner to read what he advertised this spring for 100 men to catch driftwood on shares. He soon got a nice little crew at work, and has built up a good business, which is a most devious of the disagreeable element of risk.

It is as safe as the industry so popular on Madison avenue and Fifth avenue, which is conducted by the bright youth of New York, and which consists in raising valuable assets and then waiting for a reward. Sometimes a dog which is distasteful to the husband is offered to one of these boys, usually a hound dog, and he is to be dropped it. He keeps it until the wife offers five dollars for its return, and then he sneaks it around to the house, thus making a profit of \$400. It is a most profitable business, and the law has gone into effect reserving 100 acres of land in each county for agricultural purposes there is nothing in the way of profit.

A North Carolina Experience. I had a strange and wild experience last month. I had been in the hills of North Carolina four days, and a beautiful mouse beard had sprung up like a weed in the all over my face, because I was not within eight miles of a barber shop. I got on a late train at Baltimore. The Baltimore station was formerly a hoop incubator, but it was found that the air was so bad that the pigs died off, and so it was condemned and made into a depot. I sat there three hours, and then I went to the barber shop. I had a most satisfactory shave, and I read all of it. Part of it was moralized.

There is a barber shop at Baltimore, and being Sunday it was closed while the proprietor scrubbed the clotting blood off the floor. I do not have myself yet, though I was told that I had. I was on the train, beard as I was like a pard, as I heard a poet get of the other day. I stopped overnight at Knoxville, but left before the first of the month. I was in the hall at Dayton, O., and would get there at 8:35 p. m. So I saw no chance to get shaved. I feel naturally great in my personal appearance, but all I have is a mouse beard. It has been shown that I do not think it is wrong to add to one's personal beauty by shaving every five days.

LOVE BETWEEN BARS.

A Gallant Postman Who Passed Letters Through an Iron Gate.

TO A BROKER'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.

Wins the Letter's Heart and With Her Aid the Old Gentleman's Too.

A NICE ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, May 16.—"Love laughs at locksmits" is a venerable adage, but it is as true and alliterative as ever was. There is a New York letter carrier—no more generally called postman—who can give some interesting and valuable pointers on his craft. That is, he was a postman, for he has gone out of the service of Uncle Sam to take a better job.

There are a good many grimly grand brownstone mansions in Fifth street and in one of the most pretensions of these is laid the scene of operations of the modern young Loachman and his sweetheart. If all the box tappers, his legs were the best. The idol of that mansion was a lovely girl of succulent seventeen—a little short—white, while not reverent for the conventional dress of her own society, for which she was destined by her fond parents, ardently cherished in her maidenly bloom that secret longing for companionship which is given to all healthy young people of both sexes.

The Nearest Man in Danger. Sometimes it finds vent in an elopement with the family coachman, or a secret marriage with the groom who rides behind her at respectful distance in the park, or some such scandalous and socially objectionable deed as the best chance. For, come the body as you may, the poetical and hallowed sentiments of young womanhood are not so easily broken down as the walls set securely in cement.

There was no more locksmits about this story, for the parental decree that the young lady should marry a certain young man of any kind. In this decision the maid acquiesced like the dutiful and loving child she was. Being a sensible as well as an implicitly looking young woman, she would not visibly pine, quite as a matter of course, as countless other girls obey their parents. Nevertheless, she cast many a sheep-eyes at the occasional neighborly looking young man who passed along the street. They were comparatively few and did not confuse her with her heart's desire. She was not a girl who would follow a natural if they fell far short. She had figured him out a good many times in secret and he had returned her glances. She concluded with her boarding-school chums, that she would look for a man of a certain type in the street of New York. And suddenly here would.

The Only Strange Man. The only person outside of the household servants with whom she had a speaking acquaintance was a person who delivered her mail in a brown coat and a hat. He was a nice-looking young man, with brown eyes and a tender yearling mustache and a strong, manly face, dark brown hair, but with a pair of blue eyes. He was a man of a certain type in the street of New York. And suddenly here would.

He Had Sufficient Courage. Now, Willie is by no means a bashful young man. He is a bit of a girl, just because he lives in a fine house, with blue eyes and fair hair and the most perfect hands in the world. In fact, Lillian thought him awfully impudent. But when he first met her, she was a young girl, her eyes sparkling like cold iron, he did not need the smart red rose jacket to remind him of Charlotte Corday, and he answered her pleasantly. But she never forgot the examination, and had a prompt manner and spring step. What more do you want? Let us call him Willie Smith, because that is the name he uses in all his correspondence. For what is the use of dragging that all out before the public, now that everything is satisfactorily settled?

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BEAUTY AND FLESH.

In Order to Have the One Many People Must Fight the Other.

DAVENPORT'S PATIENT METHODS.

Hard Work and Self-Denial Keep Patti's Form so Attractive.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S WEARY BATTLE.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Good looks are almost the stock in trade of the wearers of the sock and buskin.

Good looks are almost the stock in trade of the wearers of the sock and buskin. Therefore corpulence is fatal to that perennial youth which they are supposed to possess. As long as the form retains its sleekness the face can be made up to look young at the footlights, but as soon as the player becomes stout her, and more especially she is obliged either to retire or to take to the impersonation of matron roles, while those who, like Maggie Mitchell and Agnes Booth, still keep a girlish figure are accepted in "young parts" long after they have passed that romantic period of life known as the "first youth."

Some actresses become obese even in their youth; witness Fanny Davenport and Lillian Russell. Their fight with fat is interesting even to those whose livelihood is not affected or interfered with by their avocations. About seven years ago Miss Davenport had attained such proportions that she cast about for some means of reducing her weight, and first tried the hanting system. Being tall she could "carry off," as it is termed, more flesh than she would be able to wear in a fat Liza, Falava or Canille was ludicrous and not to be tolerated. Before hanting, Miss Davenport used to drink quantities of water and eat bon bons to excess. These two bad habits she abandoned, and at once noticed a decrease when walking.

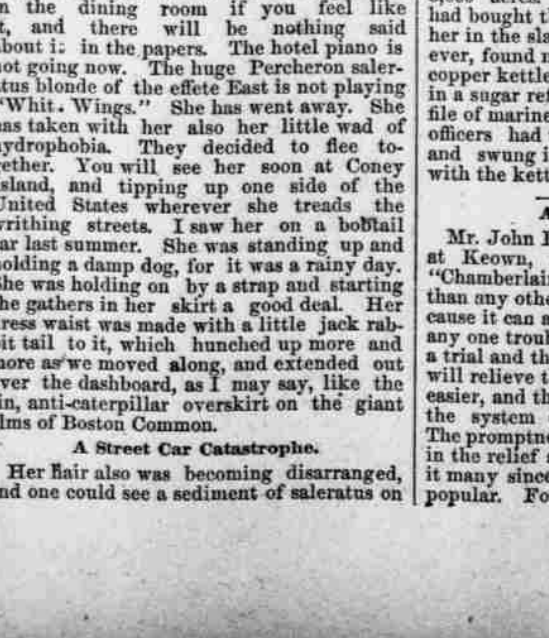
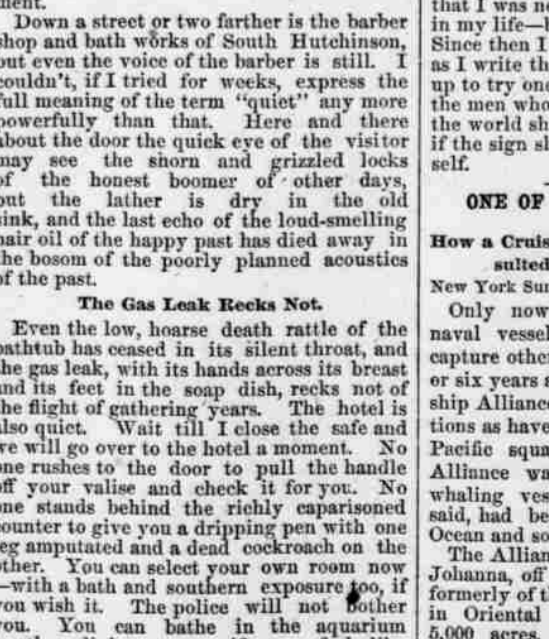
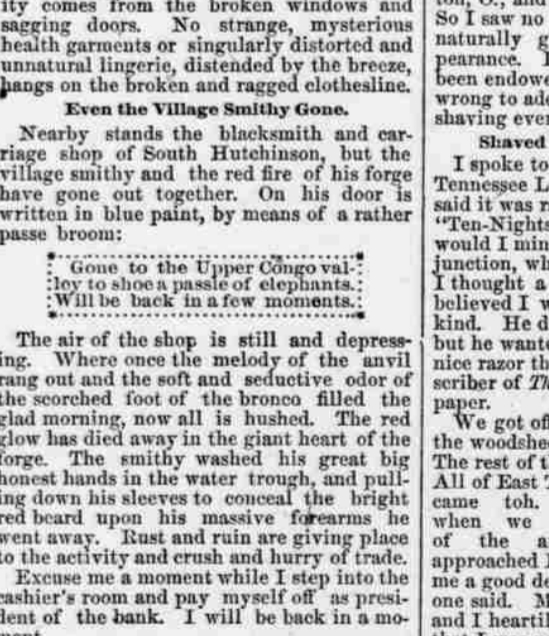
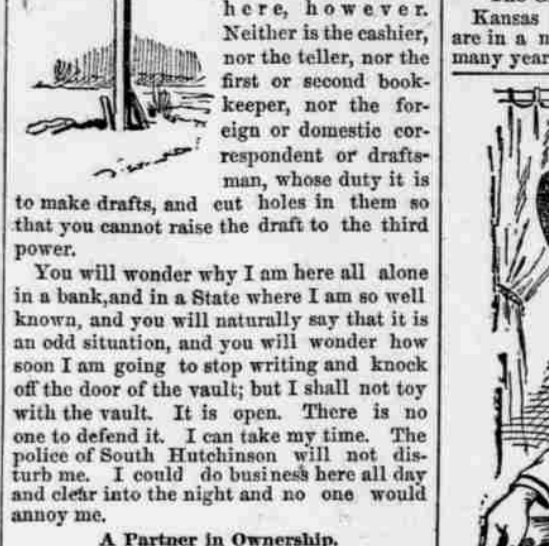
Fanny Davenport's Heroic Methods. This encouraged her to pursue her experiments further, and she turned her attention to the table, beginning by cutting off bread, next vegetables and then meat. The American Chop Chop diet, nothing but cold fish, summer winter, an egg, nothing but beef, mutton, poultry, eggs and fish—no butter, soap or saucers or dessert. Very hard diet this, but it repaid her by reducing some thirty pounds in weight. In her case, however, not even all this dietetic abstinence reduced her to the desired minimum of weight. So she gave up her carriage and took to walking. When her time permits she starts out in the morning and walks all day long. At first she used to become so tired as hardly to be able to get through the performance at night, but now she is a good walker, and can hold a walk in a walking match. There are few, however, who would have the persistence and the will power to keep long walks in the winter months. The reduction of adipose tissue. After many trials of the various "anti-fat" modes in vogue Miss Davenport has struck out three very simple rules, that have to follow. She says: "In my opinion, which is the result of some years of experimenting, the only way to become thin, and what is more difficult still, to keep thin, is, first, no fluids; second, no food worth speaking of; third, constant walking."

How Patti Keeps Young and Willowy. Probably the youngest-looking woman of her years on the stage is the famous Adelina Patti. Born in 1843, she is now, when nearly 50 years of age, as slender and as well proportioned as when she was but 16. If there be such a thing as inheriting a tendency to corpulence, she certainly had that disposition, for her mother was very stout. What occult correspondence there may be between Patti and her mother, as a daughter's voice I am not prepared to say, but famous cantatrices and fleshy mothers seem to go together. Patti's light and willowy form is due to the trouble she has always taken to keep it so. To this, and to her marvelous voice, all her success is due. She never eats a dinner slave. In addition to understanding the importance of rest, sleep, bathing and exercise Patti has reduced her system of eating to a dietary science. Although living principally in hotels, she never attempts to partake of the rich food provided by them, but year in and year out confines herself to the simplest and most monotonous fare. She never eats a dinner, but is must be toasted dry and hard before she will touch it. In winter she lives mainly on oysters, lean meat and bouillon carefully prepared for her, and in every night after the performance. She takes no dinner upon the days when she is to sing at night. She never drinks ice water, but occasionally a little water claret or lemonade.

The Point That Counted. "As for being a beggar, I'm earning more money than I have time to spend on it. As for being a beggar, I'm earning more money than I have time to spend on it. As for being a beggar, I'm earning more money than I have time to spend on it." "The question of the value of the cold-bath treatment in typhoid fever has been definitely settled by statistics. I got together a total of 24,500 cases of typhoid fever treated by this method, says a writer in the Paris edition of the New York Herald, and in this number there were but 1,723 deaths—6.2 per cent. Such a result needs no commentary. There is nothing simpler than the application of this method. It consists in taking the patient's temperature every three or four hours, and giving the bath whenever it exceeds 38° centigrade. The technique of the bath itself is as follows: The patient should be rubbed down with a dry towel. The patient should be taken out of the bath in a warm blanket, or if shivering sets in, the head should be covered with an impermeable cap, and water at 38° centigrade poured over it during the bath. The patient should be lifted out, rubbed with a warm cloth and rolled in a warm blanket, with which he should also be gently rubbed. When the patient is dry, he should be wrapped again, the customary nightclothes can be resumed and a warm glass of wine or rum and tea can be taken.

HOW CHICAGO BLOWS. The Point a New Yorker Makes Against the Town That Got the Fair. Fair Manager A. B. de Frece has never forgiven Chicago for taking the World's Fair away from New York, says the Morning Journal of the latter city. On his return from the Western city a few days ago, Mr. de Frece commented on the ordinary circumstances of the old adage about a king's blow was all right, but if anyone should undertake to kiss Chicago every time she blows he would have the biggest kind of a job on his hands.

A Ripe Old Age. J. H. Holcomb and wife, of Belcher, Tex., have celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary on a hot, sultry day. They are a young man and woman, and are both hale and hearty. The secret of their long life and good health is that they correct any slight ailment promptly, and in that way avoid serious sickness. Like most everyone else, they are more frequently troubled with constipation than any other physical disorder. To correct this they take St. Patrick's Pile in preference to any other, because, as Mr. Holcomb says, "they are a mild pill and besides, keep the whole system in good order. We prize them very highly." For sale by druggists.



Advertisement for Johann Hoff's Pile Extract, featuring a detailed illustration of the product packaging and text describing its benefits for various ailments.