STORY The Iron of Remorse. OF THE

T IS NEVER well to be too sure | what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you-when you dit down to reason about it, after

is no time for reason. If anyone had told Mackworth, that under fire he would be a coward. Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have retrected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated too, but, being a right-minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the moiten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and favor you can do me. Something may heaven rewarded him by sending him be effected by it." straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sighs for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chirleahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and when a woman was truly a blessin; of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the But as there is no waman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadetswhich is not to be taken reviously Mackworth had not let woman en'er into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and fell of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win approval of the war department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire-pulling and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatta took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kilt all rolled in a rubber perche, and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things thenthough before long the pottom fell out of his universe, and he was tilled with an enduring skepticism. And this was

how it came about: The first time he was under fire was disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The tight began about It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his Labyhood, which

And Morley, his captain, found him What are you doing?" he de- bells. manded. He was an Lishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not and caught the bridle above the curb

afraid, only ashamed-sick-ningly ashamed-beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smok-ing cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched bin and began to understand. His frown relaxed: "You'd better get under cover," he suggested; "you are talting needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now; it was gray and set. like the face of a corpse.

Morley's face softened. "It's only a baby, anyway, he said to himself, "and it is unhappy, out of all proportion," And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted. "No," said the lieutenant, "I won't,

The captain swere now, flerce oaths, and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir:"

Mackworth retired, with a took at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts. being a chase of the intangible upmountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across malpais and desert from the level of the mesquite and the grease-wood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatta's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing.

It went on for two months, and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely-squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were written upon his face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song, be the camp ever so dul! Only his captain knew why, of course and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he .new, besides, that it was in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusions and salvation. This is the way Mack-

worth eventually tried to work out his. There came one day a runner from the hostiles, a dish-faced, straight-Deked creature of sinews-who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops and said that his chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man-

LITTLE LIVER PILL Billousnoss. Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick-Head ache and Liver ID CENTS Complaint. SUGAR COATED. 100 PILLS sold by all druggists or sent by mail.

25 CTS. Nervita Modical Co., Chicago Sold by McGarrah & Thomas, Drug-

one, alone and unguarded-should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come he would rettreat with his braves and

TRAIL.

stay out all winter. Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the manner of the age-may be the agency was so comfortable, but that very one you will follow when ther; if he did the white man could stand it as long as he could. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death trap of the sort.

Ther Mackworth spoke up, "I have," he said.
"Get out," said the captain, incredu-

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your per mission to do the greatest and only

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."
The lieutenant shrugged his shoul-

"Will you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go, Captain Morley. Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set-faced boy might do. So they par-leyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile. who swung on at the long, untiring dog-trot.

After four hours they came to the nouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign of sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood, and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide around a sowskin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rode and slouched forward. There was a proonged scrutiny upon both sides.

were good. He beat the suddenly-silent redskin at his own game, and in the United States for generations to come end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his underwhen they were caught at rather a standing, and interpreted. Mackworth ing the bulk of the world's output of made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and dusk and lasted well into the night, the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eye, would importance. These lakes are widely not compromise. "Tell him." Mack- scattered throughout the state, and not compromise. had festered an unconquerable fear of the dark, it may have been some he will not do this I go back to the Most of these depressions have an inlurking institct, or it may have been soldiers, and we follow you and kill let, but no cutlet; hence the opinion just blue funk which overcome him, you all, man and woman." The face of geologists that the soda came in Anyway be hid behind a bowlder, of the chief grew black, a growl rose with the spring water and leached crouched and covered there, trembling from the crowding bucks, and the so that his earline fell from his hands | watching squaws began to chatter in | ing, in some instances, beds of soda voices sweet as the tinkle of glass more than fifty feet in depth and hun-

Mackworth kney, from that, shanks. Not so much as an eyelash of how had it was. He scrambled up and the stern, white young face quivered, babbled. "Get out of there!" the cap-and the heart of the red man was filled tain said. He would have used a bet-with admiration. One movement of closely resembling the ordinary bak-agony of fright can be felt in those ter tone to one of the troop curs.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed—sickeningly await him. He sat looking coolly down at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief he was on a lake upon which a light turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growi of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus | sembling fee, scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation today. He say you ukishee quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and uklisheed with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern light. It wat a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain, being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine an I slid it under the tent flags into the outer darkness. Also, he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and going out, picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent. Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. cocked it and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once-and then again and again.

At first call for reveille Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and, turning, he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under his beard. It was the most natural and healthful look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.
"Well," answered Mackworth. should like my carbine and the loads

of my Colt's, please." Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good if I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant.-Gwendolen Overton, in the Argonaut.

A BURNING MOUNTAIN. Has Been on Fire for Over a Hun-

dred Years. A mountain, which has been on fire for more than one hundred years, is situated just west of here. So close is it that its shadow envelops the town at 5 p. m. at this time of the year, and yet the beautiful hereabouts think no more of it than of the beautiful Grand river, which washes at the feet of the long. To the tenderfoot, however, the glittering patches of deep red fire, where it breaks out on the side of the mountain, and is exposed to view there is nothing in all this state quite its equal, writes the Newcastle correspondent of the Kansas City World The fire is fed by a big vein of coal which the mountain contains. Just

how the coal became ignited is not

tion, say it was burning many years before the first white man crossed the continental divide. The supposition is that the coal was ignited by a forest fire at an early date in the present cen-

It has smoldered and steadily burne 1 until this day. At night, when the moon is dark, is the best time to see the fire. Then it is that it resembles the regions of inferno as given us in the word-painting on Dante. The earth covering the coal is loosened by the heat and falls away, exposing the

sheets of fire. The escaping gas probably assists in stripping off the rocks and dirt, and wherever the vein of coal approaches the surface the fire can be seen. The first fire I saw was fully 50 feet square. It had a peculiar red tint, while the burning gas coming up at the base of the coal vein added a bright blue coloring to the scene. In many places the surface of the mountain has sunken, showing where the fire has burned out its course

Previously a shaft had been sunken in the mountain and into this shaft the water was permitted to flow. shaft was soon filled, but the fire was above the level of the water, and the effort was a failure.

WYOMING'S SODA LAKES.

An Endless Source of Wealth for the

Young State.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Out of her surpassing exhibit of natural socia at the Transmississippi exposition Wyoming expects suon to take a front rank among the wealthproducing states of the Union as a soda producer. The great block of natural soda that Wyoming placed in the mines and mining building was the astenishment of thousands of people. It has been the means of bringing soda experts from lifferent parts of the United States into Wyoming to investigate the extent and richness of the state's deposits, with a view to erecting huge alkali works along the

margins of her great soda lakes. Wyoming has the most extensive soda deposits in the world. The people of the big western state believe they have enough natural soda in their seda lakes to make all the soda biscuits of the world for the next two centuries, and then thrown in, good measure, sufficient sal seda and soda lye to "cleanse all the tribes of earth" during the two centuries they are feeding on the Wyoming bis-The chief waited for Mackworth to they are feeding on the Wyoming bis-begin, but the white man's instincts cuits, and still have plenty of soda left to make window glass for the They believe that within the near future Wyoming will really be furnish-

Wyoming is thought to have more than twenty soda lakes of commercial dreds of acres in surface dimensions.

POWDERED SODA.

The surface of these lakes, through the action of the sun and air, has enclosely resembling the ordinary bakwith a pick might well imagine that snow had fallen, for the soda beneath is a transparent crystal closely re-

Professor Wilbur C. Knight, of the chair of geology of the Wyoming State university at Laramie, has done, perhaps, more than any other westerner to ascertain the chemical richness of the Wyoming soda deposits. Speaking of Wyoming's inland seas of soda, Professor Knight said:

"Large companies are now being organized in the East to establish alkali works in Wyoming. These companies are now being backed by capital in New York, Chicago and elsewhere and while England and Germany, until recent years, have produced the great part of the world's sulphate of soda from common salt, we hope soon to replace the imported product with our Wyoming soda.

From my investigations of the soda deposits of the state I believe it safe to say that there are at least 40,000 -000 cubic feet of soda already in sight. When we consider what development work may bring forth the beds of Wyoming assume enormous proportions.

LEADS THE WORLD.

"Wyoming undoubtedly leads the world in natural soda. We have, perhaps, twenty soda lakes of commercial importance. Their commercial importance has already been proved. In the immediate vicinity of these deposits are excellent beds of sand and limestone and also an abundance of fuel in the form of coal, which insures the people of Wyoming that these sod; lakes will be used in making glass, soap, baking soda and sal soda. has been already demonstrated that Wyoming soda makes a first-class window or plate glass. There is little doubt that plants will also soon be erected for the manufacture of the ordinary soda compounds, such as sodium, carbonate or sal soda, used in bleaching and cleaning; sodium blear bonate or baking powder and soda lye, used in making hard soap.

"There is absolutely no reason why this natural soda cannot be converted into other soda compounds that are more valuable than the sulphate and sold at least in competition with the eastern or imported product made from salt.

The Mormons were the first to make a practical use of the Wyoming soda. They discovered the carbonate soda on the Sweetwater river in central Wyoming, and for years annually made trips across the sagebrush desert in freight wagons, a distance of more than 300 miles, to return to Salt Lake with sufficient soda to do their cooking and washing for a year. These immense soda deposits have been used extensively by the inhabitants of Wyoming

and the adjoining states. In the Sweetwater valley, in Nahuge pile where the fire has burned so trona county, the soda lakes have been divided into three groups, according to their ownership, as follows: The Morgan deposits, the Du Pont deposits and The Wyoming Syndicate Improvemen. company's deposits. The Morgan deposits are nearly pure sulphate of soda The Du Pont deposits are a mixture of carbonate and sulphate of soda. Of this group is one lake that contains practically fifty per cent. carbonate of soda. known. The oldest resident says it was The group owned by The Wyoming on fire when he came here, and the Syndicate Improvement company is

Ute Indians, who once lived in this sec- | composed of carbonate and sulphate of soda, similar to the Du Pont group.

Taking these deposits as a whole the seda is found in solid formation, and varies in thickness from a few inches to fifteen and twenty feet, and in surface area from a few to more than 160 acres Nine lakes have been discovered in Natrona county.

A small plant was erected a few years ago at the properties of the Wyoming Syndicate Improvement company, but at the time of its erection the company anticipated the construction of the extension of the Chiago and Northwestern railroad from Casper, Wyo., up the Sweetwater val-ley, in which event the road would have passed the company's property. This road was not built, and with a wagon haul of sixty miles it was found impracticable to operate the plant. A few miles northeast of Casper is the Gil soda deposit. This is a very

phate of sods. Carbon county has numerous small soda lakes and one that is quite large. This ore is situated about twenty-five miles northwest of Rawlins. The soda from all the Carbon county deposits has been found to be almost pure sul-

large lake and is practically pure sul-

phate. In Albany county there are three groups of sulphate of soda, as follows: The Rock Creek group, lying about twelve miles northwest of Rock creek; the Union Pacific group, thirteen miles southwest of Laramie, and the Downey group, twenty-two miles southwest of Laramie. These are all large lakes, some of them being very deep and

covering hundreds of acres. Perhaps the greatest curiosity among all the soda deposits of the state is the soda well drilled recently at Green River, that is now furnishing water that contains 24 per cent, of sal soda, and this soda is more than 98 per cent. Chicago capitalists have recently purchased a large tract of land here and are now laying plans for the erection of a plant.

LIGHTNING BUGS.

Strange Sight Seen by an After-Dark Traveler in Mexico.

From the Minneapolis Journal. "I was riding through the jungle the other night on an eighteen-inch trail. All was darkness, and such darkness!" said an American traveler. "I could feel it. I would put my hand up before my face every few minutes to see if I could see it, but the darkness was too intense. It made me very nervous, for the trails are so little used that the brush is apt to be lower than a man's height, and one is in danger of being brushed from one's saddle in going along in the dark. I felt as though my head might be brushed from my

shoulders. "The quiet was intense, except for the calls of wild beasts and birds, some of which sounded to me in my nervous state like a thousand flends. Even Ir the daylight many of the calls sound more like those of a person than an

"My horse was picking the trall, and I had one arm over my head so as to protect myself from the brush overhead, when suddenly I saw a lantern with a greenish light ahead of me a little way, but to one side. My blood froze. I was literally frightened stiff. In my overwrought state I did not ask myself what it was. It was there, and that was enough. Who says the Imagination is not as bad as the reality while it lasts? Sometimes, as in this agony of fright can be felt in those

path, then dart back into the jungle again. By the time it flashed across my path the second time I came to, as it were, from my fright, and realized hat there was no one for perhaps a hundred miles around, except the ratives, and I knew they knew nothing of lanterns. Besides that, animals would not dart back and forth. I then began to see many more of these greenish lights. There were plenty of fire flies darting around, but what could these be? However, they did not hurt me, and I did not bother them,

"I knew they must be winged somethings, as they were high and low, and so must fly. By degrees I recovered my composure, and, watching intently, I thought it-whatever 'it' was-was small. Arriving at last at an Indian's where I was to spend the night. I went to bed in a hammock swung under the rafters, tired out, sore and very much unnerved. I could not sleep, and lay with my eyes wide open, turned to the rafters and thatched roof. The ludicrous side of my fright and how awful and real it had been rushed over me. I called to the Indian, who was hung up in another hammock a few feet from me, and asked blm what it was, He told me 'kookoogugu,' or something that sounded as much like nothing as that, for I had come to Mexico knowing no Spanish; but as I seemed so interested and ignorant he made a funny sound with his lips a few times and down the insect flew-for insect !! He captured it and gave it to me.

"It was a large black snap beetle with two large greenish lights, which I supposed to be its eyes, but upon carefully examining it found they were It also had a streak of this same light under its body. The light was luminous, shedding its rays quite a few inches, this making it appear at a dinstance quite large as an ordinary lantern. Well, after that I went to sleep and slept well.

"I often laugh when I think the most horrible fright I ever experienced was caused by a harmless little lightning

PATHETIC CHINESE INCIDENT.

A Mother's Attempt to Dispel the Blindness of Her Child. From Lippincett's Magazine. This is what the Fair Samaritan

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee, Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place

The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems.

Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ‡ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c, and 25c.

Try Grain-O!

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O Accept no imitation.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY STORE.

JONAS LONG'S SONS.



Where It Comes From.

Skirting the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and along the route of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad out of New York city, are many cozy, little factories. Most of them are in villages of from two to five thousand population. Some of them employ twenty hands; some of them, two hundred.

Here is where our Muslin Underwear comes from. The best underwear makers know the value of such important locations; they avoid all semblance of sweat-shop work, and provide garments that are sanitarily perfect.

We confine our purchases to such factories, placing our orders in the early summer, when time and attention can be given to detail and finish. This is why you are so well pleased with the annual underwear sales of the Jonas Long's Sons' stores. Few mercantile establishments manifest such precaution and care.

Night Gowns

The most moderately priced is 33 cents-this

Some are trimmed with embroidery and lace;

Prices begin at 19 cents-made

Other extraordinary values at

21c, 25c, 39c and up to \$1.25;

made of finest muslins and very

of good muslin with yoke bands

and deep ruffle of cambric.

elaborately trimmed.

for a Mother Hubbard style with yokes and finished

with handsome cluster of tucks. Not more than

others are beautifully interwoven with inserting and

fine plaits and with solid yokes of lace and em-

Drawers

two to a customer. Better ones at 39c to \$4.98.

We are selling thousands of pieces this week. If you have not been here already, come today.

Corset Covers

Prices begin at 7 cents, and from that up to \$1.25. Every style worthy of notice is here for you to see and choose from.

Chemises

Prices begin at 29c-these in two styles, trimmed with lace and fine plaits; V shape yokes.

Other styles at 39c, 49c, 79c and \$1.25-the latter are imported patterns and very handsomely trimmed with lace, Still finer ones up to\$4.98

White Skirts

An almost endless variety, without any exception the prettiest styles we have ever shown.

Made of fine muslins and cambrics, trimmed with deep ruffles of Hamburg and finished with lace and inserting.

THE IMPORTED LINGERIE includes a charming show of the finest products from the deft fingers of the French in fine lace and embroidered effects—a collection surpassing any ever before shown in Scranton or vicinity.

Jonas Long's Sons

saw after she had climbed the dark of the company to discover any tracstairs behind the store and peeped into a room that was in semi-darkness, while she repressed Lee Chung with a warning finger that enforced silence. It was a room of considerable dimensions, with a low ceiling. The windows were so Ill-placed, besides being barricaded, that the room was in twilight gloom, although the day was bright without. Its furniture was curiously disposed close against the walls, thus leaving a wide space in its midst. And in the room the woman Suey Yep was taking part with the little Lee Moy in what was evi-

dently a daily occurrence. With palms folded suppliantly before her, she regarded Lee Moy with a look of inexpressible love tinged with sadness. He was hitting wildly about him with a top whip, and shouting angrily, his language being punctuated by strong Anglo-Saxon expletives. "D-n you, mother! Why cometh She submitted with the patience of

an oriental to the imperious language of my lord, her Man-Child.

"Oh, son of mine," she replied, with infinite tenderness: "the sun is still at Pokin, drying his hair-for he hath but now risen from his ocean bed. When he hath had his morning meal washed his face with dew and decked himself with marigolds, he will mount clouds of purple and gold and amber and come to San Francisco." "Do they of Pekin see more of him than we do?"

Yes, son-oh, would we were there!" she sobbed: "for the sun always shines there, but here it is mostly dark." "We will go there, mother, at once!" He held up his hand for his mother to take.

"But it is a long and stony road from here to Pekin, and we must eat and drink before we start." She led him to a little table, and set cakes before him, and a cup of tea-

which she fertified with a generous drought of sam shu. When he had satisfied his appetite, she prepared him another cup similar. sophisticated, and set it before

"Drink once more," she said, "for when we have left San Francisco we shall have no more tchah (tea) till we reach Pekin." And the little man drank as he was

flight across-the world. BIG THINGS LOSE THEMSELVES. A Railroad That Lost a Twenty-Eight-Ton Bridge.

directed, and prepared for his daily

From the New York Press. Human nature will insist on losing and mislaying things, but when the articles get to be as big as a boiler or a bridge, human ingenuity fails to understand how it happened.

A short time ago a western railroa i had to issue a pathetic advertisement in the local papers. They had fixed a twenty-eight-ton steel tridge on three flat cars chained together and dispatched it to Dayton, Ohio, with

their blessing. At an intermediate station the bridge was observed to be bearing the journey extremely well, and was seemingly in the best of spirits; nevertheless when the train arrived at its destina tion not a sign of the bridge could be

discovered, and owing to the inability

of their lost property, an advertisement was issued begging the public should it meet with a wandering bridge, to return it to its owners with all dispatch, when a substantial reward would be given in exchange.

On the Belgian railway line between Antwerp and Termonde a catastrophe was thought to have occurred early in the spring of 1897. The passengers at the intermediate stations between these places, after waiting for some time for the train due to leave the former place at eight minutes past 7 in the evening, were not a little alarmed when no train was forth-

Many people thought an accident had happened, others shook their heads and thought of all the kidnapping stories they had ever read, while the light-hearted suggested that the errant train had lost its way. As a matter of fact, there was no accident and no trainnaping, nor did the engine lose its way; indeed, the only individuals who lost anything were the officials who lost their heads, and by an unaccountable oversight, forgot to dispatch the train.

Railway wagon No. 60,474 is the property of the London and Northwestern railway, and fifteen months ago it was missing, with its contents consisting of one ton of copper. Toward the end of August the wagon turned up on a siding at Leicester, but how it got there passed the understanding of all railway men.

A year ago an advertisement ap-peared in an English country paper stating that a reward of £50 offered by a great engineering firm to any one who produced a full grown torpedo that had been lost about a mile and a half east of the Trow rocks. It was comforting to learn that there were no explosives in the torpedo. Strangely enough, a month later, a similar "fish" put in an appearance at Aldenburgh, in Suffolk. The torpedo was marked with a crown and numbered 2414 X, and though originally charged with a working pressure of 1,050 pounds, when it was recovered it was exhausted.

Early in 1897 a peculiar case was tried at Woolwich regarding an ex-traordinary piece of lost property. It appeared that a man bought for \$75 boller, whose size can be estimated from the fact that it took six horses and twenty men to move it. While this operation was being carried out the boiler, by some remarkable freak. managed to lose itself, and where it went to no man knew nor could they find out, though the police were put on its track, and it was requested to return to its sorrowing friends.

Some years elapsed, and then, when surveyor in the office of works was estimating the value of a fine crop of scrap iron that a piece of ground known as "No Man's Land" had yielded, he spied the boiler; but being ignorant of its history, ordered it to be sold at auction, at which sale it realized \$12.50. Then the original owner recognized his long-lost property and sued the surveyor for the cost him. Eventually the tude awarded him \$50, while the surveyor received \$1 for the trespass. It was learned that the three-years-los poller had hid itself on a piece of land quite near its owner's residence.

Not Encouraging. "Belinda didn't answer the letter in

he St. Denis

NEW YORK HOTELS.

Broadway and Eleventh St., New York, Opp. Grace Church.-Europea : Plan.

Rooms Stoo a Day and Unwards. In a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis.

The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its home-like almosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cutsine and service, and its very moderate prices. very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON.

Cor. S'xteenth St. and Irving Plant, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN PLAN, \$3.50 Per Day and Upwards. LUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.50 Per Day and Upwards.

I. D. CRAWFORD,

for Busines: Men

In the heart of the wholesale district.

For shoppers minutes walk to Wanamakers; s minutes to Siegel Cooper's Big Store, hasy of access to the great Dry Goods Stores.

For Sightseers One block from B'way Cars, giv-ing easy transportation to all points of interest.

NEW YORK.

Cor. 11th ST. & UNIVERSITY PL. Only one Block from Broadway. R00m3, \$1 Up. prices Reasonable



Boos and McGarrah & Thomas, druggista

which I told her I wanted to come and visit her. "Well, I suppose she thought the invitation you gave yourself was cordial

enough."-Detroit Free Press. The Art of Silence.

"A man shows character even in the way he moves his chin."
"I think he shows more character in the way he doesn't move it."-Chicago