

The Line of Least Resistance.

THE accommodation shambled on to the siding to give the right of way to the east bound limited. There were three sharp blasts from the whistle, a wheezing of the brake-hose, a crash of couplings, and the flanges stubbed the rails until the stragglers wheels came to a stop.

It was not an inviting scene? The atmosphere was raw and the wind biting. The rain was falling in a steady drizzle, and the clouds of black smoke that rolled from the locomotive huddled near the ground like a heavy fog. The flag depending from the roof of the engine was wet, and the water-washed and glistened in the wind. The sky was a monochrome of dull gray, which blended naturally with the color of the earth.

I'll put in a few days training to get back into shape again." "When I was in the hospital last month," said Billy, "I used to lay awake nights thinking of real things to eat—beefsteak and onions, pumpkin pie and dumplings. Ever that way, Dunk?" "Well, I guess, I've been feeling that way so long now that I begin to think that I wasn't cut out for a fighting man." "My state of mind, exactly," said Billy, lighting a cigarette.

long ribbon of smoke colling through the air. The engine on the switch gave three shrill whistles, the bell ring and puffing it rolled slowly forward. The noise broke Carew's sleep. He straightened up and peered through the water-stained windows. "I say, Dunk, where in the deuce are we?" "Pretty near Rochester, I reckon," replied the tall soldier. "Let me take your folder, Billy, and I'll find out just where we are. I was never over this road before."

"Just as you say, Billy," laughed the sergeant. He returned to his seat, lighted his pipe and leaned back with a groan of satisfaction.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—Cut out the pictures appearing on this page each day, draw a pencil mark around the hidden subject, save them until Saturday, then send them or take them to The Tribune office in an envelope addressed to the boys and girls who correctly mark the six pictures appearing during the week. The answers are first received, will have their name published in The Tribune Monday morning.



An American woman protects the American flag. Find her husband and sister.

He studied the green sheet, whistling softly to himself. "Humph! This thing's all mixed up. Buffalo branch, Seneca Falls branch, Willard branch, where in the name of common sense is Rochester? These railroad maps are about as clear as a Chinese cryptogram. Oh, here we are. We left Geneva at 7.40, and it's now 8.35. That brings us to Rochester Junction. That's the place we just stopped at. We'll be in the city in twenty-five minutes."

"There's the old Genesee, as yellow as ever," he remarked. "Home now," said Carew. "There are the 'Plains' over yonder. Used to go swimming there when I was a kid." "Where are you going to put up to-night?" inquired the tall soldier, suddenly. "Some temperance hotel, I guess; they're the cheapest."

It was not far from the Lehigh station to the arsenal; but to the unkempt men in shabby uniforms, slouching through the muddy streets, the march seemed interminable. They did not present military appearance, burdened with baggage, marching in lines of three or fours, in ragged alignment, keeping in step only from force of habit. They carried no guns, and the absence of weapons made them look more like a company of hop pickers than soldiers.

It was with a feeling of getting back home that he climbed the narrow brownstone steps of the City bank, and he found pleasure in lounging in the hallway and gazing at the busy scene before his eyes. It was a familiar sight to watch the president, who before him, and in showing out gold and greenbacks with the rapidly and precision of a machine. There was no hesitation in his movements; the flexible fingers skimmed each note as lightly as a swallow's wing flecks the surface of a stream.

The captain wheeled around and faced the faded colors that draped the wall. There was no embarrassment in his manner. He stood erect, motionless. Then his right hand held the sword, swept above his head. His hand was lowered slowly to the level of his face; it moved outward, the blade describing a downward curve. It was a soldier's salute to his flag.

III. It was well into the middle of the summer before Carew was discharged from the isolated building in which the out-patients were confined and promoted to the convalescent ward. On pleasant days he was strapped in a wicker chair and readled over the closely cropped lawn and from his tented back too indolent for this exercise, he was left under a wide-spread maple, where he lay back contentedly, watching the blue patches of sky that showed between the branches, listening to the chatter of sparrows and the strident chirping of mid-summer insects.

With the return of health came the old desire to take part again in the affairs of the work-a-day world; so the day after leaving the hospital Carew went down to the bank, cheerful in the anticipation of the welcome that would be his from his old business associates.

TRYABITA FOOD FOR NERVE AND BLOOD. Illustration of a woman carrying a large basket on her head. Text: TRYABITA FOOD CO. LIMITED, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

BATTLE CREEK THE GREAT PURE FOOD TOWN. Has a population of 36,000. Over thirty Pure Food Concerns are located there. It follows that Battle Creek people know all about Pure Food, and it may interest you to know that over 20,000 Battle Creekians breakfast daily on TRYABITA FOOD. It is the only ready-to-eat wheat flake cereal that is scientifically prepared and impregnated with papain and colery, and its the only food that employs specially selected Union Labor in its manufacture.

Don't accept inferior products that are counterfeiting the name. A startling novelty, a sample package of Tryabita and a Doll Receipt Book FREE for your grocer's name and a 2-cent stamp. TRYABITA FOOD CO., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich

"And put me out of a job?" exclaimed the accountant, flushing angrily. "That'll be a dirty trick, Jimmy." "How so, Fred?" Carew replied, surprised at his friend's words. "You'll go back into your old place, of course."

"I have a distinct recollection of it, sir," replied Carew. The banker shrugged his shoulders. "Quite likely—it would be to your interest to have," he said with sarcastic emphasis.

Among the numerous Dumas stories that have been resuscitated because of the recent centenary, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, is that which tells of the time when the man who made 4,800,000 francs by his pen and spent it all lay on his deathbed, attended by his son.

A DUMAS STORY. "Look through my scribble," said the dying man, "and see how much money there is in it." A thorough search produced the sum of thirty francs. "There!" exclaimed Dumas, with a flicker of his old triumphant fun. "When I first came to Paris I had just forty francs, and you see I have thirty left. And yet they say that I have been extravagant!"

He was slouching along when his eye was attracted by a brightly colored poster in the hallway of a business block. On a pink background was printed in black letters the following words: WANTED—Men of good character, between the ages of 18 and 35 to enlist in the United States army.

A CLEAN JOB OF IT. The Bank Cashier Got Away with the Whole Assets. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Speaking of bank robberies, the most remarkable case I have ever known was in a small Texas town near the Mexican line," said an old reporter, "and the man who figured in it was an old schoolmate of mine. He was a good fellow, and had worked his way up to the position of cashier. It was in one of the more prosperous towns and the bank was doing an immense business on account of the adjacency of some of the large cattle ranches. The bank was under the supervision of the federal government, and the inspectors had been around at intervals, and had always found the institution in a flourishing condition, and with the accounts of the cashier in good order. But it was all a trick in bookkeeping, yet one of those tricks which frequently fool the examiners. The fact was that the cashier had been carrying on a system of speculations for four or five years, and was hopelessly in the hole. One day the examiner dropped in and went over the books, counted the cash on hand, checked up the bills receivable, and all that sort of thing, and found everything on the square apparently. But the cashier was feeling a little worried. He thought the examiner had a suspicious look. The examiner left for some little town near by. The next evening the cashier happened to be near the depot when the train came in. He saw the examiner get off. He knew this meant something. He told his wife about the whole thing, told her he was hopelessly in the hole, that he was nearly a million dollars short, and he would have to leave. But before going he visited the bank and opened the vaults, and when he got through he had \$300,000 or \$400,000 in his trunk. He left for Mexico. There was no treaty at the time covering the offense of embezzlement, and he knew besides that he could protect himself at all hazards. The examiner went around to the bank the next morning, thinking that he would surprise the cashier. The cashier had switched the tables. The vaults were empty. I think the examiner found, all told, about \$185 in the bank. The cashier had the balance, and was out of reach. Guilty conscience had quickened the cashier's sense of danger, and he leaped just in time to miss the train. He was finally located in Mexico, and an officer from Texas arrested him, but the Mexican authorities would not give the officer a place to imprison the fugitive, and I suppose he is still across the border, prospering on the money he pilfered."

Recruits wanted for the Philippines. He glanced swiftly up and down the street. He guessed of what he was going to do. But no one was watching him, and he slipped into the building, and climbed carefully up a flight of creaky stairs. The door of the recruiting office was open, and a young officer was writing at a desk. He glanced up hastily as he heard the sound of footsteps in the room. "Well?" he questioned, sharply. Carew saluted. "I want to enlist," he said.—Rochester Post-Express.