The Line of Least Resistance.

of way to the east bound lim-There were three sharp blasts from the whistle, a wheezing of the brake-hose, a crash the rails until the creaking wheels came to a stop. Several passengers ventured out on the platforms, where they stood with collars turned up, hands deep in pockets, shivering and discussing the cause of the delay. The coach following the tender was a smoker, and was occupied by a company of United States volunteers, returning home after a year's service in the South. The men who came out of this car smoked cigarettes and pipes, and swore impartially at the weather

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 near the ground like a heavy fog. The flag depending from the roof of the to and fro in the wind. The sky was a swell a toy balloon." monochrome of dull gray, which blended naturally with the color of the earth. The clearing on each side of the track and dead undergrowth. To the left, on tapestry.

The air inside the smoker was heavy with the fumes of tobacco. So thick i was the haze that the soldiers, in their uniforms of a shade not much darker earth" than smoke, looked more like silhouettes than human beings. Faces were indistinguishable at three yards, and the sharpest evesight could not penetrate the length of the car. Out of this hive of smoke issued a constant buzz Dunk. of voices, subdued to a drone by the vibrant bass of the swaving trucks, skin. When the train stopped this sound swelled into a strident clamor, one part laughter, three parts grumbling.

lated wildly, after the manner of men can't express just what I mean, but that hazard small sums on games of damn it all, Dunk, I'd rather be rotchance. A soldier with more curiosity ting in the trenches at Santiago than than caution opened a window near streaking back home without having the players. A brisk puff of wind | fired a gun and I'll bet there ain't a swept in, gathered up the cards, and fellow in the company that doesn't feel distributed them to different corners of the car. The four gamesters closed | The tail soldier did not reply. Simiin for an attack. They pushed for- lar thoughts lurked in his mind. He ward, shoulder to shoulder, grappled beered through the water-seamed winwith the offender, and forced him to the floor where he squirmed, wriggled ing, and as he gazed, these charred and exhausted valuable breath in the boles became transformed. The gray invention of curious phrases. "Quit yeh foolin' and shut that win-

rear seats. "Want to freeze us out?" demanded

"You fellows must think we've beer summering on the North Pole," said a samer scarfs of smoke. Then the scene

warned a distant voice.

form loomed up through the smoke, eddying above the treetops on the a distant western city. He had few sleeves and he closed the disputed win dow with an air of authority. The five soldiers did not look upon

this act with the spirit of resignation and obedience that privates are supposed to exhibit in the presence of a

As they had been mustered out they considered themselves no longer under the tyranny of a man whose only claim distant treetops, followed by a second to distinction was the possession of three white stripes.

"What did yeh shut that window for?" demanded one of the belligerents. sergeant, calmly.

"It's none of your business, Dunk growled another member of the quin-"Yes it is, old man," was the smil-

ing retort. "No it isn't," mocked a third. "Well, what are you going to do

about it?" inquired the tall soldier, with a provoking inflection of the voice "We'll show you," said one of the "Show me what?" continued the ser-

geant, in the same exasperating man-"Show you that you're not bossing

this train," said a short soldier as he took hold of the window catch. "Don't raise it, Billy," warned the

Billy made no reply, but tugged at the window. "Because if you do," said the ser-

geant, "I'll toss you through it." The short soldier wheeled around in stantly, and started to peel his blouse. His tanned face was russet with rage.

"That kind of talk means fight," he said, speaking quietly with an effort, and you ought to know by this time that a fellow don't have to hunt very far for trouble in this crowd." "I just as soon fight. Billy, if that's

all you want. But what's the use?" "Well, why don't you mind your own business then?"

"Far's I'm concerned personally," explained the tall soldier, "I'd just as soon you'd open all the windows and doors, so you needn't get rambunctious I shut it on Carew's account-the cold air won't do him any good." He nodded toward a thin, hollow

faced soldier, sleeping in a nearby seat his head pillowed on a rolled blanket. "I forgot all about the Kid," said Billy, swearing apologetically, his face lighting up with good nature. "We'll call it off this time, Dunk." "Just as you say, Billy," laughed the

sergeant. He returned to his seat lighted his pipe and leaned back with grunt of satisfaction. Billy came down the aisle and took a seat beside his late antagonist.

What do suppose is the matter with him, anyway?" he asked, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the sleeping Carew. "Fever? More likely starvation," answered "When a fellow's off his feed ae doesn't relish sowbelly six days in the week, and horse meat on Sunday Prime him with some genuine grub

and he'd be as fine as felt in no time." "Great guns, Dunk, don't talk about table again. I'll bet I've forgotten how

to handle a knife and fork. "It's something like swimming." aughed Dunk. hang of it you'll never quite forget it.

wake nights thinking o' real things to eat-beefsteak and onlons, pumpkin ple

"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." Billy, lighting a cigarette.

"However it ain't done us any harm," continued the tall soldier, "and it will be something to boast about when we "You can boast about it until you're red in the fact," said Billy; "but I'm

not hankering after that kind of amusement. Four months at Chattanooga, in the rainy season, marching thirty miles every day through the mud to get into shape, and doing guard duty half the night; three months at Tampa. that rolled from the locomotive huddled broiling like a terrapin; four months at Havana, half-starved, half-sick, worked out. What do you get out of smoker was water-soaked, and wagged it? Thirteen per and glory enough to

"Ought to be satisfied you're alive," commented the tall soldier.

"It's no fault of the government that was covered with blackened stumps I am." Billy retorted. "When time's up they pack us like a lot of blooming the ridge of a low hill, against the lobsters in a leaky old scow. They sombre sky-line, was a fringe of apple stow us away in a cow shed at Satrees, their outlines so obscured by the vannah till we're mustered out; then blue of the rain that they looked like they send us North in a rickety old ma, and here we are, boxed up like they could have sent us home in three." "What do you want, Billy, the

Billy grinned expansively. "Nope," he answered, "just Monroe county. You can have Cuba and all

the rest of it." "You're an ungrateful cub." growled "You ought to be thankful you're coming home with a whole

"That's just the point," said Billy, with a scowl. "I've had enough of this tin soldier business; and I'm tired of In one corner of the car, near the playing marbles. If we had only done water tank, four soldiers were playing something down there, this year's pedro. They talked loudly and gesticu- work would have been worth while. I the same way.'

dows at the squat stumps in the clearand black landscape dissolved into a mob-like body of men rushing boltdow," bawled a voice from one of the wise across a soggy field, under a low sinister sky. From the distant fringe of trees flashed dashes and dots of fire. the signal code of death, and above the branches of the trees trailed long gosshifted. The clearing still stretched the field, were fantastic shapes, ghasttions. · Here and there were heaps of mangled bodies. Mired in the mud were dismantled guns and shattered carcasses of horses fallen in harness. Suddenly a black shape soared over th shape, then a third; until the sky was crowded with an ebon army of scavengers, croaking lustfully in anticipation of the feast. The tall soldier shiv-"To keep the wind out," answered the ered and shut his eyes from the horror of it all.

His companion touched his arm. Wonder how long we're going to stay in this God-forsaken place?" he

asked. The tall soldier started at the touch and he looked through the window a them at night, rolled up in a blanket trifle timidly, half expecting to behold the buzzards at their banquet. But there was the clearing with the blackened stumps, and the hill with the nights that shut in Havana, when the trees in the distance. "I'm glad," he muttered enigmatic-

"Glad of what?" gunted Billy. The tall soldier faced about in his

"I'm just glad that I'm alive and ir this train," he said, simply,

The long crescendo of a whistle floated down the track, and the signal was answered by two staccato blasts from the engine on the siding. There was a sudden swish, that swelled into a roar swept around a sharp curve, and like that of a cataract, and the Black from a gigantic catapult, leaving a der the weight of the wheels. clanged, and with a good deal of snort-

HE accommodation shambled on [I'll put in a few days training to get | long ribbon of smoke colling through to the siding to give the right back into shape again." the air. The engine on the switch of way to the east bound limmonth," said Billy, "I used to lay ing and puffing it rolled slowly for-

The noise broke Carew's sleep. He of couplings, and the flanges snubbed and dumplings. Ever that way, straightened up and peered through the water-stained windows.

"I say, Dunk, where in the deuce "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.

He studied the green sheet, whistling softly the while. "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 present a military appearance, burden-Thinese cryptogram. Oh, here we are. We left Geneva at 7.40, and it's now That brings us to Rochester Junction. That's the place we just habit. They carried no guns, and the stopped at. We'll be in the city in

wenty-five minutes." "I suppose there's a deputation of citizens to meet us," said Carew.

"And a gang of G. A. R.'s with a brass band, followed by the mayor and aldermen in carriages," added Billy. "The procession headed by a squad of policemen, with drawn clubs to keep back the crowds," continued Carew. "Don't build your air castles too

high," cautioned Dunk. "I don't imagine there'll be more than the faint traceries of figures on ancient | car jerked by an engine with the asth- | half the population out to meet us, not in this kind of weather. And this retramps, ten days on the road, when turned soldier business is about played out by this time. We're the third to get back, you know. And you must remember that we haven't done any fighting."

"Worse'n a blooming old homeguard," commented Billy, in a disgusted voice

"That isn't our fault." said Carew. "But you can't make the people believe that we're worth our salt," said Dunk. "If we were, why didn't they put us on the firing line? That's what

"And that's right," commented Billy, We're tin soldiers, and that's all here is to it."

Similar thoughts seemed to be in the minds of most of the men as the train drew nearer home. They became silent and pre-occupied. Cards were put away and pipes allowed to cool. Their resentment was coupled with a feeling of shame. A year before they had boasted of the great things they would do in battle. They had marched forth with flaunting pride, the heroes of the hour, their ears deafened by the shouts and cheers of thousands. And they were coming back untried, to take up the struggle of life where they had

dropped it a year ago. These thoughts were in Carew's mind as he lay back in the seat and watched the swaying bell-cord, and the rhythm over the words, "Didn't fight-fightdidn't fight-fight-didn't fight-fight." In his home coming, at least, there before his eyes; but there were no was little reason for clation. His long lines of men sweeping like blue mother had died since his enlistment, The battle came to an end as a tall waves across the spongy sod, no smoke and his only relative, a sister, lived in The tall soldier had chevrons on his slope of the hill. But, scattered over friends, none of whom was intimate ly, motionless. Arms were bent and his return. He thought of the few at this time. I guess you're all as dist room, Jephson was struggling with a heads were twisted in incredible posi- years he had been bookkeeping in the appointed as I am over the way things bank, and he experienced a feeling of have turned out, but we won't comdread at the idea of returning to such plain, boys. Every one of you has done

a monotonous existence. But he had his duty, and I don't know but what caissons, over them lay the huddled his living to make. He could not shirk it's just about as fine to serve by waitthis stubborn fact. He remembered the eventful day he joined his regiment. His fellow clerks were effusive in their good-byes, and even the president, a weak-faced little man, tried to impress everyone with his importance, patted him upon the back and made a few stereotyped remarks, assuring him, in many unnecessary words, that the institution was hon ored by having him numbered among its employes, and that his position his return. Carew had thought of under the Southern stars, as he listened to the wind in the pines. He had thought of them in the thick, greasy wind was city-ward and the lonely battlements to which the dull throbbing of the city's life only came faintly. He thought of them now, and the fancies of his brain seemed to find expression in the clickety-click-click of the wheels. Through the blurred window he caught occasional glimpses of sodden fields and gaunt trees, and these, too, were symbolical of the pres-

ent, and suggestive of the future. The engine grunted up a long grade. plunged across the unprotected rails Diamond Express shot by as if hurled of a sixty-foot trestle that purred un-The tall soldier turned to Carew.

HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

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



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

s ever," he remarked. "Home now," said Carew. are the 'Flats' over yonder. Used to go swimming there when I was a kid."
"Where are you going to put up tonight?" inquired the tall soldier, sud-

"Some temperance hotel, I guess; they're the cheapest.' "Better go home with me," suggested Dunk, "and rest up for a couple of days before going to work."

"I don't know as I ought to," he said, but the tall soldler brushed away further objections with a laugh. "You'll have to, old man. You've got to obey orders till you get those togs off. Besides, there's some A 1 cooks up at the house, and they'll lay themselves out on today's dinner."

Carew hesitated.

"That argument's too strong for me," said Carew.

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 ed with baggage, marching in lines of threes or fours, in ragged alignment, keeping in step only from force of absence of weapons made them look more like a company of hop pickers than soldiers. They swore solemnly at the rain that drizzled upon them and at the mud that clogged their feet.

There was no demonstration of any kind to welcome the men back. The people in the streets through which they marched paid but little attention to them, and as for the men themselves, they walked wearily along, with their heads down and looking neither to the right nor the left, oppressed by the weather and by their own thoughts. Even the captain trudged along at the head of his men, his eyes fixed moodily on the mud, his sword huddled in the hollow of his arm.

Once in turning into a side street they delayed a trolley car, and the moforman shook his fist and swore plcturesquely. They paid no attention to this; but when a newsboy called to a companion, "Say, Jimmy, what's oger without a gun?" they winced as f pinked by a spent bullet.

The gray walls of the armory were welcome sight, and the men rushed at double-quick through the great doorway with the eagerness of sheep that scramble into a barn after a long day's Blankets and bundles were drive. pitched in all directions, and the men drew up in a very irregular line and answered listlessly to their names as the adjutant called them from the muster, book. This duty performed, there was an awkward minute that seemed to stretch into an hour. The men looked at each other helplessly, and nervously shuffled their feet. The captain, standing three paces in front of his men, was ill at ease, and he toyed childishiy with his sword.

The silence became ominous. . . The captain cleared his throat, as if preparing for an oratorical effort. The men observed the signal and approved. "Speech," said a voice.

"Speech," went down the line, The captain's hand trembled just a of the wheels seemed to click over and little on the sword hilt. He glanced ongingly at the open door of the offiers' headquarters.

"Speech-speech-speech." the soldiers, highly gratified at these evidences of their commander's embarrassment.

There was no escape. "I don't know as I enough to feel deeply on the subject of say," he began, huskily. "Anyway, not face of a stream. In the rear of the ing as it is to fight. I know what you've all done, even if the people don't, and I feel sure that every man of you would be willing to go through the same thing again and for no other

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

The crooked file straightened instinct ively. Boot heels clicked, and shoulders were thrown back. Then, with the precision of a machine, every arm wung upward to salute, and every head was bared

The captain faced about. The arms of the men fell like levers to their

"Attention, company!" There was a slight ripple in the thin

"Break ranks!" But before the command was obeyed

the center of the line bulged outward One of the soldiers staggered forward, his hands clutching at the blue handkerchief about his throat. He reeled like a drunken man, and then dropped headlong to the floor. The men crowded around the pros-

trate figure. The captain forced his way through the blue circle. "Fall back, men!" he ordered. "Give

The soldiers obeyed instantly. Who is it?" he asked.

"Carew," answered a dozen voices. The captain made a hurried examination. When he rose to his feet his face was very grave. "Sergeant," he said, "telephone at

once for the ambulance. And don't allow a man to leave the building."

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. pleasant days he was strapped in an invalid's chair and trundled over the closely cropped lawn; and when his attendant became too indolent for this exercise, he was left under a wide- lack of cordiality in Wilson's manner spreading 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 minstrelsy of mid-summer insects. It had been a long and gallant struggle against the ravages of yellow fever, but Carew's naturally vigorous constitution won the fight. Wind and sun medicined him back gradually to health, and with each day he felt an improvement in his strength. The blood welled slowly into the shrunken veins and arteries, bringing a color to his drawn face, like the sap that brings the green back to the trees in the spring.

With the return of health came the

desire to take part again the af- swered Carew.

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fairs of the work-a-day world; so the

day after leaving the hospital Carew

anticipation of the welcome that would

be his from his old business associates.

There was Brown, the assistant ac-

countant. They used to lunch together

as he walked toward the business cen-

precision of a machine. There was no

hesitation in his movements; the flex-

ible fingers skimmed each note as light-

ly as a swallow's wing flecks the sur-

quents who wanted their notes re-

ed eagerly up to the grating.

"Hello, Will, how goes it?" he

"Don't you know me, Will?

The teller looked at him sharply.

oly, as he returned to his figures.

The teller looked up quickly.

'You Jimmie Carew?" he exclaimed.

Jimmie Carew."

Carew laughed.

"Yellow fever."

lucky to be on earth."

What was the trouble?"

"So the doctors said."

"How're you feeling now?"

"Tip-top-never better in my life

desk again. I've come to the conclu-

sion that there are worse places than

a bank, after all. It'll seem a little

strange at first to buckle down to regu-

lar business hours, but I'll soon get the

"I suppose you know that Brown's

"I'm glad of that," answered Carew,

"I don't believe Brown will like it

been doing your work?" Wilson asked.

for he won't mind my coming back.

any too well," said Wilson, dubiously.

What can I do for you, Mr. Johnson?

'Just move aside a minute, please,

A large, pompous man, flourishing

"Give me the cash for this, Wilson." Yes, sir." sald the teller, politely

picking up a bulky package of green

backs, and moistening his fingers on a

Carew was a little crestfallen as he

backed away from the plate-glass

and words, but he did not attach any

particular significance to them; so put-

ting unpleasant thoughts aside he made

his way back of the gilded grating and

announced himself to his friends. Jeph-

son was glad to see him, and asked him

two or three perfunctory questions;

then the conversation flickered and

went out. Loomis had time only to

shake hands and say he would see him

"Are you out of the army for good?

"What are you going to do?" asked

"Oh, yes," answered Carew. "I

later. Brown was visibly uneasy

mustered out four months ago."

Brown, rather nervously.

"Coming back to the

he inquired.

sponge. "Small or large bills?"

heavy cane, strutted up to the window

and presented a check.

plained.

Wilson was scribbling figures on

his face beaming with pleasure.

swing.

newed.

"And put me out of a job?" exclaimed the accountant, flushing angrinoticed. went down to the bank, cheerful in the ly. "That'll be a dirty trick, Jimmy." "How so, Fred?" Carew replied, surprised at his friend's words. "You'll

with a bitter laugh. "I filled your place every day. There was Wilson, the teller, and Jephson, his assistant, and all right and I'll quit the bank if I Loomis, the note-teller-all good felhave to give it up.' lows. Then he thought of the pompous "I'm sorry, old man, that you feel that way about it," said Carew, gravespeech with which the president would install him into his old place. Such ly, "but you know that I went away

go back into your old place, of course.'

"Not much I won't," retored Brown,

reflections were in harmony with the with the understanding that I was to mellow brightness of the morning, and, come back here.' "Well, I won't argue it with you, ter of the city, he squared his shoulders said Brown, "and I won't give it up and dropped into the familiar military without a fight."

Carew made his way quickly to the It was with a feeling of getting back president's office. 'That official did not home that he climbed the narrow appear to recognize him, so Carew inbrownstone steps of the City bank, and roduced himself. "Carew? Um-ah, yes, let me seehe found pleasure in lounging in the

hallway and gazing at the busy scene what did you do?" he asked, fingering before his eyes. It was a familiar his watch chain. sight to watch Wilson, in the teller's "I was bookkeeper, sir," answered cage, raking in and shoving out gold Carew, shortly. and greenbacks with the rapidity and "Yes, yes, to be sure. Stupid of me

to forget. That was some time ago, I believe. "A year and a half ago."

Carew's pale face flushed crimson. "I enlisted for the war," he answered brusquely. upon a high stool, intent upon a page of figures. Loomis was sweating in

"So you did, so you did," said the president, serenely. "I remember. H'm his cell-like office, arguing with delinery creditable-very." "I would like to resume my duties

in the bank," said Carew, coming to There was a full in the business at the point without any further delay. the teller's window, and Carew crowd-The president leaned back in his if they were financial charts. He rubbed the palms of his hands together softly.

small pad. He looked up with a frown. "Ah, yes; quite natural, quite nat-"What can I do for you?" he asked, ural." he said, blandly,

Carew waited in silence. "Let me see," murmured the president, "who is filling your old place?" "Mr. Brown."

"I never saw you." was his curt re-"Brown, yes, so he is. I believe that ne fills it acceptably, very acceptably, Carew was just a little embarrassed. He does alone what it used to take two "I haven't looked in a glass for several months," he said, slowly, "but the men to accomplish.' "I can do the work alone."

last time I did I recognized myself as "No doubt, no doubt; but I do not think it would be just fair to Brown day the examiner dropped in and went o remove him. He has done his work faithfully, and-" "Under the circumstances I can see

Well, I never would have believed it." o unfairness in it," Carew interrupted. "Well, I guess a year's soldiering and "And what are the circumstances, three months in the hospital are enough nay I ask?" The president's expreschange anyone's looks," he exsion implied nervous annoyance under a thin veil of polite indifference. "Is that so? Been in the hospital?

"The promise that I should have my old position when I came back." The president raised his eyebrows "Phew! you don't say? Well, you're slightly.

"Ah, indeed," he said, coldly, "And did I promise you that?"
"You did." Carew's face was aflame. And I'm anxious to get back to my

"Really. I have no recollection of any such matter," continued the president with the faintest suggestion of a sneer and raising his eyes till they met Carew's like leveled lances. "I have a distinct recollection of it

sir," replied Carew. The banker shrugged his shoulders.

"Quite likely-it would be to your inerest to have," he said with sarcastic emphasis. "What do you mean by that?" demanded Carew, clinching his hands, and resisting a surging inclination to

"You may make your own inference Mr. Carew," was the cool rejoinder, as the president resumed his writing. "But I don't understand," began Caew, but the president cut him short.

"There is nothing more to say on the

strike the man before him.

subject," he said, tartly, "my time is valuable. Good morning. After a month of tramping about the city in search of work Carew came to the conclusion that he was not needed in the world except as they need supers in a big production-just to fill in

He had learned in this short time that

the earth's big brown breast is not al-

ways kind to the children who cling to

it for sustenance.

It had been a long day and a disagreeable one, the cold autumn rain having fallen since daylight. He had spent his last money for a roll and a cup of coffee, early in the day, and now it was late in the afternoon. pace slackened, his shoulders began steadily to droop, and his arms hung listlessly beside him, and every move ment betokened weariness - great weariness. His clothes were Wet through and heavy, and he was faint from hunger. As he shuffled along the

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crouching gait a desire to escape un-

He was slouching along when his eve 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

WANTED-Men of good character, be-tween the ages of 18 and 35 to enlist in the United States army. Below this sign was a small placard which read: Recruits wanted for the Philippines. He glanced swiftly up and down

the street, as if ashamed 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

"Well?" he questioned, sharply. Carew saluted "I want to enlist," he said .- Rochester

A CLEAN JOB OF IT.

The Bank Cashier Got Awa 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 chair and studied his russet shoes as 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 cashler 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 cashler had been carrying on a system of speculations for four or five years. and was hopelessly in the hole. 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 cashler was feeling a little woried. He thought the examiner had a suspicious look. The examiner left for

some little town near by. 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 r \$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 \$1.85 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 penitentiary. 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."

A DUMAS STORY.

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 4,000,000 francs by his pen and spent it all lay on his deathbed,

attended by his son. "Look through my escritoire," said the dying man, "and see how much money there is in it."

A thorough search produced the

of thirty francs. "There!" exclaimed Dumas, with a of his old triumphant "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 slippery pavements, there was in his extravagant"