the path elect the shore ight with nowers that bloom and fade. Whether it be a scene ight with nowers that bloom and fade. Which save in visions, greet no human by turns, high above the grasses and green ferns Vaves the tall sycamore.

ossoms wither on the drying stalk, gentle showers unfed.

Still thou must tread that strand, And gazs on the horizon rolled in mist; 'Tis useless to complain or to resist; God holds thee by the hand.

And those that flood must cross; some strange moment shall thy path-way hend, Ere yet perchance its beauty is at end

ionally together in the Or some city fair,
Which opes its golden gates to thy repose.
Oh, happy they, who enter gates like those
That shut out all despair! But if the scene be black Or opens but to caverns vast and cold; Though thy fierce spirit be untamed and bold gerslake looked up at its conclusion like a baby,

"It is a singular case," said Moran, groping for light. "I believe-"
"Stop!" interrupted his friend, scratching his head. "I am trying to think."

For nearly a quarter of an hour Biggerslake sat bent in meditation. Moran followed him to the regions of thought, tracing circles in the air with his index finger.

"And so," said Cyrus, rising on a sudden and stringing speech onto wordless deliberations, "I will say good-by. Sorry to have troubled

you. The formula begot its stereotyped eply in Moran, more mystified than ever, and before his brain could con trol the machine movements of his tongue, Cyrus Biggerslake had gone forth from his presence, the complete martyr, leaving a faint odor of gasoline. The summoning of the automobile's master was productive of great journalistic activity, and the breeze of excitement even stirred the wings of the Press Club albatross.

Those fatal fragments: Presently the flaring Sunday editions showed their heads. The late Mrs. Biggerslake, the supposed victim of an automobile accident, sworp dead by her husband, certified dead by Dr. Falloon, buried to all pearances, was alive, and living with the aforesaid doctor at Los Angeles! The city rocked with laughter.

"Go East!" implored the martyr's friends. But Cyrus would notcould not.

"I have lost Sadie," he said, "but I will not lose San Francisco.' The fascination of 'Frisco held him in thrall. The erect alert carriage of the inhabitants, due to gazing up at the Twin Peaks from one end of Market street, and at the 'Spreckels column' and the Ferry Building clock from the other, had his heart.

Leave 'Frisco? Never! "Ridiculous sentimentalist!" cried

his friends, and vanished. It must; then, have been sentimentalism that took him periodically to the cemetery with brillians wreaths, and-arrived at the grave -a torn soul. A stranger, in conversation with one of the attendants observing his abandonment of grief servants held him back, to hold him at a distance, inquired the circumstances and the relationship of the dead.

"Oh, he's bughouse," replied the man, contemptuously. "Should Napa for his. The grave's emp -and so on, with the whole story embellished and enlarged.

But Biggerslake, his fat body shaken with sobs, hung his wreaths on the tombstone, oblivious, as far as might be, to the surrounding

"Bricks and my honor." he gulped. sinking on one knee.

In fact, Cyrus was quite happy .--T. O'B. Hubbard, in the San Franelsco Argonaut.

machine for the purpose of cleaning it and of making any repairs that may be found on inspection necessary, the proper way is not to take the whole thing apart, then to put scared by his frantic appearance, it together and next to test it to see shot their object skyward like a if anything is broken or out of place; rocket from their upturned eyes and but to test the machine before taking it apart, then to inspect each piece and mend or straighten it, and after that to clean the whole thing and assemble.

If, on the contrary, cleaning is ears and surged. But excitedly torn done before repairing, all the repaired parts will have to be cleaned again, thus not only increasing the cost of the job, but prolonging the time of delivery-which latter is a nearly bolted it whole at his friend's very important element when we are dealing with typewriting machines.-Scientific American.

> A Singer's Lungs. The singer at the end of the prac tice aria panted heavily

"I sang one hundred and ninety six notes that time," he said, "without once taking breath. 'Indeed! That must be

"No. The record is held by Courtice Pounds. Pounds sang three hundred and sixteen notes without respiration in 1898. The record previous to that was held by Farinelli, with three hundred notes. Norman Salmond has sung two hundred and

eighty-seven notes in this way. "It is wonderful what lungs trained singers have. The average man could hardly sing fifty notes without breathing, whereas to the singer two hundred would be nothing."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some Cat Superstitions.

Napoleon Bonaparte showed norbid horror of cats. The night before the battle of Waterloo a black cat passed near him, and at the sight the great warrior was completely unnerved. He saw an omen of de test. Henry III of France swooned whenever he saw a cat, and one of the Ferdinands of Germany would tremble in his boots if a harmless tabby got in the line of his vision.

Among the Romans the cat was symbol of liberty. The Egyptians eld the animal in veneration under the name of Acturus, a delty with a human body and a cat's head. Whoever killed a cat, even by accident, was put to death. Diana assumed the form of a cat and excited the fury of the giants.-London Mirror.

and bais, proportionately, than the making boat in the English Channel,

SOME WILD ANIMAL BOGIES.

which tradition clothes his ancestors. To round out these encounters into tales that bear the telling sometimes start out from their homes with taxes the ingenuity of even those pangs of uncertainty not unlike those inventive young heroes; but their task is fortunately lightened by the activity with which the public swallows the most ludicrous rumors that longer and traveled further than is promise something of a neighbornood sensation. The recent killing of a pet cinnamon bear near Conneaut Lake, Pennsylvania, by a this side of the ledger. Some years Grove City tyro is one more illustration of this senseless and unreasoning panic, something in which the forest upon him, is not prone to induige

Some one, frightened perhaps by his own shadow, if cast among the shadows of surrounding trees, gives the cry of danger; a number of excitable residents hear, see or imagine an unusual presence; the local papers print a few columns of gush about the "wild animal" roaming some wilder animal, gun in hand, too ignorant or too frightened to consider that a cinnamon bear, never a native of Pennsylvania, could only by any possibility be found therein through man's agency or ownership; and two homeless wanderers are sud-denly deprived of their pet companion and means of livelihood.

Not all "scares" terminate in an animal tragedy that draws attention so entirely from the ludicrous side, Some years ago, almost in this same neighborhood, a young man had his nerves considerably shaken up one night by the sudden passage of a strange animal across the road before him-this where no larger wild animal was to be expected than a coon or fox. The story was hardly credited at first, but during the next few weeks at least a dozen different people had a similar experience either a night or, in a few instances, in broad daylight. Some recognized a mountain lion; others a South American jaguar, while even the king of beasts was himself described with startling minuteness by one or two of the frightened witnesses. Some one finally missed a sheep. A dead calf that had been left unburied was found to be mutilated; then the carrying off of full-grown cattle was one of the strange visitor's reported pastimes.

With the possibility of such a visitant among them, even those who disbelieved the stories became interested, especially as the group of witnesses included some of the most solid and conservative people. seemed only the part of duty to rid the neighborhood of such a dangerous marauder, and an entire village under the leadership of a good citizen who was familiar with the woodlot, said to be the most frequently infested, started out one Sunday morning on an organized "wild animal" Some went because they con-

Cheap Electricity For Toronto.

Although there have been several great projects for utilizing power from Niagara to generate electricity on the Canadian side of the boun-States. One of the great companies second Canadian company has con-Before either of these proceedings will be permitted the approval of the Canadian electricity can be imported plications were made not long ago to Secretary Taft, but he has not yet announced his decision.

At least one of the big Canadian companies which has water wheels and dynamos at the Falls, however, is planning to find its market almost exclusively in Canada. Its line is already completed to Toronto. It really has two lines, one to be kept in reserve for use in case of accident. In order to test the transmission cables the electricity was switched on for a few minutes one night last The station in Toronto a month. which the wires terminate had been lighted previously with current from another source, but on the evening of the recent test every lamp was extinguished as a premilinary to the next step. When other switches were operated the lights all flashed up again, under the influence of current from Niagara. A sufficient length of time having clapsed to show that the line and other equipments were in perfect order, the cur rent from the Falls was shut off. We have seen no announcement of the date for beginning business, but everything is now ready.-New York

A shark, measuring nearly ten feet

The passing of the big game from tragedy and more than one member the more thickly settled districts has jof the hunting party understood it. gradually turned the romance of Nothing was killed, however; not sportmanship into an indiscriminate even the story. For weeks that mys-slaughter of everything that lives by terious animal was forced to appear the young herd worshiper, who at all sorts of inconvenient places seems to imagine that the destruc- not infrequently at the call of intellition of an inoffensive chipmunk in gent citizens, whose sincerity was not some way throws around his own to be doubted. Many a child went to shoulders the mantle of valor with and from school, an active sufferer from the stories it had heard, while not a few mothers saw their children

> experienced in pioneer days. The animal was never found; the story never killed. It finally lasted usual, and grew a little with each mile of travel.

Not always is the error tound on ago a party of young men brought a coon they had been following to bay somewhere within the ample shades the true hunter, with the courage of of a big poplar out in the open field. Knowing that the owner of the tree would not permit them to cut it, they sat down under it and patiently waited until morning, when they could see to shoot. Great was their surprise when the break of day revealed to them the fact that they had over their heads not a coon, but a wildcat of undobuted genuineness and generous proportions. The owner through the neighborhood; then of the tree afterward assured them that he would gladly have permitted them to cut it for the sake of seeing what would have happened when the wildcat dropped among them.

Doubtless the residents of a certain hamlet in northern Mercer County, Pennsylvania, still remember the excitement produced by a bear seen a number of times in the vicinity of a notoriously timid man's house. Usually the apparition came to him at night, but the tracks never failed to remain in the road where it had crossed, vivid daylight reminders. Once or twice, when unarmed, he encountered and was chased by the animal in the day time. Only a small part of the people who heard the story knew at the time, perhaps it may be news to some of them even now, that the marauder was a fake bear, arranged and manipulated by a young man and a few confederates.

In the midst of a mild "wild aniepidemic a prosperous farmer heard a noise at his barn one night, and hurrying on his boots, went out to investigate. Just outside the door a gust of wind extinguished his lantern, and setting it down, he stepped inside and swung the door shut after him, intending to feel his way to the stables, which would be moderately well lighted by the moon shining through the windows Almost the first step sent him headlong into the middle of the barn floor; he had tripped over some animal crouching where no animal had any right to be. There was a rush and scurry of feet, in which the farmer took a vigorous part, never stopping until he tumbled out into the open air and banged the door after him. Then he shouted to his family to bring a light and a gun;

he wanted to save his stock from the intruder. The gun reached him first, and impatient lest the beast should escape sidered it a duty; others out of or do further damage before the light curiosity; some because the rest were arrived, he cautiously opened the going; but in the crowd there were door and took careful aim midway doubtless some who had a secret between the two eyes he could see hope of returning with a full-grown glaring at him in the half light across African lion in their game bag or the floor. Just as he was about to else a secret fear that they would pull the trigger the light of a lanone at close quarters. Only a tern fell upon the crouching beast part of the array had guns or other and revealed-one of his own colts officient weapons, and only a few that had slipped its halfer, and tired of those who did were as dangerous of its investigations, finally laid to a wild animal as they were to down where its master soon aftertheir comrades. Needless to say, the ward stumbled upon it. Needless to greatest danger encountered was say, the colt was as badly frightened that from a boy or nervous man with as the farmer by the encounter, but a gun. A practical joker might in of course little knew the peril it was a moment's outburst of misplaced en- in while the old man was planning thusiasm, have furnished wholesale lits destruction.-Forest and Stream.

Machines and the Men.

There is one marked difference between machines and the men who operate them which should be noted. says the Scientific American. Madary, it has been proposed to sell chines, no matter how well they may most of the product in the United be cared for, depreciate from five to ten per cent. per year, owing to the on the other side has a contract to advent of other and improved matransmit its whole output to the old- chines, while men, if they are propest of the American companies. A erly cared for, may appreciate in value several hundred per cent, in structed an overhead line across the the same time. Yet as a general gorge, and its American representa- rule machines and tools are nurtive plans to convey the current to tured, fostered and preserved long Lockport, Rochester and Syracuse. after their period of usefulness has expired, while the permanency of service of the men of the organiza-United States Government must be tion who operate them receives comsecured. Under a law which was paratively no consideration whatever. passed by Congress a few months ago. It cannot be expected that the men of an organization will show any only when the War Department loyalty to a management that openly grants a license. The necessary ap- displays so little interest in their welfare.

Vitality of Seeds. The persistent vitality of seeds has often been doubted, and, while there is some doubt as to the reliability of reports of wheat taken from Egyptian graves of ancient date germinating when planted, many notable, if less wonderful, examples of Nature's preservation of the life of seeds come to life from time to time. One of the most noteworthy of these refers to seeds taken from Fort Con ger, about 400 miles from the Pole by the Peary party in 1899, having een exposed in this northern climate for a period of sixteen years, their presence there being the result of the Greeley expedition of 1883. Packages of lettuce and radish seeds were brought to the United States, and, after a further period of six years were planted, and, while the lettuce seed had lost its vitality, fully onehalf of the radish seeds germinated and grew to maturity and perfection

What's the Matter With Kansas Thirty-seven families from Iowa and Nebraska will locate in Lyon County before spring, and the Effioria Gazette says the poorest one is bringing with him \$7000 .- Topeka State Journal.

KNEW BIT CARSON

Jim Bridger's True Stories Which Nobody Believed.

The first white girl baby born with-In the Territory that is now the State of Kansas is living in Kansas City. She is seventy-six years old. She is Mrs. Susan A. Dillon. Her father built the first dwelling house in West-

"My father was Daniel Yoachum," said Mrs. Dillon. "He moved from Tennessee in 1829. He had not been married long. My mother's cousin, Major John Campbell, was Indian agent at the Shawnee Indian agency, which was a half mile east of where the ruins of Shawnee mission stand. My father and his bride came here and lived in that house for nearly a year while my father was looking

around and deciding where to settle. "In that Indian post trader's house I was born. There lived with the agent Captain Parks, chief of the Shawness, and many of them were camped around the agency. the first white baby they had ever seen, and they simply went wild over me. The squaws made me moccasins and clothing and wraps made of buckskin beautifully embroidered and decorated. They adopted me into the tribe. Until I was grown and had married they treated me as one of their own.

"My father took up a Government claim embracing all the land where Westport is now, and much more At that time the only building in all the territory covered by Westport was a little log store kept by an Indian trader. My father built a large hotel, and it was the second building there. It stood where the corner of Mill street and Westport avenue is now. It was built of walnut logs and was two stories high. It was known as Yoacham's tavern. There I lived until I was married.

"My father was a very popular man and much beloved. He was known as 'Honest Squire Yoacham.' He was the first justice of the peace in all this Western country. He performed all the earliest marriage ceremonies in this part of the country. People came hundreds of miles to be married by him.

"I remember Kit Carson very well indeed. He came East and stopped at my father's hotel for several He had married a squaw of the 'Root Eater' tribe of Indians, and they had a little girl. He had this little girl with him, and was taking her back East to be educated. He bought her outfit and had her dresses made in our house. She came to us dressed in buckskin and left dressed in as fine goods as could be bought then upon the border. She was about my age and was uncivilized. She pulled up all my mother's vines and was chewing the roots when we found her at it.

"Kit Carson was a nice looking man, of mild manners and a strong face. All of those old pioneers were mild-mannered men.

'Many a time I listened to old Jim Bridger's wonderful stories of the then unexplored West. He was one of the earliest and greatest of trappers. Indian fighters and scouts. He was known in Westport as the greatest liar that ever lived, but I don't think now that he told many lies. One of his greatest 'whoppers' was about a petrified forest that he had seen away out West. We know now that he told the truth about that, but no one believed him then, and I've heard many a laugh about Jim Bridger's 'yarn' of the petrified trees, leaves and even petrified birds singing in the branches. Of course, Bridger didn't tell all that; it was added on by the people who heard him talk."-Kansas City Star

Virtuous Deadwood.

For the first time in its history there is not a single county prisoner in the Lawrence County jail, and the board bill for county prisoners in June was less than for any month during the last thirty years.

Only a few years ago there-were forty-two licensed liquor houses in Deadwood; last July only thirty licenses were issued, and this year the number has fallen to nineteen. The old-time wild and wooly Deadwood is a thing of the past, and nothing but tombstones and memory reminds one of the days of Deadwood Dick, Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickok and Beauty of Brimstone Bar .-Deadwood correspondence St. Paul Dispatch.

Room on Any Floor.

"Give you the only room left in the house to-night," said Room Clerk A, of the Baltimore, as he dipped a pen and started to hand it to the new arrival.

Where is it?" said the man from Modesto, which they say is another Missouri for mules and show me people. "What floor is it on?" "Any floor you like; top, middle or office.

"Don't kid me, young fellow, want to sleep on the top floor.'

"All right. Front! Boy, put cot in the cage at midnight and tell Bennie to let the elevator remain at the top floor till morning." - San Francisco Chronicle.

The Luck of Things.

A Socialist gave the other day in a tavern some strange and ominous statistics about kings.

"There have been," he said. "about 2500 kings, rulers and emperors of whom history takes note. These gentlemen ruled over seventy-

"All of them engaged at one time or another in war.

Exactly 108 of them were exe cuted. Death by assassination was the fate of 151, and twenty-eight committed suicide."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Eyesight Important. The spectacled youth of pos

ayalque is becoming a great decorate of common at Sandhurst. It has ways been a mystery that the stan ad required for eyesight in no: In these days of very long ange firing, invisible uniforms and laugh signaling, good eyesight is of he utmost importance to a good off-er, and the lack of it may risk his nen's lives -- London Tuerb

THE PROMINENT CITIZEN

He has to wear a long frock coat. That's buttoned close up to his the His beard must always be in teim No rough and ready shave for him; He has to wear a high silk hat. (I wonder if he sleeps in that?)

—The Prominent Citizen.

He on the street must gravely walk;
He durst not stop to stare or talk;
His face must always wear a look
Of one who thinks things by the book
Kyegiasses must be on his nose.
(I wonder if he sleeps in those!)
—The Prominent Citizen.

ch week he must be interviewed ust air his thoughts in stately me here'er he rides, or sits, or statement have gloves upon his heat ust lift his gloves and say "Ah wonder if he sleeps in them!)

—The Prominent Citizen.

At public meetings he must be Upon the stage, where all may see That he's prepared to stand all tests On his Thoughts for Our Interests. He's always at our best and call. (I wonder if he sleeps at all!)

—The Prominent Citizen.

His brow is always deeply lined,
For Public Weal is on his mind.
I wonder what he thinks of fame,
I wonder what he thinks of fame,
Whatever fate may hap to see
I pray that I may never be
—A Prominent Citizen.
—A Prominent Citizen.



Mistress-"Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frogn' legs?" Nora-"Sure mum, I dinnaw. He wore pants."-Cornell Widow.

Mother-"There, Ethel, don't cry. The spanking hurt mother more than it did you." Ethel-"I know it. That's what I'm crying for."-Harper's Bazar.

Little Willie-"Say, pa, what kind of modesty is false modesty?" Pa-"False modesty is the kind other people have, my son."-Chicago Daily News

He-"I have half a mind, do you know--" She (soothingly)-"Well, even that is doing right well, I think; don't you""-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

There was an old person of Greece,
Who had an attractive young niece.
This made her so jealous
She swallowed the bellows
And her friends had a happy release

Mr. Jones (reading)-"Another fierce engagement in the Philippines." Mrs. Jones-"What is it?" Mr. Jones-"School teacher and army officer."-Judge. First Artist-"We must go to na-

ture for our subjects." Second Are tist-"Oh, that's easy, but where in thunder are we to go for our customers?"-Brooklyn Life.

Repartee. - "Age before beauty," said Falstaff, as he attempted to enter before the Prince. "No! Grace before meat," said the Prince, gently, as he pushed him from his path. -Life.

Sam-"Dey had a cock fight down at Goose Hill, en dey say Pete Green picked de winnah." Remus—"Yeas, de measly chicken thief stole de winnah en tuk it home en picked it foh dinnah."

Some folks can't mind their business.
The reason is, you'll find
They either have no business
Or else they have no mind.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Do you think the methods of the Trusts are strictly honorable?" "Of course I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "I don't know of anybody, that is more liberal or surer pay than a Trust."-Washington Star.

Tom-"I told her I would lay the world at her feet." Dick-"What did she say?" Tom-"She said 18 I was that strong I ought to be getting \$50 a week in vaudeville."-St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"And your son is taking a corresponding course in boxing?" "Yesp so he informs us." "Is he making much headway in his studies?" Well, so far, he is only able to lick

the stamps."-Toronto Star. California Gallantry.

"They told me the story of a wellknown gentleman of San Francisco, who, charging through all the smoke and flames and litter on the first day. of terror, came upon a fashionable lady of his acquaintance tradging along the middle of the street in her bedroom slippers with a window, curtain thrown over her shoulders, He stopped his automobile to offer her his assistance, explaining at the same time that the auto was all he had saved out of the wreck and even that had been commandeered by the soldiery.

"I, too, have lost all," she sighed. "All but your beauty," said he, with a courtly bow. "And you all but your gallantry,"

she retorted, smiling .- Sunset Magazine.

Submarines For Austria. The announcement is semi-ofi-

cially made at Trieste that Austria has decided on the adoption of submarines for the fleet. The Holland is the type chosen. Up to the present Austria has held aloof, and has steadfastly refused to experiment on her own account. As a late admiral sald: "Experiment always benefit others. We intend to be the others." The present chief, however, Count Montecucoli, deems that the time has come for action, and without waiting for credits, two Holland aubmarines have been ordere No doubt, however, is felt that the credits will be voted.

Youngest Telegraph Operator.

The Wisconsin and Michigan road claims the distinction of having the youngest telegraph operator in the world. This world wonder is located at Loretto in the person of Karl Mosa, who at the age of six can send and take messages from the wire with perfect case and intelligence.

with perfect case and intuilingnes.

Earl is the son of L. J. Moss, the operator at Loretie for the W. & M. road, and when quite young was taught the Morse code by his father. He is quite correct in his manipulation of the ker. His father and casployes of the road generally say be in the youngest operator they have ever heard of.—Iron Mountain correspondence Detroit News.



discovered San Francisco and Miss be an Englishman!" Sadie Van Vinka simultaneously This corpulent little man with one eye on Providence- (alluded to by his friends as "that horrible squint") tion, and was similarly adopted by the latter. Miss Van Vinka confessed there was really nothing in him; that he had merely captured her by an epigrammatical remark on her favorite poet, Austin Dobson, "that Giant in Trifles;" that she was dying to change her name; that he up to the very doors of society, there

had departed in peace. of double harness kindly when she proposed to him behind a potted he gaped like the mouth of Hades. palm in the Palace Hotel. He was suffering from one of his periodical tis of somnolent boredom, and, flying in his face from all directions though marriage had always been labeled in his mind as a splendid himself)-in the midst of all this, sin he would never have the courage to commit, when this dashing vision, with courage enough it seemed for the two of them, paused for reply, he coyly mumbled: "As soon as you like," and minutely inspected the

As his bride prospective was a "Van" and a popular society belle, and he himself a reputed millio aire, the press at once took the matter in hand, giving a generous measure of bold black type surrounding impressionist portraits, and, after havin connection with Miss Van Vinka, and commented disagreeably on Bigcerslake's Montana antecedents, they unanimously united in blessing the

happy couple, and let it go at that. The result, however, was quite nitiful. Cyrus Biggerslake discovered he was nassionately in love with his wife, while his wife dis covered that a leading physician, Dr. Charles Falloon, was the only man in 'Frisco for her. Not that Cyrus had ever let it appear he had still this discovery to make, or that Sadie let it appear her discovery was made. Both disposed of the matter somewhat in the manner of an experienced consumer of Manhattan

cocktails disposing of the cherry. Mrs. Biggerslake had the courage not one of those people with the fear of Sunday editions in their hearts. in fact, she was rather partial to headlines, but she was strongly averse to any vulgar scandal as became a late society belle and a having that nice discrimination in her character that enables Justice in this country to distin-

guish between a "rake-off" and a gratuity. The doctor became her cavaller and confidant, as Cyrus possessed his guide, philosopher, and friend in the person of Silas Moran, a prominent lawyer and "divorce specialist"-(as advertised); and, fortified by her girlhood's experiences in France (where they manage these things so much better), it must be conceded that she handled all parties concerned with cosummate skill. Her husband's "unfrisean" proclivities, those very traits that had originally attracted, early started the wheel of Fate. He obstinately re-

fused to "take his position" in so-"My little Masticator," he would say, reaching up to dab a cautious thrilled finger into cosmetical snowyness, "San Franciscan society ways reminds me of popular photo-graphs of the moon." Sadie, with Sadie, with her pearliness impaired, her temper ruffled, and her brain awhirl in labyrinths, would have gnashed her teeth with rage had they

not been firmly embedded in gum. What was to be done with a man who had even written a book?though in truth it had never been published and Silas Moran was the only reader thereof-to return it to his anxious friend with laconic criti-"The-er-punctuation

admirable The gist of the matter was that, in marrying a man with nothing in him, as she thought, she had married a man with a great deal in him, though the soundings seldom proclaimed a tepth of more a few inches anywhere. Dr

Falloon was no villian-"In tragic life, God wot, No villian need be

he was only Sadie's long felt want; a man of little or no individualism, cast iron in manner, to be broke but not bent, but with just enough for her purpose, of the sentiment peculiar to young nations, that enters tore or less into American charac-

'He is totally ignorant of bridge thinks gambling sinful, abhors racing, and is odiously polite," she confinded with heaving bosom into her
doctor's "cold, calculating ear," "He
calls her a 'Jesuit in disguiso' and
chucklos. He says he comes from feelings were materializing.

During the reading, executed in nechanical monotone (the reader's thoughts being engrossed in himself), Moran, with his palms pressed tude of prayer, wrinkled his brow and pursed his lips unavailingly. He falled entirely to discover what was required of him. The letter afforded him no clue, being simply the senseless verbal vitriol of a slily woman, flushed with victory and the spoils thereof, who, not content with knocking her aversion down, must needs return to inflict fresh torture on the dazed victim. It seemed, however, that in this case the hot shot had gone astray. Cyrus Big-

with an almost pleased expression

Think not to shun the view, r hope to tread again thy earthly past rathe forth one prayer, be it thy first or

Nor heed's the body's rack,

Fo heavenly and serene-

And bid this life adieu. Scribner's Massaine, 1854.

BRICKS AND HIS HONOR. The Story of Cyrus Biggerslake, Complete Martyr.

Biggerslake, of Montana, | Montana, but"-appalled-"he must Grim-featured Falloon, whom she had trained to stand on his hind legs a la Dr. Johnson's dog, gave her complete satisfaction. Mystery -adopted the former without ques- stalked a-tiptoe. "Shade of Boccaccio, we are burning expensive incense!" and so it was plotted.

In the midst of his petty hustlings -rushing in, rushing out, between intervals of "browsing" in his library; sudden gusts of passion that compelled him to dance attendance was so like a little dog of hers that to hand Mrs. Biggerslake out of automobile, bow, twiddle his Mr. Biggerslake took to the Idea mustaches, and betake himself off; moon-struck periods during which swallowing his wife's little sins of omission and commission that came -("Caesar's wife!" he whispered to with hints and warnings thrown clean over his head by well-meaning enemies, and muddy insinuations cast by friends falling from his unstained heart, Cyrus Biggerslake, running out of his library one summer's day, bubbling over with importance, fell plump against Death

and Tragedy in a grim procession passing through the hall. Picture the poor little man, with arms flung aloft and blanched face, a wobbling note of interrogation! Dr. Falloon, pale and bloody, treading raked up a few dubious scandals ing by the stretcher, gazed solemnly at him, finger to lip. Friends and up a minute later, when the conclusive word, flitting on breathless wings from tongue to tongue, fluttered at last within his ear and

sucked his senses from him. Judge then of the stir among the brethren of the pen when one blazing October forenoon Cyrus Biggerslake whirled down Market street in his automobile like a tornado, urging his mahout to slay and spare not the already outraged speed regula- world. tion, and with waving arms and specimen oaths from Montana, darted under the brandished police-

batons, and turned the corner into Montgomery street on two wheels. The fraternity resurrecting their of Pacific Coast opinions. She was features from foaming schooners, Cleaning and Taking Apart Machines. real or imaginary, streaming in frantic pursuit, found the chariot indeed-the mahout panting explanations to the scandalized majesty of law-but within the building, whither he had fled, an elevator boy,

lolling tongues. "Elijah leaves us his mantle," quoth a brother, diving onto an envelope addressed to Biggerslake in feminine hand. The pack pricked

apart the envelope was found to contain-nothing. Silas Moran, chewing a choice Trinidad over the morning's mail, cyclonic advent. Sinking into a padded elbow chair in the lawyer's sanctum, Cyrus could only toss his hands and jerk about: "My wife-my wife----" puffing noisily. Moran recovered himself, discarded the ci-

Yes, my dear old friend," he said at last soothingly, "the loss of your good wife must be a terrible grief to you, but-"Good wife!" shricked Cyrus, suddenly recovering his breath. wife indeed! She's not dead, Silas.

gar, and waited in curious patience.

The whole thing was a put-up job. She's gone off with Falloon. Jeers at me from Los Angeles." His voice broke into a scream, and

he threw his limbs about like a rudely handled jointed doll. "Keep quiet! Be calm!" detonated Moran in the voice that has crushed many a cock-sure witness into a quivering heap. "Good heavens, Cyrns, if every man in 'Frisco whose wife had strayed behaved like you, the city would be an inferno."

The deserted husband controlled himself with a great effort. "Listen, I'll read you her letter," he said, pulling out the crumpled communication whose erstwhile covring at that moment reposed in a dozen fragments in the pockets of

"Then the comn containednterjected the lawyer. "Bricks," replied Bricks and my honor.' The phrase caught his fancy.

the press.

"Bricks and my honor," he re-Already his passion was dying from exhaustion; his future pose illuminated the skyline of his thought The picture of a grave, gray-haired pacing slowly down the years

By XENO W. PUTNAM.