

DELILAH AND THE MAGNATE

By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN.

Frederich Plotman, sitting lonely and unnoticed among the crowd in Lady Babington's drawing-room, looked, and was, irritable and disappointed, for, as he would have expressed it, he felt "quite out of it." Like many a Colonial Somebody who visits England for the first time, he had been as shocked as surprised to find that men like himself are Nobodies there.

Being small minded and given to looking for ignoble motives, he attributed it to jealousy, or snobbery, or prejudice against Colonials with un-English names.

He was, therefore, a little puzzled and flattered at the obvious interest manifested in him by the handsome, stately woman who had sung twice to Lady Babington's guests.

He was certain that she was singing at him. True, there was nothing in the words of her songs, so far as he could recognize them, that fitted any event or emotion of his variegated life, but that the eloquent brown eyes of the singer were mostly fixed upon him he began to feel uncomfortably certain.

He was not surprised when, a little later, Lady Babington gilded up to him conveying the singer.

"Miss Turland is anxious to know you; she is very much interested in South Africa," her ladyship gushed. "Doesn't she sing divinely? You must hear her next Monday. You will, won't you?" and, with a patronizing pat on the shapely arm of her protegee, she sailed off, leaving the singer to justify the introduction.

Plotman began with a fulsome compliment upon her singing, which Miss Turland gracefully waved aside and came to the point.

She hoped he would excuse her being late, but she did so wonder whether he could tell her anything about a great friend of hers who had been missing somewhere in South Africa for several years. She was sure Mr. Plotman must know him.

Plotman was relieved. He had quite expected to be badgered to buy tickets for Monday's concert, but when several minutes had passed and that subject was not opened up he began to wonder what was the real objective. That the South African friend was a myth he felt certain. The questions about him were vague and awkward. He was becoming bored when his interest was suddenly

interrupted.

Miss Turland somehow introduced the name of Dowager Lady Boothie. In what connection was not very clear. What Plotman gathered was that her ladyship was a very great friend of that embryonic vocal star, and would do anything for her.

He encouraged Miss Turland to continue her eulogies and advertisement of the dowager, for it happened that the ladyship was among the persons whom it was his special desire to know, for she was rich and an inveterate gambler in shares.

So he laid himself out to be very agreeable to Miss Turland. He could be very entertaining to women when he chose, in a half boisterous, half submissive way that amused them.

When he lingered over Miss Turland's hand saying an revoir that night he jubilantly noticed that she made no sign of hurry to withdraw from his grip, and he knew that he had made the deep and favorable impression he had striven for. Being not altogether brutal, he could not repress a slight consciousness that he was playing a contemptible game. He was cozening the singer as the policeman is said to conciliate the cook, for sordidly material ends.

But, unlike him, Friederich Plotman's need was urgent, for he was a distressed minor magnate, reduced to the humiliating necessity of peddling shares in West End drawing rooms.

He had come to London with £2,000, advanced by the bank which held all his available marketable scrip as security for old loans, and with it was endeavoring to place the hundred thousand shares in the New Jericho Extension—a new company hurriedly formed to raise funds for saving the parent property. If it went through Plotman was not only saved, but made. If not—debacle!

Within a week Plotman was a devoted personal attendant on Miss Turland. A rising singer is permitted a latitude in the matter of cavaliers which carries no penalty of malicious gossip.

Somehow, the lady always contrived prettily to postpone the promised introduction to the dowager.

"Leave it to me," she said; "I know how to manage the old lady. She is obstinate, and, like all such, prefers to believe that everything she does is her own initiation. If you begin to talk business to her she would probably be rude. Believe me, she will eventually come to you, and then you can dictate your own terms."

As a combative business man, Plotman worshipped success, and he recognized and admired profoundly the wondrous way in which Gladys Turland was commanding it. She was making rapid headway in her profession. As yet she was but a favorably known contributor to the entertainments of the rich, but she was extending her conquests by successful forays into the drawing room to the concert platform, and Plotman was satisfied that it was her irresistible magnetic personality and cleverness which overcame all obstacles. She was just the type of wife for an ambitious, pushing man—the only woman he had met so far that he desired in that capacity. He would marry her.

It was at a grand drawing room entertainment, at which the rising soprano had scored a flattering success, that Plotman was spurred, to act upon the impulse to put his fate

"I may take you at your word," she answered, and held out her hand. He seized and kissed it. "To-morrow at this time."

It is a good sign that you have come," she said. Her manner was more cordial, almost tender.

He sat beside her on the couch, but did not attempt to touch her. "I must speak plainly, offend you," she began. "You won't object?"

"Go on, say all you wish—as you wish."

"Lady Boothie, as you know, is my dearest friend. I do nothing without consulting her. She knows of your offer to me, but she suspects you. She says you are a man who will make any promise to effect your object."

"I have been slandered," he interrupted, sadly.

"She mistrusts you, and suspects your intentions toward me."

He was on his knees, protesting tearfully.

"How can I prove I am honest?"

"Easily. You are a very practical man; she is a practical woman; and this is her proposal: Make over to me ten thousand shares in your new company to hold as a guarantee that you will marry me within two months." She spoke with an effort.

"I will. You shall have them to-morrow." In two months he would be worth two pounds apiece," he said jubilantly, and he proceeded to expatiate on the prospects of the New Jericho Extension. But he did not explain that the shares he proposed handing over were vendors' shares, which he had promised his co-directors not to place on the market.

He left her happier than he had been since her personality had enthralled him, content to obey her injunction not to call until sent for.

Two days later his broker sent for him in hot haste. The limited market for New Jericho shares had fallen to pieces. The shares were tumbling to waste paper price.

The financial columns of the evening papers devoted a few lines to the matter, explaining that the slump had been caused by the placing on the market of a large parcel by inside holders.

Next day a financial paper had a damning article on wildcat schemes in general and New Jericho in particular.

"His wife!" he gasped at last. "Yes, my wife, you bound!"

Plotman turned his head and saw entering the room his old partner—the man who had discovered the reef that had become the famous and once prosperous Old Jericho mine, the man whom he had left sick unto death in the veld.

The two gazed at each other for several moments; then Burnley spoke:

"I should like to thrash you," he said, "but I might hurt you and spoil the best part of your punishment. You are a ruined man to-day. That is enough for me. This scheme has been my work. It has planned out well, eh?"

Plotman stood silent, as if dazed and about to faint. Twice he began to speak, but no articulate sound would issue from his mouth, till, with an effort, he forced a harsh, unnatural laugh.

"You have scored, Charlie, and you can't complain because I have had my innings. It was all in the game."

"All in the game to desert a pal when he was down with fever? To leave him to die of thirst and starvation while you robbed him of his claims?" Burnley almost shouted.

"You would have done the same," was the sneering, cynical retort.

There was a swift blow, an agonized "Oh!" from the victim, and a shrill shriek from the woman as Plotman crashed to the floor.

He lay prone for a minute or so, then gathered himself up. His face was bleeding, but he was not much hurt.

"I want my money—the money she got for those shares. It is mine," he said coolly.

"Say please, sir, and you shall have it," Burnley retorted with savage contempt.

Plotman hesitated.

"Say it, quick!"

"Please, sir, give me my money."

"I will, when I please. That will be when I hear that the bank has foreclosed on your securities. If you had it now it might pull you out of the fire, but I'm going to enjoy seeing you thoroughly finished. It's my turn to-day; I have waited years for this."

"Let him go, Charlie. Gladys pleaded. "You have punished him enough."

She went to the door and opened it. Plotman gave one glance at both, picked up his hat, and passed out.—The Bystander.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The poorer a man is the more he favors an income tax.

Some men sit on others while trying to stand up for themselves.

Keep an eye on your friends; you know what to expect of your enemies.

Many a slow man throws on the speed lever when he starts down hill.

Beware of your little fellows. Mosquitoes are more bloodthirsty than lions.

Two-thirds of a woman's worry is due to her continuous efforts to have her own way.

It is easier for the tailor to measure a man than it is for him to measure his bank balance.

If a young man shows a decided bent to get rid of his money it won't take him very long to go broke.

It's queer how some people imagine they are having a good time when they do things you dislike.

At some period in a man's life he firmly believes that all his friends have conspired to injure him.

Occasionally a man is so suspicious that he imagines you are trying to poison his dog every time you throw him a bone.—From "Humanisms," in the New York Journal.

The Pathfinder Joke.

During the automobile races held in Savannah, Ga., last November a good story was told of two young men from New York City who spent the week there.

The young men arrived in the Georgia city on Tuesday morning and after getting quartered at the De Soto Hotel started for a stroll down Bull street. Knowing that the State of Georgia was "prohibition" and expecting to find the lid on tight in Savannah, they ventured to locate a "speakeasy," where they could obtain some of the "ardent" in the event that their supply should run out. It was just then a large Irish "copper" was overtaken by the boys. Taking him to one side he was asked in a very confidential way if he could give them a tip as to where a stranger could get a little drink "in case of sickness," assuring him they were quite willing to pay for such information.

He at once led the strangers down the street and halted in front of the Benedict Presbyterian Church, and pointed to the handsome building. "Almost overcome with astonishment, one of the youths said, 'My goodness, officer, you don't mean to tell us we can get it here!'"

"No," replied the copper; "but you can get it anywhere else but here."—Harper's Weekly.

Judge Will Wait.

An earnest plea was made by Attorney Charles Pettijohn to Judge Pritchard, of Criminal Court, for leniency to a client who had entered a plea of guilty to larceny. The burden of the attorney's argument was that his client was the father of twins, and was tempted to theft in order to feed the mouths of the infants.

"Your honor, I will say frankly," said Mr. Pettijohn in closing, "that if I were the father of twins and needed food for my family I would not hesitate to go out and steal it."

"Mr. Pettijohn, when you are the father of twins I will consider your proposition," said Justice Pritchard.—Indianapolis News.

No Hurry.

Sunday School Teacher—"Don't you want to be an angel, Tommy?"

Tommy—"I ain't in no hurry. The baseball season's comin' pretty soon."—Omaha Bee.

The czar of Russia, with 90,000,000 acres, is the biggest land owner in the world.

WOMAN'S REALM

Strange Fuss Over Fashions.

It is curious how each new fashion never fails to provoke general discussion, the weight of it satirical or cynical. As if there could be anything strange in anything done by women! Fashions everlastingly are altering, and the wise mortal is proof against surprises. A year ago there was all the fuss about the Merry Widow hat. Last summer it was the coming of the Directoire gown. Then it was the huge spread north, south, east and west of the early winter hat, and now it is the hat shaped like a bowl! What's new about that? Have you forgotten that a bowl formed a hat on the Mad Hatter's head while his hair was being cut? Once there was great talk and splutter about the bloomer, but we soon got used to it. Again, there was caustic comment when the divided skirt came in, but we accept it now without a murmur, just as we accept the young woman who rides astride. Foolish to worry over any fashion, however ridiculous. Nothing will prevent women obeying the dictates of the fashion designer, and why not receive the bowl hat complacently?—New York Press.

A New Fancy in Coats.

Transparency is to be the keynote of the summer fashions, and the art of being graceful in scantiness is about to be superseded by that of looking airy. The materials in which the summer girl will float are cloud-like. Most amazing are the coats and wraps made of chiffon and gauze. They are marvelous triumphs of dressmaking skill, and can only be fashioned by an artist. "The simple life is fast disappearing," said one woman, "and we of limited purses have a harder time of it each season to keep in the swim. This newest whim of fashion, the transparent coat, is palpably a money making scheme

of the modistes. It is necessary, of course, to own one or two of these perishable creations, which hard usage or inclement weather will quickly destroy. Then we invest in other butterfly affairs, and so the game by which we lose money quickly, and the big importing houses make it, quickly, goes merrily on. There is one redeeming feature to the costly business, however, for, arrayed in such apparel, we cannot fail to look well."—New York Press.

Modjeska.

Helena Modjeska, Countess Bozenta, had the most romantic and pathetic history of any actress who has graced the modern stage. In Poland, her native land, her artistic and refined nature brought her into prominence as an actress and pointed to a triumphant career among her own people. But the curse of politics held her in its grasp, and she awoke one sad morning to find herself an exile bereft of home and resources.

Then she sought refuge here, having mastered the intricacies of the English language, and was among the very first of foreign stars to assume prominence on these shores.

Her forte was always the classic drama, to which she brought a certain sweet womanliness that was very charming. Her slight accent added to her reading, but the delight of her work lay in her close fidelity to nature and in the artistic but untheatrical methods she employed.

The closing years of her life were not entirely happy, for she always hoped and prayed for the day when she might return to her beloved Poland and receive the exoneration which was her just due. Her favorite line in "Mary Stuart," which seemed to sum up all her desire, read, "My dearest, 'twas not to be!"—Boston Post.

Just Don'ts.

Don't scowl or frown or knit your brow. An unlovely expression will counteract perfect features.

Don't mouth or bite your lips or hang your lips open. Twisting and contortion do not improve an ugly mouth and ruin a pretty one.

Don't squint or wink your eyelids or attempt "go-go" expressions. Your eyes may not be glorious orbs, but if left as nature made them they will attract less unfavorable notice.

Don't look coquettish or pose or smirk. Naturalness is one of the biggest factors known.

Don't slap on peroxide or bought locks under the impression that the world is easily fooled. All three have their places, but should be used sparingly.

Don't wear unbecoming collars or hats or gowns just because they are the style. No one is so beautiful that she can afford to be a slavish follower of fashion.

Don't try to look younger than you are nor older than you are, nor as if you had more money than you have. The girl who apes womanly clothes is as unlovely as the old woman who tries to be kittenish; while attempted finery is hopelessly inartistic.

Don't neglect the value of sunlight, fresh air and a good digestion as beauty makers. Live out of doors and eat sparingly and the measure of beauty that is yours will be sensibly enhanced.—New Haven Register.

A Lighthouse Keeper.

Miss Laura A. Hecox, who for twenty-seven years has tended the light of the Santa Cruz lighthouse, has but recently returned to her post from the last of the six vacations she has taken during that period. Since

COMMERCIAL COLUMN

Weekly Review of Trade and Latest Market Reports.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

"With bank clearings outside New York 15.9 per cent better than last year and 24.5 per cent better than in 1905, and in New York 24.1 per cent larger than in 1905 and 1.3 per cent larger than in 1906; with railroad earnings for the month of April showing a gain of 13.9 per cent over 1908, and only 10.3 per cent decrease as compared with the banner year of 1907; with immigration 215,000 larger than last year; with imports much greater than in 1908 and nearly equal to 1907; with a distinct gain in the iron and steel trade in both orders and prices; with a hardening tendency in copper; with works of new construction going rapidly forward, the trade situation seems to afford ample grounds for the prevailing belief that as soon as tariff revision is out of the way the last obstacle to a full restoration of normal industrial and mercantile activity will be removed."

Bradstreet's says:

"Improvement in retail trade, some regaining of lost ground in farming operations and a distinctly more optimistic feeling as to trade for the future are the leading favorable features in this week's reports to Bradstreet's. Jobbing and wholesale trade for immediate delivery shows between-seasons quiet, but fall trade is developing a better tone and enlarged demand."

"Business failures in the United States for the week were 214 against 268 last week, 248 in the like week of 1908, 154 in 1907, 162 in 1906 and 158 in 1905."

"Wheat, including flour exports from the United States and Canada for the week aggregated 1,452,963 bushels, against 896,312 bushels last week and 1,956,883 bushels this week last year."

Wholesale Markets.

New York—Flour—Receipts, 17,444 bbls.; exports, 4,084. Dull but firm. Rye flour quiet. Corn meal firm. Rye dull. Barley firm; malting, 76¢ 78¢. c. i. f. New York; feeding, 75¢ 76¢. c. i. f. New York.

Wheat—Receipts, 69,000 bu.; exports, 6,985 bu., at market; No. 2 red, 143¢ nominal, f. o. b. aboat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 1.36 1/2, f. o. b. aboat; No. 2 hard winter, 1.36 1/2, f. o. b. aboat.

Corn—Spot firm; No. 2, 83 1/2¢ elevator and 81, f. o. b. aboat; No. 1 white and No. 2 yellow, 81, f. o. b. aboat.

Oats—Receipts, 38,125 bu. Spot strong; mixed, 26¢ 32 lbs., 60¢ 61¢; natural white, 26¢ 32 lbs., 61¢ 62¢; clipped white, 34¢ 42 lbs., 61¢ 62¢.

Butter—Easier; receipts, 6,247 pkgs. Creamery specials, 29 1/2¢ 30¢ (official 29 1/2); extras, 29; held creamery, 21¢ 27.

Cheese—Barely steady, unchanged ed; receipts, 1,626 boxes.

Eggs—Barely steady, unchanged receipts, 27,763 crates.

Poultry—Alive steady; chickens broilers, 30¢ 35¢; fowls, 17¢ 17 1/2¢; fowls, 15¢ 16 1/2¢.

Philadelphia—Wheat—1c. higher; contract grade, May, 141¢ 143¢. Corn—Firm, 1/2c. higher; May 80¢ 81¢.

Oats—Firm, 1c. higher; No. 1 white natural, 62¢ 62 1/2¢.

Butter—Firm; extra Western Creamery, 30c.; do., nearby prints 31.

Eggs—Weak and 1/2c. lower Pennsylvania and other nearby brands free cases, 22 1/2¢; at mark; do., current receipts, in returnable cases 21 1/2¢ at mark; Western brands, free cases, 22 1/2¢ at mark; do., current receipts, free cases, 21¢ 22.

Cheese—Firm; New York full cream, choice, 15 1/2¢ 16c.; do., fat to good, 14 1/2¢ 15 1/2¢.

Live Poultry—Firm; fowls, 17¢ 18c.; old roosters, 11¢ 12¢; spring chickens, 28¢ 32¢; ducks, 14¢ 15.

Baltimore—Wheat—The market for Western opened strong; spot 1.49; July, 1.17.

Selling prices were: No. 2 red Western, 1.50; contract spot, 1.50 steamer No. 2 red, 1.47; steamer No. 2 red Western, 1.47.

Corn—Contract, 80 1/2¢; No. 1 white, 81 1/2¢; steamer mixed, 76 1/2¢.

Oats—We quote: White—No. 2 57 1/2¢; sales, No. 3, 60¢ 61¢; No. 4 57 1/2¢ 58¢. Mixed—No. 2, 58 1/2¢ 59¢; No. 3, 57 1/2¢ 58¢; No. 4, 56¢ 56 1/2¢.

Rye—No. 2 Western, export, 88¢; do., uptown, 88¢ 89¢; bag lots, as to quality and condition, 75¢ 84.

Hay—We quote per ton: No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$15.50 16.00; do., small blocks, \$15.50 16.00; No. 2 timothy, as to location, \$14.50 14.50; No. 3 timothy, \$12.50 13.50; choice clover mixed, \$13.50 14.

Live Stock

Chicago—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000 head. Market steady. Steers, 45¢ 7.25; cows, 44¢ 6; heifers, 43.60 6.75; bulls, 44¢ 5.25; calves, 43¢ 7; stockers and feeders, \$3.30 5.60.

Hogs—Receipts, (estimated), 17,000 head. Market strong. Steers, 5¢ higher. Choice heavy shipping, \$7.35 7.45; butchers, \$7.30 7.45; light mixed, \$7.05 7.15; choice light, \$7.15 7.20; packing, \$7.25 7.30; pigs, \$6.25 6.75; bulk of sales, \$7.15 7.25.

Sheep—Receipts, 11,000 head. Market strong to 10c. higher. Sheep, \$3.75 6.50; lambs, \$6.50 9.35; yearlings, \$6.50 7.

New York—Bees—Receipts, 1,626 head; nothing doing in live cattle; feeling steady. Dressed beef in fair demand at 9 to 10 1/2¢.

Calves—Receipts, 284 head; market firm. Veals, \$5.50 7.00; culs, \$5. Dressed calves strong; city dressed veals, 9 to 13c. per lb.; country dressed, 8 to 11 1/2¢.

Hogs—Receipts, 14,000 head; market 5¢ 10c. lower; top, \$7.35; bulk of sales, \$6.75 7.20; heavy, \$7.20 7.35; packers and butchers, \$6.85 7.25; light, \$6.75 7.15; pigs, \$5.25 6.65.

Kansas City, Mo.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000 head, including 900 Southern; market steady to 10c. lower. Choice exports and dressed beef, \$6.15 6.75; fair to good, \$5 6.10; Western steers, \$5 6.60; stockers and feeders, \$4 5.75; Southern steers, \$5.25 6.50; Southern cows, \$3.25 6.25; native cows, \$3 5.75; native heifers, \$4.25 6.50; bulls, \$3.85 5.25; calves, \$3.75 7.

Hogs—Receipts light, dull, lower. Prime heavies, \$7.50; mediums, \$7.40 7.45; heavy Yorkers, \$7.50; light Yorkers, \$7.15; pigs, \$6.80 6.90; roughs, \$6 6.60.

We Believe =

That right living should be the fourth "R" in education. That home-making should be regarded as a profession. That health is more the business of the individual than of the physician. That most illness results from carelessness, ignorance, or inemperance of some kind. That as many lives are cut short by unhealthy food and diet as by strong drink. That the upbringing of children demands as much study as the raising of cattle. That on the home foundation is built all that is good in State or individual. That the spending of money is as important as the earning of the money. That economy does not mean spending a small amount, but in getting the largest returns for the money expended. That the home-maker should be as alert to make progress in her life-work as the business or professional man. That the most profitable, the most interesting study for women is the home, for in it centre all the issues of life. That the study of home problems may be made of no less cultural value than the study of history or literature, and of much more immediate value.—Farmer's Voice.

of the closer contact he yearned for. He stood before her, confounded and confused, like a defaulting schoolboy.

"There is something wrong. Tell me plainly. What is it?" he blurted out.

"I hope there is not, but I fear there is," she answered, sadly but gently.

"Some one has been saying things against me."

She nodded, and inspected her glove buttons.

He hesitated. "Do you believe them?"

"I know not interrogatively.

"I know nothing of you, so cannot contradict what I am told. I wish I could," she spoke tenderly.

"What do they say?"

"That you are treacherous, and would sacrifice any man or woman who stood in your way, and have done so."

"Who says that?"

"I cannot tell you. Is it true? Have you ever done anything that would make me—make a woman ashamed to know you?"

She raised her sweeping veil from her big hat, and looked searchingly at him.

He quailed before the piercing brown eyes. Then suddenly he dropped on his knees and seized her hands.

"I have never done anything bad. If I had I would make amends. I'll do anything you wish. Don't send me away, don't!"

She looked at his emotion torn face, with half smiling contempt.

"This is not acting? You really want to marry me?"

She stood up to avoid the frenzied embrace he threatened. He grasped her waist.

"I do, I do! I'll give you anything—do anything—I'll give you five thousand pounds—ten thousand pounds."

She stood looking at him for a space.

"Then return here at this time to-morrow. I am going to get proof of what has been said against you. If you do not come I shall understand."

He began an impassioned protest. She stopped him by gently releasing herself and moving toward the door.

"Do you believe me?" he asked, piteously, rising and following her.

"I am disposed to; but I have to convince some one else that you are not the treacherous creature she believes."

"Who is she?"

"Lady Boothie. She was prepared, on my representations, to take a large interest in your company, but the inquiries she made were so terribly bad against you."

The business man suddenly asserted himself over the lover.

"I'll take any oath you wish—do anything you wish that will convince you."