

WHEN JABBERWOCK RODE

By Keith Gordon
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There was nothing at all extraordinary in its appearance, and it arrived in the usual way. In other words, it was a letter in a square white envelope, and the roiled postman stuffed it into that one of the row of mail boxes which bore the name "Loring" just as indifferently as he tucked an advertising circular into Smith's box and an envelope bearing all the cutaway and shillings and pence into the Lyman's. There he blew a shrill note on his whistle and continued on his impersonal errand down the block.

Barbara heard the whistle and wondered with mild interest whether or not she was being invited to a party. Being a matter of fact person, she went calmly on about her affairs, having learned from experience that her share of the United States mail was not usually of a character to make a trip down four flights of stairs worth while. Having no presentiment that something supernine was hanging over her head, it was fully an hour later when she was ready to go out on an errand. She fished a small key out of the brass bowl that stood on the mantelshelf and, making her way in an unhurried manner to the vestibule, fitted it into a narrow slot in the wall box and took out the letter.

Even then, with the momentous document in her fingers, she failed to "read it in her bones." By her great-grandmother would have done that, something unusual was about to happen. A gleam of curiosity did, however, light up her face as she glanced at the superscription and, tearing the edge of the envelope off, faintly, passed out into the street, reading the note as she went.

When she had finished she stopped quite still and looked about her in a dazed way. She felt that it was the sort of letter that could only arrive by a page on a silver tray, heralded by a fanfare of trumpets.

Still she seemed to be awake. All the familiar landmarks were there—the church across the way, the house opposite where the ivy was just tingling the walls with a faint green and the little groups of children of assorted ages and nationalities scurrying hither and thither with small regard for the usurping pedestrian. It looked precisely like West — street, Town.

She began to read the note a second time, moving automatically down the street. The blood rose in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled with excitement. An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passing died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the reality of things.

In the next block she ran into a portly colored woman, with a large bundle. "Twenty million," she began in extension of her awkwardness. Then as the woman stared at her in astonishment, "I mean I beg your pardon," and she continued on in her checks and her eyes sparkled with excitement. An elevated train thundered by just ahead of her with as much fuss as if it were the Cyclone Limited. It disappeared, and the commotion of its passing died on the air. But it had served its purpose and established the reality of things.

"How much do you really love me, dear?" he asked fervently for the twentieth time, after the manner of lovers who like to hear the same assurances over and over again. And at last, in desperation, she replied: "Well, if you want to know how much in dollars and cents, I can prove that I love you at least \$200,000.00 worth."

And then she told him how she thought of him, and the glimpse of the Jabberwock kept her from accepting old Peter Milward and his fortune.

A Cruel Criticism. She was an amateur artist and, like most of her kind, considered herself several laps in advance of the average amateur. She was eager, however, to know how her work would impress one of the masters who had managed to grasp fickle fame by the back of the neck.

One day a real painter called at her home, and she immediately conceived the idea of testing him. She would show him a specimen of her work, but would reveal nothing that might lead him to suspect her as being the creator thereof.

So the fair amateur proceeded to guide the real painter toward her masterpiece. "Of what school would you call this painting?" she asked expectantly.

"Of the boarding school," promptly replied the real painter. And a large dark spot suddenly appeared on the brilliant future of the fair amateur.

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THE ENDOWMENTS OF YOUTH

(Original.)

Allan Douglas and Austin Brownell were devoted college chums. The intimacy was inexpressible to the others. What Douglas, with his splendid physical and intellectual endowments, could find to bind him to Brownell, a reticent, cynical man, without an element of popularity in him, no one could discover. Douglas was the pet of the pet-tyoats and invited everywhere.

Restlessly she rose and emerged into the street again. The clouds hung low, and there was a slight fog. The gray of the stone walls, the pavements and the sky all seemed to melt together into one sad toned picture. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the butcher's wagon up, filled the street, keeping so close together that even the most daring motorist did not venture to cross, and Barbara stood at the edge of the walk waiting for a break in the line to occur.

She never knew how long she stood there, long enough to listen to some new whispers of his Satanic majesty telling her how much good she could do for her money for the people she loved and the sufferers of the earth. She was beginning to believe that it was her duty to sacrifice her feelings whether she wished to or not. She might throw away fortune for her sake, but she would not deny it to the others who would benefit through her.

Her eyes, which had been staring fixedly at the procession of carriages without seeing them, were suddenly attracted by an approaching couple. The black and white, for she recognized the Milward livery.

It was a handsome carriage, with the curved glass front which enables the occupant to get a more extended view than can be had in the other kind, and the men on the box seat were straight and stiff. But he was none of these things that held Barbara's glance fascinated.

It was a pair of glittering, fendish eyes looking at her from the dark interior as the carriage drew near, a pair of eyes so horrid in their glare that she felt as if she were staring into stupaefaction, thinking she saw the outlines of a grotesque, shadowy face around them.

Not until the coupe was opposite her did she draw a breath of relief, for what she saw was not the reflection of the two large silver buttons on the back of the coachman's coat and Peter Milward bowing to her in his most grateful manner.

"I never expect," she said, "to see anything so much like the Jabberwock again," she laughed to herself, and then she stared suddenly at her. But he was none of these things that held Barbara's glance fascinated.

Perhaps if she accepted Peter Milward that skeleton in the coupe would be quite real after all.

A month later, when Jack Carruthers, whose salary had been raised to \$1,800 a year, asked her to share it with him, she refused without taking any time for consideration.

"How much do you really love me, dear?" he asked fervently for the twentieth time, after the manner of lovers who like to hear the same assurances over and over again. And at last, in desperation, she replied: "Well, if you want to know how much in dollars and cents, I can prove that I love you at least \$200,000.00 worth."

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CAIRO A PERPETUAL SHOW.

Nowhere Else Are There Such Vivid Color and Striking Contrast.

Cairo reminds one of an impressionist painting. The colors are so vibrantly bright and the costumes and the manners of the people so different from what we are accustomed to. The scenery and the actors appear to belong to another world. For the first few days after your arrival you are satisfied to sit on the terrace of Shepherd's hotel and watch the noisy, restless, ever changing crowd—half oriental, half European, that passes back and forth on horseback, in carriages, on camels and on foot. Every nation of the earth seems to be represented, and the present touches fingers with the past wherever you may look.

Under the glare of an electric light you see venerable Arab sheiks wearing the same turbans and slinging the same sort of staff that was used when Abraham was a boy, and scribes with inkstands from the horns of cattle and pens whittled from reeds sit at the street corners and at the threshold of the postoffice, writing letters at the dictation of patrons whose fingers have never been taught to frame their thoughts in words.

Go a block from the most modern of modern hotels and clubs, and you will come face to face with stately patriarchal figures in ample turbans, long-sleeved, white and other robes of cashmere that seem to have stepped out of an illustrated Bible, and as the sun goes down you hear the call of the muezzin from the balcony of the minarets, and devout Moslems drop down on the pavement to pray. Water carriers with the same sheepskin and pigskin bottles that were used by the patriarchs rub up against English grooms in top boots and silk hats; sherrif and florice water and lemonade sellers, with tin cans and brass cups, which they clink like castles, and guests with peddlers of post cards and wax matches. Merchants, bankers, lawyers, soldiers, beggars, guides, policemen, meet and dodge each other.

Officials from the foreign office and the treasury, conscious of their importance and responsibility, are dressed in the smartest of modern French tailoring, half at the crossing to avoid an Egyptian lady riding astride upon a donkey with her bare feet in velvet slippers and her face covered with a dusty black veil. Syrians in long, baggy trousers and pointed hats, and Englishmen in flowing robes of brown and white stripes, whose turbans indicate the clan to which they belong; Persians with tall caps of brown camel's hair, Nubians with faces as black as coal, Egyptian fellahs in ragged blue shirts and fezzes of red felt. Capt. priests in long black gowns like those worn by our judiciary and sharp-edged stove-pipe hats. Englishmen in pith helmets and khaki suits, keen eyed Algerians in white robes, and representatives of every other race and nation elbow one another as they pass along the sidewalk, talking with nervous gesticulations.

There is nothing like it elsewhere in the world. It is new and novel to the oldest traveler, and one must have seen the strange picture for himself to appreciate how unique and how fascinating it is. —Chicago Record-Herald.

YOUR GREATEST CAPITAL.

It is Yourself and Should Be Kept at the Top of Condition.

The real material with which you build your career is in you. Your own self is your greatest capital. The secret of your future achievement is locked up in your brain, in your nerves, in your muscles, in your ambition, in your determination and in your ideal. Everything depends upon your physical and mental condition, for that governs your vitality, your vigor and your ability to do things. The amount of physical and mental energy you are able to use in your vocation will insure your ultimate success, and whatever lessens this force, or the effectiveness of your achievement capital, will cut down your usefulness in life and your chances of success. Achievement does not depend so much upon the size of the deposits you have in the bank as upon the amount of capital you have in yourself, the effectiveness with which you can use it and the power you can bring to your vocation. A man who is weakened by ill health, or who has sapped his energy by excessive use of tobacco or alcohol, or in any other way, has small chance for success when pitted against one who is sound and vigorous in every organ and faculty.

Nature is not sentimental or merciful. If you violate her law you must pay the penalty, though you sit on a throne; king or beggar is all the same to her. You cannot plead weakness or handicap as an excuse for failure. She demands that you be ever at the top of your condition, that you always do your best, and will accept no excuse or apology.

A weakness anywhere mars one's whole career. It will rise up as a ghost all through one's life work, mortifying, condemning and convicting one of past error. Every indiscretion or violation of her laws, in any way, leaves a weak link in the chain of success.

Of what use is great success capital, of mental and physical equipment, if you are not wise enough to manage it to the best advantage and to make it last until your success is assured?

It is hard to get on in life, but to win high place with a broken down constitution or with his faculties half trained and his success army completely demoralized, his prospects ruined by a shattered physique. The saddest thing of all is that wise living might have been the failure of application possible and enriched the world with a noble, well rounded life.

The great problem, then, which every one has to face is how to generate energy, how to conserve it and how to keep oneself always at the top of his condition. —Success.

Love contains no complete and lasting happiness save in the transparent atmosphere of perfect sincerity. To the point of this sincerity love is but an experiment. We live in expectation and our words and kisses are only promises. But sincerity is not an experiment. It is the greatest secret except between baby and trained scientist. Nevertheless, it is not enough that these consciousness should be such. This is requisite besides, if sincerity is to become natural and essential—that the consciousness shall be almost equal, and that the love that unites them shall be deep and true. And thus it is that the lives of so many men glide away who never meet the soul with which they could have been sincere.

But it is impossible to be sincere with others before learning to be sincere toward oneself. Sincerity is only the consciousness and analysis of the motives of all life's actions. It is the expression of this consciousness that one is able later to lay before the eyes of the being with whom he is seeking love and sincerity. —Maurice Maeterlinck in Century.

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

How to Have a Thriving Garden in Winter.

Raising house plants is not after all a very difficult thing if one observes certain facts and gives sufficient attention to these, says the Brooklyn Citizen. Plants are frequently moved around too much to thrive and are exposed to uneven temperature or drafts.

The room in which plants grow must not be kept very warm in the daytime and allowed to become very cold at night. Giving enough water at regular times is of course the first requisite to success in plant culture. Most flowering plants need sunshine, and therefore a sunny window protected from drafts is the best place to keep them.

On the other hand, a fernery needs light, but not sun, and therefore thrive best in windows on the shady side of the house. Cool gas and gas for lighting are destructive to all growth of plants, and therefore to protect from these cover the plants with a newspaper at night raised by some device so as not to touch the leaves. Maidenhair ferns are found to grow best under glass globes.

Every day at as nearly the same hour as you can manage water your plants. They will be grateful for the regularity, and as often as once a week give the large plants, such as palms and rubber trees, a sponge bath with tepid water. It is most important to keep the foliage free from dust. Plants, too, need fresh air as much as people, and therefore allow the window farthest from the plants to be open a little way at the top, being sure, however, to cover them if the change of temperature will be felt.

With attention to the above facts one may have a beautiful and thriving garden within doors all the season long.

"Yes, Mrs. Grotz broke a mirror yesterday she is convinced that it is very unlucky."

"How superstitious!"

"Not at all. It was a French plate mirror and cost \$400." — Baltimore News.

What He Preferred.

Magistrate—And I understand that you prefer charges against this man.

Grover—No, your worship, I prefer cash, and that's what I brought him here for.—London Tribuna

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BANS ON TOBACCO.

Severe Penalties For Smoking Were In Vogue In Olden Times.

Strange as it may appear now, both sultans of Turkey and shahs of Persia have tried their best to put down smoking. In Turkey, formerly, smoking was a crime punishable by the offenders having their pipes thrust through their noses, and in Russia in 1834 the noses of smokers were cut off.

In Transylvania offenders were fined from 3 to 200 florins. In Bern, Switzerland, 1661, where crimes were divided into sections according to the Ten Commandments, smoking was classed with adultery. The tribunal put down smoking, called chambers-utabac, continued to the middle of the eighteenth century. The climax was reached by Amarah IV., king of Persia, who made it a capital offense.

In England Elizabeth issued a proclamation against smoking in 1584, and James' "counterblast against tobacco" with its pompous language, is well known. All through his reign it was a common stipulation that "no puff of tobacco" should be appointed schoolmaster.

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Felt His Importance.

A boy, having left school, started to work in a factory. At the end of his first day's work he returned home, evidently feeling quite a man. Taking off his hat and coat, he threw them on the floor, with a meaning look at his sister. "Look here, Jim," said she; "hang your clothes in their proper place."

Japanese ladies are like the French in their love of social intercourse and conversation. They pay fewer visits, but stay infinitely longer, always two or three hours and sometimes a whole day. They are received by the maid, who places a large silk cushion for them to rest upon, and much time is spent in detailed inquiries concerning each other's family. There is no special calling day in Japan. They visit when their fancy takes them, and they never go empty handed to a friend's house. The gifts are usually fruit or flowers or perhaps a fresh fish, and whatever they take is always daintily wrapped in a little box of paper or wood.

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New York	7:30	11:15	4:45
Buffalo	8:15	12:00	5:30
Saratoga	8:45	12:30	6:00
Bellevue	9:15	1:00	6:30
Lockport	9:45	1:30	7:00
Duray	10		