

At the Other Table.

By Virginia Blair.

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In the palm room of the big hotel there were just two couples, one at the little table near the fountain, the other in the corner under the musicians' balcony.
There was no music now, for it was between lunch time and dinner, and the couple at the table by the fountain were having tea.
The couple under the balcony had ordered a more substantial repast, lobster and a bird and salad, and they ate with an appetite that showed that they had missed their midday meal.
"I don't think I was ever so hungry in all my life," said the girl at the table under the balcony.
"I'd be ashamed to have such an appetite," the man opposite her teased. "Your grandmother would have been satisfied with the wing of a chicken, Marta."
"Well, I'm not my grandmother," and Marta made a little face at him. "Besides, my grandmother used to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam and I have been whizzing through miles of country. And I'm ravenous, Archie."
"That girl over there," said Archie. "Is satisfied with a toasted muffin and tea. She's a pretty little thing."
Marta twisted around so that she could get a good view. "She's a beauty," she declared heartily. "That red gold hair is stunning. And that brown veil brings out the lights. Oh, you ought to paint her, Archie!"
"I don't know her," Archie said. "And I don't know the man."
"Why, it's Billy Butler," Marta said as she took another look. "I couldn't mistake Billy's back. There's that



"THIS IS ONE OF MY OLDEST FRIENDS," hunch of his shoulders and that light shock of hair. But the idea of Billy drinking tea?"
"A man couldn't drink anything but tea with that girl," Archie told her. "She wouldn't stand for anything else."
"I never let you have anything but coffee," Marta said.
"Good old girl!" was Archie's affectionate commendation. "Marta, you're a wonder! And I'll bless you as my fairy godmother if you will get me an introduction to that girl."
"I'm afraid I can't," Marta said doubtfully. "Billy Butler and I quarreled dreadfully the last time he came to see me, and we don't speak."
"Marta," Archie fixed her with a reproachful eye, "I'll bet you refused him again."
"Well, if I did," Marta contended, "he needn't act so idiotically, and he's evidently consoled."
"She's a pretty girl all right," Archie enthused.
"She won't make Billy half as good a wife as I would," Marta declared. "I was cut out for Billy."
"Why didn't you marry him then?" Archie asked.
"Because he's so jealous," Marta confided. "He didn't like my letting you paint my picture, Archie. He said we were together too much and that girls always liked artists and that he didn't stand any chance because he was in business and all that tommyrot. So I told him he could go and not come back. But now he will marry the wrong girl. And I shall be an old maid."
"Not if I can help it," Archie stated valiantly. "We may be cousins, Marta, but if the worst comes to worst we can save each other from single blessedness."
"I don't want to be saved," Marta informed him succinctly. "I always said that if I didn't marry Billy I shouldn't marry any one. But of course I expected Billy to come back."
"Of course," sympathized Archie, "a man ought never to take a girl's 'no' in earnest."
"Well, Billy has," and Marta applied herself to the salad in anything but a loverly manner, "and I feel it in my bones that I shall have to send teaspoons to that red haired girl."
"Her hair isn't red. It's gold with red lights in it."
"It isn't," Marta contradicted.
"It is,"
"It's red," said Marta.
"It's gold," said Archie.
"There's only one way to settle it," Marta said. "I'll go over and ask Billy."
"But I thought Billy wouldn't speak to you."
"He'll have to," Marta declared, "and while we are waiting for our portrait I'll ask the question."
Before Archie could stop her she was out of her chair and halfway across the room.
"Billy," she said as she came up to the other table, and Butler turned half around in his seat and stared at her.
"Marta!" he ejaculated. "Where did you come from?" And he was on his feet in an instant.
"I am at the other table," Marta ex-

plains vanderhoff. He wants you to decide an argument, and if you don't mind going over I will sit down here for a minute."
"Certainly, and I'm so glad to have you meet Miss Merriman. Ruth, this is one of my oldest friends, Marta Blaine."
"You won't mind his going over to the other table, will you?" Marta asked as she sat down.
"Oh, no," said Miss Merriman turned on her a brilliant glance, "not if you will stay with me. I have heard so much about you, Miss Blaine."
"Oh, dear," Marta questioned, "what has Billy been saying?"
"Such nice things," the other girl told her. "And now that I have seen you I don't believe they are any too nice."
Marta waved the flattery aside.
"Dear child," she said, "Billy will say anything when he is out of my sight. I can keep him straight when I am with him."
"I just love Cousin Billy," said Miss Merriman. "He's the dearest thing!"
Marta stared. "Cousin," she said—"cousin! Are you Billy's cousin?"
"Yes."
"Well, I might have known," Marta murmured. "Dear old Billy!" Then she went on: "I am with my cousin too. He wants to paint you. He is an artist, you know. You won't mind?"
"I should love it," said Ruth.
"It's about your hair," Marta told her. "That I sent Billy over. Archie said it was gold, and I said it was red. You really mind my saying it, because really I was jealous of you. But now that I know you are Billy's cousin I think your hair is beautiful. I was afraid I should have to send you teaspoons."
"Teaspoons?" was Ruth's puzzled question.
"Yes, for a wedding present, you know."
Ruth blushed.
"The idea!" she said. "Why, every one knows that Billy's dead in love with you. He has told me so a dozen times."
Marta gave a sigh of relief. "I was afraid he had stopped," she said. "And I should miss Billy's adoration dreadfully."
"I shall never stop," said Billy, who had come up behind her. Then he went on as if he had made the most commonplace declaration. "Archie says you are to come back and eat your portrait, Marta."
"I would rather eat it with you," said Marta unblushingly. "I'll tell you, Billy, you bring Archie over here and we will introduce him to Ruth. He wants to paint her picture, and he would rather talk to her than eat, and you can come over to the other table and have her portrait with me and everything will be lovely."
"Yes, everything will be lovely," Billy agreed, but Ruth said in a startled way, "Oh!"
"Oh, you needn't mind," Marta said when Archie had been presented and was seated opposite the red gold beauty. "Billy and I will chaperon you from the other table. It will be perfectly proper, for we are engaged, you know. And, with a sparkling glance at her lover, she swept past the fountain toward the balcony.
"Well, of all things," Billy ejaculated. Then he held out his hand to Archie. "Congratulate me," he said. "I don't know what made her change her mind, but I've been working for this for a year." And, with happiness fairly radiating from his handsome countenance, he made his way across the room to where the lady of his heart awaited him.
Avoiding Direct Testimony.
The wealthy parishoner had with him his pastor, and miles of road were thrown into clouds of dust by the plunging automobile.
"Halt!" commanded the officer, but no more attention was given to him than to the rattling telephone poles. Over those poles, however, sped a message, and at the next crossroads a barrier was encountered and also another representative of the law.
"Not only did he break the speed law," complained the constable when the party had assembled in court, "but he also told me to go to the devil."
"You lie!" thundered the wealthy parishoner. "I never use such language."
"We must protect our officers from profanity," intoned the justice. Then, turning to the clergyman, "Perhaps this gentleman, who will not make a misstatement, will tell us whether or not the devil was mentioned in this controversy."
"Your honor," bleated the clergyman, "I and my brethren refer to his Satanic majesty so frequently that any additional allusion to him would not impress itself upon me sufficiently to remember the incident."—New York Press.
Slightly Mixed.
An Australian traveling in Japan fell into a mixed company in which were an English girl and an American woman. He made himself agreeable to the American at the start, she relates in her account of "A Woman Alone In The Heart of Japan," by remembering that Niagara falls in tubs. Then he switched to the war of the Revolution.
"The whole thing was," he said, "that the colonies refused to send England troops to aid her in a foreign war, so the motherland resolved to subdue her naughty children."
"I guess you have confused it with the war in Africa," said the American. "The Boer war has been so long drawn out you thought it was the same as the American Revolution."
The little English girl saw there was a misunderstanding somewhere.
"There was something about stamps in it," she suggested meekly, "that caused some of the trouble."
"Something about stamps cause a revolution?" demanded the Australian. "Do you mean a stampede or merely postage stamps? Did the rage for collecting exist in those days?"
But no one enlightened him on this, and he was left to assort history to suit himself.
Home.
Home! How deep a spell that little word contains! It is the circle in which our purest, best affections move and consecrate themselves, the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon. It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine—the ark of the past and the future.—Umland.

Romance of a Geranium Leaf.

By MARY W. MOUNT.

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"His friends declared that Herbert Wyndham would one day be recognized as a great artist. 'Genius will out,' they insisted, grieving secretly over the undisguisable poverty which clung to man and studio."
They were jubilant in this declaration when Miss Ruth Greville sat to him for a portrait. She was the first butterfly who had drifted from the glittering realms of society into the obscure studio in Herkimer street. With her came a breath of luxury from a world which had long become a stranger to Wyndham.
Her parents arranged with the artist for her sittings. Now and then all three turned and looked at her, settling between them the pose in which she was to be painted. The girl herself said little. She appeared sweetly anxious to have the portrait painted exactly as her parents pleased. Of personal vanity she seemed to have none. Wyndham stirred with keen pleasure as he noticed her appreciative scrutiny of his pictures. She evidently understood something of art. Wyndham saw behind the roses and lilies of her face in its frame of curling hair a mind to be explored. He was eager to begin the portrait.
When he did his hand was unsteady. To the excitement of a first profitable order of the kind he had longed for was added the excitement of painting a face whose kindling beauty baffled while it enchanted him.
Some unformed idea of delightful chats about art had lingered in his mind, to be brushed aside like a cobweb at her first sitting. She was calm, with a calm serenity which held him aloof as effectually as some impassable barrier. Nothing of haughtiness tinged her manner. It seemed merely not to



occur to her that any social intercourse could exist between an aristocrat of Elmwood avenue and a dweller in this small studio at the top of three flights of dingy stairs. Her very youth took off the sting of this insouciance of wealth, she was so entirely unconscious of it.
Perhaps this impalpable barrier of reserve might have been brushed aside to some extent had Wyndham been less sensitive to it. He met her unresponsiveness with like reserve, her uncommunicativeness with silence.
But as he painted in the lines of her graceful figure and the bloom of her face grew under his hand upon the canvas he was acutely conscious of every lovely contour and tint, madly rebellious that this girl, with her wide, intellectual brow and soft, sympathetic eyes, never vouchsafed him a single unnecessary word, never looked his way with an even momentary sympathy.
"Your hair baffles me!" he declared one day, laying down his brush. Something in his tone startled her. "Are artists always so intense?" she asked herself.
She raised her hand to the ripples of her pale brown hair, where golden lights shifted and changed with a warm glow as alluring as it was impossible to express. Her violet eyes widened.
"Shall I change my position?" she asked.
He rushed into an explanation of the difficulty of painting light in hair. She looked interested, but made no comment.
Wyndham saw what her observant eyes noted every makeshift in the studio. It hurt him to feel that she comprehended every particle of the poverty of his life. This hurt the more when, toward the last, he thought that he surprised a look of pity in her eyes.
He hardly expected her to tell him at parting that she meant to send all her friends to him to be painted because he did it so beautifully. But she did, and she kept her word. Wyndham's friends said that luck had come to him in a golden spoon.
To Wyndham, sitting alone in his studio poring over a delicate sketch of a beautiful girl with eyes of tenderest sympathy and golden lights in her curling hair, luck seemed to have departed. All that was left to those weeks of poignant emotion was this secret sketch of a girl whose soft eyes looked into his with an expression which the living eyes had never worn, this and a leaf of rose geranium which she had dropped upon the floor. She had missed it when she left, for he saw her glance at her dress and then about her, as though seeking something. In a little memorandum book in an inside pocket he kept it, where he could peep at it whenever he jotted in a date or looked up a reference.
One day the glory of life seemed to flood his world again, for Ruth Greville came to his studio. A charity bazaar was to be held, and she had charge of the art table. She wanted

might contribute some little sketch. He promised more than that. He would superintend the erection of her stall and decorate it himself. She wondered at his enthusiasm. When he refused payment for the work she was embarrassed. This had not been what she intended. Nor did she realize till long afterward that a busy artist could not spend two days overseeing the erection and decoration of the most beautiful booth in the bazaar without some pecuniary loss.
She was charmed with his work and unbenet to be gracious, although she had first cast a startled glance at the distinguished looking man in evening clothes who approached her when Wyndham became a purchaser at her stall.
Because he read her thought so well he made but a small purchase there, a trifle decorated by her own hands. She saw him spend freely at another booth.
After that Wyndham removed to a better studio. He would try to forget her, he told himself. He did not succeed. Every fringed of silken skirts upon his stairs made his heart pound expectantly. One day she came.
He hoped she had not noticed his pallor and nervousness when he welcomed her. He feared she had, for a sort of wondering interrogation flashed over her mobile features.
She wanted to have an engagement made for some work, she said.
His hands still trembled as he pulled out his little book and turned over its pages. From between them crept a faded rose geranium leaf. A flood of crimson rushed to his forehead. His eyes of guilty consciousness betrayed all the story of his love for her glance of swift inquiry and comprehension. He saw that she recognized the leaf, but he could not conceal a tenderness with which he picked it up.
"It was such a pretty leaf—so wonderfully formed!"—he stammered apologetically.
She looked at him bravely, a flush fading from her own cheeks, and explained her errand as though the incident of the leaf had meant nothing to her. But as he wrote down a date there suddenly rushed over her the remembrance of his faithfulness, his proud dignity in poverty, his modesty in hard won success.
She paused upon the threshold and held out her hand.
"Won't you come to see me?" she asked simply. Her eyes were filled with a light he had never seen in them before. In their depths he read surrender.
"Come soon," she added tremulously, withdrawing her hand, "for I have long wanted to say this."

THE PERFECT LIKENESS.

A Snuffbox, a Portrait and a Surprised Monarch.
It is related of Frederick II, king of Prussia, that he one day made a present of a golden snuffbox to one of his counts. When the latter opened the lid he found the picture of an ass painted upon the underside of it. Though he scarcely relished the king's joke, he said nothing at the time, but as soon as he quitted the king's presence he sent one of his valets with the snuffbox to the city and gave him instructions that the picture of the ass was to be painted out and a portrait of the king put in its place.
A few days later a distinguished company dined with the king. The count was one of the guests, and after a time he produced his snuffbox and pretended to examine it with the air of a man who was proud to have received such a gift from the king. The latter, wishing to enjoy a little amusement at the count's expense, mentioned to the Duchess of Brunswick that he had made a present of the box to the count on the preceding day. She desired to inspect it, and when the box was handed to her she opened the lid and, looking inside, cried in raptures: "Perfect! The likeness is charming! It is one of the best portraits of you that I have ever seen!"
She handed the box to the person next to her, who was equally charmed with the likeness. From one to another the box was passed, and all testified to the excellent resemblance which the picture bore to the king. The king, thinking that the ass' head was still to be seen on the snuffbox, felt exceedingly embarrassed and scarcely knew what to make of the incident, but at last the snuffbox, having made the tour of the table, came to his hands, and the first glance showed him how cleverly the count had anticipated his little joke and turned it against him.
The Music Critic.
At the risk of making this a jogy as well as a confession I venture to express the hope that I may some day have the means to enjoy the best music without need of telling three hundred thousand or more readers why; whether Caruboni had tears in his voice; how Mme. Sembrich-Eames looked and acted; whether the second soprano was off key; the basso dependent on the prompter; the conductor too fast or too slow, according to actual stop watch and metronome; how the lights were managed; whether the audience was large and appreciative or otherwise and whether the music was good, bad, indifferent and why.—Atlantic.
Left Handed Praise.
"I don't seem to hear so many compliments on my last poem," said the poetess, "as on this illustration. You just ought to see it!" they exclaim. "It is so beautiful!"
"It's the same way with me," put in the artist. "They come and stand before my pictures and sigh and say, 'Oh, what lovely frames you have!'"
The Surprised Miser.
"A certain old miser, though a millionaire," said a Washington man, "insisted on wearing the shabbiest kind of clothes. An old family friend endeavored one day to persuade the miser to dress better.
"I am surprised," he said, "that you should tell yourself become so shabby."
"But I am not shabby," said the miser.
"Oh, but you are," said the family friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elegantly, dressed. His clothes were very handsome."
"The miser gave a loud laugh.
"Why," he shouted triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"

HIT AT CONSTITUTION

Binds People Hand and Foot, Says Tar Heel Jurist.

WOULD LIMIT PRESIDENT.

Chief Justice Clark of North Carolina Declares Amendments Are Needed. Asserts Government is Now Out of the People's Control.
Chief Justice Walter Clark of the supreme court of North Carolina, who lectured recently in New York under the auspices of the People's Institute, spoke on "The Federal Constitution: Shall It Be Amended by the Courts or by the People?" He spoke in part as follows, says the New York American: "The president of the United States is a very clear headed man. Recognizing that as our constitution is worded amendment of that instrument is impossible if opposed by aggregated wealth and that in truth it has been amended from time to time by the majority of the supreme court under the guise of 'construing' that instrument he has astonished the public by frankly calling on the court to 'construe it again' to give him the power he wants."
Asserting that the clause which insisted that amendments be ratified by three-fourths of the states was impossible of fulfillment, Justice Clark said: "It is this always to be the case? Are the 90,000,000 Americans of today and the coming millions of the future always to be tied hand and foot by what five elderly lawyers shall say that the thirty-nine dead men who signed the constitution of 1787 intended or did not intend?"
"Such a system of governing is in no way better than the augurs of old who induced the people to acquiesce in the will of those in power by telling from the flight of birds or inspection of the entrails of fowls whether the gods were propitious or not."
"An easy mode of conforming the constitution to the popular will prevails in other countries. In our individual states also amendments are easily obtained by legislative action submitting the proposed amendment to the people or by calling a constitutional convention. In New York, I believe, your constitution prescribes that the calling of a convention shall be submitted to the people at least once in every twenty years."
"How different from the federal inhibition! Yet an examination of the United States constitution shows the most absolute need of amendment."
"The history of the formation of the constitution shows that it was not fully adapted to the wishes of the people even of its own day and illustrates also the present need of amendment. It is the Declaration of Independence was a thoroughly democratic document, the constitutional convention of eleven years later (1787) was reactionary."
"The constitution was made as un-democratic as possible and only enough concessions made to insure its ratification by the several states. Had those men been gifted with divine foresight and created a constitution fit for this day and its developments it would have been unsuited for the needs of the time in which it was fashioned."
"The change in our country's condition makes amendment to the constitution urgent. Corporations, which now control the country and its government, were in 1787 a factor practically unknown in industry and finance. The people's real control over the government is in practice less than that which they hold in England and Switzerland and in some respects even France. In this country we retain the forms of a republic."
"We still choose our president and the house of representatives by the people, but other divisions of the government, chosen not by the people, but indirectly, may negative the will even of a vast popular majority."
"Our government is fundamentally undemocratic in this degree. The real power does not reside in the people. It rests with those great interests which select the majority of the senate and the judges."
"It is high time that we had a constitutional convention. The same reasons which have time and again caused the individual states to amend their constitutions imperatively require a convention to adjust the constitution of the nation to the changed conditions of the times. Urgent as this need is, it will without doubt be vigorously resisted by the interests which now sway much of the power of government to their own profit and benefit. More limitation should be placed upon the power of the president."
"The most important change necessary to place the government of the Union in the hands of the people is to make the constitution easy to amend. By far the next most serious defect and danger in the constitution is the appointment of judges for life, subject to confirmation by the senate."
"Of what avail shall it be if congress shall conform to the popular demand and enact a rate regulation bill and the president shall approve it if five lawyers, holding office for life and not elected by the people, shall see fit to destroy it, as they did the income tax law?"
"Is such a government a reasonable one, and can it be longer tolerated after 120 years of experience has demonstrated the capacity of the people for self government?"
"If five lawyers can negative the will of 100,000,000 men, then the art of government is reduced to the selection of those five lawyers."
The Wisdom of the Bee.
We marvel at what we call the wisdom of the hive bee, yet there is one thing she never learns from experience, and that is that she is storing up honey for the use of man. She could not learn this, because such knowledge is not necessary to her own well being. Neither does she ever know when she has enough to carry her through the winter. This knowledge, again, is not important. Gather and store honey as long as there is any to be had is her motto, and in that rule she is safe.—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

CANAL READY IN 1914

James R. Mann's Prediction Concerning Isthmian Waterway.

EMPLOYEES ARE VERY EAGER.
Everybody imbued with Spirit of Intense Energy, Says Illinois Representative—Believes Cost Will Exceed Estimate by \$50,000,000.
The Panama canal will be finished in the spring of 1914 after an expenditure of \$50,000,000 more than the original estimates of the Isthmian canal commission and the board of consulting engineers, according to Representative James R. Mann of Illinois, who recently returned from a trip to the isthmus with a party of his colleagues, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. He believes that the foundations of the Gatun dam are of rock and entirely satisfactory.
Mr. Mann, who went to the isthmus at the request of the president and speaker in order to make a special study of the Gatun dam feature, said: "Conditions in Panama are in most excellent shape. Colonel Goethals has proved himself a master mind. The organization is almost perfect. The discipline is good. The enthusiasm of the employees is great. Every one there seems imbued with the spirit of intense energy. Up to the beginning of the present year the work there was preparatory, but now the actual construction work is going on."
"A comparison with the work of the French company is instructive. After the French had been at work three years, in October, 1885, they took out of what we now know as the Culebra cut 227,000 cubic yards of dirt. In October, 1886, they took out 172,000 cubic yards. In October just passed we took out 826,000 cubic yards. The rainfall was about the same as in 1886. During the calendar year 1886 the French took out of the Culebra cut 3,637,000 cubic yards, while we removed during the year ended Oct. 31 last 7,890,000 cubic yards."
"The main excavation made by the French was not in the Culebra cut, but easy work near the Caribbean sea. Ours has been in the cut and mostly rock excavation. Mr. Randolph, one of the board of consulting engineers, estimated the average capacity of the steam shovels at 9,500 yards a month, while in October last one of our shovels took out 37,357 cubic yards of rock and another 39,615 of rock and earth."
"We saw the work at the worst time of the year, and yet there was a constant movement of empty trains from the dumps to the shovels and of loaded ones from the shovels to the dumps. The work has now progressed to such an extent that even the lifting of the track toward the embankment is done by machinery and in short order. During the last year we have removed about one-seventh of the material to be excavated from the great cut, and our full complement of machinery is now yet installed."
"I gave special study to the Gatun dam locks and spillways and brought home with me a large number of samples of clay and rock which I gathered by the side of these works. Major Gilbert, who is in charge of the Gatun works under Colonel Goethals, is like his chief, exhibiting great genius. Apparently no move is made without thorough knowledge of the conditions. From the borings which have been made with diamond drills it is certain that the foundation of the great locks is rock."
"There are numerous problems in connection with the locks and dams which are not yet worked out, but the care with which the engineers in charge are proceeding leaves no doubt that when fully determined the plans will be beyond proper criticism. The problems yet unsolved relate only to expenses and not to ability to construct the dams and locks."
"At the rate of progress already established the Culebra cut can easily be excavated within six months. It is probable that by the spring of 1911 they can turn water into the new Gatun lake. That will enable them to excavate a considerable section of the canal by dredging. There is no reason to doubt, unless some improbable pestilence should seize the isthmus, that the canal will be finished and ready for test within seven years and probably even sooner."
"The original estimate for finishing the canal was \$145,000,000, but it will be necessary to modify in many respects the suggested plans of the original commission and board in order to insure greater safety of construction. This will add considerably to the expense. While we have expended enormous sums of money, and in some cases extravagantly, upon sanitation and buildings, and while we are paying excessive salaries, yet the unit cost of the work is probably a little less than the estimate of the board of consulting engineers. It is probably safe to estimate the total cost at about \$200,000,000, in addition to the \$50,000,000 paid to the Panama republic and the French canal company. These estimates may be increased if it becomes the policy further to widen and lengthen the locks."
"The consulting board provided locks 95 feet in width and 900 feet in length. It is estimated that ships 25 per cent larger than the Lusitania could go through them. We have already provided for enlarging the locks to 100 by 1,000 feet, which would take a ship 50 per cent larger than the Lusitania. The naval board has now recommended 110 feet width, but this would mean an additional lake or lakes to store water for use in the dry season."
Barbaric Superstition.
Although the Maori of New Zealand have made considerable strides in civilization in recent years, some of their barbaric superstitions survive. One of the most persistent is belief in the "ohune," or tribal medicine man. His patients sometimes succumb to his energetic methods of treatment. The latest case of that sort comes from Walkoto. A sick girl after having been immersed in cold water for some hours was beaten with sticks to drive the evil spirits out, the "ohune" afterward gripping her throat to prevent their re-entering. She died next day.

ODD NAMES OF MINES

Peculiar Titles Given to Some of the Black Hills Claims.
WHIMS OF PIONEER MINERS.
Many of the Early Prospectors Selected the Names of Wives or Sweethearts, Which Stand Now as Reminders of Romances of Bygone Days.
Behind the names of many of the mining claims and mines of every mining district in the west there lies a wealth of romance and history, both pathetic and ludicrous. The Black Hills furnish as many and as good examples of the peculiar circumstances under which many claims are named as any locality in the country.
One of the best known mines in the southern hills is the Holy Terror. Laced in the early days this claim was located by an old miner who had worked some years without success. The claim was a hard one to work. When the man went home in the evening after locating his claim his wife asked him what he named it. He smiled and told her, "For you, my dear," and her further inquiry drew forth the fact that he had called it Holy Terror. Another man once named his claim Gentle Annie for his wife, while still a third perpetuated the memory of his wife, who was a noted clubwoman, by naming his claim Silent Julia.
The hills are dotted with the names of claims recalling romances of bygone days. Many a young, ambitious man came here when the mining boom of the eighties was at its height, lured with hope of a fortune, and all that remains to tell the tale is the name of Katie W. or Mabel E. or Lulu J. Many a sweetheart or wife in the faraway east was honored in the naming of a claim that its owner hoped would prove a bonanza. Some few made good. Witness the Annie Fraction and the Josie, both of which were named for the eastern wives of their owners. They are in the Bald mountain district and have produced thousands of dollars for the locators.
In the Galeña district there is a small abandoned claim known as the Willow, with which there goes a story. Years ago a youth named Hanley appeared from somewhere with a few thousand and with zeal commenced to sink his money in a hole in the ground in the hope of a vast fortune. Back in the old home a little widow waited in vain for the golden wealth he said was sure to come and the wedding day that would celebrate it. It took but a short time for the youth's small savings to dwindle away with his inexperience and, chagrined and disheartened, he put a bullet through his brain on the site of his blasted hopes.
One prospector who worked diligently on a claim which was staked by an outsider and had difficulty in even getting his living expenses secured his revenge by naming his claim Old Perdition.
Men of patriotic turn of mind have chosen names of those famous in history, as Washington, Lincoln, etc. Each of the presidents has been remembered, famous generals, all of the states, seafaring heroes and heroes of the Philippines, as Dewey and Funston. Indian names by the score are found, as Hiawatha, Minnekahta and Nanoua. Those of sporting proclivities chose race horses, as Nancy Hankes, Salvator, Mand S., Red Wilkes, Joe Patchen. Favorite authors have been remembered, as Longfellow, Burns and Dickens. One student named his group Mt. Adams, Mark Anthony, Attila and Cleopatra.
One man of a pessimistic vein chose What's Left and Some Left. The average business man in naming claims will choose a simple name and use a series of numbers, as, for instance, Thomas No. 1, Thomas No. 2, etc. One man favored his wife by calling his claim Red Headed Woman. Two adjoining claims are known as Adam and Eve.
An odd case was known in the name of the Hoodiebug claim, which was located by a German and an Irishman and intended by the former to be called Heidelberg. When the Irishman reached town to record the location he had forgotten his partner's selection of a name and said it was something like Hoodiebug, which, for convenience, was the name recorded.
The Prodigal Son lived up to its name by bankrupting its locator, who returned to Iowa at the behest of the father who had put up the funds for the venture. Among the names that doubtless conceal stories never known are Old Whiskers, She Devil, Crack Brain and Crank.
Some of the gulches have names that refer to incidents. Two Bit was named because a placer miner declared his first painful would yield about two bits. Then there are Poor Man's Gulch, Sheepkill, Blacktail, Whittell, Crooked Arm, Poverty and Prosperity.—Deadwood Cor St. Louis Republic.

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