## "Which Is For Memory."

By MARION TRAVERS.

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A man and a maid stood on the porch of a little New England farm-The man had barely passed his majority, and the years of the girl numbered less than his by three. The man was going hundreds of miles to the westward, there to find a compe

When he had succeeded the girl was to come to him for the rest of the happy years. In his hands were two sprigs of rosemary, one of which he

gave to the maid.

"It's for remembrance, Betty. Not that we will either of us need it, dear, but I shall carry it with me wherever

You know you'll always be in my thoughts, Tom. I'll put it under my pillow at night that I may dream of you and wear it next my heart in waking hours that every beat may be for you. Goodby, Tom, and God bless you and send you back to me." And the maid turned her lips upward for her lever's liss.

er lover's kiss.

"Goodby, Betty! It won't be for high and then we will be together for he rest of our lives." And he gave her one last caress before he turned and started down the graveled path and on the outirall.

That night Mr. Wilson had a long talk with Betty at the school. She a ranged to go home the next morning and Tom was to follow the day after the school of the complete of the comple Betty! It won't be for

sixth year, and at the close of a win-ter's day the soul of her father left its er full of tender old address, He had go was on the absent shire town. Betty's addr

nd nights of her affliction.

Betty's father had been frugal and bled up and



going on a long prospecting trip and might be weeks, even months, from

autumn, and passed dearily by unable.

She wrote to the authorities of the frontier town where he usually outfitted, but they could tell her nothing. Tom had left in April. He had not returned. They knew nothing of his fate. In the passing of the years her grief was softened, but the agony of her loss was there, locked with her love in the innermost recesses of her heart. Suitors came, but were sent away, not outsins married less the suite of the judge's curiosity go Suitors came, but were sent away, not hurt, but firmly, gently denied. Her cousins married, little ones came to bless them, and to all she was Aunt Betty.

There was another Betty row.

"With all my heart," said the stran-

There was another Betty now, a pretty, graceful maid of seventeen, Joying in her first glimpses of social life and rapturously happy because she was just living. They were great cronies, these two Bettys, and it was often remarked that their resemblance extended away and beyond the name.

"Aunt Betty, why didn't you marry?" asked the little Betty one afternoon when the two were having a given to have been stolen."

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "I see your lordship for be tried before your lordship for sheep stealing."

"Now I recollect you, John," replied the jadge. "And how is your wife? She, too, had the honor to appear be fore me for receiving the sheep, knowing them to have been stolen."

noon when the two were having a long, confidential chat.

Then faded old letters were brought out and read, the dimmed tintype of a country boy with a fine featured face was cried over and the withered are the boner of meeting again."

sprig of rosemary lifted gently from the jewel case, where it had reposed so many years in state "And the rosemary, auntle?" queried little Betty.

"Rosemary is for remembrance, earle. We each had a sprig and dearle. were to keep it always, so that when-ever we saw it the other's face would

appear in our dreams," said auntie. "And do you dream of him yet?"

"And do you dream of many gursued the younger.

"Bless you, Betty, I'll always dream of him, and I pray now that after death here I may see him."

"And so that's the reason you didn't

let Dr. Thornton and the others marry you when they asked?"
"Betty, how did you know?"

Oh. I heard mamma talking about But I won't tell, auntie," she prom-d penftently. "But it's lovely, Aunt Betty. It's perfectly splendid to love so long and so hard when you know a's dead. Would he care, do you tink, if you married some one else?"
"He knew I never would," and the

older Betty sighed. After that the little Betty had to go away to school. She was sent to a distant city to be taught all manner of

things embraced in that word "fin-

To her romantic soul came many experiences, many temptations to surren-der to what she thought was love, but always she measured the depths of her emotions by Aunt Betty's loyalty of a score of years. "Would I love him like that?" she

would ask of herself, and always the

one afternoon she went to a mati-nee at a downtown theater. As she was leaving the playhouse she was onfrosted by a stalwart man, whose agitation was greater than her own. "Betty Randall!" he all but shouted

in his excitement.
"Auntie!" gasped Betty. "Are you Betty Randall?" queried the stranger. "Of course not. You're just a child, and Betty would have been more than twice your age if she

were alive," and he apologized for his rudeness as he turned to go. It flashed over Betty in an instant. Could it be true? She decided to risk

"Tom!" she called softly. The man wheeled at the word and stood staring at the girl.
"Are you Tom Wilson?" she asked.

"And did you leave over twenty years

got no reply.

ock to the New Ham

no one could give hi

So, with fortune b

Betty's father had been frugal and shrewd, and there was enough to provide for the remainder of her days. She had no relatives in the home of her father, and when legal matters were finally adjusted she left for a big western city to live with an aunt while she was waiting for Tom. It was then the first blow fell.

No letter came from her sweetheart in the far west. At first she dld not worry, for he had written that he was

"There's a gentleman downstairs to see you, Miss Randall. He wouldn't give me his card, but said you'd un-derstand by this." And she held out derstand by this." And she held out the tray so that there was disclosed

hereon a sprig of rosemary.

"Betty, it's true! He's alive! It's fom!" And the speed with which she descended played havor with orthodox deas of dignity. She fell rather than ran into the sitting room, there to be clasped in two arms, while a man's voice came softly to her:

"At last! Thank God, at last!"

A lineup of jurymen appeared before a certain judge one day, and every
man explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of
court—all but a little fellow at the tail
end of the line. This man was a hunter, and he had lived in a cabin on the
creak all his life. creek all his life.

"Have you no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised judge.

"Haven't you got a sick mother-in-w needing your attention?"
"No, sir: I ain't married."

"What about your crop?"
"Don't raise anything."
"No fence to fix up?"
"Haven't got a fence on the place." "You think you can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

Reaching over, he whispered to the clerk, who shook his head in perplex-

fore me for receiving the sheep, knowing them to have been stolen."

Ah, we were very lucky to get off for want of evidence, but I am still in

Keeping In Practice. "You have broken my heart," sobbed the young wife after their first quar-

"I always was a heart breaker, jauntily replied the young husband.
"But you have broken mine for the last time."

"What-going to deprive yourself or o much pleasure?"

Pitiable. "They are very respectable, though."
"Dear me!"
"What?"
"I did not think that they were that

Witness My Hand.

In the early days only a few scholars knew how to write. It was then customary to sign a document by smearing the hand with ink and impressing it upon the paper, accompa-nied by the words, "Witness my hand." Afterward the seal was introduced as a substitute for the hand mark and was used with the words above quoted, the two forming the signature. This is the origin of the expression as used in modern documents.

# THE MANDARIN'S FAN

A Gift That Had In Itself a Subtle Meaning.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Mrs. Hoffman was sewing in the deep, cool veranda of the bungalow. Jeremy, her husband, was coming up

"What have you got today, Jeremy?" she asked laughingly as he laid an oblong package on the wicker table. "Another cumsha (gift), sweetheart." he smiled, clapping his hands at the drowsy punkah boy on the mat.

The great fan swung again into motion as the boy awoke to energy, and a servant brought the inevitable tea tray and tall glasses of iced lemonade Jeremy Hoffman leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. "It has been beastly hot down in the city, Nell. I've been closeted with Sheldon all the afternoon over that thresome



IN ANOTHER INSTANT SHE WAS LYING UNCONSCIOUS IN HIS EMBRACE.

business, and when I returned to my office I found an envoy from Llung Web, bearing many friendly messages and this gift for you."

Mrs. Hoffman held out her band for

the package, "There, Jeremy! I told you the mandarin entertained the kindliest sentiment toward you. He was perfectly charming and warm in

his praise of you."

"I could not help feeling that he suspected my mission. He's a sharp old beggar, and Sheldon has always been

very lenient with him. Still, one can't refuse a gift in China."

"Not one like this," said his wife breathlessly. "Look, Jeremy! Is it not

As she spoke she held to view a fan.
The sticks were of richly carved ivory
covered with lustrous green slik, gay
with embroidered flowers in various The fan was connected by :

colors. The lan was connected by a chain of ivory links with a bracelet of the carved ivory.

"How exquisite!" sighed Mrs. Hoffman, slipping the bracelet on her wrist and fanning herself gently with the term.

Late in the evening she was chatting with that polished Chinese cour-tier, who, ample of figure, with serene countenance and watchful eyes, was one of several of his countrymen whose gorgeous apparel made splen-did dashes of barbaric color among the simpler clad Europeans and Amer-icans at the brilliant public reception. "I am sure this fan has a history suggested Nell Hoffman, after she had hanked the dignitary for his gift. 'Pray tell it to me."

Liung Web smiled inscrutably and shook his steek head. "Madam must contrive her own history for the fan," he said. "Perhaps the mission of madam's husband might form the ba-

sis for a remance."

Mrs. Hoffman paled and turned away. A wave of repulsion swept over her, and for a brief instant she was prompted to return the fan to the mandarin, quite reckless of the breach of politeness. The cold, deadly glitter of the little black eyes threatened harm to something—some one—she loved, and Jeremy's mission was a delicate one and dangerous, indeed. Her husband's work might become the theme for a tragedy, never a ro-

appeared and carried her away, with parting apologies to the great man-

đarin. "You \*are looking ghastly, Nell. What is the matter? Do you feel ill. dear?

As he asked the question Jeremy's arm was outstretched to catch his wife's swaying form, and in another instant she was lying unconscious in

hard—nerves unstrung—verge of pros-tration," snapped out the wiry little English doctor as he left the Hoffman bungalow in the pale dawn. Jeremy went back into the sickroom

and looked down at the white face on the pillow. He bitterly reproached himself for letting his fragile wife dance her way so merrily into an ill-ness. But they had been married only a brief three mouth, and his impor-tant mission had carried them directly to Shanghai his a chought outside of business had been to make her happy and keep her amused, and now if anything happened, if Nell should die he would leave the cursed country

forever, career or no career. He recollected with a sudden misgiving that his predecessor had thrown over the task because his wife had died—Elwin had returned to America and chucked the service forever.

Several days afterward Nell had re-recovered sufficiently to be brought out into the cool, matted sitting room. Her illness had taken the form of a strange inertia. Hour after hour she would lie with dark lashes fringed against her white cheeks, her bosom scarcely stirring with each feeble

The little English doctor was plain!"

puzzled. He fetched a clever French puzzied. He fetched a clever French physician, and together the two men consulted over the case. The French man went away without offering an opinion, but the next day he came back and ordered Jeremy to take his

wife away.

"It is poison—so insidious—so subtile—to linger here is to die. Take her

"Where can I take her?" demanded "Where can I take her?" demanded Jeremy, wild with fear and anxiety. "Anywhere—down to Hongkong if you like. It will be a change." So Jeremy gave up the bungalow and discharged all the serv s, even

the faithful old nurse, whom Net had learned to love. After them be tossed the medicine bottles and pill and powders. If a secret enemy lurk ed in his household, one whose object was to destroy his beautiful bride, the general clearing out would include

The sea voyage and the arrival at the picturesque island, with its de lightful points of interest and its charming English population, did Hoffman a world of good. Gradually the apathy left her and her bright spirits returned. The French doctor made a special trip down the coast to see her and pronounced her on the

ond to recovery.

"Be careful of her," he urged Jermy.

"She is not strong. I cannot deermine what drug or how it has been administered, but surely some sl

That very evening they attended dinner party, Nell lovely in pale green with the mandarin's fan swinging from her wrist. An hour after he arrival Jeremy accompanied her hom again, sitting beside her in the car riage, holding her unconscious form

in his arms.

This time her illness was of long duration, and in his distress Jerelly vowed he would return to America immediately upon her recovery. But the recovery was slow, even under the skillful ministrations of the French 'I told you to take care-to watch!"

"I told you to take cate—to watch he hissed impatiently at Hoffman.
"I did, Dr. Davesne," groaned Jeremy, flingling himself into a chair and dropping his head into his hands, "God knows I have protected her. If she recovers sufficiently I will take her home." Ralph Elwin found him.

"Sheldon cabled me to come out—said you were in trouble and that I might help you out on the business," said the former as he shook hands with Hoffman.

"The business can go hang!" said

Jeremy passionately. "All I care about is to take my wife away from this cursed country. Forgive my temper Elwin, but you can understand."
Elwin nodded gravely. "I can uderstand. I waited too long and I my wife. What is the matter w

Mrs. Hoffman? I thought her look ing unusually well when you sailed." Jeremy explained, and Elwin lis tened with his face in shadow. As he finished, Jermy picked up the mandarin's fan from the table where he had flung it the night of their return from the dinner party.

"She was looking quite well and fanning herself with this thing, when

all at once she just crumpled into a heap," he said.

heap," he said.
"Let me see it," said Elwin in a strange voice. He examined the fan with keen intensity, lifting it once to his nose and then hastily withdrawing

"Where did she get it?" he asked

sharply.
"A gift from Liung Weh.

"A gift from Liung Weh. You know, I'm on friendly terms with the old scoundrel, although"—
"Enough! So was I! Liung Weh was lavish in his gifts to us. He gave my wife a fan like this one, and—oh, my God, if I had only known in time!" Elwin's voice rang harshly as he leaped to his feet. "It is impregnated with some cursed poison, Jeremy. Ask Dr. Davesne! Let him examine he leaped to his feet. "It is impregnated with some cursed poison, Jeremy. Ask Dr. Davesne! Let him examine the fan. If he recognizes the poison he can supply the antidote and cure your wife. As for Lung Weh"—
"But why—why should he attack Nell? Why not me—why"—stammerad Jeremy excitetion."

ed Jeremy excitedly.
"Liung Weh does not fight in the open, old man, He killed my wife, and it sent me home. He thought to do the same for you and would have done so in the end. Mary was taken ill in the same way, only, being of a weaker constitution, she succumbed to the poison at once. My advice to you, Jeremy, is to take Mrs. Hoffman home as soon as she is sufficiently recovered. Let your career go. You can find pleathrough without one concession in his

behalf. "I will stand by you, Elwin, and to-gether we will fight it out," declared Jeremy, clasping the other's hand.

"Nay." said Elwin: "love is greater than fame or revenge or the carriage of justice. Love is greater than all. Guard it carefully, Jeremy, and some day I will return to San Francisco and tell you how the romance of the man-darin's fan turned out to be a tragedy after all."

Turner's Little Afterthought.
An English critic's reference to Turner's fine Licture "The Wreck Buoy" reminds a faithful newspaper reader of a curious anecdote in connection with it. When Turner first sent this picture to the Royal academy it was hung among several brilliantly colored hung among several brilliantly colored pictures. On varnishing day Turner found the effect of his dull gray rendering of a stormy sea altogether spoiled by its bright surroundings. Without a moment's hesitation he painted in the lighted buoy in the foreground, and its dab of crimson light showed so brilliantly in its groups setshowed so brilliantly in its gloomy set-ting that Turner's picture became the inent one, and its rivals on each side were cast into the shade. It is curious, if true, that the most noticeable feature of the picture should have an afterthought.-Boston Tran

Teaching 4,000 Sailors to Swin. Maneuvers are not the only activities of the American battleship fleet now at Guantanamo, in Cuba. A regiment of seamen and a battalion of marines encamped ashore for a fortnight for small arm target practice and drill, and 4,000 men who cannot swim are being instructed.

## Violets and Science.

By LUCY M. DELAINE.

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mmm When Mabel Baskerfield married Herbert Ward, scholar, learned pro-fessor, twenty years older than herself and apparently as serious minded as Mabel was frivolous, all their mutual friends and acquaintances held up shocked hands, figuratively speaking at the seemingly ill assorted match.
"How had it ever come about?" on
of the many dear friends asked, an
"How long will they live together?

asked the more frankly cynical. One month passed by "Oh, well, of course, the honeymoon!" doubters laughed, and then another and yet an

other month passed apparently seren ly, and another and yet another, unti six months had come and gone without any "drifting apart," as Herbert's lit-erary colleagues had predicted, or any indication on Mabel's part that she had wearied of her staid, scholarly The marriage had taken place in the

fall-in the first week in November and now had come April, with its day



HE EXCLAIMED, "WHY, MABEL, DID YOU WANT ME?"

of sunshine and shadow, its firs blooming crocuses and bluebells, its quick coming rains and as quickly dis pelling sunshine.

Then gossips began to say that matters were turning out just as was to have been expected. Herbert Ward passed most of his time in his class room or study, and Mabel seemed ab sorbed in dinner parties, bridge while, and all kinds of amusements, making polite excuses for her husband's ab sence from functions she attended saying, 'Mr. Ward is so busy he could not accompany me."

She always seemed quite cheerfu and contented—just the same merry

and contented-just the same mer pleasure loving creature she had ways been—but on one delicious spri day in April Mabel left early a lunc eon she had been attending, pleading another engagement. One of her friends attempted to rally

her on leaving the party so early, say ing, "Now that you are married, Ma bel, we shall soon find you giving u-up entirely, and you will be taking u-some abstruse study or will become s

"Am I married?" Mabel retorted with half laughing question, and the added hastily: "Well, so I am, but i does not seem to make so very much difference after all. Do you think it

Not waiting to hear the replies this query provoked, Mabel, hastily picking up her gloves and the light feather boa she wore with her dainty spring cos-tume, started off briskly. Out of sight of her friend's house

her footsteps lagged, and a serious look came into her large soft brown eyes. As she walked slowly, pensively along her face would have betrayed to any one who might have chanced to see her that some serious matters

ed her thoughts. A river flowed through winding, lined banks about the little city, tree lined banks about the little city, and Mabel rossed the bridge and soon found herself rathering handfuls of early violets. A group of white birch trees that grew closely together attracted her gaze, and toward them she

made her way.

As she approached the spot she saw lying stretched out upon the grass a man's figure, his arms beneath his

head and his face apparently lifted to-ward the blue of the tender sky.

Some sound of her approach must have reached the ears of the man, who had evidently, like herself, sought a quiet spot for meditation. Turning his gaze toward her, he rose and exclaim-

"Why, Mabel, did you want me?" And before she had time to reply Her-bert Ward, for it was he whom Mabe had roused from his reverie, said, half wistfully, half smilingly: "No; I see wistfully, half smillingly: "No; I see you were not looking for me. You were just taking a walk this lovely spring day, and the violets on this river's bank attracted you."

But Mabel gazed sliently at her husband. Seeing him so unexpectedly, she had looked at him at first as a

stranger might have done, and in her first surprised gase she had noticed how tired he was looking—so weary or despondent or disappointed, she thought to herself.

Without answering his query Mabel lifted to his face her serious eyes, and, looking at him questioningly, she said: "Herbert, you are not well. Is anything the matter?"
"Not well! Nonsense!" he replied

"Not well! Nonsense!" he replied hastily. "I am perfectly well. What put that idea in your head?" "I don't know," she answered, "but seeing you just now so unexpectedly and lying down on the ground, as if

you were resting, made me think per

you were resting, made me think perhaps you were not well."

"No, Mabel," he answered, looking at his wife as she stood before him with her hands filled with the flowers she had gathered. "No, Mibel; I am just growing old, I suppose. That must be what you feel, what you notice about me. Poor child, it is 'May and December,' I fear, with us, Mabel, I am too old for you. I should never have allowed you to become my wife. "I have noticed for some little time how quiet and changed you are from the happy, light hearted girl I married. It is natural and all my fault, for I

It is natural and all my fault, for was old enough to know better," he ended.
"Nonsense, Herbert. Why do you talk of being old? You are not old,"

she answered.

But Herbert, taking Mabel's hands, still filled with her flowers, in both of his own, stood tall and straight and broad shouldered before her as he said

very seriously:
"Mabel, it is like you in your kind heartedness to try to convince me that you are not well aware of the too great difference between us-between our ages. You have tried to be gay and light hearted as you used to be-that I know well, for I have often seen you rouse yourself from what I knew must be sad thoughts—but the fact re mains that you are not happy, and, a said before, the trouble is that your in the springtime of life, and I-well, I have passed into the cold an neliness of winter."

loneliness of winter."
Dropping her flowers unheeded the ground, Mabel came close to he husband's side, and, putting bot hands on his shoulders, she looked u into his eyes as she said:
"My husband, do you not know wh I have been more quiet perhaps than used to be? It was because I though you for fiveling and the proposition of the pro

you found me silly and frivolous too young to be your companio love you as I have always loved whether you are forty or sixty eighty or a hundred. What different does it make, the years that are past Come; it is the springtime. We will gather the violets together."

And as Herbert looked searching, into the face of the now smiling Mabel what he read there convinced him that in true love's season it is alway

#### WAIL OF VETERAN'S WIFE.

Please Tell Him the War Is Over, She Asked, and the Court Did.

If you were the wife of a civil war veteran and he should get up in the middle of every night and march around the room beating a snare drum and singing "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys," wouldn't it strain your patriotism? That's what a tired wo man asked when she appeared the other day in the Myrtle avenue court, Brooklyn.

"Your honor," said she to Magistrate Naumer, "I had two husbands, both of whom are dead, before this one. He is the first war veteran I ever had. I love my country and admire George M. Cohan, but I think there should be a line drawn somewhere in this star spangled banner business. Why, ev-ery night almost he gets up—my hus band, I mean—and awakene me with the cry: 'Hark, I hear the rebel yell To arms, to arms! Then he gets an old drum and, placing his Grand Army hat on his head, parades around, beating the drum and singing 'Marching Through Georgia.' Will you please tell him the war is over?"

The husband assured the magistrate

The husband assured the magistrate that his wife exaggerated.

"Judge." said he, "I only do that when I'm soused."

"Oh, I see," said the court. "Fired with patriotism by rum, you get up in the night and beat your drum."

On his promise to forret the war he On his promise to forget the war he was discharged.

### BOY WITH CORNET VOICE.

Peculiar Gift of Brooklyn Lad, Who

Imitates Cavalry Calls. Willie Laffen of 98 Ryerson street, Brooklyn, is the boy with the cornet voice. He is a little shaver, with a pleasant, chubby face and like a thou-sand other boys except when he emits from between his lips sounds so simi-lar to those of a B flat cornet as to

deceive any one.

The boy was in Broad street, New York city, the other afternoon when he screwed up the necessary courage

had made a nuisance of himself about the house with his imitations of cavalry calls. Willie is fourteen year old and works as an errand boy. A policeman had to escort him off the block.

#### BALLOON VIEW OF COMET.

C. J. Glidden Plans Ascension to Pho tograph Halley's Discovery.

Charles J. Glidden, who has encir cled the world in his automobile and has made long distance balloon trips, is confident that Halley's comet can be photographed next May from a bal loon. Ascensions are planned in the balloons Massachusetts and Spring-field, and Mr. Glidden will have as companions in his car Professor E. C.

Pickering of Harvard and other astro-nomical authorities.

He believes that some interesting and profitable observations can be made of the comet about May 1 at an elevation of three miles and that excellent photographs, if atmospher ical conditions are favorable, can be

"My ancestors came over in the May flower," said the haughty lady.
"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Cumrox,
with interest. "Mine didn't. None of my family ever cared for those big ex-cursions."—Washington Star.

His Early Home Coming. "Does your husband carry key, Mrs. Homebody?"

"No, I never knew him to."
"Oh, then he comes in early! Tha
must be due to your training?"
"Not in the least. There is always some one up when he gets home in the morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

# ARKELL TRIED TO BUY THE SUN

But Failed to Get Control of New York Paper.

#### ROOSEVELT AS THE EDITOR.

Former Owner of Judge Said That if He Had Succeeded the Ex-President Might Have Proved a Thorn In the

W. J. Arkell of Canajoharie, N. Y., former owner of Judge, the humorous weekly, admitted the other night that he had attempted to buy the New York Sun and his hope had been to have Theodore Roosevelt as editor. He said:

"I am disappointed that my negotiations with the Laffan estate did not succeed. I am not sure we should alogether have made a hit. Mr. Roosecared the financial coteries of Republicanism in Wall street. But I think we should have had a big thing. There is no doubt people would have wanted to see what Colonel Roosevelt said

Expensive Cable Message to Africa. Rumor has it that the negotiations with Mr. Rooseveit were nearly complete and that Mr. Arkeil's cable messages to Africa cost him over \$900. Mr. Arkeil laughed when asked if that were true.

"You can say," he replied, "that Colonel Roosevelt was asked, if you like. I won't say any more than that. Of course it is obvious the Sun would be

course it is obvious the sun would be an ideal pulpit for him from which to address the world."

Mr. Arkell was asked about a published report that an agreement had been come to with the executors to buy the interest of the late W. M. Laffan in the Sun for \$2,000,000, that a discussion ensued as to what the polfan in the Sun for \$2,000,000, that a discussion ensued as to what the policy of the paper would be under its new proprietors and that when it was learned that Colonel Roosevelt was to have control the sale was declared off, "That is not true," declared Mr. Arkeil. "The truth is that I got in touch with the Sun people to purchase and offered \$2,000,000. They replied they had refused \$3,500,000. There our negotiations ended

gotiations ended.
"Later I may try again."

The Cows of Muscat.

Muscat is famed as the hotbed of smugglers in the Persian guif, the nearby desert tribes being regularly supplied with arms despite the efforts. of the British patrol. But to the writ er, reared on a Missouri farm, the odd antics of the cows of Muscat seemed nothing short of freakish. They actually eat fish. No grass grows, so the wily Arab teaches his family cow to subsist on dates and dried fish. The milk tastes queer to a foreigner, which is probably why the Arab likes it. He also claims it is richer and makes more butter, but most ridicu-lous of all is the deception practiced on cows when the calves are "weaned." A calfskin or sometimes a goat ed." A cairsin or sometimes a goat-skin is stuffed with rags and tied not far from where the mother cow is an-chored. This effigy of her late lament-ed offspring soothes her nerves and keeps her from "going dry," according to Arabic tradition. - San Francisco

#### A Surprised Lion.

Chronicle.

A Surprised Lion.
The man eating lions did not always get their own way. Five Sikh carpenters made a staging eight feet high, and on this they fixed their sleeping tent. Each night they ascended by means of a ladder, which they drew up after them. They were warned that it was not high enough, but were content to believe that God was all powerful. One night they left the edge of the ladder projecting beyond the end of the staging. A mangry man eater on the prowl observed this and, thinking he could not find a meat more conveniently elsewhere, determined to try how a carpenter tasted. Calculating his spring, he leaped light-Nork city, the other afternoon when he screwed up the necessary courage to send out a bugle call that echoed among the skyscrapers, and instantly there were half a thousand men and boys about him. They cheered him on and nearly mobbed him.

The boy said that he discovered the peculiar gift about two years ago and had made a nuisance of himself showt.

How 3ne Hules Him.
"Skinphlint's wife certainly has remarkable success in managing him.

wonder how she does it.' "When he undertakes to deny her anything she really wants she threat-ens to sue him for divorce."
"Does he care so much for her.

then? "Oh, no. it's not that, but he figures that it is cheaper to let her have her own way than it would be to either defend the suit or pay alimony." -- Chi-

# A Reliable TIN SHOP

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