

LUCKY BOB'S INSPIRATION.

How a Light in a Window Caused a Villain's Downfall.

By HOWARD FIELDING.
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His name was Robert Bryce. He was an attorney, and the law of patents was the field wherein he reaped an excellent harvest of fees. His friends called him "Lucky Bob."

A man would naturally prefer to have his successes credited to his ability rather than to his luck, yet it was not for this reason that Bryce disliked his nickname. It offended him because it was a lie. The fates had done him an ill turn, and all their favors were but mockeries.

Three years ago, when Bryce was twenty-six, he met Martin L. Randall, who paid him well for a small professional service. The money came just in the nick of time, for Bryce was struggling hard to get a foothold in independent practice. Randall was a rich man. He had manufacturing interests of various kinds, involving the use of patented machinery and the making of patented articles. He took a fancy to Bryce, intrusted him with important affairs, kept him in funds, advised him in the investment of his surplus, invited him to his home.

Friendship sprang up between the men despite the great difference in their years. They were constantly seen together. It was current talk that Bryce's fortune was made, and his college nickname, Lucky Bob, was heard again on the lips of his associates.

On his first visit to Randall's home Bryce dined with the family, only one of whom had a drop of blood in common with Randall. This was his sister, a widow and childless. The others were a Mrs. Loring and her daughter Amy and a young man named Ballard Dillon. Randall had been a cavalry officer in the civil war and in those days capable of romantic friendships. Mrs. Loring was the widow of a comrade in arms. Dillon was the son of another. The lady had been left with some small means in trust with Randall. Dillon was a penniless orphan who had fallen into the lap of luxury.

Amy Loring was not yet eighteen when Bryce first saw her. She seemed to him a very pretty and well bred girl and nothing more. The first warning that Bryce received came from Randall at the house one evening. Amy and Dillon happened to be standing together in a good light and accidentally posed with some artistic value.

"A handsome couple," said Randall, who was an admirer of personal beauty, like most other people who have been blessed with a share of it.

It was not long after this that Randall conveyed to Bryce definitely the intelligence that Amy and Dillon were intended for each other. Increasing misery was Bryce's portion from that hour, and the word "lucky" coupled with his name was bitter mockery.

There may be many reasons why a woman should not marry a man though she loves him. There is no reason why she should marry him if she



"A HANDSOME COUPLE," SAID RANDALL.

loves him not. All debts are canceled, all gratitude vanishes, the wisdom of wise counselors is folly, the dictates of worldly prudence are as rash as madness, if they urge toward marriage without love.

Such was Bryce's philosophy, and you may imagine his feelings at the spectacle presented in Randall's home. Mrs. Loring and Randall were creatures of unchangeable decision. They had decided upon this marriage long ago. The idea of it had grown into their bones. As for Amy, she had known Dillon since her childhood and had liked him and disliked him and quarreled with him and made it up.

The girl exerted a strong attraction upon Dillon, and there were moments when he fancied himself deeply in love with her. These were the moments of encouragement when he seemed to see a way out of the troubles into which he had fallen of late years through a course of elaborate duplicity and secret extravagance. For the most part he had too many worries to think of love. His pillow was not haunted by images of beauty. He saw Shylocks and Shysters and the wolfish faces of third rate Wall street brokers, and even the helmeted policeman and grim visaged jailer figured in the worst of his visions.

Dillon's situation and character were unknown to Bryce, who charged his constantly recurring doubt of the man's probity to the promptings of jealousy. He did not deny to himself that he was jealous and was not ashamed of it so long as it did not betray him to any dishonor.

In June of the third year of his connection with Randall occurred the trial of an important case. A pot of money was on the table, and the issues reached far beyond the visible stake. Bryce had prepared carefully and was confident of success.

Dillon was defendant. The witness for the other side were heard, they appeared upon the stand, mother's son of them last.

with an apparent perfect knowledge of what was to come from the defense was a profound secret. Yet all those people had been carefully coached to meet it. The father of Bryce could not have inspired them with a better story.

The case dragged through many days, but in the earlier stages Bryce was well aware that he had been betrayed. Apparently the leak must be in his own office, but he could not trace it. He felt that he was beaten and knew not how it had been done.

Randall was bitterly disappointed. He gave up the case for lost and as soon as his own testimony was read to the jury he fled to his room. He and the Loring and Ballard Dillon went to the Muskoka lakes, in the highlands of Ontario. Randall had some thought of buying extensive property there and building a summer residence.

Bryce was left to struggle with the case and with the tortures of hopeless love. In the afternoon of the day before he was to make his argument he came from the courtroom at the close of the session and crossed to a big office building where there was a restaurant. An acquaintance joined him at table.

"Did you know," said this man in the course of a rambling conversation, "that Bally Dillon had an office here?"

"Bryce knew no reason why Dillon should have an office anywhere. On the fifth floor, No. 528," said the man. "I don't know what he does. There's no name on the door. But I've seen people going in."

"What sort of people?" asked Bryce. "A tall, high nosed, lawyer looking old chap and a stocky man with a chin whisker."

"Is that so?" said Bryce, and he pursued the subject no further. When he had finished his luncheon he went to the office of the agents of the building, Harvey & Long. The latter had been his classmate at college.

"Ballard Dillon has a room in this building," said Bryce. "I want to get into it."

"No such man here," answered Long. "Who's in 528?"

"Gentleman of the name of Robinson. Take me down there. Get the keys."

Long stared at him and then took a pass key from a rack. Room 528 was furnished in a style of arid simplicity. There were two chairs and a desk. Bryce took up one of the chairs and broke the desk's lock.

"You may have me arrested for this tomorrow, Jimmie," said he, "but don't bother me now."

He searched the desk, made up a package of papers, chiefly memoranda in pencil, and turned to Long, who was fluttering about in a high fever.

"Sit down," said Bryce. "I'll tell you a story."

The story served its purpose and reduced Long to a state of reasonable calm. Three days later, about sunset, Bryce landed from a steamer on the Muskoka lakes at the pier of the hotel called the Cliff. There was an unusual number of people on the pier for so early in the season. Obviously the Cliff had made a better start than its competitor.

In the steep path which led to the hotel Bryce met Amy Loring, and despite the dusk he saw at once that she was changed. Her habitual manner had been somewhat grave. It was now all sprightliness and the thrill of joyous life. She walked like a wood nymph under the great arch of trees, and there was magic in her glance.

Bryce, on the contrary, was depressed by his errand, which burdened him with the most serious questions of duty. He felt the gloom that was upon him and was not surprised that Amy should mistake its cause.

"You have lost the suit," said she and would have proceeded to make light of it, but he interrupted her.

"On the contrary," said he, "I have won. I went crazy on the last day and made a speech which was a wondrous triumph of rhetoric over law and common sense. Sympathetic insanity seized upon the jury, and they decided in my favor. Where is Mr. Randall?"

"He has gone out upon a launch. I don't know where."

"Mr. Dillon is with him?"

"No."

Bryce regarded her keenly. "Some misunderstanding has arisen between them?" she inquired.

"I violate no confidence," she replied. "For you will be informed as soon as you see Mr. Randall. Mr. Dillon has been speculating and has involved himself in serious difficulty. Mr. Randall is greatly displeased."

Bryce understood as clearly as possible that Amy saw her own release in this and that she was unable to restrain her joy even though it came through another's misconduct and disgrace. This was exactly Bryce's own position. He carried in his pocket the absolute proof of Dillon's treachery—that he had sold Randall's secrets in the suit so hardly won. Despite the obligations of honor which rivalry in love imposes, he had not been able to see how Dillon could be spared. To attempt it seemed now doubly futile since the man's exposure had already begun. Beyond a doubt the path of Bryce's love now lay open before him, and he read success in Amy's eyes. The time had not come for words, but the hearts of these two lovers spoke to each other in the warm shadows thrilling with wildwood scents beady as wine.

It happened that the Cliff was taxed to its capacity and Bryce must seek accommodation elsewhere. After dinner, therefore, he took a rowboat and pulled across to a neighboring hotel, the Vale.

As Bryce rowed along in the darkness he could see a certain light on a veranda of the Cliff. It was a bright lantern on a table before the door of Amy's room. If he held a true course the light off from Bryce's view, but by keeping a very little outside the line he could have it to look at, and he amused himself by just preserving his beacon from eclipse. His meditations were of the most agreeable character, but they were rudely interrupted by



WILL JONES

collision with a submerged ledge that very nearly upset the boat. No harm was done, however, and he proceeded upon his errand.

Having secured accommodation at the Vale, he returned to the Cliff, for he had resolved to see both Randall and Dillon that night.

Silence and solitude reigned everywhere, for Muskoka goes early to bed. No sign of human habitation is visible from the pier, for the trees hide the hotel completely.

There is a tiny shed on the pier, and as Bryce turned in that direction after making fast his boat Ballard Dillon stepped out directly in his path.

"I was waiting for you," said Dillon, and the next instant he thrust a revolver into Bryce's face. "We must have a little talk, but not here. Get back into the boat."

Bryce obeyed because he knew Dillon. A threat from that man was not subject to any discount. In spite of his many weaknesses of character he was one who would not display a weapon in mere bravado, but with the intent and the nerve to use it.

Bryce got into the boat, and Dillon followed him, sitting in the stern and commanding Bryce to take the oars.

"Now pull," said he and pointed with the revolver.

A few strokes brought the boat out into the sweep of the wind, and she began to drive off short at a lively rate. Bryce looked up at the cliff and saw the light before the door of Amy's room.

"I know what you did in New York," said Dillon. "I've had word from there. I know what you've got in your pocket. Now, I can't afford to have that evidence delivered to Mr. Randall. I'm in trouble enough already, but I can smooth it over. Your story would put me beyond help."

"Do you expect me to promise to be silent?" asked Bryce and stopped rowing.

"Keep on with those oars," said Dillon sternly, but he did not answer the question.

In a flash Bryce saw into the other's mind. His death alone would make Dillon safe. His silence would not be secured by a promise, but by a pistol shot and the waters of the lake.

Bryce looked up at the bright light on the veranda of the Cliff, and an inspiration seemed to come from it. He shaped his course as he had shaped it before. His life was in Amy's hands, and she did not know it. If she should extinguish that light his guide to safety would be gone.

He saw Dillon draw in his breath. His teeth gleamed in the darkness, revealed by the straining of the thin lips.

"Stop rowing," said he. "Give me those papers." And he stood up in the boat, with both hands extended. Bryce, knowing that he must be near the place rowed on. His eyes were fixed upon the light.

"Stop, I tell you!" commanded Dillon, bending farther forward.

The boat struck the rock. A wave was under her stern, and she came down the harder.

Dillon was flung clear beyond Bryce. He struck heavily upon the rail and went over the side. The revolver was discharged, but harmlessly.

The boat was swept clear of the ledge and filled, her bow being stove in. Bryce clung to her and shouted to Dillon, who was now disarmed, for his revolver had fallen into the boat. There was no answer. The man was a strong swimmer, yet he did not rise to the surface. He must have been stunned by his fall, for the lake held him. He was never seen again.

Bryce worked his way to shore with the swamped craft. He looked back toward the Cliff, and the bright lamp was still there, but as he gazed it flickered as if beckoning and then was quenched. Bryce stood with outstretched hands, his heart straining at its moorings, toward that spot.

The Irishman's Resource.
In his volume of essays, "Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest," Mr. Coulson Kernahan compares his compatriots, the natives of the Green Isle, with the English:

"When your Englishman never knows when he is beaten is the veriest platitude. In all the world there is no nationality which can play a losing game with such desperate doggedness. I venture to think, however, that the Irishman—and therein is perhaps a reason why he excels in the art of war—is more resourceful, is quicker to think and quicker to act."

"An Englishman, finding himself in a corner so tight that any one else would decide at once that there was nothing for it but surrender or retreat, says, 'Here I am, and here I'll stick to it. I'm shot at till I'm killed or till relief comes.' An Irishman in the same place would say: 'It's the mischief's own hole I'm in! But wait now! What way 'll I be getting out? And get out the Irishman generally does, for he is so resourceful that his resourcefulness might sometimes be better described as slipperiness."

The Wizard.
"It's a remarkable thing," said old Brightboy at tea time, "but I can push my saucer through the handle of my cup."

The others glanced at the small handle and gave the speaker a withering look.

"I can," persisted Brightboy. "Do it, then," they challenged. Calmly taking up his spoon, Brightboy passed it through the handle of the cup and then pushed the saucer with it.

THE SHIPWRECK OF GLOOM

A Lesson in Courage and in the Value of Life.

By HOWARD FIELDING.
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Mr. Bartlett had not visited his office that morning, and it may have been about noon when an elevator disgorged him on the level of his own place of business. Immediately he was aware of the high keyed, boyish voice of James, his handy man, a creature of many duties and of an anxious, devoted fidelity.

"There's a lady waitin' for you," said James. "She's in your room, she is."

"What sort of a lady?" asked Bartlett.

"A young lady," answered James. "She's been there about half an hour, with a suit case. I never saw her before. She's got blue eyes, very blue eyes, she has. And I guess she ain't feelin' well. I took her in a glass of water a couple o' times an' she drunk it. She was thirsty, she was."

Bartlett shook his head. He could not remember any young lady of this kind. And yet the eyes—

"China blue eyes, James," said he, "like the color that you've seen on a fine cup and saucer?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said James earnestly, "I never seen such a color anywheres before—not on nothin', I didn't."

Bartlett spent some seconds in reflection. "Go into my office," said he, "and see if there's a letter from Mr. Carver of Philadelphia amongst my mail. If there is I want it."

Such a communication was indeed there, and James brought it out. It was the querulous letter of a worried and weary man, and it affected Bartlett like the fling of a saw, for his nerves were in no condition to endure the caterwaulings of a business associate. Carver was afraid of a big note of Bartlett's which was maturing in a Boston bank.

"You'll have to pull money out of the game to meet that note," he wrote, "and that will cripple us. Instead of a handsome profit, we'll be likely to make a loss." And he went on to bewail the loss as if it were already made. He declared that he was not fit even to think of the matter. The long siege of illness in his family had broken his nerve. "And though we're all on our feet again," he added, "I'm the oughtly tired out. We never should have pulled through except for Celia Gilbert, and now the poor girl has broken down and must go home—nervous prostration, and pretty bad, too, I'm afraid. And she'll have to travel all the way to Boston alone unless you can go over with her Friday night. I see by your letter that you'll be going over Friday or Saturday to try to fix up some way to re-



WILL JONES

new that note. But you won't be able to do it. You'll have to pay up—con found the luck!

"I'm sending Celia to you. She remembers you ten years ago, when you were one of Johnny Harvard's lambs, though she was only a child at the time. You used to call on her sister or cousin or somebody. And, by the way, if you can go over with her, go by boat. Celia has had the most confounded luck in traveling by train. She's been in three accidents—no fancy smashups, but just the usual thing—an engineer and a couple of mail clerks sent aloft; nobody hurt in the high priced cases. The last case was a carload of laborers that got in the way, and Celia saw some of them afterward. I think she'd get a better night's rest on the boat."

Bartlett took off his hat and passed his left hand downward from the top to the back of his head. His brain was sore to the touch.

"This is my finish," he said. "The girl will drive me crazy, but I can't in common decency let her go over alone. I have broken bread in her father's house, and the old chap was kind to me."

An ordinary man might have seen in Celia Gilbert only a very pretty girl who was pale and looked as if she had been ill. Bartlett saw far more. The slightly gathered brows, the steadied lips, the voice constantly controlled to guard against the revelation of a causeless excitement, were eloquent to Bartlett. He knew that this girl's life from moment to moment was held to a determined standard of calmness by an unresting heroism, and when he remembered that she had come to this sad state through the mere exercise of helpful kindness his soul cried out against the government of the universe. She was cousin to Carver's wife; she had gone to that house of affliction because she was needed there and for no other reason.

Celia sat in his office all the rest of the day. At half past five, when Bartlett went aboard the sound steamer with all his worries on his back, and the

patience, she had not visited his office that morning, and it may have been about noon when an elevator disgorged him on the level of his own place of business. Immediately he was aware of the high keyed, boyish voice of James, his handy man, a creature of many duties and of an anxious, devoted fidelity.

They had some dinner by and by, and perhaps the food was good by Bartlett. At any rate, in the course of the meal he was vouchsafed a revelation. He perceived that Celia's presence was not depressing; he had been laboring under a pre-conceived idea of what her effect upon him ought to be, in view of her condition, and this false notion had completely fooled him. In reality she had not uttered a complaint all day. She had expressed no dependent view, but had gently striven to dispel the gloom between them, all of which had emanated from himself.

"Upon my word," said he, looking across at her, "you are a very, young woman."

"In comparison with whom?" "Myself."

She nodded her head and smiled at him.

"I am a good deal worried," said he. "This business of mine in Boston sits on me like an incubus—whatever that is."

"I am sorry," said she. "Perhaps he had looked for a little curiosity, and perhaps the china blue eyes read this in his face, for she factually asked a leading question, and he told his story. There were few people in the world with whom he would have spoken as frankly.

"The trouble is," said he in conclusion, "that I dare not go directly to the president of the bank. He's a tar, and this particular kind of renewal is his pet aversion. But if I can have the matter put up to him in just the right light by a friend of mine (and a pet of his) inside the bank (the thing will go through, I don't want to Boston to see anybody in the bank. I wouldn't have him know it for a thousand dollars."

"Mr. Boland is the president?" "Yes."

"Suppose you should meet him on the street," she suggested.

"I should dodge into the nearest open door," said he. "If he saw me in Boston at this time he'd know what I was there for, and he'd see me wirepulling inside his bank."

"I don't like wirepulling anywhere," said Celia. "I think you should meet Mr. Boland deliberately."

"Not for gold and precious stones," she insisted, "and I don't like the idea that you're afraid of him."

"I don't like it myself," said he, "but I am."

"Then you'll surely meet him. I never dare to be afraid of anything for fear that it will happen."

"I admit there's something in it," said he.

Celia retired to her stateroom early, and Bartlett went down to the main deck, where in the girl's absence he relapsed into gloom and consoled himself with strong cigars.

A streaky fog lay on the sound. In the thicker places the steamer would slow down as if bewildered, and her whistle would exchange impatient blasts of nautical conversation with other whistles. A human irritation seemed to animate these tones.

Bartlett thought of Celia lying awake and listening to the mournful and alarming chorus. Tenderness came to his heart. He regretted that he had not been kinder to her; that he had not spoken cheerier words at parting.

"All the human sense and goodness have gone out of me," he growled. "I am the wreck of what I was."

It was past 11 when he went to his stateroom, and he sat for a long time on the edge of his berth, thinking despondently of the morrow. The whistle was now doing its worst, and the answers were more impatient. He distinguished one voice among them that seemed angrier than the others, and it drew constantly nearer. Then for an interval he missed that voice. Silence reigned for perhaps no more than a minute, but it seemed much longer. Bartlett rose to his feet—he knew not why.

In the depths of the vessel he heard a bell strike once. The vibration of the fabric ceased. The engine was at rest. Suddenly, close at hand, the whistle that he had listened for called out with its strong voice. Two quick blasts answered it from his own vessel, and instantly the bell in the depths rang sharply twice.

Bartlett was in part prepared for what came next, but not for the magnitude of her room and thundered upon it, calling to her. She answered him very much in her usual tone.

"I will be ready in a moment," she said and almost immediately appeared. "He was amazed that she should be dressed."

"Are many people hurt?" she asked. "We must try to help." And she crossed to the wreckage.

An officer and some uniformed negroes, with a passenger or two, were disentangling the injured from the wreck of staterooms. Bartlett joined this party and was astonished to see men and women come forth from this mass of splinters with but a few scratches. He worked with zeal for perhaps two minutes, which seemed long, and sufficed for multitudinous service. Then he climbed out of the tangle and looked around for Celia.

The young lady with nervous prostration, whose doctor had sternly ordered her to abstain from all exertion and excitement, was kneeling on the floor of the stateroom, dully bandaging the wounds upon a man's head.

Admiration of her courage thrilled in him. He remembered that his own work was not done. A hoarse voice was calling from behind a stateroom door which was jammed so that it could not be opened. Bartlett got his fingers into a crevice and ripped the lock out through the woodwork. The door swung open.

The interior of that room, if it could still be so called to have an interior, was an impossible ruin. The rear wall was the gray sea fog, the berths had fallen into the nether wreckage, the floor was shattered so that it looked like the debris of a picket fence, but it held. And on that shivered floor, clothed in pajamas, supplemented by a pair of trousers and one shoe, stood Curtis Boland, president of the R. and N. National bank!

Bartlett extended a hand and drew him to a seamer footing. Except for a few bruises and scratches he was unharmed.

"Ha, Mr. Bartlett," said he cheerily, "so you're my preserver. Where is Miss Gilbert? Safe, I trust."

Bartlett pointed across the stateroom to where Celia still knelt among the wounded.

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"God bless her!" said Boland fervently. "I know her well by sight—her father and I are neighbors in Brooklyn—but I have never met this young lady, so I kept aloof when I saw you with her in the dining room this evening. I expected to meet you later in Boston, of course."

The collision of the two vessels seemed a small shock compared to his collision with Curtis Boland. The service he had rendered utterly debared him from asking favors at the bank.

The floor did not sink under him. The night's calamities were at an end. Water tight compartments kept the vessel afloat, and she proceeded slowly under her own steam to New London, whence the passengers proceeded by train to Boston.

Bartlett, Boland and Miss Gilbert were companions on this journey, and for a large part of a way the lady, utterly exhausted, slept profoundly. And one of the men waked beside her with something akin to a fatherly affection, the other with deeper tenderness. He knew now why the eyes that he had seen ten years before had never faded from his memory.

"Bartlett," said the banker, "I forgive whether you are married."

"I am not," answered Bartlett. "A year from today—who knows?"

There was a long pause.

"Bartlett, how are things going with you?"

"Every prospect pleases," responded the young man.

The banker eyed him for some minutes.

"Perfectly convenient for you to meet that note?"

"I can meet it," answered Bartlett, and then he straightened up in his seat. "I can do many things that would have been hard yesterday. I have had a lesson in courage, in self forgetfulness and in the value of life. I am worth a dozen of the Johnny Bartletts that have been walking the floor this last month, and one of the proofs of it is that I'm not afraid to tell you that I have been walking the floor. I am not afraid of anything or anybody."

Another silence.

"Send me over a little money," said the banker, "as little as you please, just enough to make a showing. Send me the same kind of paper for the balance. Will that suit?"

"I should think so! But I don't ask."

"You have asked nothing," said Boland. "The proposition is mine."

GROTESQUE NAMES.

Burdens That Innocent English Children Had to Bear.

In England, as in other countries, thousands of people go through life cherishing a grudge against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. It was most natural that a demure and pretty girl in a north suburb should feel resentful when she had to answer to the name of Busybod, given in honor of the winner of a race fifteen years before. Among the names registered at Somerset House are Ails and Graces and Nun Nicer, which were innocently borne by two little girls who found them most embarrassing in after years.

The appalling name of Wellington Wolsey Roberts was borne by a young man who, in disposition and appearance, was anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battlefield as his predecessors Arthur Cox and Napoleon the Great Eagar.

However, even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna (sic) Domini Davies and Roadcase Bashier.

To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Last of 'Em Harper, or Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of British parents has imposed on innocent children.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mystery of the Egg.

An egg for one thing is a succession of bags, bagged up in one another, a series of envelopes enveloped in one another, bags and envelopes without joints, seams or openings. Puzzles, ships built up and full rigged in bottles, flies in amber, are simply simplicity itself as puzzles when it comes to how these bags wrap one another up, bag in bag. In a hen's egg there are eight or nine or ten of the sacks in sacks ensacked. Everybody thinks he knows what an egg is, and after weary reading and study in many languages he only begins to learn that nobody knows a tiny fraction of all the world of secrets and mysteries hidden in an egg. "As full of meat as an egg" is not the true comparison, but "as full of mystery as an egg" is nearer the truth. Eggs are the greatest puzzle in all nations.—New York Press.

PROFIT IN SEA WORN PEBBLE

England Seeks to Buy France of Trade Monopoly.