

NEVER MIND.

Never mind the shadows, never mind the rain. Every day that ever dawns brings a touch of pain.

IN THE TOWER.

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-by-Jack?" The little woman's flush of irritation still burned hotly in her round cheeks.

The operator hesitated, biting his lips. His face, too, bore traces of wrath. Their first quarrel had been a sharp passage and he, being slower of tongue, now stood at the door, with an angry sense of defeat.

A chance for a parting stab. He hoped it would hurt. It hurt him more than he expected. "No! I'm not," he burst out, gruffly.

"I've brought your pistol, Jack. I got to worrying. I—I'm sorry, dear. Won't you kiss me now?"

"Oh, trot along home, lad. I've nothing to attract marauders except my good looks. No one will bother me.

"Likely boy," commented Lawson, filling his pipe and sitting down. "Good as any of 'em already; safe and levelheaded. Got nervous, did he? Not the only one on the line, I guess. We all carry a 'pop' now. I must say it's a handy companion."

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "I forgot it. Confound Kate! She drove everything out of my head."

"Where are you bound for?" "Tisn't much of a night for a walk."

"Right, N ain't. Oh! I've got to go clear out to Dashnell's. He's sick and I'm on his job. Some things I wanted to ask him."

"That's a lovely stretch; a blamed lonesome road, Seth. You go by that Polish settlement, don't you? Say, they're an uneasy gang, all down on everybody connected with the road.

"Can't do it," he complained. "Wish I could, but I must report to the boss at 5 a. m. As you say, Jack, it ain't safe for one of us fellers to go trailling out there in the dark. I've no weapon, either. Say, I'll be back by 11 o'clock. You couldn't spare me your gun till then, could you? I suppose you've got one."

"Seth, I left the blamed thing at home. Came away in a hurry, and never thought of it. Too bad! Of course, I'd have lent it to you. Been glad to. Go around to the house and ask Kate for it."

The caller looked down, shaking his head. "No," said he; "it's a 15-minute walk, and out of my way. I'll step along, I guess, and take my chances before it gets later. The wind is rising from the way those wires hum. I'll be going back, Jack, and maybe drop in on my return. You're a lucky dog to be housed and warm. I'll think of you when I'm rubbing my ears."

He laughed strangely, turned up the collar of his heavy ulster, nodded and departed. Outside, Sharpson did not start in the direction of Dashnell's remote home. Instead, he picked his way across the tracks and climbed into an empty car. "They'll meet me here," he growled. "I've luck for once!"

An hour later Lawson turned as the door opened softly. "Kate!" he cried, startled. "What's the matter?"

"I've brought your pistol, Jack. I got to worrying. I—I'm sorry, dear. Won't you kiss me now?"

"There, there!" soothed the man, all his anger vanished, as she shivered and sobbed in his arms. "You should never have come out in this storm. Alone, too. I'll have to keep you till Bourne arrives. We will sit here and 'make up.'"

The big revolver was in his right hand, as he playfully pushed her from his knee with his left, bidding her remove the damp cloak, and he faced the door as it again swung open to admit three masked figures, pushing in hastily.

A cool man was Lawson, quick and an unerring marksman. He took no chances. A woman's scream echoed above the deafening explosions. Through the smoke, and loud over the heavy groans from the huddled heap rose the steady voice of the operator. "Keep quiet, girl! I've nailed the whole bunch!"

Striding to the sprawled figures he tore at the masks roughly. "Good God!" came his shocked words. "One of them's Sharpson! I—I don't understand. Those other men are a couple of brutes from the Polish settlement."

After help had arrived in response to his startling message, and the man who could whisper kept muttering, Lawson bent his head to catch the husky murmur.

ST. LOUIS "HAS THE GOODS."

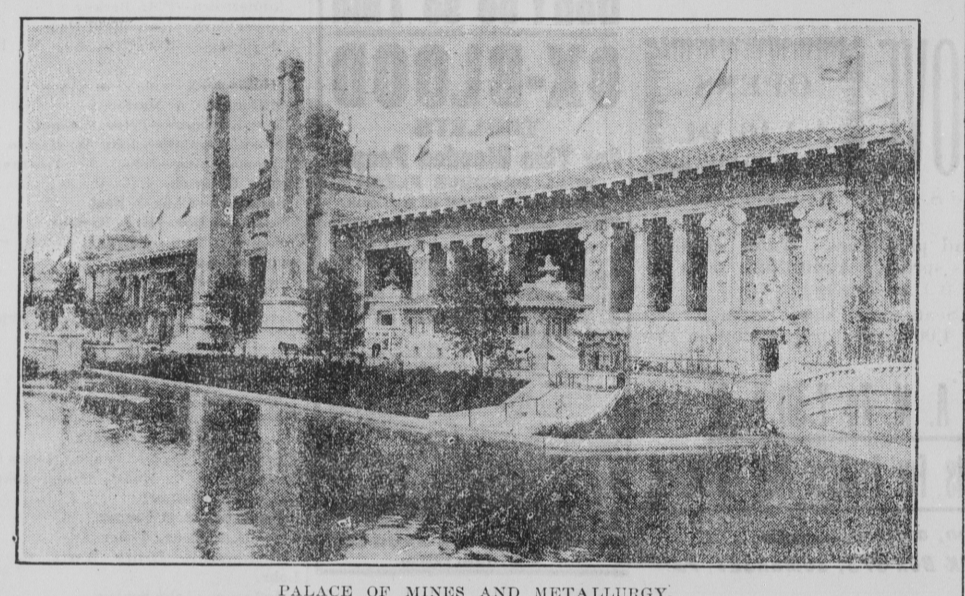
NEW YORK WRITER FINDS WORLD'S FAIR BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

Addison Steele, After a Week at the Exposition, Expresses Amazement at Many Features—St. Louis Cool and Prices Reasonable.

R. ADDISON STEELE, a well-known newspaper and magazine writer, of New York, recently spent a week at the World's Fair. Returning home, he wrote the following appreciative account of his impressions on Brooklyn Life, which should convince any reader that it is worth his while to see this greatest of exhibitions.

In the expressive language of the day, St. Louis "has the goods." I had expected much of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, for I had kept in touch with the making of it from its very inception, five years ago; but after nearly a week of journeying through this new wonderland I must confess that in every essential particular it is far beyond my expectations.

The crowning feature is the great Louisiana Purchase Monument—and across the Grand Basin to the Cascade Gardens. On the right are the Varied Industries and Electricity buildings and on the left the Manufacture and Education, these—with Transportation and Machinery still further to the right and Liberal Arts and Mines beyond at the left—making up the body of the fair.



PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY.

that eleven years have rolled by since Chicago invited all the nations of the earth to come within her gates. These having been years of remarkable progress the mere fact that it is up to date would place the Louisiana Purchase Exposition ahead of not only the Columbian Exposition of 1893 but the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900—the only other world's fair of the period mentioned.

The Pike has in the Tyrolean Alps the finest concession that I have ever seen. The great square with many quaint buildings, a little village street, and above the snow-clad mountains—which look very real as the evening falls.

It is a case of dine at the German Pavilion and die at the Exposition. In a beautiful Moderne Kunst building adjoining Das Deutsche Haus the best food and the highest prices on the grounds are to be found; the table d'hote lunch and dinner costing \$2 and \$3, respectively.

One of the greatest, and certainly one of the most agreeable, of my many surprises was the supreme beauty of the main group of buildings. For the simple reason that the camera does not exist, which could take in the vast picture as the eye sees it, the early views of the group—a bit here and a bit there—gave a scant idea of the scheme as a whole.

The Philippine section covers no less than forty-seven acres, has 100 buildings and some 75,000 catalogued exhibits, and represents an outlay of over a million dollars. A week could easily be spent there to advantage.

After all, the chief charm of this race of winged flowers does not lie in their varied and brilliant beauty, nor yet in their wonderful series of transformations in their long and so-called caterpillar life, their long slumber in the chrysalis, or the very brief period which comprises their beauty, their love making, their parentage and their death.

Golden Chans. M. Max Regis wore Golden Handcuffs For Years.

It will be remembered, says the Westminster Gazette, that some years ago M. Max Regis was presented by a group of lady admirers with a pair of golden handcuffs, in commemoration of his arrest and imprisonment in the great cause of Nationalism.

One Hundred For An Egg. An Indian Game Fowl That is Very Valuable.

Not often does the price of a single egg climb to \$100, but this is what was offered for each of the eggs of a certain Indian game fowl, which was brought to England some time ago.

The Silence of Butterflies. This Insect Represents a Truly Silent World.

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Dr. Hale an LL.D. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is now an LL.D. of Williams College, from which his father graduated just 100 years ago.

A Modest Englishman. Like the traditional Englishman, Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, wore home from his first visit to America an expression of amazement which only time could efface.

The Playwright's Complaint. A popular author, who has lately turned to play writing, has not succeeded in impressing managers with the availability of his productions.

The Rev. Mr. Malaprop. A suburban minister announced last Sunday: "The preacher in this church on Sunday morning next will be found posted on the board outside this church."

Evans Likes Baseball. Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans is a baseball enthusiast and seldom misses an opportunity to see a game.

How Shall We Save Our Tobacco Ashes. As everybody knows, the ash left on burning tobacco is considerable and, as a matter of fact, the mineral of the tobacco leaf frequently amounts to as much as a fifth part of its weight.

SCIENCE NOTES.

American built automobiles of 1905 will not differ materially in construction from those of the present year.

Prof. W. J. Hussey of the University of California astronomical department at Lick Observatory has just announced his discovery of 100 new stars.

At a depth of forty-five feet the tusk and a portion of the skull of a mammoth, belonging to the ice age, have been dug up at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland.

Glass houses of a very substantial kind can now be built. Silesian glass-makers are turning out glass bricks for all sorts of building purposes.

That fuel oil is more of a steam producer than coal, and that, with light distillation, it is less wearing on boilers, are conclusions reached by the naval board which conducted experiments with liquid fuel.

An ingeniously constructed shadow clock has just been invented by Prof. Herth, of Lynn, Mass. The essential feature of the invention consists of a lamp, which throws upon the ceiling an optical representation of a small watch.

The climate and soil of Ireland having been declared suitable for sugar beets, 3000 acres near Cork are to be planted with these tubers, and it is expected that ere long the United Kingdom will be able to grow all its sugar.

In reply to a question in the House of Commons Mr. Pretyman of the admiralty said recently that the average annual cost of keeping a 13,000 ton battleship in commission was approximately \$470,000. The various items were: \$20,350, pay of officers, men, etc.; coal, \$118,000; \$73,020 for victualing, and \$75,250 for stores, repairs, etc.

Dead Sea to Be Enlivened. It is believed that before very long the Dead Sea will be exploited for industrial purposes. French engineers are at work on three different projects with this purpose in view. The level of the Dead Sea being more than 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean and the Red seas, it is thought that, by connecting either of these two seas by means of a canal with the Dead Sea, a stream of water would flow with a velocity calculated to produce some 25,000 horse-power.

There is no danger, it is asserted, of an overflowing of the Dead Sea, for the waters there evaporate at so great a rate (6,000,000 tons a day) that the incoming waters would make no appreciable difference in the level. One project is to start the canal from the Bay of Acre, lead it southward past Mount Tabor and let it join at Haisan the waters of the Jordan. Another plan is to build the canal along the railway line from Jaffa to Jerusalem. But this would mean blasting a tunnel of some 37 miles through the mountains of Old Judea. The third project, the cheapest, proposes to start at Akaba in the Red Sea and pass through the desert of Wady-el-Jebel. Having obtained power in this manner, it is thought many industrial works would be carried on.—London Daily News.

How Shall We Save Our Tobacco Ashes.

As everybody knows, the ash left on burning tobacco is considerable and, as a matter of fact, the mineral of the tobacco leaf frequently amounts to as much as a fifth part of its weight. Thus a ton of tobacco leaf would yield four hundredweight of ash, which represents valuable mineral constituents withdrawn from the soil which have to be replaced by abundant manuring. It has been calculated that a ton of tobacco withdrawn over a hundredweight of mineral constituents per acre of land. In 1901 the home consumption of the United Kingdom was at the rate of two pounds per head, or a total of about 40,000 tons, which represents, at what is now a probably low computation, approximately 8000 tons of ash annually committed to the winds or dissipated in some way or other. On the face of it there would seem to be a fortune in store for that individual who could devise a successful means for the collection of tobacco ash, and it is a great pity that so much valuable material should forever be lost to the soil without any attempt at direct restoration being made.—The Lancet.

Might With Radium See Through Iron.

Prof. Wood of the chemical department of Johns Hopkins university delivered before the Photographic club recently an address on radium and its qualities and the radiation of light. He performed a number of interesting experiments during his talk. One of these was to show by means of a spectroscopic radiations of radium. Dr. Wood remarked that if the power of the piece of radium were just 100 times as great as it was, or if the piece were 100 times larger it would penetrate with a ray of light a sheet of iron several inches in thickness and make it possible for the experimenter to distinguish objects placed on the other side of the iron—in other words, would make it possible for a person to see through iron.—Baltimore Sun.

Evans Likes Baseball.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans is a baseball enthusiast and seldom misses an opportunity to see a game. He has been visiting Mrs. Evans' sister in Poughkeepsie, and while there attended a contest of the Hudson River league and "rooted" uproariously for the home team, which won.