

## THE MONSTER.

The sun has gone down on my anger! The sun has gone down on my wrath! I have looked on the vistas of darkness that stretch to the end of my path. Now sickness my blood from its sorrow; my pulses throbb hot from dismay! For I know that a wretched to-morrow will follow a wretched to-day!

I saw but this morn at its dawning a spectre so fearful of girth, Its form looming up from the shadows spread darkness abroad on the earth. Alas, 'twas the creature called "Money"—a monster rapacious of jaw! And it preyed on the weak in the valley—it crushed with its fangs and its claw.

The sun has gone down on my anger! The sun has gone down on my wrath! The dead in the valleys are lying, the dying are thick in each path. The monster has trampled its victims—the helpless, incompetent poor—And echoing, bellowing laughter is rife in the woodland and moor.

The sun has gone down on my anger! My heart is a furnace of woe! Oh, would that my curses were mighty to strangle and vanquish this foe! A monster that comes at the dawning the veins of the helpless to drain! A man-beast of human destruction, at large in both mountain and plain. —Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

## WHEN MONEY WAS TIGHT.

The burglar had entered through the kitchen door by cutting a hole in the glass pane, inserting his arm and turning the key.

As he passed on through the kitchen, butler's pantry, dining room and hall he carefully left each door wide open, so that in case of necessity he would have a clear run for it.

As he passed the sideboard in the dining room he looked it over critically. His sharp eye detected instantly that the articles were all plate, with the exceptions of two salt cellars. These looked like gold. He caught them up, looked them over carefully and slid them into his pocket. They were gold.

He had a reasonably large canvas bag in his left hand, which had been folded neatly and put in his left hand pocket. This he unfolded as he leisurely made his way upstairs, tucking one end in his trousers pocket and letting the rest of the bag hang out. In going up the stairs he carefully stepped on the sides, putting his rubber-soled shoes down, cautiously. He knew if he stepped in the middle the stairs might creak. Once a mistake like that had caused him to waste a whole evening.

As he passed an instant half way up the stairs his eye caught in the reflected light of the street lamp, lying carelessly where it had been thrown on the window seat, the outlines of a magnificent party wrap with its sable collar. The young lady, tired out with her evening's entertainment, had left it there as she came in.

As a matter of fact, the presence of this party wrap was simply a confirmation of the burglar's plan in selecting this particular evening, for there had been a ball, and for this purpose she had visited the safe deposit vault during the day and taken out the magnificent jewel, a large solitaire diamond pendant, worth some £3000.

The burglar had timed the whole affair very well, although, to be quite candid, he had not come upon his midnight venture by chance. It was all done by a system. He was in his way an artist. He always worked alone. He never went on a job that was not a big one, and he employed one or two "agents" to tell him where he could make a good haul, giving them later a certain percentage of the profits.

He was in reality an admirable, methodical specimen of a burglar. One of the great secrets of his success was that he never hurried. He had a theory when he entered a house that he should place himself mentally in rapport with the atmosphere. He robbed so to speak just as if he were a member of the family. This was his attitude.

When he reached the upper hall he did not hesitate an instant, but walked straight to the rear and paused in front of the door on the right. A gas jet had been left burning low. This he did not disturb. Its light enabled him to see at a glance that the door was ajar. He opened it softly and slipped into the room, as he did so drawing forth from his pocket a diminutive electric flashlight.

The window was open top and bottom and the cold air was flowing through the room. A large screen around the foot of the bed protected its occupant.

He went over to the dressing table. There were several jewels scattered over its top, but not the one he wanted. He picked up the odd rings one by one, so that they would not jingle each other. Then he slowly opened drawer after drawer.

In one drawer was a jewel case. He opened it. A medley of gold and silver ornaments on the upper tray revealed themselves under his intermittent light, but not the pendant. He lifted out the tray. Underneath was a similar mass of ornaments and a folded letter. He was about to toss it aside when, obeying his self-composed, leisurely instinct, he quietly opened it. It was from the well known jewelers, Trench & Smyth, and read as follows:

"Dear Madam: In reply to your favor of the 28th we shall, of course, keep our agreement made with you at the time you purchased from us the yellow diamond necklace, that any time within one year we will upon request purchase it back from you at £2400, or £400 under the selling price. We trust, however, that you will reconsider your determination to compel us to accept the necklace at the present time. As you know, there has been a severe setback in trade, and while we are in honor bound to keep our agreement we should consider it a favor if you could grant us a six-months' extension of time. Awaiting your reply, respectfully, Trench & Smyth, T." The burglar, with a slight smile, put the letter in his pocket and re-

placed the jewels in the bottom of the case.

Then, glancing about him, he went over to a small writing desk, and selecting from a pile of letters one which in its contour bore a resemblance to the one he had abstracted he folded it similarly to the other and placed it in the same position in the jewel case that the other letter had been. Then, replacing the jewels in the top of the drawer, he closed it, leaving everything as he had found it. Also he put back the rings on the top of the dressing table. Then he stood silently for a moment in deep thought. Cautiously retracing his steps to the door, he closed it and locked it. Moving back the screen he leaned over the bed, flashing his light over the face of its occupant.

His inference had been correct. When the girl had come in she had kept on the pendant, sleepily but correctly concluding that that was the safest place for it.

Under the light's purposeful glare she suddenly opened her eyes and looked into the muzzle of a huge revolver.

"Not a peep or I'll strangle you." He spoke low and distinct, and then continued quickly. "Don't be alarmed, miss. As long as you keep quiet you're absolutely safe. I'll do you no harm. Take off those shiners."

At first she had turned decidedly white. But, a girl of spirit and courage and youth, she recovered quickly, probably because in the suddenness of it all she could not grasp the full realization of her danger.

"Don't, please don't!" she gasped.

## The Ubiquitous Potato.

Whenever you lick a postage stamp you partake of me, since all lickable gums are made from dextrine, one of my products.

Your neck caresses me all day—for the starch that stiffens your collar is made from the potato.

The bone buttons on your underwear are probably "vegetable ivory"—compressed potato pulp.

My leaves, dried, make a good smoke. You have often smoked them "unknowingly," mixed with your favorite brand.

Potato spirit is a very pure alcohol. It is used to fortify white wines. Many a headache is not so much due to the wine as to the potato.

I yield a sweet syrup. In this form I am often present in cheap cocoa, honey, butter and lard.

Let the corpulent try as they will, they cannot escape yours truly.

THE POTATO.

"No words, or I'll—"

She reached up without a word and unfastened the pendant. He took it.

"Sorry to have caused you any alarm, miss," he said, with a smile, "but if you'd only left it somewhere else, you know?"

Her eyes flashed in anger.

"Little good it will do you," she replied. "You can't dispose of it. It's too well known to!"

"Sh! Now if you make a sound until I get away I'll come back and—"

He looked at her intently through his mask, switched out his light, opened the door, locked it on the outside, and was gone.

A few minutes later he leisurely stepped into a small motor car waiting in a side street, and while the telephone was ringing, bearing its message to headquarters, he was speeding away at thirty miles an hour.

When he arrived at his destination—a small, unoccupied house in the suburbs—he made his way upstairs into an attic room. Here in one corner were all the tools of his trade, and, what was more to the point for the purpose, a collection of paste stones of all sizes and shapes. Turning on the power that he got from the electric current he set to work. After several hours of skillful work he had constructed what was to all intents and purposes an exact duplicate of the real pendant. Selecting a chamouis skin bag he placed the real pendant in it. The other he put loosely in his pocket.

Then he dressed and went out to his breakfast.

At ten minutes past nine a quietly clad young man walked into the office and salesroom of Messrs. Trench & Smyth.

"Is Mr. Trench in?"

"Yes, sir; back there in the office."

The young man went back to the office. He respectfully removed his hat while he waited for that gentleman to look.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm from Miss Van Glen."

"Oh yes."

The "oh" on Mr. Trench's part in this case was very expressive. His manner changed at once. He got up.

His visitor went on coolly: "I'm from the office of Messrs Grober & Scott, sir, Miss Van Glen's solicitors, and she sent me over here, sir, in answer to your letter."

"Sit down."

The young man sat down.

"She wished me to say, sir, in reply to your letter of the 28th that she was very sorry to trouble you in any way. When she bought the pendant she hadn't the least idea that she would ever want to sell it, and only took the precaution because we advised her to as a matter of business."

Mr. Trench looked at his visitor. "I understand that was her father's idea," he said.

The representative of Grober & Scott smiled.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said that, sir," he said. "Of course, Miss Helen's father took it for himself, but we advised him; only please don't say I said it as he might think us too well, you understand, sir; it might offend his vanity. A business man like that likes to think he is smarter than any one else."

"Yes, I understand that."

"You see, she's losing £400 by the operation, and if it wasn't that she needed the money she wouldn't think of—"

"That's all right. Did you bring the pendant with you?"

"Oh, certainly, sir."

The young man opened a small pigskin bag. From this he drew forth a chamouis bag. This he put in Mr. Trench's desk.

"She asked me to apologize for not having the case. It was mislaid—you see it was too big to go in the safe deposit box with the other things."

"Oh, that's all right."

Mr. Trench had taken the pendant out and was examining it critically.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, "I want our diamond man to see this."

"Certainly, sir."

He was gone some time. At last he came back.

"That pendant is all right, Mr.—"

"Thompson."

"Mr. Thompson, shall I give you a receipt for it and send Miss Van Glen a check?"

"The fact is, Mr. Trench, Miss Van Glen would like the money."

"Um, I suppose," he said, "we'll have to do it. We certainly intend to live up to our reputation and agreement," he added, proudly.

Then he looked at the visitor keenly.

"I presume," he continued, "merely as a matter of form, you ought to be identified."

"The goods are usually considered quite sufficient, I believe, still"—Mr. Thompson put his hand in his

pocket. "Here is your letter to Miss Van Glen."

"That is sufficient. I will have a check."

"Do you think it would be possible to arrange to get me the cash? You see, Miss Van Glen's account is locked up in the trust company that failed. That's the reason why she is so anxious to have the money. She really needs it greatly."

Mr. Trench smiled grimly. "Wait a minute," he said.

With the pendant in his hand he went over to the office of his partner and briefly explained the circumstances.

"He wants the cash," he added. "The pendant is all right." Mr. Smyth got up and craned his neck over the glass door to where the young man was seated.

"Is that the man?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He looks all right. Perhaps she ought to have given him an order, but I should say the letter was sufficient. These women, you know, don't know much about business."

"All right."

Mr. Trench went back to his visitor.

"I suppose we'll have to accommodate you," he said. "Fortunately we took precautions to have it on hand."

He called a clerk, at the same time handing Mr. Thompson a check.

"Here, Peters, run round to the bank with this gentleman and identify him." Mr. Thompson got up.

"I'm certainly very much obliged to you," he said. "I guess you won't have any trouble, though, in disposing of that pendant."

He reached over carelessly and picked up the shining bauble from the desk where it lay.

"It certainly is a dandy," he said, holding it up to the light.

"Oh, we'll dispose of it all right," said Mr. Trench, "when times are better."

Thompson laid the necklace carefully down.

"Well, good morning, sir."

"Good morning."

About noon that day—almost at the precise moment when Mr. Trench and his two partners, sitting in their private office, were staring at each other in mute despair over a certain glass exhibit which they had come to re-examine, a messenger boy bearing in his hands a small package, rang

the bell of Miss Helen Van Glen's house.

Opening it the astounded young woman took out the real pendant in the presence of two detectives who had just called while she read as follows:

"Dear Miss—I thought over what you said last night about disposing of your shiners, and guess you're right; so I'm sending it back with thanks and hope this will find you well. Yours, SPOT CASH."

"P. S.—I'm keeping those salt cellars as a remembrance."—The Sphere.

## WISE OLD CAT SAVES HER YOUNG AT A FIRE.

Could Not Do It Alone, so She Picked Out Tender-Hearted Fireman to Help Her.

There was a fire in the cellar of a big tenement, No. 155 West Twenty-fifth street, but that has little to do with this story. It serves only to introduce one large black cat, four very small black kittens, a tender-hearted battalion chief and two sympathetic firemen.

The firemen were pumping water into the cellar, when the big black cat rubbed against the leg of a fireman and "me-owed." The fireman shoved her away. She went to another fireman and received the same treatment. Finally she rubbed up against Battalion Chief Langford. He noticed that after each "me-ow" she would walk off in the direction of No. 153 West Twenty-fifth street, on the ground floor of which was a butcher shop.

"Seems to me that cat has something on her mind," he said. "Acts as if she wanted me to follow her."

The chief followed the cat. In front of No. 153 she raised herself on a level with the window of the butcher shop and gazed in, making piteous cries. Langford peered in and saw nestling in the window four black kittens.

"Well, here's a chance to save some lives, anyhow," said the chief. He ordered Fireman Wittmeyer and Bolinger to break open the door. The cat scrambled inside, leaped upon the window ledge and carried one of the kittens to the sidewalk. Langford gathered up the other three and laid them down beside kitten No. 1. The kittens were gasping and almost suffocated. The chief sent a fireman for warm milk. While the kittens were coming back to life the mother cat rubbed against Langford's boots and begged her gratitude. Later the kittens were taken into a neighboring doorway, the blaze was drowned out and the sympathetic firemen departed.—New York World.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

A fellow can go down hill without having any pull.

The office that seeks the man must be blindfolded.

No man need be a failure who doesn't yearn for the unattainable.

To swallow the truth, most of us want it sugar coated.

Philanthropy not only hires a press agent, but a claque as well.

The people who build castles in the air are never sure of their ground.

Some men would even like to take their pick of the various brands of success.

At least where a mirror is concerned, a woman always looks on the bright side.

When a girl is color blind she has little excuse for making a fellow green with envy.

The gates of heaven are jealously guarded, but the devil always has a latchstring out.

The chap who is regarded as one man in a thousand is cordially hated by the other 999.

Many a fellow refuses to lay something by for a rainy day so long as he can borrow an umbrella.

The trouble with some fellows is that they never have any sober second thoughts.

If every man who has been disappointed in love should take it to heart, the world would be full of pessimists.

Some people are so formal that even when Fortune smiles on them they are apt to wait for an introduction.

Naturally enough the widow doesn't feel her loss so keenly if it is fully covered by insurance.

The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is just about as accessible as the silver lining of our clouds.—From "Musings of a Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

## The Last Chance.

Dorando Pietri, defending at an Italian banquet his canny course in wearing a cigarette advertisement in the race with Hayes, told an opposite story of an Italian grave digger.

"I must accumulate all I can while I am here," said he, "for over there in Italy money is scarce. It is with me, in fact, as it was with the grave digger."

"This grave digger, after digging a certain grave, put in a bill that was exorbitant. When complaint of the overcharge was made to him, he said:

"Well, the corpse and I had a row five years ago over a cart I sold him, and I could never make him pay me what he owed. So, seeing this was my last chance, I thought I'd better take it."

Sheep shearing machines are now used extensively in Australia. In Tasmania they are just beginning to be used.

## INSOMNIA.

Insomnia is one of the curses of the age. Doubtless it is an effect as well as a cause of nervous troubles. The physical basis of sleep is the need of the neurons—that is, the nerve cells with their fibres—of rest so that they may be built up again for new work. Yet this does not wholly explain the mystery of sleep, for, as we all know, there are times when we are too tired to sleep.

But sleep is also a moral necessity. For the time we are withdrawn from material and external influences, which tend to harden and vulgarize our nature, and as wise men in all ages have thought, it is probably in sleep that we are open to the higher influences of the spiritual world. Be this as it may, we can be sure that sleep reinforces the moral powers. Many an intending suicide has relinquished his sad purpose after a few hours' refreshing rest. It is in sleep that healing and recuperative forces are at work.

"Without sleep and hope," says Immanuel Kant, "man would be the most miserable of beings." Worry and sleeplessness are closely related.

As Dr. Saleeby well says: "The man who sleeps well is ipso facto a practical optimist, while the victim of insomnia is ipso facto a practical pessimist, a man who worries."

There are, however, some popular fallacies about insomnia that require to be dispelled. We often hear people say: "I have not slept a wink for a week." If the saying were true, it is more than likely that such persons would have slept the sleep that knows no waking. We know from experiment that if animals are deprived of sleep for about 120 hours, even though food is supplied to them during that period, death will ensue. Therefore, by insomnia we mean not absolute, but only partial, sleeplessness. The nervous person sleeps more than he thinks he does.

Still, this partial lack of sleep has injurious effects upon the whole nature, and the victim of nervousness cannot do better than begin the reconstruction of his life by earnestly facing the question of sleep. To regain the lost power to sleep soundly is to make the first step toward the restoration of nervous health and strength.—From an Article in Smith's Magazine.

## The Humble Clam.

By T. L. MASSON.

Everybody has heard of the clam, for he has of late years achieved celebrity by lending the use of his name for broth, a form of warm water used in restaurants and soda fountains.

"Those who have studied the clam, however, know that he is in reality a remarkable individual.

The clam begins by depositing himself in a sand bank. He takes out no fire insurance, and may be seen occasionally squirting out water, as a precaution against any sparks that might fall inadvertently.

The clam in summer wears a sheath gown open at the sides, but so modest is he (or she) that it is immediately closed up at the approach of another person.

Clams have decollete pecks, which they are very fond of displaying in broad daylight. This, of course, makes them very sunburned.

It would be much better if, during the sunny part of the day, the clam would wear a veil.

Clams live usually in flats, and always go down through the roof.

In their native element they are very much at home, but when seen in company with human beings they are usually in the soup or frittering away their lives.—From Judge.

## Undeveloped Brazil.

It is very sad to note that at the time when Spruce visited the Amazon—with the exception of a very few spots at long distances apart—the mighty river, with its vast network of tributaries, was practically deserted. The traveler speaks of the Rio Negro as "the dead river." The immense area contained only scattered groups of Indians, with here and there a few half-breeds. Some progress, with the introduction of steam navigation, has been made since the period with which these volumes deal, but still the far larger part of the Amazonian regions is, to all intents and purposes, uninhabited.

To any one who has studied the history of exploration and settlement in the basin of the Amazon from the days of Orellana, Teixeira and Samuel Fritz to those of La Condamine, Humboldt and Schomburgk, the salient fact that stands out is the failure alike of Portuguese and Spaniard to utilize the splendid waterways and rich territory which they had had the good fortune to acquire. All the earliest records show the banks thickly populated by native tribes.—London Times.

## His Business Ability.

In the Adirondacks lives a man too lazy to work, but evidently of great business ability. One winter, when he was sitting around smoking, his family came so near starving that he decided to try a new method. He called on some of his neighbors, who could ill afford to help him, took up a collection and bought for the suffering family a barrel of flour, a barrel of pork and a load of wood. They were not considerate enough to cut the wood, but the business man knew how to manage. He hired some of his neighbors, who had not contributed to his donation, to cut the wood, and paid them with half the pork and half the flour.—Lippincott's.

## QUITS READING THE BIBLE

Woman of Ninety-Three Says She's Willing to Stand on Her Record.

Ithaca, N. Y.—"I think I stand on my record; I won't try to read it again," said Mrs. Sarah Hartly, ninety-three, today, as she closed her Bible after she had finished reading it for the twenty-third time.

Mrs. Hartly believes that she has the record for Bible reading in this part of the country and that she is too old to try again. The aged woman can quote and recite many hundreds of verses from the Scriptures.

Rheumatism, which has impaired her otherwise excellent health, has kept her in the house of late and she had plenty of time to pursue her studies.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. W. BALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Coldest City.

Yakutsk, in Eastern Siberia, is said to be the coldest city in the world. It is the great commercial emporium of Eastern Siberia, and the capital of the province of Yakutsk, which in most of its area of 1,517,063 square miles is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth.

## Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Dr. Debaton's Relief for Rheumatism radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action is remarkable. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. First dose greatly benefits. 75c. and \$1. At druggists.

## Sporting English.

A foreign visitor to the United States in these times is struck by the extent of the sporting pages in the American newspapers, and still more impressed by the difference between the language and that found in the dictionary of Dr. Samuel Johnson.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

## Women and the Ballot.

So far as the direct plea for the representation of women in legislation is concerned, we may express a certain amount of sympathy, just as much sympathy, in fact, as women themselves have for such a plea. As soon as women ask for such representation they will get it, just as they get everything else that they demand. But to speak of women as having no "voice in the affairs of our country" is a little inaccurate, seeing that at the present time our newspapers contain column after column of "voice." Equally inaccurate is it to speak of "striking where there is no defense."

The self-defensive powers of women are as great as those of men, and greater, and it is to be feared that when they get the vote, as no doubt they will, there will be a bitter realization of its ineffectiveness and also of the fact that new