#### ~~\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The Dead Man's Boots.

By Holger Drachmann--- Translated From the Danish by Hanna Astrop Larsen.

any tobacco with you?-it was just to stick his nose in. the way I am telling you. I don't know if he was a German or an Eng- board?' he cried. Mshman, or he may have been Dutch, I know of.

talking at once in the little fisher-man's cabin, but when Old Yvensen came right up to the boat, snorting began the others stopped to listen. like a whale, sneezing and spitting One of them shoved himself along the bench, saying, "What is it, Ole?"

would have known," said Ole, "but have you any tobacco?

He had. Ole got his tobacco and quite pleasantly. filled his pipe. Then he began at the beginning again.

"It was the dead man that washed washer. It is a long time ago, thirty years I should say, and at that time there was codfish right outside here. I was out in the boat with Jens Split and a fellow called Hans, who went to America and was drowned there afwas rowing. All at once the lines tichtened.

" 'Now haul away,' I said. " 'She's heavy,' said Jens. the deuce is it?'

'Haul away,' I said, 'and you'll

"He pulled, and I got the trough after all, even if he was dead. ready, for I thought it was a very

'Look at him,' said Jens, who the crook of an arm with a hand rise else to see that the man was quite ing out of the water, then the breast dead and everything else as it should der it. Then the chin and the breast and if he had love letters or mortwent down again, for there was another hook that had caught the was. breeches, and then a pair of boots knocked against the side of the boat.

" 'What became of him?' said Jens, who had loosed the lines.

"I told him to pull in again, but carefully. Then the thing came up for the second time, stiff and long, standing almost straight up and down in the water.

" 'Let him go,' cried Hans from his

" 'Shall we let him go?' asked Jens who was still holding the line.

"I looked at him and then I looked at the boat, and I said: 'After all, he is a human being."

"Well, we got him to the edge of the boat and pulled him in. A great deal of water ran from him, and he was a little hard to handle, rather flabby in the back like a dead fish, but we managed to prop him up in the fore part of the boat with his face turned to us.

"There he sat. The sun was low and it shone right into his face. While we were pulling at the lines and every once in awhile took a fish from the hook, we could not help turning our heads to look at him, sitting there with his face turned on us.

"Hans, who was rowing, got a queer itching feeling in the back of his head. He shoved himself back and forth and every little while he booked forward over his shoulder.

What are you looking at, Hans? "Hans did not answer, but began

washer.

"'A fisherman doesn't whistle in

"Jans said: 'It seems to me the fel-

low over there is staring at us.' "'Nonsense,' I said; 'how can a

"A little later Jens again said that the dead man was staring at us, and Hans began to shuffle again. Then, just as we had pulled in the last part of the lines, Hans bent down and grabbed a large starfish from the bottom of the boat, turned and slapped It right in the face of the beach- you crazy?" he cried.

" 'You shouldn't have done that, Hans,' I said.

" 'Perhaps not,' he said, 'but you hadn't needed to take him on board. Every time I have looked over my shoulder I have seen him staring at me, and it isn't a pleasant sensation at all, especially not when you feel it in the back of your head."

"Well, at sunset we got in to the fanding place, and there were people standing there, and they cried to us: "What kind of a fellow have you got there?

"We didn't answer before we had turned the boat. Then we jumped out and pulled it in, and the others lent a hand, for we always help each other where there is no harbor. When we had the keel upon the sand I said to those who were standing around:

"Now you can see for yourselves." They all wanted to know, and old Wiel's cook asked if he had a watch or anything like that.

" 'We neverthought of that,' I said, end tried to unbutton his jacket, but he pilot-master told me that I must not do that before the police or any way the customs collector had been

"'I didn't suppose there was any duty on such a one,' said Hans, lifting him a little. People began to laugh, and that made Hans so frisky that he began to do all kinds of monkey tricks with him.

I don't like to see you do that, and I think you will be sorry for it,' I

"Then Hans left him alone. The the more my task seemed to weight of the more than the more my task seemed to weight of the more my task seemed to weight controller of customs came steaming like a horse with the coat of his uniform buttoned awry over his stomach,

"It was just this way-have you often that there was anything for him

" 'What merchandise have you on

" 'You can see for yourself, sir,' ! for he couldn't talk, at least not that said. But Jens had thrown a tarpaulin over the man in the boat when the As usual there were several people pilot-master said that we didn't dare

came right up to the boat, snorting and wiping his face with the stiff red handkerchief that was always hang-"You might have listened, and you ing out behind his uniform.

"Well, my men, what kind of pick-

ings have you got to-day?' he said

" 'It is not exactly pickings, sir,' I sald.

" 'Nonsense, Ole. I suppose you ashore here, what we call a beach- have been smuggling a little, but when the king gets what is coming to him and you show the proper respect for the law, there is no harm in that."

"Nor was there. So the controller of customs pulled away the tarpaulin and there he stood with it in his hand Jens and I were standing looking at the stranger in the boat, aft and hauling at the nets, and Hans The beach-washer didn't say a word. He had a good excuse. The man of law didn't say anything, either; he was rather surprised.

"The villain! He stinks," He kicked the tarpaulin over him again. That was not particularly polite, 1 thought, for he was a human being,

"The controller of customs said we must put a watch over him and send for the police or the town judge or was pulling with all his might. I the district judge or the magistrate turned my head, and there was first or the clerk or thedeuce knows whom and a bit of the chin with a beard un- be, that he did not bring the cholera, gages by which he could tell who he

of them said:

Yes, great.

from the beach. About 9.30 the con-

troller of customs came along to in-

made the other two stand at attention

with the muskets when he hove in

sight, and that pleased him. I asked

him if I might send Hans to the inn

" 'In a bottle-on the watch? Are

" 'Well, all right,' I said quietly,

When you are on watch you

"The minute he was out of the way

Jons and Hans stuck their muskets

down in the boat where the beach-

washer was sitting and got ready to

" 'Where are you off to?" I said

" 'Take away that butter spoon.

said Hans. 'You might know I am

going for something to keep us

"When he came back we divided

below, while the third walked up and

watch, and the other two snuggled on

the lee side of a sand dune and cov-

ered up with a piece of a sail. It

would have been more comfortable in

somehow they did not feel like it on

"The moon rose and shone on the

water and on the beach and on the

tarpaulin that covered the beach-

washer. I walked up and down with

the sword under my arm and my

hands in my pockets. I looked out to

sea and wondered about what kind of

a wind we would get in the morning,

and then I looked at the boat and the

thought of the troubles of this life,

especially for the sailor, who is never

sure of the end when he is at the be

ginning. The more I thought of it,

the more my task seemed to weigh on

fellow under the tarpaulin, and I dead comrade."

account of the stranger fellow there.

holding out my sword in front of

'Then we won't, but the night is long

and chilly at this time of the year.

don't feel the cold,' he said.

them.

awake.

for something in a bottle.

spect us before he went to bed.

"I have a boy here now."

going to return when Hans opened his

"'Help yourself; don't be bashful.' in the morning we sto "I thought you slept, Hans," I in the bright sunlight. 'It's a cold night. How do you like your bed?"

'It's confounded uncomfortable. said Hans, 'and it's all on account of that beach-washer. Why didn't' you let him go, as I told you to?'

'But Lord bless you, Hans, I've got human feelings.

"'If he could only do us some tlemen with him. The magistrate good,' said Hans, and then he sat pointed to us and explained the twe straight up, and we looked at each other. been lying here and thinking of?' pocket and stuck it in its of pulnd said Hans.

"'May be I can guess. Do you know what I am thinking of, Hans?"
"'Not his boots, is it?' said Hans, He got up and began to slap his arms

"We went over to the boat, and Hans lifted the tarpaulin. 'They are good boots,' he said.

" 'Don't.' " 'I would take my oath that no one has noticed whether he had boots or

not,' said Hans. "I went over to Jens to see if he was still sleeping, and when I came back to the boat and saw the boots wet and shiny in the moonlight, I don't deny that I thought they were

good boots.
"'No, it won't work,' said I. 'He is a human being, even if he is dead, and his clothes are his own, and when we take them we are stealing."

" 'Is he a human being?' cried Hans. 'No, a human being is one that is alive like you and me. When you're dead you're nothing—dust and clay, as the minister says, and nothing can't possibly own anything."

"I stood and pondered over this for a few moments, but I couldn't get my bearings.

'See here,' said Hans. 'If we took his watch or his papers-if he has any-that would be stealing. Those things belong to the big-bugs that are coming to-morrow to poke their noses into all that. But a beach-washer must be buried in the clothes he is

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suguries or Pecessities?

At a New England academy two middle-aged men met in class reunion. After renewing the old acquaintance, one

"So have I," said the other man.
"When I went through here," the first man continued, re-

"I paid over \$800 last year for my boy," said the second

"No. Does yours?"
"Not a stroke. The academy hired hands take care of the

a room, black his shoes, put his dally paper on the table him every morning and do all the things you and I used

have to do for ourselves."
"The boys of to-day are getting luxuries where we got

necessities. Are they any better students than the boys of twenty-five years ago?"

twenty-five years ago?"
"I doubt it. Yet their education costs from three to four times what yours and mine cost. Are they getting three or your times as good an education?"
"Doubt it. Shall we take our boys out?"

"So we kept watch over him with | wearing. If you don't know that

"I rubbed the back of my head and

then I said: 'But who should have

the boots, you or I? It wouldn't do

of pebbles. 'Odd or even?'

and I grabbed his leg.

said Jens behind us.

washer.' I said.

up so that the two of us had watch tarpaulin over the beach-washer again

down with the sword. I took the first face just as the sun had done before,

the boat under the tarpaulin, but thought of robbing any one of what

said:

off?' I whispered to Hans.

"Hans looked at me. 'We might

'No, I don't want to,' I said, and

"I took a good swallow, and then

" 'Do you suppose we can get it

'What in thunder are you doing?

"We both jumped up and looked at

'We are looking at the beach

"I went over to Hans, but he was

just as scared as I was. He lay down

by the side of Jens without saying

anything. When I went to put the

the moon was shining right into his

and it seemed to me as if he was look-

ing at me and saying, 'You thief, you

thief.' It made me feel very queer, for I had never in my life before

belonged to him, ner have I done it

since, but this seemed a peculiar case.

for, after all, he had no use for the

boots. Anyway I bent over him and I

" 'I am sorry, shipmate, for what I

meant to do. You keep your boots,

and good-night to you. If the cod-

fishing is tolerable this year I guess l

new boots without stealing from a

"Then I put back the tarpaulin, and

When my watch was over I waked

I felt somehow as if he must be rest-

keeping what belonged to him.

Jens, who was sitting up on the sand.

'It won't do,' I whispered to Hans.

'Jens is as leaky as a new tub.'

we went over to the boat and tackled

him. Hans took off the tarpaulin,

" 'Then I want to,' said Hans.

" 'Give me your bottle, Hans,'

two muskets and a sword in a sheath. | much, I do, and why should we let As evening came people disappeared the worms eat those good new boots?

was the oldest, so I had the sword and any good to divide them, surely."

"Where else could we put them?"
"I don't know. Civilization and progress are great things,

flectively, "I worked my way doing chores of various kinds, My annual expense seldom ran over \$200. I find things quite

different here now. Last year I paid out \$750 to keep my boy here in the style he says he must put on in order to be

man; "yet when I was in this academy twenty-five years ago, I swept out the building, milked cows, shoveled off sidewalks, and boarded for \$2.50 a week. My expenses were less

"Does your boy do any work while in school?"

eyes and said:

there were no boots lost that night. When the controller of customs came in the morning we stood at attention

" 'Anything happened on the watch?' he asked.

"'Nothing worth mentioning,' I answered, and Hans and I looked at each other with our tongues in our cheeks and one eye pinched together.

"At noon the magistrate came in a carriage with a clerk and some genwere fishermen, and one of th remm-'Do you know what I have tiemen took a watch glass originatis stared at us. Ti noies of ged questions and ex tlemen, who seen is processible men indeed. I the come cloud be foreigners, since t' the wire have everything explained restore spoke Danish just like the "essary , so I suppose they had never fishermen before. One of ' is a wrote something in a book, somueall ose he had a poor memory.

"We turned all hiwas foots, but found nothing but a long, becarse so wet that it was fallin if a sin 3. The magistrate put gle exter urned it over. There : banknote worth abou lars, a piece o. . letter which the magisti tere was no sense in and s. h copper

" 'That wasn't Lim of said the magistrate, and it wastet. Then he gave orders about the funeral and drove away.

"In the afternoon the beach-washer was buried on the beach. The curate threw three shovelfuls of dirt at him, and we fishermen took our caps off and looked down and said nothing. I remember feeling glad that he had his boots, though perhaps they would not do him much good in the place where he was going to. Then the curate went away, but it seemed to me a pity that a poor shipwrecked sailor should be sent away without a Jens was pulling at his breeches and looking around, and I could see that he was thinking of the same thing, so I said, 'Lift your rud-

"So Jens stepped forward with his cap in his hand and said: 'Listen to me, boys. I may get in trouble for this, but I am going to say it anyway that I think he who is anchored here ought to take with him a good word from those who towed him into harbor and from those saw him made fast to the wharf. A farmer has the bed where he is to give up his breath right before his eyes all his life, but a sailor or a fisherman never knows where he will lie. And he who is moored here we don't know where he came from, but we can give him a kind thought and maybe a little wooden cross and a fence around his grave if we each do our part. And when I or Hans or Ole or Per get into trouble and are drifted on a strange shore we hope that other sailors or fishermen will do the same to us as we are doing to him-though we don't know who he is and may never get thanks for it; for that is the way it ought to be between fishermen. And now may God rest his soul.'

" 'Amen,' said the pilot-master, and we all repeated 'Amen.'

"So he was buried. And Jens always got along very well, and the year after Hans was drowned off the American coast. And I have been dragging along with my rheumatism ever since. But I have often thought of the beach-washer and his boots!" -San Francisco Argonaut.

### ONE REASON WHY SICILIANS COME TO AMERICA.

Emily Post has incorporated in her raffle them.' He picked up a handful novel, "The Title Market," a true and startling description of conditions found by an American engineer in the sulphur mines of Sicily.

"Derby," she says, "had thought himself prepared, but with the horrors actually before him, he shuddered uncontrollably; unconsciously, he gripped the pommel of the saddle so tensely that his knuckles whitened. The mine of 'Golden Plenty!' From the horrible mockery of the name, the devil might well have taken notes in planning hell!

"Little forms passed by him with faces wizened and wrinkled-were they gnomes?-or what? Surely not children! Small, narrow, stooped shoulders, backs bent under loads buckled to tottering legs. Ragged the creatures were, to the point of nakedness, and on their arms and legs were scars fresh and scarlet from the torches of the overseers. Women and men crawled near the caldrons, and down the ladders into the hell pits went the children-up with the heavy load past the torch and lash of the devil servers, whose duty it was to see that no panting being loltered. . Day in, day out, these miserable wretches stumbled under the stinging pain of burning flesh-and once in a while a child's faltering steps slipped from the ladder rungs, his weak hands lost hold -a cry, z fall, and the 'Golden Plenty' had swallowed one more victim.' -Everybody's.

### Farm Work by Moonlight.

will make enough to get a pair of E. L. Richards, who lives on the Owens bottom farm, northeast of town, used the fine moonlight nights last week in preference to the daying better, now that he was sure of time.

The days were so unbearably hot that Mr. Richards slept and let his horses rest in daytime and cultivated corn at night. In this way he missed the extreme hot weather .- Lebo Cor-

## pocket. I took a swallow and was that made an Impression on blm, for Why Spain Is Fighting going to return when Hans opened his there were no boots lest that night. In Morocco

By Thomas J. Vivian, Foreign Editor of The American,



ETHER Spain succeeds in crushing completely its snarchical anti-militarist revolution by the simple method of shrapnel at short range, the war in Morocco remains an unsolved problem. The causes for that war are these:

It is a commercial war, as are all wars of aggrandizement; ene of those wars founded on the proposition; "You have something that we want; we will give you for it either an old brass button or a new steel bullet."

The "something" which Spain in the present case wants is the riches, the mineral riches that lie in the sun-roasted hills twelve miles to the southeast of Meillia, the principal port of the Spanish "sphere of influence" in Morocco. of Melilla, the principal port of the Spanish "sphere of influence" in Morocco.

A group of Spanish financiers has spent much money in digging out these

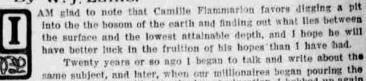
A group of Spanish financiers has spent much money in digging out these minerals, and has succeeded in interesting the Spanish Government in the exploitation of the mines of Beni Bu Fruor. The mines are rich, but almost inaccessible, and it was decided to run a railroad down to them from Melilla. Now, a railroad to the Moors—and, indeed, to most Mohammedans—is as aggravating as a red cloak to a bull. It means interfering with their nomadio habits, the seizure of some Sheik's right of way and a check on predatory privileges. The proposed railway, at Casablauca, it will be remembered, was the beginning of all the bloody trouble thereabouts.

beginning of all the bloody trouble thereabouts.

The Riffs and the Kabyles, fierce tribesmen of the hills, blocked the proposed railroad with their flocks of armed horsemen; the Sultan of Morocco refused to interfere to protect foreigners, whom he considered interlopers; Melilla was invested, and the old feud between Moor and Iberian that began hundreds of years ago is once more being fought out.

# The Hole In the Ground.

By W. J. Lamb.



foods of their wealth into the lap of education, I bobbed up again with a suggestion that they would better poor some of it into the bowels of the earth. But they would not respond, nor have they done so yet. Just why I have never been able to discover, because more education along certain lines could be got out of a hole in the ground for less money than by any other means I know of. Just what it would cost to sink a shaft twenty feet square into the earth as far as interior conditions would permit I am not prepared to state, not being an engineer or contractor, but if it could as much as \$100.000 a state, not being an engineer or contractor, but if it cost as much as \$100,000 a mile, \$1,000,000 would shove it down as far as ten miles, and it is a pretty safe guess that at that depth an appropriation for ice would be in order for the

But who knows what? Who knows anything about what a shaft would bring forth from those mysterious inner recesses? Mines have been sunk to such depths in the Rocky Mountains that the heat drove the miners out, but in comfort of the diggers. a straight shaft downward, where cold air could be constantly forced in fro the surface—who knows how far down the work might be extended? Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie have got their wealth out of the depths of the earth; why should they quit at that? Why shouldn't they put some of that money back there and see what riches of knowledge for the whole world might

Who will start the hole in the ground? If Mr. R. or Mr. C. will not put down their money, why will not some young fellow with too many inherited millions to be of any other value to himself or the world tumble to his potentialities. tialities and make a famous name for himself and his family by sinking the shaft? Even if he should fall into the hole that he has digged he will have done more than if he had never digged at all.

## Don't Be An Imitator.

By Orison Swett Marden.



HE imitator ruins his capacity for originality; for initiative; h loses his creative power; his inventiveness and resourcefulness are never developed. In fact, his executive ability-the ability t originate, to do things-is seriously crippled, if not utterly de stroyed by his efforts to imitate some one else. No human being ever yet made a success trying to be some

body else, no matter how great or successful that person might be. Success can not be successfully copied; it is original; it is self-expression A man is a failure just in proportion as he gets away from himself.

When Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks were at the height querient fame, hundreds of young clergymen tried to copy their style, their manner was their mode of averaging restures habits but they fell as far short nerisms, their mode of expression, gestures, habits, but they fell as far short of the power of either of these giants as the common chromo falls short of the masterplece. Not one of these imitators ever amounted to anything until he

stopped copying, imitating, and began to build on his own foundations.

A great many clergymen to-day merely echo other preachers' sermons which they have read and absorbed. The majority of the books published are imitations of previous books, echoes of the authors whose style and plots the state of the serious state of the serious state. writers have copied. But these copied sermons and books lack vitality, for naturalness. They do not stir the blood or touch the heart of the hearer reader. They are cold, lifeless.

## All Nature Is Perfect.

By W. S. Madden.



HE Deity never made a mistake. All nature is perfect, and the would be no earthquakes if man did not destroy the effects nature's resources. The Creator stored vast reservoirs of gas and oil in the ce

of the earth which was intended to keep this great ball affor in space, circulate in its orbit and on its axis, but man in h greed for money is burning the gas, using up the oil, and destreing as fast as possible the power that gives the earth its buoyancy, there changing the orbit, as any person can notice by the great change of the

weather conditions during the last fifty years.

You may remember fifty years ago we had five months of sleighing ever year, a regular spring, a regular fall, autumn, in rotation. How is it now There is nothing regular about the weather, the Weather Bureau cannot a

I will tell you why. It is because of tapping of the earth of its gas a oil, thereby throwing the globe out of its equilibrium. Just as a balloon wor collapse by tapping its gas, so will the earth collapse, only it will take a lit longer time.

THIS DOG AN EXPLORER.

Fox Terrier Covers 20,000 Miles in Asia in Three Years. wonderful record as a traveler

has been achieved by Dash, the smooth haired fox terrier which accompanied Dr. M. A. Stein, the archaeological explorer, throughout his great journey of 10,000 miles, undertaken on behalf of the Indian government, through Central Asia into China and beck.

Though the aggregate of the marches amounted roughly to 10,000 miles in two years and eight months. the actual distance covered by Dash, taking into account his canine habits of progression, may be estimated at well over 20,000 miles. Dash made that journey on foot practically the whole way, except when he went "pony back" for short distances at times of great heat. When in the Taklamakan Desert Dash, like the rest of the party, had his water allowance strictly limited. It came from the supply carried on camels in the form of ice.

Dash went over mountain passes as high as 16,000 feet above sea level. Throughout the journey the dog kept well, and his menu was rande up of taken.-Chicago News.

scraps from the camp larder. Es night he slept in Dr. Stein's tent, a on occasions proved himself a ve useful watchdog. On the high Tibet uplands his chief recreation chasing wild donkeys, yaks, and like. He managed to kill seve hares and bring them in to sup ment the store of food.

Upon many journeys along the dian northwest frontier Dash also been the comrade of his mast and he has probably seen far m of the world than most people. has true British terrier blood in veins, although India was his bi place. The dog is now in quarant after having come from India.-L don Daily Mail.

Not His Fault.

Irate Woman-These photograp you made of myself and husband not at all-satisfactory and I ref to accept tuem.

Photographer-What's wrong w

Irate Woman-What's wrong! W my husband looks like a baboo Photographer-Well, that's no fi of mine, madam. You should h thought of that before you had