(W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

********************************** the hills together-walked as far as the man cared to go. They rowed mpon the lake-the boy doing the rowing and the man lounging on the stern seat and dabbling his long white nothing." mands in the clear water.

"It's a sort of life to lead," the man told the boy. "But unhappily we can't live on ozone, or go marketing for manna. There's the primal curse of work to be considered, boy, and few of us can escape it."

The boy stared at him, then brightly nedded - and the man nodded

"Better to-day, sir?"

"No worse, boy." had known the man for three weeks, and knew that he liked to sit and dream and must not be interrupted. Presently the man raised his eyes

to the boy. "Elmer," he sald, "I am going away next week-going back to the Serce old town."

The face of the boy clouded.

"Tam awfully sorry, sir," he said. "Thank you, Elmer. I know yo mean it." He stared at the boy. Hke to do something for you before I go, but I've nothing to give you, I'm as close to broke as a man can be and get out of town. That's why I must go back to the old grind.'

"I don't want you to give me anything, sir" said the boy. "I can remember you without any gift to remind me. We've had a good time together, haven't we, sir?"

"A fine time, Elmer. You're one boy in a thousand. Eunny how I stumbled on you. I was pretty blue that day-blue with yellow spots. My legs were bad and my head was thick. And you came by whistling. Then you stopped whistling and looked at me. 'Something wrong, sir?' you said. 'Everything,' I an-'What can I do for you?' you asked. 'I don't know,' I answered. You stared at me for a moment. 'Like a boat ride?' you asked. 'Anything you care to suggest,' I answered. So you took me out in this boat and we floated about on the sunny waters and when my head began to droop you rowed me ashore and I slept on the soft turf under the trees with your coat for a pillow."

"I remember, sir," said the boy. You looked to me like a very sick man, and when you were asleep I came and looked at you every little while to see if you were still breathing.

"That was thoughtful," said the man. "But this weak old heart is thumping yet. It even seems to me that its thump is stronger. The kindthem by going back."

"I'd like to go with you," said the boy. He had stopped rowing and was staring at the pale face with its dusky eyes.

The man shook his head.

veloped. I see it in your face. I a boat. read it in your hand. What you need is a beginning. I don't see anything here for you, but perhaps you should have an added year or two before you little craft further up.

The boy nodded. "I'm eighteen," he said. "I suppose that's pretty young for boys who want good jobs in the big town. Of course I don't want to be a messenger boy or an errand boy. I can do as well as that down here. And there's something I wanted to ask you about. It's an idea that came to me last night." His tone suddenly grew eager, his eyes sparkled.

"I know as little about business as a baby rabbit," said the man, "but I'm very sympathetic. Let's hear the

The boy turned the boat a little and pointed toward the shore.

You see that small shed there by

the big boat landing?" "Yes." "It's an old boathouse and belongs

to Farmer Jaynes. What would you say if I told you I thought of renting it for a store?"

The man laughed. "As my advice would be of no ac-count," he said, "I will withhold it until further particulars are at hand. What sort of store do you mean, and

why should you start it?" "It would be the sort of store that should attract people who came up to the village on the Sylvan Glen from Aurora. There are lots of them during the season, and they seem to have plenty of money for little things. I would keep a full line of picture posteards, and little curious things for souvenirs, and some agates from the old quarry, and I'll get Patty Lane. she's the lame girl, you know, to let ne have the agency for those beauafful things she makes with cones, and in the attic of my a int's house there are a lot of curious things my grandfather, he was an old whaling captain, brought home from the South sea-shells and cups and carved clubs and harpoons. My aunt would be glad to let me have them And perhaps I'd sell fruit and maybe a jar of the famous root beer that my

The man laughed.

Your stock inventories very entertainingly," he said. "I like the

The man and the boy had become scheme. If I had nothing else to do great friends. They walked among I'd apply for the berth of head salesman and floorwalker. But can you swing it?"

"I think so. I'm sure Farmer Jaynes will rent it to me for almost

"Better get a long lease of it on those terms," laughed the stranger.

"I'll take it for a year with the privilege of two more. It would cost but a little to fix it up. I can do the it for a rental of \$10 a year." carpenter work myself. And I'll put down a nice plank sidewalk to the landing, and there'll be two more windows needed, and a little porch, and a counter and shelving. They'll The lad rowed on in silence. He horse and haul it myself. I'll have enough money to put it in shape. I've saved every nickel that you've paid me, sir."

The man sighed.

I'm sorry, too, that I can't help you any further. I'd like to do something. Anyway, I'll come around and watch you work and shower you with advice. Wait!" His eyes suddenly snapped. "I have it! I'll paint the shop for you! I'll put the signs on it. I never did paint signs, but I know I can do it. I'll paint that shop in a style that will draw admiring attention all the way from Aurora to dor in this dark New England neck of woods?' And they'll all get off to see what's hidden within the glowing outer shell. What do you say, boy?"

The boy stared at his companion, "I-I didn't know you could paint

signs," he said. The man laughed.

"I never painted a sign in my life, boy," he replied. "But I'm sure I can do it. It's a fine professionand an old one. The first attempts at art were signs, my boy. Those paintings on the rocks were designed to draw attention rather than to excite admiration. Do I get the job?" 'It's yours," laughed the boy.

"Then there is no time to lose. If you expect me to do good work I mustn't be hurried. Can you arrange to let me start to-morrow?"

"If I don't," said the boy, "it will mean that the scheme is all off. I'll see Farmer Jaynes this morning. If the afternoon. Joe Hanscom is doing nothing just now and he will help me with the heavier parts of the work. You will want some dressed boards for the signs, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied the stranger. "One wide one to go across the front and some shorter ones. I can use the inly doctors gave me four weeks to terior of the house for a paintshop-Now I'm going to fool I beg pardon-studio. And you can cut the boards to fit my artistic suggestions."

"Yes," the boy eagerly assented. "I'd like to have you here while the work is going on."

"That sounds cordial," laughed the "Not the journey I'm going," he man. "And when we are tired we slowly said. Then he smiled, "But can get into your boat and drift I would like to give you a little start, about the lake. That's the postry boy," he said. "You are a lad with of motion for me. I wonder if there the commercial instinct strongly de- was a lake in Eden, and Adam owned

and the boy unshipped the cars and of a tub with the words: "I'm stepped to the beach and drew the Brown's Brownie. Drop in."

"I'll go over now and see the far-mer," he said. "I just caught a glimpse of him through the trees. He is in the south meadow."

"I'll sit here in the boat and wait for you, boy. I've nothing better to do-in fact, I know of nothing better that I could do-and I'm auxious to hear the result of your interview with the agricultural person. I've already painted those signs in my mind, and my fingers itch to grasp the brushes. You'll find me here when you come back."

"All right," said the, boy. "You are pretty comfortable, are you?" "Yes, yes," returned the man. 'Run along." •

the man, strode away at a hurrled stripped the paper wrapping and dis-

The man leaned a little forward and a shadow of pain crossed his pale face. He suddenly put his hand to his heart and sat there motionless for some time. Then he dipped his hand in the water and wet his face and a heavy sigh came from his gray

Presently he leaned back and resting his elbow closed his eyes.

The boy's feet crunched the gravel as he approached the boat.

"Hello!" he cried The man looked up.
"Back so quickly?" he murmured.

What luck?" "Good," said the boy. "I've agreed to keep the building in good repair and Farmer Jaynes will let me have

"Fine," cried the man. "And while you're after the lumber I'll get the daubing material and a yardstick and a bristle brush and a cruse of and a counter and shelving. They'll fragrant turpentine. Don't forget let me have the lumber cheap at the that the studio opens at noon to-mormill and I can borrow Tom Martin's row and let all preparatory details

be remembered. Goodby, boy," "Goodby, sir." The boy watched the retreating figure, slender and stooping, until the bend in the readway hid it from view. "Sorry it isn't more, my boy. And Then he drew a tape line from his coat pocket and began to make measurements.

Work progressed rapidly on the little building. The boy with some help from the idle Joe sawed and fitted and hammered, and within the building the man worked on those

wonderful signs. At first the task bothered him, but in a little while he conquered the details and worked rapidly and surely. Shoreland. People on the boat will They certainly were attractive signs. say, 'What's that bit of Oriental splen- as attractive as hold lettering in most vivid colors with harmonious backgrounds and artistic shading could make them-and the boy stared at them from time to time with wondering admiration.

"Like 'em?" the man asked. "They're splendid," cried the boy.

"Much too fine for the business." The man shook his head.

"Wait until you bank your profits," he said. "I like 'em pretty well myself-for the first effort in an untried field. What I could do with a little practice I'm not sure. Anyway, nobody but a blind man can pass this lettering without seeing it."

The stock was all on hand and in place before the signs were put up. The interior had a neat and businesslike look that testified to the boy's good taste. Everything was fresh and clean and convenient.

"Good," said the man as he stared through the doorway with his head I make the deal with him I can get critically on one side. "The tout en-the lumber on the ground early in semble is excellent. That open space over the counter at the rear I will take upon myself to cover. The covering will assume the form of a little farewell gift-I go back to-morrow, you know

"I know," said the boy and his look was troubled.

"And now for the signs," cried the

He had insisted upon painting the little building, too. He had covered it with a neutral tint against which the signs stood out with surprising

distinctness. Across the front-the big sign bore the words: "Brown's Bazar," and there were smaller signs carry-"Picture Postcards," and "Curthe painter had drawn the figure of ital, then, that has kept you here?" The boat grated on the publics a quaint Brownie sitting on the edge

The man and the boy stood off a little way and surveyed the signs.

"They may not attract as much atwall," said the man, "but they certainly can't pass unnoticed."

"They are great," cried the boy 'They are so attractive that I'm afraid all my prospective patrons will want to stand on the outside instead | will sell the picture." of coming in."

The man laughed.

Then we must have a sign of some sort inside, too," he said. "And I fancy I have just what we want. I brought it with me when I came down a little ways and took something from behind a hedge. It was a large The boy, with a quick glance at square package from which he G252525252525252525252525252525252525

It's "Air-o" Pot "Air-reo." .

Many persons, undouotedly because

Inasmuch as America practically is

Although the Standard Dictionary

they never have "looked it up," pronounce

"æro" as "air-reo." This is not correct.

recognized as the world's aronautic centre,

it behooves its inhabitants to be correct in

gives the pronounciation as "ay-air-o."

constant usage has caused the first syllable

to be dropped, and the word now, as spoken

by Curtiss and Wright, looks thus, phonet-

Aero-Air-o; not air-reo nor eye-ro.

Aeroplane-Air-o-plane, notair-reo-

their pronunciation of the word.

ically spellea:

plane nor eye-ro-plane.

nicely in that open space on the wall. Let us see." When the landscape was in place they both drew back. "It lights up the whole shop,"

closed a landscape.
"Why, why," cried the boy. "It's

a painting, a beautiful painting! Yes, yes, it's the corner of the lake

and the pine grove. Did you do

before I met you. I think it will fit

"Yes. I did most of it the week

this?"

The man smiled. "No sign painter could fail to be gratified with such praise as that. But there, I'm going back to the hotel to pack up. Don't forget that you are to write and tell me all

murmured the boy.

about your venture." "But is that beautiful picture real-

ly mine?" the boy asked. "Why, yes. You can do with it whatever you please. I have a faint idea it may have something to do with your coming to the big town. But that's just a fancy, of course, Anyway, the name in the corner will remind you of a friend and well wisher."

So the little shop was opened and the little business prospered in Its modest way, and the boy was busy and happy. And every week he wrote to his friend in the big town, and each of his letters drew out a whimsical answer from the painter.

Sometimes these answers saddened the boy. Beneath their fanciful humor he thought he noted a tone of despair.

The little shop had been opened six weeks and the fame of the wonderful signs was spreading, and the boy's income was steadily increasing, when among the excursionists landing from the little steamboat was a stout man accompanied by his wife and daughter. He stared hard at the signs.

"I am going to have a glass of that famous root beer," he told his wife. You wait here."

He came back to them presently. "I found something in there much more wonderful than the root beeralthough that was very good," he said in a low voice. "You remember reading of the death of the artist Hetheridge last week-found dead in his room-heart disease. Now his pictures are in great demand-the critics have discovered that he was misunderstood and unappreciated. He painted but little-his health was wretched-and his few canvases are highly valuable. There is a landscape of his in this little shop,"

"Here?" "Yes. There is no doubt about its being genuine. It is in his style. It bears his name. He stopped here for several weeks earlier in the year. He painted these signs for the boy who owns the shop-a fine lad he seems -and gave him the picture. I'm going to buy it if I can. He went back to the shop and

studied the picture again. "What is your name?" he said to the boy.

"Elmer Brown."

The stout man studied his face "Isn't this a rather small venture for you, my boy?"

The boy smiled,

"At least it's a station on the way to town, sir," he answered. The man nodded.

"The town is waiting for such boys as you. Here's my card, I want and Brown's Root Beer" and to help you if I can. When you come Souvenire," and on the side of the to town call on me before making any building that was nearest the landing other engagements. It is lack of cap-

"Yes, sir."
"You have capital here in a form that you haven't recognized.' tone quickened. "I want to buy that picture there. I will give you \$1000 for it. You must believe me when I tention as the handwriting on the tell you that this is its full merket price, and perhaps a little more."

The boy stared at him. 'The picture is mine," he said, "mine to dispose of as I will. I trust you, sir. I believe what you say, I

"Good," said the man, quickly. "I think this will prove a very good day's work for you."

"It is strange," said the boy, "that the man who painted the picture, the man whose name is there in the corthis morning." He went up the path ner, said he believed it would have something to do with my reaching the

> big town.' The stout man drew back and studled the picture. A flood of sunshine through the nearest window warmed the glowing waters of the painted lake

When the man spoke his tone was very gentle.

"Your friend was right," he said. 'And I am sure it would give him happiness to know that he had brought happiness to you."

Rocster on Cowcatcher.

When the 3.40 express arrived yesterday afternoon people noticed that little Robert Thompson, who was in the crowd, started on a run for the engine. In a minute or two he climbed on the front of the locomotive, and as people began to call the engineer to look out for the boy, Thompson secured it practically uninwith a large Plymouth Rock rooster in his arms.

It had been picked up somewhere on the route by the locomotive; its feet caught so that it was held, and Thompson secured it practical uninjured .- Lee Correspondence Springfield Republican.

Elizabeth Allers Allen, who wrote the famous poem "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," ifty years ago, is seventyeven years old. Born in Maine, she - gan to write when she was a girl of

CRIME IN FOGS.

When the London Crooks Reap a Rich Harvest.

************************** To most folk a London "peculiar" brings only discomfort or loss, but to the criminal it means the epportunity of reaping a harvest, said a detective to the Tit-Bits man during the recent fog. Fogs are perfect godsends to thieves, and burglars would like them to last forever. The fog not only renders his chance of obtaining booty much greater, but reduces those of his being caught to a minimum.

During foggy weather householders cannot take too many precautions. The gentleman known as a "casual buster" is very busy at this time of the year. This is the slang term applied to a kind of second-rate housebreaker—one who works entirely without plan, but prowls round a likely district trusting to chance for an opportunity to "touch," which with hlm means "take." He keeps a sharp lookout for such trifles as an unlatched window or a carelessly secured door, which may afford him an easy entry. The latter is essential, for, as a

rule, he carries few "tools;" policemen on night duty are apt to be suspicious of shabbily dressed men who are out too late, or too early, as the case may be, and housebreaking implements are so distinctive that they insure conviction for any one who is found carrying them. But on foggy nights he can take a fuller outfit, since it is easy to avoid his natural enemy, and he is altogether bolder in his methods, because if the house which he takes for a "dead 'un"-an inhabited house left unprotectedproves to contain inmates his escape is a matter of little difficulty. This type of burglar never attempts violence unless cornered, and it may comfort timid people to know that a noise which shows that he has disturbed the inmates is quite sufficient to make him beat a hasty retreat. Needless to say, perhaps, the "casual buster" is looked down upon and even despised by the expert "cracksman," whose work is always the outcome of a carefully prepared plan, and who, when he "cracks a crib," be 't a house, a shop, or a bank, knows exactly what he expects to get and where to look for it. Even this artist, however, does not disdain to make use of the advantages a foggy night offers, and many big burglaries are planned accordingly for this time of the year.

Offenses which would entail almost certain capture in fair weather become comparatively easy of accom-plishment in a fog. Robbery with violence from the person is one of these. The criminal, shod with rubber-soled shoes, is able to approach and take his prey entirely by surprise, and ere a sound can be uttered he is sandbagged," or half choked, and his pockets emptied. Even should the victim manage to cry out, by the time a possible hearer has located the direction the assailant will have vanished in the mist.

Another class of rogue whom the fog befriends is that terror of jewelers, the window smasher. So far as appearance goes, one might take him for an ordinary mechanic or laborer returning from work, with his dinner can slung in a handkerchief. But what the latter really contains is the Better half of a brick, which, at a moment when the fog is thickest and passersby few, is hurled into a selected window. The result is a large hole, through which the thief grabs a handful of the valuables within and decamps. So frequent have these thefts become that many jewelers now protect their wares by means of steel latticework.

Under ordinary conditions picking pockets is an art requiring long practice, but in a fog the veriest amateur may at least try his hand with impunity, since, unless caught and held in the very act, he is almost sure to escape. Moreover, the condition of the atmosphere offers abundant excuse for bumping into folk, an accident of which even a clumsy pilferer can take advantage. The prevailing fashion among the fair sex of carrying their purses in handbags is one that lays them specially open to robbery, and a number of thieves who are not clever enough to pick pockets make a living by simply snatching these bags and bolting. Since this is often done with success in broad daylight, it may be imagined how easy it is in a fog.

Another thing, always distrust the man—no matter what his appearance may be-who asks you the time on a foggy night. It is an old thieves' trick, which is still made use of. At a glance an experienced "prig" can see if your timepiece is worth the risk of taking, and if it is he will snatch it and bolt. Since he has probably "marked you down" and followed you to a spot which offers him an easy means of escape, your chance of catching him is practically nil. Even should you succeed in doing so the booty will, in most cases, have been passed to a confederate, who has gone in another direction, so that you have no proof .- Tit-Bits.

It Sounded Hopeful.

A young man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversa-

"Now, my brother," he remarked, in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you knew my

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."-Lippincott's.

MISS WORRIMENT.

Ol' Mis' Worriment' seems waitin' every-Of Mis' Worriment' seems waitin' everywhere;
She's peckin' th'oo de windows an' she's
whisperin' in de air.
She's after you at breakfus an' at all de
yuther meals,
An' when you takes a walk she comes
a taggin' at yoh heels.
She's a moanin' an' a groanin', though de
day is shinin' bright;
She sings' such doleful music dat she spoils
yoh dreams at night.
You lose yoh disposition, you gits trembly,
thin an' pale
When ol' Mis' Worriment comes campin'
on yoh trail.

on yoh trail.

Ol' Mis' Worriment, she thought she had me right, she tol' such drefful stories dat I nearly died o' fright.

But purty soon I staht a song—I couldn't sing so good.

But I picked out sumpin' lively an' I done de bes' I could.

I got de folks a smilin' an' de chillun' helped me, too,

An' ol' Mis' Worriment got nervous th'oo and th'oo.

and th'oo.

An' den she put her bonnet on, "I gotter go," says she.

"I bids you all good-even', 'cause dis ain' no place fol me."



Conductor—"Vy iss der flute more softly dan it can?" Flutist (pointing to score, ppp)-"Pecause dev does," -Punch.

"I am so sorry for Mabel, poor "What's the matter?" girl." heard her telling George that her face is her fortune."-Detroit Free

He grinds no dismal epies out To sea or sky;
But sings a little lay about
An apple pie.

"When any one faints, open all the windows immediately." "And what if they are already open?" them instantly."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Young Woman Customer-"I'd like some rice, please. You have different qualities, haven't you?" Grocer-"Yes, miss-wedding or pudding?"-Boston Transcript. Wigg-"At the first night of Scrib-

bler's new play I understand there was a big house." Wagg—"Yes, but most of the audience left early to avoid the rush."-Philadelphia Record. Mr. Struckoil-"That there sculptor feller says he's goin' to make a bust of me." Mrs. Struckoll-"Henry,

it's dreadful the way you talk. Say 'burst,' not 'burst.' "-Philadelphia Record.

For touring in summer,
Though mine is a hummer,
I never put hands to the wheel;
And this is the reason:
I like things in season,
And mine is an autumn-obile. "I carelessly broke the rule and carried my umbrella into the art gallery yesterday." - "Did the guards take it away from you?" "No, but

a fellow who claimed I stole it did."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. "So when Belle rejected Jack, he went immediately and proposed to Maud." "Yes; but that wasn't the best of it. What do you think? He gave Maud an order on Belle for the engagement ring."-Boston Tran-

"Nobody ever questioned my veracity with impunity!" said Colonel Still-"Then you have not been abroad." "How do you know?" Your statement proves that you have had no interviews with customs inspectors."-Washington Star.

"They say," said Mrs. Oldcastle. that Mr. Burchard has bought a replica of one of the finest rugs in the Sultan's palace at Constantinople. I suppose it must be very gorgeous.' Yes," replied her hostess, "I s'pose it is, but as far as I'm concerned, wouldn't want any replica. If I couldn't have the whole piece I wouldn't have any."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Quail in Louisiana.

Quail are increasing throughout the State. - The quantities in Louisiana this year are said to be larger than in any other year as far back as the memory of those qualified to know extends. Officials and allies the State Come Commission say the increase is one of the first fruits of the game protection system.

Frank M. Miller, president of the commission said: "There is no question but that the great increase in these birds is due to proper protection. Last March a closed season was declared, and from then until November the law was strictly enforced. As a result an enormous number of these young fowls bred during March and April, and what is more extraordinary, a second setting was hatched during the fall along about September. Obse vers of the habits of our native game will testify that this is a unique occurrence."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Toy Russian Village.

During his visit to Racconigi, when free from ceremonial and political functions the Czar found much pleasure in the company of the little Prince of Piedmont and Princesses Yolanda and Mafalda, for whom he had brought a magnificent present from Livadia.

This consisted of a model village populated by dolls dressed in Russian garb. The village is a marvel of perfection. The wooden houses or huts are provided with windows and doors which can be opened and shut; there are shops completely furnished with counters and goods, a beautiful school and a church with a clock tower. The Czar explained to the children every detail of the wonderful toy and had a tremendous amount of fun with them. -London Telegraph.