

SUNSET IN THE REDWOODS

The sky is blue, the sky is rose,
Fainter and fainter, the colors glow;
The winds grow still;
The ring-dove is calling,
The fond dusk falling
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clocks the quail,
Fainter and fainter, the colors glow;
The winds grow still,
The ring-dove is calling,
The fond dusk falling
On the purple hill.

Lost is the blue, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still;
The ring-dove is dreaming,
The first star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.
—John Vance Cheney in the Century.

The Saving of Dollie.

BY HOWARD DEVINE.

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"Dollie!" cried Madam, sharply.

"Did you hear? Miss Hayes is waiting to have her wedding dress fitted. Didn't I tell you to watch for her and attend to it. Are you asleep?"

"Yes, mam—no, mam; I mean, I will attend to it. I—I did not hear, Madam, I—I beg pardon," and the girl sprang to her feet, flushed and trembling, gathered into her arms the priceless gown of the heiress and vanished through the door leading into the dressing room.

There was a snicker from the other girls and an angry snort from Madam.

"I don't know what's coming over Miss Culver," she exclaimed. "She seems to be in a trance."

In the meantime the pretty blushing girl with the pink cheeks that were the envy of all the great dress-

making shops of Madam Gervais, had disappeared through the door of the work-room and emerged into a dainty dressing-room, where awaited a haughty damsel with flashing eyes of the deepest brown and the regal figure of a born queen. This was Florence Hayes, easily the belle of all the city and the greatest heiress as well—a superb young woman, with all the hauteur of the born aristocrat added to features and form and carriage of a beauty of nature. She had reigned long and with a high hand, but at last had succumbed to the ardent making shop of Madam Gervais, and the wedding day had been set and preparations were in progress for the ceremony which was to be by far the most pretentious affair the town had ever seen.

Dunton was young, ardent, and of acknowledged ability, already a power at the bar and in politics; not of known family nor fortune, but distinctly one of the coming men of the place and recognized as one of the most desirable catches. It was, in sooth, a model match, and society reveled in it.

The work of fitting the wedding garment was soon in full operation.

There was all the pulling and hauling, ripping and pinning and smoothing and tucking so necessary to a successful gown and finally all was as it should be and the two women—the heiress with her cold and classical face traced with lines of pride and hauteur, and the round-faced little dressmaker with her voluptuous figure and her simple, trusting countenance—faced each other, the task finished.

And then a strange thing occurred. Without the sign of a warning the little dressmaker stepped forward, the lost color blazing in her cheek and grasping both hands in the filmy lace in the front of the priceless gown tore out two great hands full.

"Your wedding gown," she screamed hysterically. "Your wedding gown. You shall not wear it. Do you hear, you shall not wear it. You have no right—in the sight of God, you have no right. The law and the priest may

first now and will be. He is mine and I am his. All you can do is to ride in his carriage and live in his house and bear his name. Much joy to you," and the girl laughed and cried hysterically as she stamped her pretty feet on the carpet.

The face of the other woman was a drama during this tirade. With the self-possession of the born aristocrat she maintained her entire dignity and self-possession; but it was evident from the first how strongly she was moved and how deeply she was shocked. When the dressmaker paused for breath she stepped forward and laid her hand imperiously upon Dollie's shoulder.

"Is this true?" she demanded in a voice so intense as to awe the girl. "I must know the truth. Do not trifle with me. If you tell the truth I will be the best friend you ever had. If you are merely after money you can

find few women stowaways.

Rare Cases Involving Members of the Gentler Sex.

Women stowaways are very rare. On Sept. 8, 1901, one was found on the Neptune line steamer Ohio, which sailed that day from Baltimore for Rotterdam.

Capt. Samuel Wilson, who commanded the Ohio, intended sending her back to the pilot boat with Pilot William Carroll, but as it might have cost the woman her life if she had been forced to take to the boat, the weather being so severe at the time, she was allowed to remain.

A woman disguised as a man shipped as a "cattelman" on the Johnston steamer Vedamore several years ago, when the late Robert Bartlett was in command. Her sex was discovered before the ship reached the Bristol channel, and Capt. Bartlett had her placed in security until Liverpool was reached. She smoked cigarettes, played cards and had the record before her discovered of attending to the duties of a man.

Recently in New York Louise Shaler was found among the steerage passengers of the North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. She was not a stowaway, but mixed up with the immigrants before the ship left Bremen and reached New York. She said her son was a passenger on the steamer, and she could not bear to have him leave without her, and she had not the money to pay her passage. She was allowed to land by the immigrant officials.

PRISONER IN BEAR PIT.

Indian Policeman Makes Sure of Detention of Suspected Man.

All night in the bear pit at Silver Lake and handcuffed, while two bears poked their noses through the wide bars of the grating at him was the trying experience of Johann Vaelinski of Kent last night.

Pete Bey, a full-blood Indian who recently came from Canada, is doing special police duty at the Silver Lake resort and his opinion of the law's majesty is very elevated. When he found Vaelinski and two other men nosing around the cottages inside the grounds late last night he gave a whoop and caught two of the fellows before they could start to run. The third escaped. Another got away while Pete was putting the cuffs on Vaelinski. Where to put the prisoner bothered the Indian for a while, but at last he thought of the bear pit. There is an entrance to the pit three feet high, and with wide barred gates on each side. Into this the prisoner was pushed, and the bear came trotting toward him it did no good. By putting their feet through the grating the bears could come within an inch of touching their visitor and they made things interesting for him for seven hours.

After an investigation this morning Vaelinski was released, it being found that he and the man with him had become lost in going from Cuyahoga Falls to Kent—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Death of Famous Elephant.

Advices from Tours, France, give an account of the death of the gigantic elephant Fritz, which belonged to Barnum's show, which recently visited that place. The circus, which had given a two days' performance in Tours, was making his final parade through the streets. When the Place Nicolas Prunson was reached Fritz, with a mighty effort, freed himself from his chains, rose on his hind legs, trumpeting loudly, and causing a panic among the crowd.

Portugal's two elephants managed to entangle his feet with ropes, but this only increased the animal's fury, and he struggled violently, snapping teeth and large trees. After some exciting moments he was brought to the ground and securely bound. The authorities were notified of the occurrence, and a picket of infantry was sent to stop all traffic on the place. The circus proprietors eventually decided that Fritz should be killed. Cables, pulleys and windlasses were brought and the huge brute was strangled. The body has been offered to the Tours Museum.

He paused and comfortably awaited the response.

Then came the crash from the clear sky.

"No, I do not," replied the woman at the altar in a clear, tense tone, throwing aside her veil and disclosing a face of ashen color strangely set.

"God help me, I cannot. I—"

"My God, Florence, what does this mean?" exclaimed the groom aghast.

"Silence," commanded the woman, turning upon him with flashing eyes.

"I will not because I cannot in the sight of God and man. I will not and cannot because this man belongs to another—to a girl whom he has deceived and intended to betray. But good friends, you will not be cheated of the wedding you came to see. The bride—the real bride—is here; and the ceremony will go on," and with an imperious gesture she motioned forward Dollie Culver from her bridesmaids, lifted the veil from her frightened face and, turning to the clergyman, said:

"Proceed, sir, the bride and the bridegroom are ready."

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"It's all a bluff," declared Mason, "this thing people tell you about not thinking or feeling while you are falling. I thought about a lot of things and knew everything that was doing. No, I didn't think of death. It never occurred to me that I was going to die. Mason says to myself, the first second of the journey, 'you're always been a lucky dog; you will be now. You are going to escape; and I did. I hit the bottom on a coil of rope, and then I went to sleep for fifteen minutes."

"We had put up the big iron smokestack at the American Sugar Refinery, the scaffolding and stay were on the inside of the pipe—not the outside."

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"The first sensation was the only one of fright I had. After the first instant I was never frightened. I made one grasp at a rope but missed it. I knew it would go to the bottom of the shaft. There was plenty of time to think and I reasoned everything out. The first was—were there any cross boards near me. 'No,' I replied to myself. 'They are all out.' That relieved me. I felt pretty good. I knew I had a long fall, but I reasoned that I had always been just as brave as the people considered him. Just then he heard a noise, a snort, then the bushes crash, and to his horror a big bear making toward him. He dropped his rod and gun and started and the bear gave chase."

"Along the river bank they flew and the big brute was close upon him, as he could feel her hot breath, and he thought all was over but the chewing, and he imagined he could feel the bear's sharp claws and teeth ripping his very flesh, when suddenly he came upon a small tree and with a bound he lit ten feet from the ground into the branches. At almost the same instant the bear plunged into the trunk of the tree with such force as to break it down. Banta gave a yell and resigned himself to death. The tree was overhanging the river and into the water he and the bear both plunged. On rising to the surface both swam for the shore, but the bear stopping to shake gave Banta considerable start, and he put for camp like a wild Indian. He overtook a jack rabbit and, giving it a kick, hollered 'Get out of the way and let a fellow run that wants to run.' On reaching camp he never thought of stopping, but kept tearing on down the canon, and he kept his lead, for the bear was compelled to stop repeatedly to paw the mud out of her eyes occasioned by the dust from Banta's heels."

—Kansas City Star.

Heroic Boys Give Lives.

William J. Carroll, aged fourteen; Amiel Kologewski, aged twelve, and an unknown boy, aged about fourteen, were drowned in the Allegheny River by sinking into a hole left by a sand dredge.

The boys were stripped and wading along a gravel bank left by the dredge. About fifty yards away were a number of boys swimming in deep water. One of the lads was seen struggling and crying for help. Another rushed in after him, but the drowning boy clutched him and both were swept off their feet.

The third boy went in after his companions and was succeeding in getting to safety when he was carried off his feet, and the three went down to arise no more.

Long Drop of a Woman Miner.

Mrs. N. E. Brooke, one of the few successful woman mine operators in the Cripple Creek (Col.) district, had a narrow escape from an awful death recently. While being lowered down the Mabel M. shaft, on which property she is leasing, the brakes for some reason failed to act and the bucket fell ninety feet before the engineer regained control. Mrs. Brooke, accompanied by a miner, was riding on the rim of the bucket, but both fortunately kept firm hold on the cable, and while badly frightened, were uninjured. The depth of the shaft is 130 feet. When the bucket was stopped Mrs. Brooke took the ladder way for the remainder of the distance, both in and out of the shaft. —Denver Republican.

Big Product of Orange Tree.

An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000 oranges; a lemon tree 6000 fruit.

There is a demand for gutta percha 600 times greater than the supply.



TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

with eyes alert keenly watches the whirling waters and signs of hidden rocks below. The roar of rushing waters drowns the bowman's orders. The steersman closely watches and follows every move his companion makes. Down we go, riding upon the very back of the river; for here the water forms a great ridge, rising four or five feet above the water-line on either shore. To survive to either side means sure destruction. With terrific speed we reach the brink of a violent descent. For a moment the canoe pauses, steadies herself, then dips her head as the stern upheaves, and down we plunge among more rocks than ever. Right in our path the angry stream is waging battle with a hoary boulder that disputes the way. With all its might and fury the frantic river blazes and roars and lashes it. Yet it never moves—it only frowns destruction upon all that dares approach it. How the bowman is working! See his paddle bend! With lightning movements he jabs his great paddle deep into the water and close under the left side of the bow; then with a mighty heave he lifts her head around. The great canoe swings as though upon a pivot, for is not the steersman doing exactly the very opposite at this delicate moment? We sheer off. But the next instant the paddles are working on the opposite sides, for the bowman sees signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the very bow. With a wild lunge he strives to lift the bow around, but the paddle snaps like a rotten twig. Instantly he grabs for another, and a grating sound runs the length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he is working the new paddle. A little water is coming in, but she is running true.

Big Bear Chased Him.

"Bert" Banta, deputy sheriff, is in Colorado near Creede, spending his vacation with his brother-in-law, E. E. Putnam. In order to show his "pluck" relative a good time Mr. Putnam organized a fishing and hunting party, and with a camping outfit all went up into the Rio Grande canon. It was while there last week that Mr. Banta had an experience with a bear that will furnish food for many a narrative when the deputy sheriff returns home. The Creede-Candle tells of Mr. Banta's experience in this way:

"Mr. Banta was fishing along the river, deep in thought of the last bear story told at breakfast that morning, and he had a rifle hanging over his shoulder. He considered himself a worthy hunter, and wore a badge tendered him in consideration of his courage, and he came to the conclusion that he was just as brave as the people considered him. Just then he heard a noise, a snort, then the bushes crash, and to his horror a big bear making toward him. He dropped his rod and gun and started and the bear gave chase."

"Along the river bank they flew and the big brute was close upon him, as he could feel her hot breath, and he thought all was over but the chewing, and he imagined he could feel the bear's sharp claws and teeth ripping his very flesh, when suddenly he came upon a small tree and with a bound he lit ten feet from the ground into the branches. At almost the same instant the bear plunged into the trunk of the tree with such force as to break it down. Banta gave a yell and resigned himself to death. The tree was overhanging the river and into the water he and the bear both plunged. On rising to the surface both swam for the shore, but the bear stopping to shake gave Banta considerable start, and he put for camp like a wild Indian. He overtook a jack rabbit and, giving it a kick, hollered 'Get out of the way and let a fellow run that wants to run.' On reaching camp he never thought of stopping, but kept tearing on down the canon, and he kept his lead, for the bear was compelled to stop repeatedly to paw the mud out of her eyes occasioned by the dust from Banta's heels."

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MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

The power transmutative of slang With wagner strikes me dumb. The man once called a big 'ardine' A 'lobster' has become. —Judge.

Parliamentary.

Kaicker—"What became of your resolution not to eat Welsh rabbit?"

Bocker—"It was laid on the table." —New York Sun.

Division of Labor.

Employer—"But I don't want two boys."

The Twins—"But we only wanted work half a week apiece." —New York American.

Why Not?

Magistrate—"Ten dollars and costs! This is at least the tenth time I've had to fine you this year, and—"

Inebriate—"Well, say, judge, oughtn't I git wholesale rates?"

After Particulars.

"Yes," he said, "I got most of my education by traveling."

"Did you?" she answered. "Have you ever been out of this country?"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Crazy Tommy.

"Mamma," said Tommy, "does sugar ever cure anybody of anything?"

"Why do you ask my boy?"

"I thought I'd like to catch it," said Tommy.—Pearson's Weekly.

Not Frightened.

"Remember," said the patient adviser, "that riches have wings."

"Well," answered the more or less cynical person, "wings never hurt anybody that I am aware of."

A Case in Point.

"Jobbers was thrown from his wheel this morning, but he pluckily arose and remounted."

"Indeed, well, that's a case of man's not knowing when he's well off." —Richmond Dispatch.

Not So Very Rich.

"I have been told," said the new patient, "that you are the highest authority on appendicitis."

"Oh! I don't know," replied the eminent surgeon, "I only charge \$1000 per operation." —Catholic Standard and Times.

The Blood of the Soldier.

"I suppose, Colonel," said the beautiful grass widow, "that there are some moments when you wish you were again on the battlefield, thrilled by the roar and fired by the excitement of war."

"Yes," he answered, looking around eagerly for an avenue of escape and seeing none, "even now the old feeling comes back to me." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Revenge on the Auto.

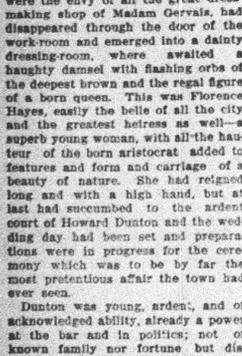
The Farmer—"You may remember that you frightened my team last week, and smashed me up, and so I thought I'd rig a little surprise for you." —Life.

Floor Walking.

Head Floor Walker (severely)—"I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left."

New Floor Walker—"That's where they are."

Head Floor Walker—"Yes; but you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain counter, then three counters to the right past the snirt waist bargain counter, and so on. You'll never make a floor walker." —Judge.



"My God, Florence, what does this mean!" exclaimed the groom aghast.

have all you want only if you tell me the truth. But do not attempt to trifle with me. I will not stand it and I warn you for your own good."

She paused, and the other woman met her eyes without flinching.

"I tell you the truth," she said simply. "I want no money. All I want is him—Howard. I am not here testifying to my shame for money. I do not need money—why, he gives me enough money to keep me from that. But it is not his money that I want—it is him. I love him—yes, do—I love him a thousand times better than you or any other woman knows how—and you are going to steal him from me." She sank in her knees and buried her face in a sofa—then rose suddenly and fiercely and went on: "No, you are not. You cannot. I will wait and watch—yes, and pray, and I will keep him. I know I will. You will have all the honor and the name and pride, but I will have him—see if I don't—him and his love. You will have the husks and I the kernel."

"Wait, girl," cried the other fiercely, forgetting her position, her dignity—everything but the words of the woman before her. "Listen to me." And she grasped her arm so fiercely that Dollie winced. "Prove to me what you say and I will do for you what you never can do for yourself. I will be the best friend you ever had."

A few moments later the two women left the place together and rode away in the magnificent equipage of Miss Hayes.

Never had there been such a gorgeous wedding scene in the social annals of the city. The church was crowded with the fashion, beauty and chivalry of the most exclusive circles. The floral decorations were something marvellous; the costumes beyond even the female society reporter. At the appointed hour the groom stepped from the room assigned to him, accompanied by his best man, and moved toward the altar, just as the bride, arrayed only as wealth can array its favorites, moved up the aisle preceded by a pretty flower girl and followed by a splendid array of bridesmaids, all veiled. They met at the altar and the ceremony began. The great audience craned its collective neck to hear the response.

"Do you, Florence, take this man to be your wedded husband, to cleave unto him, forsaking all others, to love, honor and obey him until death do you part?" read the clergyman solemnly in his most sonorous voice.

He paused and comfortably awaited the response.

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