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Red Fox's Attack — Illustrating "A Royal Marauder" by Charles G.D. Roberts — Page 7

WIT OF ALL NATIONS

By Helen Leah Reed

IF we haven't the intuition that instantly recognizes wit and humor, it is vain to consult the dictionary as to the difference between them. We may agree with Locke and Addison that wit and humor consist in finding resemblances in unlike ideas to delight and surprise the hearer, or with the Frenchman who called wit a fusion of smiles and tears. Whatever our definitions, we Americans always are ready to appreciate wit and humor, so ready in fact that we are likely to smile before the witticism has been actually uttered. But beyond all other proofs of our own wit is the fact that our periodical repartee makes up almost the complete contents of more than one funny journal across the water.

Undoubtedly many of our own gems are not wholly indigenous to our own soil. Old bulls in new clothes are as mirth-provoking to a succeeding generation as to that in which they originated—provided only that the clothes are modern and ample.

In a brief space one cannot give examples of the more elaborate forms of wit, and perhaps after all repartee displays most clearly the essence of national wit. "The boundary of Sparta is the point of our spears," said Agesilaus, and at once we feel the spirit of ancient Greece.

Although the English press, when it tries to be funny, borrows its jokes from us, this should not blind us to the fact that there is such a thing as English humor. In delicate repartee, for example, I am not sure that the English do not surpass us. But really to enjoy any of the much-quoted *bons mots*, we should never suspect their truthfulness, so far as the persons to whom they are attributed are concerned.

Why should we doubt that Lord Bacon, for example, was a prodigy of a courtier when as a small boy he answered Queen Elizabeth's inquiry as to his age: "Two years older than your majesty's happy reign."

It is to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, however, that we turn for most of our gems of repartee.

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"A certain physician comforted a woman (knowing her to be well past thirty) who complained that she was near her thirtieth birthday, with: "Oh, well do not fret; you'll get farther away from it every day."

It was Swift who warned a friend who was extolling the air of overtaxed Ireland: "Hush! If they hear you say that, they'll certainly tax the air."

"That pea will never come to perfection," remarked a young woman walking through a garden with Sidney Smith.

"Then let me lead perfection to the pea," and he gallantly offered her his arm.

"Marriage," said Smith, "is like a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, moving in opposite directions, yet punishing everything that comes between them."

"Charles," asked Coleridge of his old friend Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?"

"I never heard you do anything else," was the answer.

"It's a shame to spoil two good things," said Charles Lamb, when some one spoke of mixing brandy and water.

"Have you sufficient confidence to lend me a guinea?" asked Dibdin the younger of Jerrold.

"Oh, yes, I've all the confidence; but I haven't the guinea."

"I hear you can make a pun on any subject," said a woman to the irresistible Fox. "Make one on King."

"King is no subject," promptly replied the joker.

"I don't see why that tune haunts me constantly?" complained a dull man who was always humming.

"Because you are forever murdering it," came the quick reply from Foote.

"How can the blind be happy?" asked some one in the hearing of Charles Matthews.

"Because they see no reason why not."

Theodore Hook replied to some one who asked him to contribute to a society for the conversion of the heathen: "I have no money, but bring along your heathen, and I'll convert him."

"Have you heard that So-and-So is married?" asked some one, speaking of a political opponent.

"I'm glad to hear it; yet," reflectively, "he never really did me any harm."

It was Hook who watched with interest a friend trying to make a pig out of orange peel, in imitation of one made by his neighbor at table. When the imitator failed to accomplish this he apologized for his lack of skill and the many pieces of orange peel he had scattered on the table.

"Oh, well," said Hook, "you haven't failed. Instead of a pig you have made a litter."

When somebody spoke to him of poverty as a virtue. "That's making a virtue of necessity," he retorted.

These are only a few of the *bons mots* attributed to the Englishmen mentioned; but enough has been said to show that if the average Englishman is slow in understanding a joke, England has had many wits whose powers are above ordinary.

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Most modern bulls, correctly or not, are attributed to the Irish, and it must be admitted that the Irish excel in repartee, even though no professedly comic paper has ever flourished at Dublin.

"The only way that a true gentleman will ever look at the faults of a pretty woman is not to see them" is a good example of Irish gallantry and Irish blundering. On the whole, Irish humor is more imaginative than any other, and even in repartee there is little of the play on words, though this of Luttrell's is good:

At a crowded dinner when he was asked: "Please make room, if you can."

"Room must certainly be made," he answered, "for it doesn't exist at this table."

According to our ideas of Irish humor, it might have been at an Hibernian court that the following incident occurred:

"If you go on in that way," said the prisoner to his lawyer, "I know they'll hang me."

"Never mind if they do," was the consoling reply. "I'll make them repent it."

But it wasn't of necessity an Irish second wife who replied to her husband's eulogy of her predecessor: "No one regrets her death more than I do."

We can justifiably doubt a retort like this, just as we may doubt the story of the dying courtier who prayed that he might live until he had paid his debts.

"Then you'll be sure never to die," said the friend who stood near him.

"I owe you a grudge," said a man to his enemy.

"Don't worry, I never knew you to pay anything."

*

Critics may say that the great Italian humorists have passed away, that there have been none since Ariosto, yet it is still true that modern Italy appreciates and produces good *bons mots*. It must be admitted, however, that much Italian humor turns on the ludicrous incident, rather than on the play of words.

"I say, waiter, this fish isn't fresh!" insisted a restaurant patron.

"Oh yes, sir, it is."

"But it smells."

"Oh no, sir! It isn't your fish, but that other gentleman's cutlet."

"Here waiter," said another patron, "take this coffee away; it's cold."

"Oh no, sir, its hotter than it looks. I've tried it."

"What? Tasted it?"

"Oh no, sir, only dipped my fingers in."

A man, bemoaning the scarcity of corn to a peasant, expressed the fear that all the beasts would die.

"Heaven preserve your worship!" responded the other fervently.

This story bears a close resemblance to one told of the King of Portugal. When he met Landseer the animal painter he expressed much delight at the introduction. "I am very glad indeed to meet you, for I am so fond of beasts."

*

But it would be dangerous to attempt to trace the origin of most jokes. As long as the time of the early Greeks, we read of a man who vowed that he never would touch water until he had learned to swim, and here in quaint seventeenth century form we have the same thing.

Although we often find it in modern form, the following query had a place in Greek literature:

"Which of you died," said a man to a twin, "you or your brother?"

*

The French are said to have wit, but no humor. But whether or not this is true should be left to a Frenchman to decide. Yet with little effort we discover in the depths of our remembrance many a *jeu d'esprit* as well calculated to create a laugh as the broader witticisms of the Englishman.

Said a physician to Fontanelle: "Coffee kills by slow poison."

"Yes," replied Fontanelle, "very slow. I have drunk it four-score years, and still live."

We all recall Talleyrand's reply to a man who apologized for something that he had done, with: "But one must live."

"I don't see the necessity for doing so," responded the cynical wit.

*

While Spanish wit is seen at its best in the longer works like Don Quixote, throughout Spanish literature one finds brilliant flashes of humor. Some of the modern anecdotes instantly make us smile.

A father, sending his son to college at Salamanca, bade him live as cheaply as possible. On reaching the town, the boy inquired the price of an ox, which he was told was ten ducats. Next he priced partridges, which he found to be a real apiece.

"Then it is evident," he exclaimed, "that I must live on partridges!"

*

German humor is likely to have an element of the pathetic, though a fondness for burlesque is always evident. Often these jokes are a little heavy, for the non-Teuton. Occasionally they have the keenness of real wit.

"In other countries," writes a German wit, "when citizens become dissatisfied with the Government, they emigrate. In France, they request the Government to emigrate."

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To the average newspaper reader it would seem to be carrying coals to Newcastle to attempt to give examples of American humor. There is not an editor who from time to time does not put before his readers witticisms that would make even a Scotchman smile, and if some of these jokes have an origin in the dim shades of antiquity, they are so cleverly rearranged that they amuse the most hardened critic.

Extravagance and boldness are two of the chief characteristics of American humor. Of a certain miserly man, some one wrote "He doesn't breathe; he ticks."

Of a lake in Minnesota, wrote an enthusiastic editor: "It is so clear that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China."

In the daily press we probably find more of genuine wit and humor than in the labored productions of professional humorists. From Washington Irving, for example, we extract little that draws the immediate smile, though it was he who told of a lawyer converted after seeing a ghost, who never again cheated, "except when it was to his own advantage."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who really was the greatest wit among American authors, had so many *bons mots* that to quote a few can only tantalize the reader.

It was he who defined the Red Indian as a "a few instincts on legs, flourishing a tomahawk."

"Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust," was his advice, and like most wits he was not averse to the homely pun.

Lowell's humor was less keen, and its application was more in the ear of the hearer who must fully comprehend the object of his satire. "To move John Bull you must make a fulcrum of beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan."

"Listening to Wagner's music is like having toothache in the pit of the stomach," says Mark Twain; but Twain's humor, quickly though it appeals to the reader, seldom can be put before us in brief extracts.

Even Artemas Ward rarely has witticisms as condensed as his remark about the Mormons: "Their religion is singular, but their wives are plural."

"I appear before a Salt Lake of upturned faces," he said to his Utah audience, and on his American program he hardly had to have the notice that appeared in London:

"Mr. Artemas Ward will call on the citizens of London at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative that they may not understand."

THE SPELLING-BEE

By John Ludlow

The spelling-bee at Robin's Cove! We boys and girls that night
Were lined up in two rival rows to wage our verbal fight
And learnedly contest the prize, in our old district school—
A double-eagle every year from Squire Vanderpool.
Our mas and pas were there elate, and each was sure as sin
(Especially our doting mas) her prodigy would win.
I knew I stood no show myself, as books were not my rôle
(Bird-nesting was my specialty, my forte a fishing-pole),
And thought, of course, the tournament would dwindle to a draw
Between Darius Appleby and Henrietta Shaw.

Hank Withers was the first to fall when "javelin" pierced him through.
The murderous "yataghan," anon, despatched Llewellyn Drew.
Horatio Smithers could not climb the "eucalyptus" tree,
Nor Prudence Slocum navigate the "Mediterranean" sea.
Before the horned "rhinoceros" Budd Jones inglorious fled.
Beneath the bloody "guillotine" Jane Parsons lost her head.
"Alyssum" decked Ann Pinkham's grave; Seth Tuttle's, "asphodel."
Like Lucifer, Lem Larkins from the "empyrean" fell.
'Twas "somnolence" put Cynthia Kipp and Jenkins Duff to sleep.
And "lachrymose," as she sat down, made Polly Wilkins weep.

In old "Euphrates'" classic tide Joy Witherbee was drowned.
Todd Sniffen left a "monolith" to mark his early mound.
Elzada Biggs and Bedford Tutt the engulfing "maelstrom" caught.
Philander Squires was mangled by the dreadful "Juggernaut."
When "bludgeon" smote his hapless sconce Job Onderdonk went down.
As fatal the "shillelah's" thwack on Abner Cruickshank's crown.
Their "omelet" Eli Snedeker and Susan Mapes declined.
When Mercy Biles withdrew she left her "succotash" behind.
And grief was in her parents' eyes when dolefully they saw
That "fricassee" did not agree with Henrietta Shaw.

In vain the "hieroglyphic" strange Eudora Bullfinch tried.
On bleak Siberia's frozen "steppes" Jake Smith lay down and died.
Uriah Bumpus seemed to think that "Cyclops" had one l.
Poor Hannah Phipps was eaten up by "anthropophagi."
"Euripides" was Greek indeed to Silas Duddery's ear.
Lobelia Bigbee's "catafalque" was her untimely bier.
"Sarcophagus" inurned the hopes of Georgiana Stout,
And left Darius Appleby and me to fight it out.
But short the conflict was and sharp; with one victorious blow
I caught him in the "diaphragm" and laid my rival low.

The plaudits and the prize were mine—by chance, and not by right:
Not one of all the words I guessed could I guess wrong that night!
And many that had tripped them up had knocked me down as well,
Had not the peril been removed before my turn to spell.
They did not think my "flush of pride" was guilt that blazed within:
I felt like a dissembling ass beneath a lion's skin.
But I have learned since then how true the ancient Hebrew's song:
"Not always to the swift the race, the battle to the strong."
And Fortune still, by "time and chance," as in our district school,
Oft flouts the worthy and the wise, to smile upon a fool.

MONARCH AND MAN

Emperor William's Dual Personality

By THEODORE SCHIEMANN

I HAD the honor of being one of the guests of Emperor William on board the Hamburg during the now famous visit to Morocco. The trip was in many ways a memorable one, principally so to me because I found myself in a small circle of distinguished men, holding high positions in the State and in the intimate confidence of the Emperor. Every great name in the late history of Germany was represented, and taken together this little party was like a living condensation of our late national developments.

At the head stood not our sovereign, but our host, a most genial and considerate host, with whom we were in daily and intimate touch through all the hours of the day and evening. All court ceremonial was laid aside. We were to a large extent like a jolly yachting party whose chief interest was the pleasure of a vacation. The atmosphere of courts is the atmosphere of flattery, and it may be difficult for a loyal German to give a true and judicial estimate of his sovereign as an individual. None the less, this was the great, the perpetual, daily interest of the voyage, the constant opportunity to study the world-famous head of a great nation, not as a monarch but as a man. And this character study is the *raison d'être* of this article: to present a true picture, in his daily life, of the Emperor of Germany as he is.

The first and most constant impression he made upon me was of his high sense of duty as a host. Nothing, of course, that could contribute to our comfort had been neglected in the lavish arrangements of the steamship company. Captain Von Grumme, a former adjutant of the Emperor's, was in charge of the steamer, and the lavish preparations for luxury even included a flower garden in the stern of the ship which furnished daily best flowers for the table. None the less, the Emperor made it evident that it was his desire that each man should enjoy himself fully, and his keen eye, like that of a true host, was always upon the comfort of each and all of his guests. He was fully occupied at the time, as the reader knows, with momentous questions of diplomacy. If the newspapers were to be believed, this trip to Morocco strained to the greatest degree since the war the relations between France and Germany. Of all this, however, we not only heard nothing, but had no intimation.

For some hours of each forenoon he was occupied with the reports of his civil and military cabinets, and the discussions which took place during his evening walks on the quarter-deck were of national import. To us, however, he was ever the genial and thoughtful host. He would sign his name as a dinner souvenir upon a menu as readily as the least important of the party. One evening he surprised us by an invitation to a cinematograph party in the cabin. The moving pictures were scenes in which he and many men present had taken part in the recent inauguration and naval maneuvers at Kiel. The effect was funny, the grotesque pictures of the people present moving as in life before us, and the laughter, in which he joined heartily, was long and loud.

His geniality was a remarkable characteristic. From him there constantly emanated an atmosphere of pleasurable good feeling, which made the awkward situation in which I was placed—the non-ceremonious contact with a King—seem entirely natural and plausible. And this impressed, too, a quality which I have heard others speak of as far more marked in him than in any other sovereign of to-day, viz.: the fact that the two personalities in him, the King and the man, are so entirely distinct. I had noticed this before, and as before it struck me strangely.

It was at Aldershot, in England, and just before a review began he was on horseback at the railway station, talking to the Princess of Wales, now Queen, and her three daughters. He was chaffing them in the jolliest and merriest way and his young women cousins were replying with spirit. It was simply a jolly family party, and he had the gaiety and unconsciousness of a society man with nothing to do except make himself agreeable. Five minutes later he passed the station at the head of his escort. The whole man had changed. His face had settled down into a hard sternness, into grave lines, a face with its high cheek-bones and deep eye cavities which under the polished brass helmet was Germany's type of blood and iron. There is nothing the least imaginative in this description. The most marked characteristic of Emperor William is this quality of keeping two distinct natures in him entirely separated, and this, as I have said, was my constant surprise during this trip.

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The next most marked impression was of the extraordinary diversity of his attainments. Of this much has been heard, and it has not been exaggerated. A man of abundant energy and keen mental appetite, he seems to be similar mentally in this respect to the descriptions of President Roosevelt. His memory is marvelous. As one member of the party expressed it: "He holds to his facts with iron pincers."

No constraints whatever were imposed upon us by etiquette. We all wore yachting-clothes, and were addressed impartially by the servants as "Excellency." We did not dress for dinner, and the places of honor at the dinner-table, to the right and left of the Emperor and the right and left of Count Eulenberg, who sat opposite him, went to all of the party sooner or later, the Emperor or the Count announcing the favored ones as we went to table, and the rest sitting as we pleased. The conversation was equally informal and unrestrained, and it soon appeared that although the Emperor held positive views on all subjects he had no objection whatever to earnest argument and strong differences of opinion, even when they reached the point of contradiction to his own. More interesting still were the conversations of a smaller circle after dinner, in which the Emperor was the central figure. And herein developed a quality of his which is marked and which I have never known to be written of before.

The Emperor is one of the most practical men that ever lived. His mind responds to no transcendental ideas—he is in fact averse to them. It naturally happened, on the deck of a ship sailing a dark ocean under brilliant stars, that the trend of the talk now and then ran to philosophy and the mystery of things in general. No such departure was encouraged by him, however. His only reference to his feeling on such subjects was the interesting remark: "Those are the emotions which a man incloses in himself and does not interchange with others." He held precisely the same attitude about any transcendental theories regarding government, sociology and statecraft. His mind deals with facts, finds itself fully occupied with facts, and is impatient of unproved theories.

He is an admirable talker, well-informed, clear and incisive, and he told us one evening of his struggles for the establishment of the German navy, the secret history played behind the curtain, and of which even the admirals present had learned only a part. This was done with all details, as if the articles which he received at the time had just been read by him. We could feel how close that question was to his heart, and that no combination whatever could make him desist from the development of what he had won with so much work and care for himself and for the German nation. What was always most evident was the fact that the Emperor had identified himself absolutely with the interests of his Empire, and that he never shirked the working out of the minutest details when it was necessary to master a difficult problem. This was shown most vividly when the news of the adoption of the Panama Canal project reached us. In conversation on this subject he clearly pointed out the meaning of the decision taken and its influence upon commerce, industry and agriculture.

As naturally would be expected of such a mind, his religious faith is of the simplest and strongest kind. It is as simple and as strong as was the late Max Müller's.

A serious note was always struck on Sundays by the religious services held by the Emperor, and as foolish prejudice is current with reference to these, I want to dwell upon them. The impression they gave us was that they were necessary not only as a formality in connection with this splendid journey, but were a personal necessity to the Emperor which he could not do without. It was simply a service as it is held at home, only on a larger scale, such as I often have witnessed on the estate of an elderly relative in my childhood.

We dressed for it, but all the officers and officials

remained in their civilian clothes, in frock-coats without any decorations. The Emperor alone was an exception, wearing an admiral's uniform. We assembled in the so-called ladies' drawing-room of the vessel, which served us as a reading-room. The combined orchestras of the Hohenzollern and the Hamburg took their places in advance, and precisely at eleven o'clock the Emperor appeared. He stood in front of a pulpit and announced the Psalm that was to be sung. Both times it was the Lutheran choral "*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*" (the Lord is our stronghold). The ritual was then read, as well as the Sunday epistle from the Gospels. Lastly came the selected sermon by Dryander lasting some fifteen minutes, followed by the Lord's Prayer, the Emperor leading. The service was concluded by music and the singing of the last verses of the Psalm.

The whole was dignified and impressive. The Emperor read without any sign of pathos, but with an expression which clearly revealed to one how deeply these questions touched his innermost thought. Conversations regarding the sermon were frequently started after the service, but they always treated of the purely human and never of the theological side of the contents.

I shall never forget how the discussion fell on the last Sunday upon the theme of "Bible and Babel" which already had given rise to so much controversy. The Emperor gave us a half-hour lecture on the historical connection between the old Assyrian and the Biblical versions, and the charm of his discourse arose not only from the case and assurance which evinced his mastery of the subject—which by no means could be superficially treated—but also from the clearness of the rendering, and his broad, free and, I would say, historically lucid view of this problem.

We had a wireless telegraph plant on board and were in touch with home for two hundred miles out from Scheveningen. After that we were in constant communication with the Friedrich Karl, which accompanied us. The Emperor is deeply interested in this new and important development in signalling at sea, and though thoroughly well-informed upon the subject was fond of talking with the chief operator as to future possibilities. Alert, eager, always showing the same keen appetite for facts which are new to him, he also showed that he was as excellent a listener as he was a talker; but this indeed was our constant experience of him throughout the trip. And that ripe sense of humor in him which is rarely the gift of Kings always lightened all conversation in a most agreeable way.

Emperor William Receiving the Deputations at Tangier

Some of us were late to dinner, on occasion, without comment or rebuke. In the evening we played cards in the smoking-room, while the Emperor, who never played, walked the quarter-deck in conversation with some official. But whenever we landed anywhere he instantly became King and Emperor again, and the peculiar sense of ceremonial distance from us as contrasted with the freedom of men and yachtsmen of an hour before always struck me strangely. It needed no regulations to enforce it; it was in the man himself.

Lisbon, which in the course of its history saw for the first time a German Emperor, gave us everywhere an enthusiastic and magnificent reception. We passed through the principal streets as under an arch of German flags, and the manifestations of the population left no doubt as to the pleasure with which the high guest and his companions were seen. But the most gratifying impression was afforded us by the behavior of the German colony there. The magnificent hospitality which it offered us, the proved fact that even the social democrats among the German working-men did not wish to forego the honor of greeting their Emperor, the flourishing condition of the school and its fresh and healthy connection with the German Protestant Church of Lisbon, in short the German spirit pervading all, combined to gladden a German heart. We sent our Lisbon compatriots our thanks on a card on which the Emperor's name stood at the head of the signatures, a commemorative sheet which will surely find a place of honor.

A fully different character had our visit to Tangier. The sea was restless when we anchored in the roadstead, and the lowered boats danced on the waves which at times seemed to swallow them up. This impeded our landing until the waves somewhat calmed down under the rising sun. Emperor William and his suite were the first to sail in a steam-launch to the landing-place, while we followed in boats at shorter or longer distances from each other, so I could not witness the reception of the Emperor by Mulai Hassan, uncle of the Sultan. It is said to

Continued on page 17

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHALK-LINE

By Minna Thomas Antrim

WHAT enchanted ground it seems, the other side of the chalk-line, even though only an instant before we stood indifferently upon it. It would take many sages to explain just why we long to trespass the instant it is prohibited, and to do those delightful things which we ought not to do, and to leave undone those health-giving things that we ought to do.

Had the Tree of Knowledge not been so definitely forbidden, Eve's reputation doubtless would have remained intact. Except among a godly few there is obviously a personal devil in us all, that clamors "Do it!" whenever a forbidden finger is raised or a stern command given.

Especially are women incited by opposition to investigate tortuous paths along which men jauntily tread. Sometimes they throw caution to the winds, whereafter somebody is weeping and wailing by the wayside.

From men to make-up woman's wilfulness runs amuck, especially when the men are labeled "Dangerous" by Grundy or the make-up tabooed by kinsmen.

Our contention is not that man is less fond of things prohibited than woman—the contrary may be proven hourly. The fact that nothing, comparatively speaking, is forbidden man explains the riddle. To be just, we must acquit him of poaching upon feminine fancies and frills. What is masculine he loves. The things that are Cæsar's, Cæsar revels in. He hates borrowed property and spying. Not so woman. Ever since Clubdom began its sessions has she harkened and tiptoed about its doors, eager to know the doings therein. Whereas man, as a hare from its tormentors, will flee from an assemblage convened especially for women.

Like a thief in the night, has woman stolen from man. Who nowadays carries crested head because of a goodly array of four-in-hands, of bow-ties that really tie, of scarf-pins, and boiled shirts that glisten, to say naught of socks and glorious pajamas? Woman, of course, *pour quoi*? Does she love a collar that half decapitates? Longs she for a rattling, starchy front? Does she admire her bifurcated image robed manfully for the night? Not so. She merely objects to monopolies (for men) and martyrizes to her convictions. And man! Does he in turn go questing among her chiffons, seeking what he may purloin? Heaven forfend! Rather war or sudden death for him than bodily torture of unaccustomed wear.

Why has cigarette smoking such siren charms for certain dainty maidens? Not because these girls are lacking in purity, or have a desire to acquire a vice. It is simply and solely because it seems naughty and is prohibited by convention.

If there were fewer digressions, there also would be fewer transgressions. Woman hates skeletons; but tell her there's one in a closet, she'll go quaking to listen to its rattlings. In business why has the new woman invaded trade centers and rented down-town offices? Because man, her rival, wishes her to remain up town, keeping the domestic fires alight and the household gods in order. She scorns his chalk-line, and letting who will rock cradles and dust bric-à-brac, she goes to, and does, she thinks, a man's work. By the sweat of her brow she will eat bread, or starve, or marry for spite.

Women who are "born and raised" in ultra-refinement often develop rampant follies. Daughters of prudes are as apt to astound the natives as sons of parsons. Too many "Don'ts" spoil the youngster.

Nothing is so dangerously fascinating to youth as mystery. A locked door may hide nothing except dusty emptiness; but make a mystery of it and the child will either pick the lock or risk its neck to climb in at the window.

"Wine when it's red" appeals to the palate never so keenly as when gleaming in a decanter guarded by overwatchful eyes. Temptation clamors, and the tempted tastes, and often tastes again.

What is Bohemia? wonders the débutante. She is told by Prejudice, then anon by Folly. Instead of Ragmuffinville, as Prejudice had sneeringly dubbed it, Folly has called it the Land of the Free, where Laughter is Goddess and Talent King. Henceforth she slumbers not nor sleeps, until at least she peeps between the bars of its gate. Later she enters in, to come out, sometimes with laughter, sometimes with tears.

In parental and marital repression lies untold strength. In sympathy lies salvation.

Who elopes? The girl whose parents disapprove of "company." Who recklessly runs up debts? My friend whose father frowns down an allowance. Who is unreligious? She whose Sabbaths are ordered for her, and whose church-going and whose home-coming are tabulated upon the slate of bigotry. Who reverences not gray hairs? The woman whom gray hairs reverence not.

How are liars made? By chalk-lines interlaced; by eternal espionage; by unjust suspicion; by narrowness; by false reasoning; by malicious interrogation.

Find me a wholesome woman, and I'll find in her a truth-lover—one of clean heart, and a mind that thinketh no evil, and back of her will be parents whose loving kindness refrained from heavy chalk-lines and the eternal "Don'ts."

Normal women crave nothing that is hurtful. The wasted curiosity ofttimes inflames itself into a fever, and so becomes abnormal. To see all things in this wicked world is not for women, but to know of things that are evil often results in a purging of soul.

God made refinement in woman as a complement to man's sense of honor, and both are saving graces.

Where nothing is forbidden, where there is no mystery, true there is less enthusiasm, also there is less sin and folly.

The man who ignores trivialities, for example, the rouge-pot and the powder-puff, is a philosopher. Protest in these things suffices not, whereas diplomatic blindness may result in a swift voluntary reform.

It's born in woman, bred in her, and she ever will be wilful; therefore the wider permitted paths are this side of moral quicksands. The more fully she is trusted, the less thrall, as years go on, will the forbidden have for her, the more lovely will the right become in her eyes, the more impossible will wrong seem.

The PRIMA DONNA'S DIAMONDS

Another True Detective Story

I Found Madam Volubly Talking About Her Loss

By THOMAS BYRNES

("Inspector" Byrnes)

Former Chief of Detectives of New-York City

I BELIEVE that this case, all things considered, was the most puzzling that ever came under my notice. Men, bad or good, are logical creatures and move on regular lines. Women are spasmodic and temperamental, and move to their own ends on lines which no man can guess. More than this, truth is ever stranger than fiction, and the most ingenious efforts of the story-writers are now and then put out of court by the every-day happenings of ordinary life.

There was brought to me in my office on Mulberry-st. one morning a card with a name not unlike "Count Ghirardelli." Real names cannot be used, as all these people were and are well-known in opera circles, and musical people have been said to be not the least vindictive and jealous of their kind. The Count, who was shown in, proved to be one of the most companionable fellows I ever met. He was between thirty and thirty-five, just under six feet, and strikingly handsome, though fair rather than dark, a type rather unusual among Italians. He was plainly but admirably dressed, neat in all his appointments, and he gave me a really fine cigar from a gold-and-copper cigar-case, with his crest in diamonds, which was a work of art. He told his troubles in a direct man-of-the-world way that made us friends from the start. And there was a twinkle in his eye, revealing a quick sense of humor that materially enlivened our many meetings and dinners together which the case brought about afterward.

He was the husband, he said, of Mademoiselle Blank, a woman with whose wonderful voice the opera-goers and newspapers were then fully occupied. She was Mademoiselle Blank to the public, but in private life was the Countess Ghirardelli. She had a valuable collection of jewels, several hundred thousand dollars' worth, the major portion of which were kept in a bank in Rome, while she carried with her, for public and private use, perhaps seventy-five thousand dollars' worth. Of these, a diamond tiara, valued at fifteen thousand, had disappeared. His wife did not speak English well, and was so nervous and upset over the loss or theft that she had asked him to notify the authorities, and he had come to me. I took up the case at once and went with him to their apartments, an expensive suite in a leading Broadway hotel.

When we entered the parlor I found madam, in a pale blue wrapper, volubly talking about her loss to a group of members of the company, her most intimate associates. This was bad, as the first essential in recovering stolen jewelry is keeping quiet about it, and I whispered to Ghirardelli to send the visitors away. This was done, and the interview narrowed down to madam, the Count, the maid Suzanne and myself.

Briefly summarizing the facts, madam had been entertained at supper by some prominent Italian residents three nights before. She had worn the tiara to the supper, and had worn it home. She distinctly remembered taking it off when disrobing, placing it on her dressing-table. The maid, by her order, had gone to bed hours before. The Count occupied the adjoining room. The next morning she had had her chocolate in bed about half-past eleven, and the same party of friends had grouped as usual about her bedside. She always had friends and gossip with her morning chocolate. They included three women and two men, and all had been among the people who had just gone out. The things she had worn the night before remained just as she had left them. The maid had had no chance to put them away, because when she brought in the chocolate madam had sent her out to do some shopping for some things she needed immediately. When she returned at half-past twelve she dressed madam and then proceeded to put the things away. She asked madam where she had put the tiara. The tiara had disappeared. It was careless, of course, but "*Corpo di Christi!*" who could believe that one's best-loved and most intimate friends were thieves? Careless? Yes, but one got used to having such things about and nothing had been stolen before.

This last was important. If she had a thief among her personal attendants in her extensive travels over Europe, something would have been stolen before that day. To suspect Suzanne the maid was out of the question, she said. She had been with her for ten years; they were like sisters. She had sent Suzanne to the bank in Italy with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of jewels. Before accusing Suzanne she would sooner accuse herself, etc.

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It seemed perfectly clear, a burglar or sneak thief being out of the question, that the tiara had been stolen by one of the five visitors. I may here remark that, the people all being strangers to me, I had no conception whatever at that time of the extraordinary game which I had been officially marked to sit in.

Madam did all the talking, in broken Italian-English. Suzanne heard her mistress' protestations of affection and of trust like any honest maid or companion. There was a steady, calm gaze of appreciation in her eyes, and she received the tribute calmly as if she was beyond all suspicion and the compliments were no more than her due. I made up my mind at once that Suzanne was innocent.

I took the names of the five visitors and learned all I could of their private lives and characters. They were all members of the company, had come from Italy together, were making more money than ever in their lives and, including madam and the Count, were like one affectionate family.

Madam in private life was a stout, rather short woman of thirty-five or more, who, in her blue wrapper, with her black hair down her back in two braids, appeared like anything rather than a grand-opera queen. She was vigorous, hearty and strongly affectionate by nature. She clearly loved the whole five, and not the least part of her unhappiness was the painful doubts of them which the theft had made necessary. She was several years older than her handsome husband, but fond of him as he was of her. The only clue that arose in the general description of the five, as given by herself and the Count, was the fact that one of them, a young baritone whose name was not unlike Del Bonti, was madly in love with Suzanne.

I told Ghirardelli that I had all his and madam's facts in the case, and that, as servants were oftentimes shrewder observers than their employers, I would like to have a private talk with Suzanne. He and his wife accordingly went into another room, and I was left alone with the maid.

This Suzanne was as attractive and as interesting a girl as I ever met. Though a Neapolitan, she had adopted the French name and spoke French perfectly and English tolerably. She was dark, tall rather than short, slender, perfectly shaped, strong and supple. Her bodily strength and suppleness, shown as she walked or sat straight-backed in a chair, impressed me. A strong will was marked in the slight aquiline cut of her nose, in the firm set of her lips and in the fine, clear-cut modeling of her chin. She was not handsome; but, as I have said, better than handsome, she was interesting. She did not yet appear to have a life-story; but she was one of those women, who, having one, are certain to keep it locked within themselves, and they are rare.

"Suzanne," said I, "how old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Are you married?"

"No. I am *jeune fille*." She used this phrase with the Continental meaning, the modest claim of propriety and virtue.

"Who do you think took the tiara?"

"I don't know. I was out."

"You have no idea?"

"None."

"But we must suspect one of these five people. Now if you had to suspect one of the five, which would it be?"

"They are all the same. How could I say one and not the other?"

"But if you had to choose between the women and the men, which would it be?"

"The women, of course!" she said promptly. In saying this she spoke quickly and sharply. I had an instinct at that moment that Suzanne knew the thief. Why I had it I could not say.

"Why the women?"

"Women are weak. They love pretty things. They envy them." She spoke with a certain con-

tempt for womanly weakness. Clearly Suzanne herself was not weak.

"But don't men also care for pretty things?"

"Only for their value in money."

"How do you know that?"

"I don't know; but it's true, isn't it?"

"Is Del Bonti in love with you?"

"Del Bonti is a foolish boy," she said.

"But he is in love with you?"

"He says so. They all laugh at him."

"And do you laugh at him too?"

"Yes, I laugh at him too," she said, smiling, showing a remarkably pretty set of teeth. She was evidently good-humored and gratified, in a womanly way, at Del Bonti's affection, but did not appear to take it seriously.

"Does he want to marry you?"

"He says so."

"But he gets a large salary, and it would be a good marriage for you. Does he save his money?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"He said so."

"Why don't you marry him?"

"I don't want to marry," said Suzanne sharply. There was a pressure on her lips as they closed and the chin curve deepened. Suzanne had some feeling in the matter, but what it was remained to be seen.

"You have not told Del Bonti that you would marry him when he was rich enough, have you?"

"I have never told him that I would marry him at all."

"Do you think Del Bonti took the tiara?"

"Impossible," said she.

"Why? It must have been one of the five."

"No, no! Not Giovanni!" she said warmly.

Whereupon I made up my mind to pay particular attention to Giovanni.

I had a young Italian detective on the staff for this sort of work, and on returning to my office put him on the case. He was to be a special writer for an Italian paper (the editor was a friend of mine), stop at the hotel, meet all the people in the case, give them puffs now and then in the paper, hear all the gossip and seek a clue. His particular line of investigation was to be Del Bonti. Two days afterward he reported that Del Bonti lived at the Hotel Marten in Lafayette-pl., took supper there every evening, and sometimes went afterward to the Gambetta Club, an international club not far from Marten's, where baccarat was the chief social relaxation. This was encouraging, as baccarat, in spite of Suzanne's belief, was not the safest means of saving one's money.

He was going to take supper with Del Bonti that evening, and I suggested that I would drop into the restaurant by accident. This I did, and was introduced to Del Bonti and invited to join them. Del Bonti was a stout young Italian of madam's stamp, the peasant rather than the aristocratic. He had a round face, round features and slightly projecting brown eyes. He was generous, enthusiastic, and as far as I could see anything but a potential thief. Gambling and love, however, do strange things with men's natures.

In keeping close watch on Del Bonti and the others of the five a week passed. The Count, eagerly interested, dropped in to see me daily. He shrewdly picked my time of greatest leisure, after lunch, and being, as I have said, the most companionable fellow I ever have met, I rather enjoyed his company. I dined with him one evening at Delmonico's, and we had then, as always, a good time together. I could give him no news of the tiara or the thief, and beyond telling him that we were doing our best gave him no information as to the lines which had been laid. I pumped him quietly as to the five, and learned that he strongly suspected Del Bonti. He intimated that the latter was a good fellow, but impulsive, hinted that Del Bonti was a gambler, and indicated a belief that there was more between Del Bonti and Suzanne than appeared on the surface, all of which agreed with my own ideas of the situation in so far as it had developed.

My interest in the case received a tremendous impetus one morning from a telegram from the chief of detectives in Philadelphia. A tiara somewhat resembling the one described had been found by the Philadelphia police in a pawnbroker's shop. Preferring to get my information at first hand, I immediately slipped over to Philadelphia and saw the jewel. It was in the hands of a pawnbroker on Arch-st., and proved to be a great puzzle.

The Most Graceful, Heartless Scoundrel I Ever Met

It was a tiara all right, and was worth about fifteen thousand dollars. It had been pawned two days after the theft at the hotel, and thus corresponded in point of time. But it was so different from the one described that it could not be seized on the description nor could the man who pawned it be convicted. The one stolen from madam, as described, was all diamonds, with a large almond-shaped diamond at the top. The Philadelphia article was an arrangement of diamonds and pearls entirely different in appearance. It was of the same value, however, had been pawned just after the theft, and no other lost tiara had been reported from any direction.

I cross-examined the pawnbroker closely. He said the tiara had been pawned by a man, unmistakably a German, who gave his name as Max Feldman and his address at a certain number on a certain street in Cincinnati. He wore a light Alpine hat, a mustache and Vandyke beard closely clipped, and was evidently pressed for money. On the tiara he had been loaned five thousand dollars. I immediately telegraphed the police department of Cincinnati for information. Before I got an answer I had looked through a Cincinnati directory and found that Max Feldman lived at the address given, and was the head of a firm there dealing in German importations. The reply verified these particulars, and this settled the question of the Philadelphia tiara, for a time at least.

She Kept Her Eyes Strained

Nothing more happened in a week, and then came another surprise. A pawnbroker on Fourteenth-st. called on me and showed me a narrow gold-and-diamond wristlet containing eighteen fine diamonds. He said that a friend of his, a man whom he knew well, had called on him the night before and wanted to borrow three thousand dollars on it. The pawnbroker did not like to lend the money, in fear that it had been stolen. I asked where his friend got it, and the pawnbroker said:

"He lent three thousand dollars on it to a man who had lost heavily at the Gambetta Club."

"Who was the man?"

"I don't know."

"What is your friend's business."

"He's a gambler."

"Send him to me, will you, and leave the bracelet with me."

The gambler called that afternoon. I found he was well-known in a certain set, was "square" as gamblers go, and that there was nothing against him.

"Whom did you get this from?" I asked.

"A German, Feldman is his name. He's a plunger at baccarat."

The name startled me. The Cincinnati German had turned up again, this time in New-York, and once more touching the lines of the New-York case, yet apparently having no connection with it whatever.

"How long ago was this?" I asked.

"Four weeks."

This was two weeks prior to the theft of the tiara.

"How did you learn his name?"

"I gave him a receipt, saying I would return the bracelet on repayment of a loan of three thousand dollars. He didn't want to lose it; said he could take up the loan at any time."

I immediately wired Cincinnati for full particulars as to Feldman. The answer came back that Feldman was rich and had been in New-York and Philadelphia at the times named; that he was married, but that his wife had no jewels of the kind described. I asked for further particulars, which I won't go into—Feldman might have other women friends who had jewels.

I put another detective on the case, sending him every night to the Gambetta Club with the gambler; but there was no sign of Feldman. He had not been at the Club in sometime, and appeared veritably to have been a transient visitor to New-York. I was waiting for information from Feldman himself, but he was not in Cincinnati, and the police there were trying to locate him by wire. This was not easy, as he seemed to have gone East for a little pleasure trip.

He seemed so close to the case, however, that I determined to show the bracelet to madam. I called on her that afternoon and found her with Suzanne. I asked to see her privately, and she sent Suzanne out. As Suzanne went out I saw her face in the mirror. She had flashed a glance at me so full of hate and venom that it absolutely changed her expression. I was astonished, but felt a glow of satisfaction. My interesting Suzanne was not so innocent as she seemed. She was probably the thief and was playing a deep game.

"Madam," said I, "have you a gold bracelet or wristlet containing eighteen fine diamonds."

"Yes," said she, surprised at the question.

"Have you lost it?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"Is it like this?" I showed her the wristlet.

"My God!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "That too?" She stared at the jewel, thunderstruck.

"But no, no, no!" she cried. "I saw it but yesterday." She dashed into her bed-room and came back with a similar bracelet. "See, it is not mine!" she said.

She snatched the one I had brought, and compared the two in the light from the window. Her face became blank and puzzled. "What a mystery!" she said. "The one you brought is mine—I am sure of it. It is an old friend, yet how can you have it and I have this one?"

I took "this one" from her and examined it carefully. It was an excellent duplicate, but the diamonds were paste. I did not know at the moment what to do. To reveal the discovery would put the thief or thieves on their guard. The real bracelet was unmistakable from the dust around the diamonds and the old appearance which came from use.

"I think you must be mistaken," I said.

"Impossible! The one you have is mine."

I made her promise to say nothing about it, promising in turn that the bracelet should not leave my hands and that if it proved to be hers it should be returned. I left her staring at the imitation and volubly invoking the gods in fluent Italian.

As I went away I felt sure that madam's jewel-case contained more imitations than the one discovered. Her jewels in Rome might be in the same condition. I was not ready at that time to examine the other valuables she had brought with her, as the thief or thieves would surely take flight. I believed that I held the key to the situation in Suzanne. I told the detective to keep constant watch over her and not let her out of his sight. If she attempted to run he was to arrest her.

The Count called on me at five o'clock, greatly

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A ROYAL MARAUDER

Red Fox Waited a Long Time for His Vengeance But It Came at Last

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

In an Instant Red Fox Was Upon Him Again, Reaching Up for His Neck

THE den of the great red fox was in a little well-drained hollow in the crest of the ridge, under a high and naked rock, and surrounded by an expanse of rocky débris and harsh scrub where the scent would not lie. This was the place for security, a security which Red Fox, by reason of his many triumphant raids upon the farmyards of the valley settlements, particularly needed. Here the woolly little red-fox puppies could play about the mouth of the den without any risk. So remote and inaccessible, indeed, was the retreat, that the old foxes, wary as they were, took no pains to hide the entrance or conceal the evidences of their occupancy. The ground about the hole was littered with the skins of rabbits, woodchucks and squirrels, with feathers, and also with the big spike-tails of muskrats.

In this retreat Red Fox and his family had few neighbors to intrude upon their privacy. Over the naked ridge-crest the winds blew steadily, sometimes humming to a gale; but they never disturbed the quiet of that deep pocket in the rocks, with its little plot of bright, bare soil where the young foxes mauled each other in the sun. No matter what the direction of the wind, no matter from what quarter the driven rain came slanting, the hollow was perfectly protected.

On the top of the bare rock which partly overhung it from the north Red Fox would sometimes lie and watch, with eyes half closed and mouth half open, the world of green and brown and purple and blue outspread below and around him. Far down, on both sides of the ridge, he would note the farmers of both valleys getting in their crops, and the ceaseless, monotonous toiling of the patient teams. And far over to the eastward he would eye the bold heights of old Ringwaak, with the crow-haunted fir-groves on its flanks, and plan to go foraging over there some day, for sheer restlessness of curiosity.

But though neighbors were few up here, there was one pair on whom Red Fox and his mate looked with strong disapproval, not unmixed with anxiety. On an inaccessible ledge, in a ravine a little way down the other side of the ridge toward Ringwaak, was the nest of a white-headed eagle. It was a great, untidy, shapeless mass, a cart-load of sticks, as it were, apparently dropped from the skies upon this bare ledge, but in reality so interwoven with each point of rock, and so braced in the crevices, that no tempest could avail to jar its strong foundations.

In a hollow in the top of this mass, on a few wisps of dry grass mixed with feathers and fur, huddled two half naked, fierce-eyed nestlings, their awkward, sprawling, reddish bodies sprinkled with short, black, rapidly growing pin-feathers. All around the outer edges of this huge nest and on the rocks below it were the bones of rabbits and young lambs and minks and woodchucks, with claws and little hoofs and bills and feathers, a hideous conglomeration that attested both the appetites of the nestlings and the hunting prowess of the wide-winged, savage-eyed parents.

Of the eagle pair, the larger, which was the female, had her aerial range over Ringwaak and the chain of lonely lakes the other side of Ringwaak. But the male did all his hunting over the region of the settlements and on toward the Ottanoonsis Valley. Every morning, just after sunrise, his great wings went winnowing mightily just over the crest of the ridge, just over the lofty hollow where Red Fox had his lair. And as the dread shadow, with its sinister rustling of stiff pinions, passed by the little foxes would shrink back into their den, well taught by their father and mother.

When the weather was fine and dry, it was Red Fox's custom to betake himself, on his return from the night's hunting, to his safe lookout on the rocky summit above the den, and there, resting with his nose on his forepaws, to watch the vast and austere dawn roll up upon the world. Sometimes he brought his prey, when it was something worth while like a weasel or woodchuck or duck or rabbit, up to this lonely place to be devoured at leisure, beyond the solicitude of his mate and the irrepressible whimperings of the puppies. He would lie there in the mystic spreading of the gray transparencies of dawn, till the first long fingers of gold light touched his face and the thin flood of amber and rose washed all over the bald top of the rock.

He would watch with ceaseless interest the mother eagle swoop down with narrowed wings into the misty shadows of the valley, then mount slowly, questing, along the slopes of Ringwaak, and finally soar high above the peak, a slowly gyrating speck against the young blue. He would watch the male spring into the air resolutely, beat up the near steep, wing low over his rock, and sail majestically down over the valley farms. Later he would see them return to the nest, from any point of the compass as it might chance, sometimes with a big lake-trout snatched from the industrious fish-hawks, sometimes with a luckless mallard from the reed-beds southward, sometimes with a long-legged, pathetic white lamb from the rough upland pastures. With keenest interest and no small appreciation he would watch the great birds balance themselves, wings half uplifted, on the edge of the the nest, and with terrible beak and claws rend the victim to bloody fragments. He marveled at the insatiable appetites of those two ugly nestlings and congratulated himself that his four playful whelps were more comely and less greedy.

One morning when in the gray of earliest dawn he climbed to his retreat with a plump woodchuck in his jaws, it chanced he was in no hurry for his meal. Dropping the limp body till he should feel more relish for it, he lay down to rest and contemplate the waking earth. As he lay, the sun rose. The female eagle sailed away toward Ringwaak. The male beat up and up, high above the ridge, and Red Fox paid no more attention to him, being engrossed in the antics of a porcupine that was swinging in a treetop far below.

But suddenly he heard a sharp, hissing rush of great wings in the air just above him, and glanced upward astonished. The next instant he felt a buffeting wind, huge wings almost smote him in the face, and the dead woodchuck, not three feet away, was snatched up in clutching talons and borne up into the air. With a furious snarl he jumped to his feet; but the eagle, with the prize dangling from his claws, was already far out of reach and slanting down majestically toward his nest.

The insolence and daring of this robbery fixed in Red Fox's heart a fierce desire for vengeance. He stole down to the ravine that held the aery and prowled about for hours seeking a place where he could climb to the ledge. It was inaccessible however; and the eagles, knowing this, looked down upon his prowlings with disdainful serenity. Then he mounted the near-by cliff and peered down directly into the nest. But finding himself still as far off as ever, and the eagles still undisturbed, he gave up the hope of an immediate settlement of his grudge and lay in wait for the chances of the wilderness.

He was frank enough, however, in his declaration of war; for whenever the eagle went winging low over his rocky lookout he would rise and snarl up at him defiantly. The great bird would bend his flight lower, as if to accept this challenge; but having a wise respect for those long jaws and white fangs which the fox displayed so liberally, he took care not to come within their reach.

A few days later, while Red Fox was hunting down in the valley, the fox-puppies were playing just in the mouth of the den when they saw their slim mother among the rocks. In a puppy-like frolic of welcome they rushed to meet her, feeling secure in her nearness. When they were half way across the open in front of the den there came a sudden shadow above them. Like a flash they scattered—all but one, which crouched flat and stared irresolutely. There was a dreadful, whistling sound in the air, a pounce of great flapping wings and wide-reaching talons, a strangled yelp of terror, and before the mother fox's leap could reach the spot the red puppy was snatched up and carried away to the beaks of the eaglets.

When he learned about this Red Fox felt such fury as his philosophic spirit had never known before. He paid another futile visit to the foot of the eagles' rock; and afterward for days wasted much time from his hunting in the effort to devise some means of getting at his foe. He followed the eagle's flight and foraging persistently, seeking to be on the spot when the robber made a kill. But the great bird had such a wide range that this effort seemed likely to be a vain one. In whatsoever region Red Fox might lie in wait, in some other would the eagle make his kill. With its immeasurable superiority in power of sight, the royal marauder had no trouble in avoiding his enemy's path, so that Red Fox was under surveillance when he least suspected it.

One day, however, when he was not thinking

of eagles or of vengeance, Red Fox's opportunity came. It was toward evening, and for a good half hour he had been out of sight, watching for a wary old woodchuck to venture from its hole. As he lay there, patient and moveless, he caught sight of a huge blacksnake gliding slowly across the open glade. He hesitated, in doubt whether to attack the snake or keep on waiting for the woodchuck.

Just then came that whistling sound in the air that he knew so well. The snake heard it too and darted toward the nearest tree, which chanced to be a bare young birch sapling. It had barely reached the foot of the tree when the feathered thunderbolt out of the sky fell upon it, clutching it securely with both talons about a foot behind the head.

Easily and effectively had the eagle made his capture; but when he tried to rise with his prey his broad wings beat the air in vain. At the instant of attack the snake had whipped a couple of coils of its tail around the young birch-tree, and that desperate grip the eagle could not break. Savagely he pecked at the coils, and then at the reptile's head, preparing to take the prize off in sections if necessary.

Red Fox's moment, long looked for and planned for, had come. His rush from cover was straight and low and swift as a dart; and his jaws caught the eagle a slashing cut on the upper leg. Fox-like, he bit and let go, and the great bird, with a yelp of pain and amazement, whirled about, striking at him furiously with beak and wings. He got one buffet from those wings, which knocked him over; and the eagle, willing to shirk the conflict, disengaged his talons from the snake and tried to rise. But in an instant Red Fox was upon him again, reaching up for his neck with a lightning-like ferocity that disconcerted the bird's defense. At such close quarters the bird's wings were ineffective, but his rending beak and steel-like talons found their mark in Red Fox's beautiful ruddy coat, which was dyed with crimson in a second.

For most foxes the king of the air would have proved more than a match; but the strength and cleverness of Red Fox put the chance of battle heavily in his favor. In a few seconds he would have had the eagle overborne and helpless and reached his throat in spite of beak and claw; but at this critical moment the bird found an unexpected and undeserved ally. The snake which he had attacked, being desperately wounded, was threshing about in a mad effort to get away to some hiding. Red Fox happened to step upon it in the struggle; and instantly, though blindly, it threw a convulsive coil about his hind legs. Angrily he turned and bit at the constricting coil. While he was tearing at it, seeking to get free, the eagle recovered raised himself with difficulty, and succeeded in flopping up into the air.

Bedraggled, bloody and abjectly humiliated, he went beating over the forest toward home; and Red Fox, fairly well satisfied in spite of the incompleteness of his victory, lay down to lick his wounds. He felt that his vengeance was sufficient, and that the big eagle would give both him and his family a wide berth in the future.

NEST-BUILDERS OF THE SEA

By Charles Frederick Holder

Author of "The Adventures of Torqua," "Life of Charles Darwin," Etc.

THERE was a deep mystery about a certain little bay on the St. Lawrence. In the center of the river I found this lily-environed spot, reached by a so-called lost channel that wound in and out and finally led to a sylvan dell of woodland joys and beauties. The entire surface was a mosaic of white and green—the blossoms and leaves of the pond-lily, the numbers of the former telling the story that the place was still free from vandals and known only by those who were satisfied to go and look and leave the water-garden undisturbed.

The mystery to me was that it had not been devastated, but the real mystery was several miniature mountains that rose from the clear sandy bottom to within a foot or six inches of the surface, piles of pebbles or stones about an inch or an inch and a half long. My boat ran aground on the summit of one of these woodland Ararats, and my boatman, who knew all the reefs and shoals where black bass congregated, and all the secrets of the tribe, shook his head ominously. I suggested that it was the ash-dump of some steamer, forgetting that a steamer, even if small, could not have reached the spot. Then I picked up some of the material and found it to be stone or pebbles. One of the piles was four feet in height and six or eight feet around.

I discovered that it was the nest of a fish, one of the suckers, a silvery fish about six inches long, with a sucking mouth on the under side. This chub-sucker, as the men called it, better known as *Semotilus*, was a home, castle or nest-builder of extraordinary talents, and the big heap of stone was its efforts to protect its young and eggs. The water of that region was infected with yellow perch, rock-bass, sunfishes and a variety of small fry that reduced the chances of life of a young chub-sucker to a minimum; hence the parent fishes, doubtless the male, built or piled up this fortress and in its interstices the female deposited her eggs, and here the young first appeared and found protection in a fish's castle. The same nest was used year after year. The ice of winter generally carried off the top when the spring floods came, but the sucker supplied and remedied the deficiency by dropping more stones or pebbles upon it—building material that must have been brought in their sucker-like mouths from a distance, as in the immediate vicinity of the mounds there were no stones or pebbles, the ground having been cleared and apparently swept clean.

This nest is typical of what might be termed a class of stone nest-building fishes. One of the most interesting, the common sunfish, at times will bring pebbles and heap them up, but the largest and most conspicuous work of this kind is accomplished by the lamprey eel. A few years ago some farmers in the vicinity of the Saco River, in sailing over it, discovered what appeared to be an artificial dam of stones, and it was suggested that at an early date the natives of the region had been seized with a desire to dam up the river and had started a breakwater, but had been forced to abandon it. The structure was fifteen or twenty feet in length, three or four in height and two or three feet through.

The theory of the human origin of the work held for years; but finally one day an inquisitive man went to one of the farmers, a man who seemed fond of plants, fishes and animals of all kinds, and it was not long before he heard the story and had examined the stone dam or breakwater and had a well-defined plan of it on paper. Not only this, he spent hours on the river floating over the curious structure, studying it from all points. Finally one day he announced that he had learned how it was made and who the builders were.

This aroused much interest among the neighbors, and not a little laughter when he stated that the so-called dam was made by lamprey eels and was their nest, a castle, a stone fortress for the protection of their young. While the nest of the stone toter or sucker was a mountain-peak, a pile of stones, this was a miniature mountain-range, a breakwater fifteen feet long by three in height, each stone of which had been carried to the spot by the builders. No little intelligence was displayed by the lampreys in their work. Some of the stones that composed the nest were as large as half a brick, and the observer saw the fishes bringing them, two eels being fastened to each stone. Such material was sought up the river, doubtless so that the current could be employed.

The lamprey is an eel with a peculiar sucker-like mouth. Two fishes would swim about until they found a large stone; they then would fasten their mouths to it and by squirming lift it from the bottom, and the moment it was clear the swift current would sweep them down the stream in the direction of the nest. If the weight of the stone carried them to the bottom, the action would be repeated indefinitely, or until they were carried or swept over the nest, when the load would be dropped. Individual stones were brought by single fishes almost always in the same way, the tail being held upward or vertically to offer the greatest resistance to the current, which at this locality was swift. How long the nest had been in course of erection no one knew, but doubtless a number of years were required to produce a structure that must have weighed several tons.

In their home or nest-building the fishes recall the birds, and in some instances the resemblance is pronounced, a notable one being the common stickleback, the several varieties building complicated and bird-like nests. The stickleback is a pugnacious little creature, with an armament of spines that makes it dreaded by larger fishes. Nearly if not all make nests, and when kept in an aquarium their movements may be watched from day to day. When the breeding season begins, the male fish becomes active, and assumes what can be termed a nuptial garb of reds or pinks. In some the entire body is a flaming red, at least this was the hue assumed by some of my prisoners. The female did not figure at all in the nest-building, the male selecting some convenient spot and at once driving off all other fishes. It was a comical sight to see a diminutive stickleback, a little over an inch and a half long, charge and put to flight a "Goliath" of a goldfish six inches in length and large in proportion.

Once having the field, the stickleback began to forage for building-material, selecting small sticks or twigs that had been sent to the bottom, often apparently trying them, as though testing their weight, then carrying them off in his mouth. These would be placed in the location selected; then others brought and piled up until a mass of material as large as an egg was seen formed of refuse of all kinds, particularly thread, which I had thrown in, just as one provides birds with string.

When the material collected seemed to suit the builder, he would lift it about, change it after some architectural plan of his own, then suddenly butt into the mass head first and force his way into it with a wriggling motion, rubbing himself against it, and going over it with the rubbing motion, until after several days an object was seen, of irregular egg-shape, with an orifice about the size of the fish through it. This had been shaped and molded by the nest-builder, and when he was rubbing his abdomen against the mass he was taking a glutinous thread-like secretion from a pore in his belly, that was virtually a thread and which hardened when in contact with the water. With this the nest-builder bound his home into shape, just as a man would bind hay or cotton to hold it in form, but all the time keeping an opening in the center.

At last the middle portion is large enough so that the stickleback can poise or rest in it, and then

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REGAINING A KINGDOM

Domestic Rulership, That Was Sometime Abdicated, Resumed Through Stratagem

By CATHARINE MATHEWS

"IT has come to this," said I, and I flung a tulip-bulb over the wall in my excitement, "that we don't amount to a row of pins in our own house!"

"Oh, hush, they'll hear you!" said Delice, looking behind her apprehensively. "I know it amounts to oppression, but what can we do?"

"Do?" said I. "Do them: they have done us long enough! You and I presumably married and went to housekeeping for our own comfort and happiness, and with that end in view we surrounded ourselves with all the things we liked; and just look at the state things are in now! Where is our automobile? John and Elinor have gone over to the Country Club in it. What is the matter with our playing tennis? David and Jeannette are on the court morning, noon and night. Why can't we enjoy ourselves peaceably in the house? Burgess and Laura are gracefully draped all over it. And you and I have to sneak out into the back garden like a couple of convicts for fear of blighting some budding romance."

"But they are your sisters, dear," said Delice, gently soothing the back of my head, which she claims is the seat of my temper, with her sunburned little hand—"they are your sisters, and it is so—so desirable that they should marry and be as happy as we are!"

Elinor Sitting on the Wall, and John Like a Worm in the Dust

"As we would be if we ever got the chance!" said I savagely, and I sent two hyacinths flying after the tulip. "I tell you, Delice, it has got to stop! Those six people have been in possession long enough; and little Willie is about to become strenuous and make a change."

Delice has not that entire confidence in me which we are duly instructed is so desirable in the matrimonial estate, or she would not have put up the petition of "Oh, Billy, don't be rude to them!" in the heartfelt accents that she did.

I was not rude. Delice need not have feared. I decided to adopt instead a course more effectual than the most flagrant rudeness. I would simply grow completely unobservant of the tender exactions, the shrinking, yet enormous, requirements of budding love.

I was not, perhaps, so entirely callous as it seemed to my interest to appear. It gave me a qualm or two to boldly approach the tennis-court on three consecutive mornings and suggest that we play a few sets of doubles—Jeannette and I against David and Delice. An almost irresistible impulse to take to my heels when I perceived the injured resignation of their faces was conquered only by noticing that Delice was standing at the extreme edge of the court, like some winged figure tiptoe for flight, and with an expression of abject apology upon her face.

I realized from her attitude that nothing but the most dogged resolution on my part would save the day, and I played on and on and on, in no way discouraged by the limp aid vouchsafed me by Jeannette.

Rallies so languid, serves so feeble, and play in general so thoroughly uninterested, it has rarely been my lot to endure in a game of tennis. As for David, he on his part appeared to have been bereft suddenly of the power to move with even moderate rapidity. It was indeed perplexing to see two such splendid players as those two usually were degenerate so suddenly into such a pair of duffers. Delice (let us pause to lay a laurel leaf upon the penetration of the female sex) appeared to fully understand their behavior, and though she could not but see that I was acting for the best, she said I was a wretch.

I was. For four mornings I devoted my entire time and the greater part of Delice's to making things sociable for my eldest sister and her prospective fiancé, with the result that the fifth morning they borrowed my golf clubs and set off, rather huffily, for the links, and the court that had known them knew them no more.

Nor were my afternoons idle. After assiduously playing tennis every morning, I took occasion to announce each day at luncheon that Delice and I would be needing the automobile in the afternoon. The first day I felt distinctly uncomfortable, and my tone had the deferential inflection of one who seeks a favor from the powers that be. John's manner, however, put me entirely at my ease.

"Why, certainly, old man," he said with easy kindness. "Nell and I can hire one from Murphy's for the afternoon."

I had to bite my tongue to keep myself from thanking him for the loan of my own machine. The six of them had so ground Delice and me under the heel of their oppression that our sense of our own rights and privileges had dwindled almost to the vanishing point.

He and Elinor did not hire a machine that afternoon. I afterward learned, but mooned disconsolately around the place instead, and when I mentioned the next day that Delice and I were preparing for another spin their annoyance was really visible—so much so that Delice was almost reduced to tears, and besought me to let them have the automobile. She said she was getting perfectly miserable about the way I was behaving, and she didn't know what they would think.

But I wanted them to do some thinking, so I remained serene.

The third day John went down to Murphy's and hired a machine. I presume it was the best they had to offer, but it must have seemed odd after my beauty. We passed them going over, and the thing was apparently proceeding by jerks and gasps, with a weird asthmatic wheeze and a most abominable smell. They did not show up at the Country Club at all, and when we came back, along about dark, we came upon them at the foot of Dyckman's Hill, Elinor sitting on the stone wall, and John, like a worm in the dust, investigating the vital parts of his machine from underneath.

We offered to take Elinor in with us or to send a tow out for them; but they refused, and their tones gave us to understand that although they were somewhat reduced in circumstances they were not yet fallen so low as to associate with two monsters like ourselves.

At this I am sure that the heart of Delice turned to the consistency of pulp within her, and that she would willingly have changed places with them and patiently perched upon the wall while I groveled in the dust. Anticipating some such offer on her part, I started off toward home at a pretty good speed, and her expressions of solicitous regret were borne back to them by the wind.

I am fully aware that I must be appearing in rather a poor light, and am almost growing sensitive about confessing that my machinations were getting to be of the continuous-performance order; but my odd moments during this entire week were occupied to the fullest in making myself agreeable to Burgess and Laura. At all such times as I was not playing tennis with David and Jeannette, or making away from John and Elinor in the automobile, I was endeavoring to enter into and share the pleasures of Burgess and Laura in a manner that was so attentive and whole-souled that their lives were rendered miserable in consequence.

"O Love, for you the skies are blue!" sang Laura in her beautiful contralto voice, of which we are all so proud.

"Exactly so," said I to myself in the hall without; "but why not also have them a little bit blue on Delice's account and mine?"

With this reflection, I pushed open the drawing-room door and went boldly in. Burgess was leaning with both arms on the piano and apparently sighing his heart out to his lady as I entered.

I sat down peacefully upon a puffy satin sofa and remarked that the song was admirably adapted to Laura's voice, and that I loved to hear her sing: neither of which statements, though both were true, appeared to be pleasing. Laura left off singing and took to running her fingers up and down the keys in long screaky scales; then she said the room was awfully hot and she was going out. Burgess treated me to something that had a strong family likeness to a scowl, and followed her. Now, solitude, as a usual thing, is dear to my soul; but on this occasion I found the room hot too, and as I am not fond of sitting upon satin sofas I went out after them.

I found them in a retired corner of the conservatory, and with a view to interesting them called their attention to some rare African cacti I had got lately. Had the plants been anything else than cacti, they would have shriveled to the root beneath the glance Laura cast at them. She muttered something which sounded like "Persecution!" and swept out in so stately a manner that the tail of her gown knocked over three geranium slips and an azalea as she went; and Delice, who apparently had had her suspicions of me, came in and lectured me until I came within an ace of giving up my struggle for the home which I felt should be my kingdom.

As I mentioned a few minutes ago, I was beginning to be a little bit ashamed of myself anyway, and with Delice encouraging me to consider myself a wretch I can't help acknowledging that I might have become weak enough to abandon a course that really was not proving entirely agreeable to a person whose whole previous training had tended to a polite consideration for those about him. But just at this moment of wavering I had some

triumphs that restored my waning self-respect.

This agreeable change began an evening when John and Elinor, as a sort of climax to their adventures in Murphy's machine, joggled off one of its wheels somewhere over near Vreeland's Station, and had to walk six miles, at the hour poetically described as that when lingering daylight takes its soft departure, before they got home. My suspicions, not to say my hopes, began to be aroused when I observed the cheery nonchalance with which they assured us that the walk had not wearied them in the least—it had been such a perfect evening!

This was so pretty that I only regarded it as a natural sequence when John sought me out in the library at about ten o'clock that night and began to walk round and round the room like one who takes an aimless stroll, picking up things and then laying them down again, and kicking up the rugs and then kicking them out straight again. Finally he brought up at the far end of the room, wheeled himself about, stiffly and straightly, and blurted out:

"I say, Billy, Nell and I have made up our minds to be married. I suppose it's all right as far as you're concerned?"

Notice the nice deference to brotherly authority, calculated to soothe my opposition, which could not by any remote possibility have arisen in connection with so satisfactory an arrangement. I can only say that Delice would have been proud of me had she been there to see me enact the part of the surprised but cordial brother-in-law to be.

It was truly charming, and also it was contagious, for the next morning I was waited upon by David the dignified, who begged to inform me that my sister Jeannette had done him the honor to consent to be his wife. No deference to brotherly authority this time; simply the stately announcement that an eminently desirable alliance had been arranged; but on my side the honors were equal, and I endeavored to duplicate for David the exact degree of cordiality extended to John.

Then for three long, tedious, weary days there was a dead calm on the sea of courtship. The contrary winds which against all precedent had blown the first two couples into port seemed to be of no avail against the curious way in which the third pair were tacking. I put in my time watching Burgess out of the tail of my eye, and discovered that he was watching Laura out of the tail of his. It was a game of observation that seemed wound up to run forever, and probably would have done so had not Delice—the tenderly tactful Delice—suffered a slip of the tongue. She was entirely innocent of any such intention, but she put such a gracefully artistic and rounded finish to any efforts I might have been making that she thrust them far into the shade as far as effectuality was concerned.

The Tail of Her Gown Knocked Over Three Slips and an Azalea

It is necessary to explain that my sister Elinor is a woman whose mind changes every fifteen minutes; but nevertheless it is firmly set on material things all the time, and we had listened while she weighed the merits of a pink pearl set with diamonds as balanced against an enormous solitaire until our minds also became perplexed, and went around in the same circles as hers; and my dear Delice, confused, in spite of the affectionate interest which I am convinced she genuinely feels in all their triple affairs, attempted to say in the pause between the salad and the ices at luncheon:

"Have you decided on your engagement ring yet, Nell?"

And a most harmless little effort at conversation it would have been, had not the little god of luck given her tongue a tiny twist, and caused her in making the inquiry to blandly say "Laura" when she meant to say "Nell."

I know a chill ran down her back the moment after, and I tried my best to choke on a bread-crumb, but couldn't. Poor Laura turned scarlet without making an effort to answer; but to our complete amazement, and to Laura's too, I'll venture to assert, the dumb, the shy, the diffident, Burgess spoke up serenely:

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Conover!" said he. "We are not so changeable as Nell; we settled on sapphires and diamonds long ago."

*

Delice appears to fear that they all will regard themselves as having married to escape the persecutions of a monster. It is possible that this is so, and if the boys should choose to consider that they were cast for the part of the fairy princes, the girls for the imprisoned princesses and Delice and myself for a couple of ogres, why the privilege is theirs.

But then we had a privilege also, and ours was the blissful reflection, as we shook ourselves free of the varicolored confetti after the triple wedding, that every man's house is his castle, and blessed is the man who can revel in the undisturbed possession of the same.

COL. VALOR AND HIS LANCERS

By Frank H. Sweet

JUST as soon as the sun was high enough to dry the dew and dispel the night chill, the various leaders of the Yellow-Jacket stronghold issued forth with their followers for the day's duties. The labor chief assigned his forces to their different fields with the accuracy and despatch of experience, some to making clover and mignonette honey for the Queen, others to the indiscriminate gathering of cheap food for the common laborers, while a corps of the more daring sought a nerve-tonic honey for the soldiers and scouts, gathered exclusively from thistles and nettles and thorns.

This morning Colonel Valor stood at the entrance of the intrenchments and watched the labor chief. As the last of the workers swept through the air toward their field of labor, and the chief followed with a click of his heels and military salute, Colonel Valor turned to his lieutenants.

"Stabhard," he ordered, addressing a much-scarred veteran who had lost one eye in service, "you will take fifty lancers and guard that side of the field, next to the main road. In case those boys who threatened to burn us out should attempt to even climb the fence, lance them unmercifully until they retreat. Fifty of you ought to be able to turn back a few headstrong boys."

Stabhard bowed, saluted, and a moment later rose into the air with his men. Colonel Valor turned to his next officer.

"Lieutenant Dash," he said, "you will take the south side of the field, and Prod and Zzip here will look after the east and west. I shall take the center of the field myself with the remaining lancers, for I have reliable information that a herd of cattle are to be put in our territory to-day. It will require the utmost vigilance to keep their destroying hoofs from our stronghold."

It was a busy day, but for the most part with too little real danger to suit the warlike lancers. The cattle were unruly and prone to make wild dashes across the field. Many times they approached the Yellow-Jackets' stronghold, only to be swerved in some other course by a well-directed lance-thrust.

But such work was easy—too easy. What is formidable to one species of soldier may be the merest pastime to another. Colonel Valor, by himself, took charge of the worst brute that ever had been turned into the field, a vicious bull whose voice kept the air filled with rumblings, and whose hoofs tore up the sod in wild bursts of rage; but it required only an occasional lance-thrust in the nose to keep the brute from doing harm. Indeed, the work was scarcely sufficient for amusement, and more than once when the tail of the maddened animal was pointing toward the stronghold, Colonel Valor made a swift sally against some menace which had come down from above, or dug up from below, or had penetrated the cordon of scouts.

Along in the afternoon, however, when the shadows had lengthened so far to the eastward as to cause the more distant laborers to start toward home, there swooped down on them a danger that was swift and real and terrible.

It was only a little bee-martin; but to the Yellow-Jackets it was an enemy a thousand times their own size, fierce, ravenous, more terrible than wild bulls or pillaging boys; for it could fly as swiftly as they, and the quick opening of its bill as it rushed upon them meant death in the most horrible form. A soldier who could smile in the face of all other dangers of the woods and fields might well quail before a bee-martin.

Discretion in this case would have seemed the better part of valor, even with the Colonel, except for one thing—the bird was flying straight toward the stronghold. Should it discover that, with its strong force of well-fed defenders, the savage gluttony of the bird would cause it to return again and again, every time it became hungry, until in the end the whole garrison would be destroyed. The only escape would be to divert the bee-martin from his course before he discovered the stronghold.

But such an undertaking seemed certain death, and Colonel Valor never even thought of assigning any of his men to it, when he was on the spot himself. As he shot forward, straight toward the oncoming enemy, he noticed through the tail of his eye that his men were following closely.

The bee-martin saw him ten feet away, and with a savage cry of exultation flashed upon him. But even in the bill of death, as it were, Colonel Valor did not lose his vigilance and presence of mind. As the bill opened for him, he swerved sharply, and then closed in with a swift unexpected turn and thrust his lance deep into the enemy's head.

It was a terrible wound, directly behind the ear, and the martin staggered and fell trembling toward the earth. Half-way there he recovered himself and began to rise again, dizzily; but by that time the other lancers were upon him with ready weapons.

The martin was not lacking in bravery; but the punishment was terrible and unexpected, and with the second and third and fourth lance-thrusts, following each other in swift and relentless succession, he suddenly lost heart, and whirled hysterically toward the western frontier, crying and moaning with the intense pain. At the west line Lieutenant Zzip was ready with his lancers, and sped upon him with a few more sharp reminders of his being on forbidden territory.

As Colonel Valor calmly flew back to his self-appointed task of looking out for the bull, a dozen or more officers rushed up; but he motioned them aside.

"Oh, tush, tush!" he hummed irritably. "It was only what any of you would have done. Go back to your posts. I must attend to that bull. He's coming this way again, and he must have a more severe lesson."

KARL GRIER THE STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WITH A SIXTH SENSE

V. Karl's First Meeting With Steindal

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Souls on Fire," "The Wings of the Morning," "The Great Mogul," Etc.

Illustrated by WILLIAM DE L. DODGE

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HOOPER turned up next evening armed with a note-book

"I did not go to bed until long after sunrise," he said. "When I began to marshal my thoughts into some semblance of order I was amazed to find how far back into the twilight of human origins you carried me with your cat language. Has it ever struck you how old this world is? how long men have waited before they took their first sure step toward knowledge?"

"Are you speaking of the evolution of matter in general or of mankind in particular?" asked Grier.

"Of our noble selves, to be sure. Geologically, there is practically no limit backward, but we have been so fed up on individualism we are beginning only now to abandon useless speculations as to the eternity of the future for a more definite study of the eternity of the past. Now you, with your animal language and your genuine far-seeing, have cleared the mist from a theory I have held nebulously for a year or more. Let me state it in progressive theses: (a) Human inventiveness is bounded only by the zone of human intelligence; (b) the capacity of the brain extends far beyond our present scientific comprehension; (c) every new discovery is, therefore, a mere quickening into activity of some special attribute latent in all properly regulated brains; (d) a time may come when man shall know all things, as nothing can happen, nor can have happened, which the brain is not capable of conceiving."

Hooper Did Not Think He Was Justified in Permitting the Trance to Continue Indefinitely

"Your theorizing vaults a long way in advance of my experiences."

"Not a bit of it. You are merely a living testimony of faculties either undeveloped or deemed dead owing to disuse. Oddly enough, you, my friend, possess powers which we modern degenerates—beef-fed and stodgy with misapplied civilization—coolly relegate to the lower animals or at the best to savage tribes. Watch cattle in a field, birds in the air—are they not skilled weather-prophets, far more reliable than any meteorological bureau? They don't tap a glass cylinder of mercury or write learnedly about cirrus clouds and convex cumuli. No, the cows and horses just nibble the grass on the exposed hills, the birds fly about unconcernedly, if the advancing gloom simply heralds a passing shower; but see them all scoot for shelter before ever a leaf is stirred if a real storm is about to break. That is pure, undiluted, unquestioning knowledge. The power of transmitting news instantly over long distances possessed by certain human nomads is of the same type. Therefore, my dear Karl, you hark back in the centuries. You are away down the social scale. I, an up-to-date demigod, to whom the real meaning of nearly every word I use is unknown, tell you this unblushingly."

"Is that a part of your theory that the world is still in its infancy in its search after truth?"

"Well hit, my prehistoric man, my vitalized fossil! You are old as many of the hills. Oh, if only I could put a date on you! Say, have ever heard of Eridu?"

"Do you mean the Chaldean city?"

"Yes. Well, six thousand years ago it was a sea-port and the sanctuary of the Chaldean god, Ea. Now it is a dust-heap, miles inland. A friend of mine, sorting among the rubbish last year, found a tomb. The gentleman buried therein must have been an Akkadian antiquary, who hated, even in death, to be parted from his treasures, because the brick vault containing his remains also held a variety of objects several thousand years older than himself."

"Are the facts entirely clear?"

"Clear? Just listen to the evidence. 'You, as a bloated Britisher, are aware, no doubt, that the year, when it first attained the dignity of record, began with the vernal equinox, and the opening month was named after the 'propitious Bull'? Thus, Bull headed the twelve constellations of the zodiac, and was an important character. Well, in the tomb aforesaid, the excavators found a small stone urn bearing not Taurus the Bull's sign, but Aquarius the water-bearer. The sun, at the vernal equinox, has been in Aries since 2500 B. C., and it first entered Taurus somewhere about 4700 B. C. Lots of centuries must have been passed in observation before the astrologers formed the calendar we use to-day; so the urn could claim, at the least, a venerable antiquity, unless it was a hoary Chaldean hoax. There is good reason to believe it was anything but a joke. It was brought to Washington, eagerly examined by a gathering of archeologists, and dropped by some trembling enthusiast to a marble floor."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, the finder said something like that. Indeed his language was even more fluent. Yet the accident led to a discovery. The shattered urn consisted of two vessels, one within the other. Between the two was a thin slip of ivory, and on this was a cuneiform inscription, with a lively drawing showing how one gentleman hammered a big nail into another gentleman's skull."

"Do you propose to treat me in that way?"

"I have reached my point now. That record of a crime, probably a murder of revenge, was kept secret for at least seven thousand years, and only Schliemann or Haynes could tell us how much longer. So your peculiarly constituted brain, my friend, has gone on repeating itself through many a forgotten ancestor until the accident of environment enabled its hidden recesses to burst their bonds. It took a great many clever men a great many years to decipher the cuneiform characters of the Akkadians, and you will probably be dead long before some genius yet unborn tells an anxious world why you can see things that are taking place at a distance of over three thousand miles. Meanwhile, behold in me your patient observer and chronicler. To-night—"

"To-night we shall talk and smoke and pursue vain conceits," said Karl determinedly. "I think I ought to forego these glimpses into the void. They are unpleasing in many ways. Of what personal benefit is this unusual gift? I wish to qualify myself for a commercial career, and the only practical use of such escapades as those of the two preceding nights is something in the detective line. I mean to resist the impulse for the future."

"Now you are indulging in banalities. You can no more resist the occasional use of your splendid gifts than a duckling reared by a hen could hold back from a pond. And do you really think that I have written twenty pages of notes merely to fool away three hours? I guess Maggie can't be a nice girl, or it's a sure thing you would want to see her again."

Karl smiled, and a charming way he had of revealing his white teeth with the kindliest and most good-natured expression of genuine fun. "Even if you are smugging at law, Frank," he said, "you should spare your friends the tricks of counsel. You fancy, and probably your belief is justified, that if I allow my mind to dwell on Miss Hutchinson's appearance, such as I have recently discovered it to be, I shall wander off hopelessly across the ocean to find her. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I am firm in my resolution to discourage these telescopic escapades as much as possible."

Hooper sighed. He put away his note-book and viciously bit the end off a green cigar, a feat by no means so easy as the smokers of British dry weeds may imagine. "Then let us talk of ships and kings and sealing-wax," he said. "I am rather strong on ancient Egypt. Would you like to hear my views on Ka?"

Hooper was speaking with careless sarcasm. He was grievously annoyed that Grier should cut off a highly interesting experiment in such a summary fashion. Yet there is an unconscious art which is superior to all intent, and Hooper had blundered on a question that set his hearer's mind in a whirl.

"Ka!" he said softly. "Surely that is what we call the soul? It is animism, the shadowy second self evoked from dreams. Yes, that is a root-word, direct from the earliest mint. Man, in his first speech, described Ka."

The American veiled the joy in his eyes by a cloud of smoke. "If I can only plunk him near the window now he will switch onto Maggie with a jerk," was his ready reflection. But the "plunking," whatever it may mean—for your good American, when not undergoing the embalming process which finally fits him for Paris, can coin words at will—was not necessary. Karl, without effort or volition, passed through the umbra which separated his known senses from the sway of their unknown congener. He leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, and was forthwith, to all appearance, sleeping lightly.

Hooper, whose nostrils quivered with repressed excitement, flung away his cigar and applied himself to the task of recording all external physical indications of the emotions his companion might be experiencing. It will be remembered that this trance-like condition was usually preceded by some slight disturbance of the blood-vessels infringing on or adjacent to the brain. There was no such sign of cerebral disorder on this occasion. Karl seemed to have yielded to a desire for a pleasant and refreshing doze.

Again, when he saw Maggie Hutchinson and the American at Manhattan Beach, he had endeavored to approach nearer to them, and was prevented only by the fortunate interposition of a window-ledge and a stick stuck in a flower-pot, while his temporary flight to the storm-tossed saloon of the Merlin had caused him to sway in Hooper's arms. To-night he sat immovable, though he witnessed a series of really remarkable events, the sight or hearing of which would assuredly have

The synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on next page

evoked some reflex action or cry during any of his earlier manifestations.

Luckily there was present in the young American a sympathetic watcher, who, notwithstanding his comparative youth, had all the coolness and critical acumen of a hardened investigator. Hooper, true to his own theory, was convinced that he was assisting in the development of a hitherto unsuspected function in man's brain. He knew that the obscure sum of influences we call heredity affects the adult man in a surprisingly small traceable degree as compared with education.

If it was possible to leave an infant, born of civilized parents, wholly to its own devices, what direct characteristics of human ancestry would it exhibit? It would possess no articulate language, its knowledge would not extend beyond the limited recognition of a few articles of food, its reasoning faculties would be a blank, its highly convoluted brain a storehouse of potentialities as hidden as the wonders of its nervous system or the chemical building of its tissue. In a word, a child which under tuition might become the discoverer of a new province in human thought would sink instantly to the condition of paleolithic man. Let the key be lost which should unlock the treasury, and untold ages of horror and suffering, of seemingly endless and unavailing effort, must be endured ere it could be found again. Yet the treasure was there intact, as surely pent within the protoplasmic ovum as displayed in all its splendor on the printed page of the world-convincing treatise. That was the great miracle of Nature, and Hooper asked himself what phase of her manifold powers was now unfolding itself before his intent yet uncomprehending eyes.

He knew that mankind to-day could produce in facsimile types of ancestors found in pliocene strata at least five hundred thousand years old. Stone knives alone could make the intentional cuts found on the ribs of a cetacean stranded on the shores of the Pliocene Sea, and what that meant to a prehistoric tribe was clearly shown by Lord Avebury's (Sir John Lubbock's) summary of a description by Captain Grey of a recent whale feast in Australia:

> When a whale is washed ashore it is a real godsend to them (the aborigines). Fires are lit to give notice of the joyful event. They rub themselves all over with blubber and anoint their favorite wives in the same way. Then they cut down through the blubber to the beef, which they eat raw or broil on pointed sticks. As other natives arrive they "fairly eat their way into the whale, and you see them climbing in and about the carcass, choosing titbits. . . There is no sight in the world more revolting than to see a young and gracefully formed girl stepping out of the interior of a putrid whale."

Hooper had plenty of time to let his imagination run riot in this wise. The light fell fair on Grier's face, but the watcher looked in vain for any indication of the sights or sounds in which the sleeper was participating. Karl, to outward semblance, might be either really asleep or brought to muscular rigidity by the influence of an anesthetic.

He was reluctant to disturb his comrade. This present flight through space promised to transcend its predecessors in the prolonged sequence of its events. Nevertheless, there was a limit to his friend's endurance if not to his own.

When the expiration of another fifteen minutes revealed no sign of Grier's return to consciousness, Hooper did not think he was justified in permitting the trance to continue indefinitely without assuring himself, at any rate, that Grier's pulse was normal and his heart beating regularly.

He stooped and caught Karl's wrist gently. He noticed that the breathing was slow and measured, and he had just succeeded in detecting the pulse when Karl opened his eyes.

He gave one surprised, almost bewildered glance at Hooper, laughed cheerfully when he looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, and said, in the most matter-of-fact way:

"Have you ever heard of a man named Steindal in New-York?"

"Y-yes." Hooper nearly stammered, he was so taken aback by the curiously commonplace question.

"Is he connected with the stage?" Karl asked.

"Yes, in a sense. He is a dramatic agent, I think."

"He is unquestionably a dramatic scoundrel. Why did you interfere? At the very moment I left him he was giving his own precious character to Constantine. Never mind! I will find the rascal and beat him to a jelly."

"Bully for you! Things have happened, then?"

"My dear Frank, I have not only seen but heard. Think what it means! Three thousand miles of wireless telephony! And what a first-rate brute that fellow Steindal is!"

"A regular holy terror, I have no doubt. But say, I thought you had rung up Maggie Hutchinson?"

"I did not see her, thank Heaven! but I heard so much concerning her that I shall make it my business to meet the Merlin at Liverpool and warn her against that pair of beauties in New-York."

Hooper selected a fresh and extra green cigar. "Now, indeed, I can smoke the calumet of peace while you talk," he said, curling up in an easy chair with the comfortable abandon of one who has faithfully kept a long vigil.

To be continued next Sunday

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

KARL GRIER, though an English boy of average health and sturdiness, was gifted with a sixth sense, which the author termed *telegnomy*, or far-knowing. The first evidence of his extraordinary power was recorded when he was four years old. He fell and was hurt, and translated to himself without difficulty the exclamations of the persons about him, though the remarks were given in German, French, Scottish dialect and Indian. He understood the language of all animals as well.

One day, when living in India, he described to his father a plot to murder a neighbor, which he perceived distinctly, though the plotters were miles away. The plot was frustrated and the ruffians captured solely on his information.

At ten years of age he was taken to England. He astounded those on board the steamer by his strange knowledge. For instance, he discerned the moons of the planet Jupiter, and then in the evening an Armenian commercial man fell overboard. Though it was in darkness, the boy guided the ship's boat to the man in the water, where Karl could see him distinctly a mile away. This man, Paul Constantine, conceived an extravagant affection for Karl. The young "telegnomist" was sent to school, where he puzzled the teacher with his psychic feats.

Grown to young manhood, Grier one night felt a desire to recall Maggie Hutchinson, a girl he had known in India, and distinctly saw her eating dinner with Constantine at a New-York seaside resort, although he, Grier, was in England. He called in Frank Hooper, an American, the next evening to verify his impressions of New-York, which he never had seen, and to the visitor's astonishment translated the shrieks of a cat in the courtyard. Upon Hooper's suggestion he again sought to find Maggie Hutchinson, and called up an Atlantic liner outward bound from New-York.

PEGGY'S SUNBONNET

Illustration by Grace G. Wiederseim

By M. G. Hays

Grandma said: "That little face
Will get freckles on it";
So when she came home to-day
She brought me this sunbonnet,
And I am going to wear it
When in the sun I play.
I guess that I'll be glad I did
When I am big some day."

TWENTIETH-CENTURY CONCERT-ROOM

By Frederic S. Law

JUST now musical Germany is interested in a proposition to make a radical change in the arrangement of concert-rooms. It is urged that these follow too blindly the plan adopted for the theater, in which a clear view of all that is done on the stage is essential; that in a concert, on the contrary, the hearer should be unconscious of the necessary mechanism, since it distracts his attention from the enjoyment of the music. The manipulation of the instruments, the gestures of the conductor, the personality and dress of the soloists, are looked upon as so many disturbing factors which prevent the mental concentration demanded by the complex music of the present day. It is argued that since Wagner in his festival theater at Bayreuth has given an example of a model auditorium for the music drama by shutting out all mechanical accessories, a similar work should be done for the concert-room.

The ideal of these reformers calls for complete concealment of orchestra, conductor, chorus and soloists, and partial concealment at least of the audience itself by a darkening of the auditorium during performance. Consequently there must be no balconies or boxes materially elevated above the main floor, and it must be lighted so that it can be darkened readily, not necessarily to complete obscurity, but to a mysterious twilight in which all details are softened or absorbed. Experiments have been made with a movable stage—one that can be lowered so as to be hidden entirely from the audience; but the difficulty in such case is to secure satisfactory acoustical conditions; then, too, such an arrangement is neither dignified nor impressive from an architectural standpoint.

More attractive is the picture given by an enthusiast who has carefully thought out all details, as follows:

> He sees a large oval-shaped hall, one end of which—perhaps a third or fourth of the entire space—is cut off by a balustrade rising to a height of from six to nine feet, with a slight inward curve. Above this balustrade and separated by wide pillars are three mighty window-shaped openings reaching almost to the ceiling, the middle one larger than those on the sides. These openings correspond to three stained-glass windows at the opposite end of the hall. The effect of the whole in decorations, proportions, etc., is suggestive of the nave of a Gothic church.
>
> In the concealed space the musical forces are disposed on platforms descending by successive stages: the conductor with the soloists directly back of the balustrade, the chorus on a lower level, the orchestra still lower, and the organ on the basement or cellar floor. Two sounding-boards are provided, one over the singers in front, the other at a lower level over the orchestra in the back. The latter is capable of being raised or lowered by means of an electric motor, which is governed by a button on the conductor's desk, so that when a particularly strong orchestral effect is desired it can be secured simply by pressing this button. The auditorium is lighted from the ceiling in such wise that the source of the illumination cannot be seen: behind the balustrade and following its curve is a double row of incandescent lights; in addition, there are the ordinary desk-lights of the orchestra. During the music the lights in the auditorium are turned off; a faint glow, however, breaks in from lights behind the rear windows and from the reflection of those in the orchestra.
>
> In such a temple of art no applause is allowed between the movements of a symphony or similar work, and none whatever during the performance of sacred choral works—masses, oratorios, passions and the like.

Such a plan may seem exaggerated and overwrought to those who look upon music merely as an agreeable diversion to while away an idle evening—not to speak of those who partake of Dr. Johnson's opinion that it is the most expensive of noises. Others, however, who see in music a potent influence second to none in its cultivating, refining power will welcome attempts like these which have for their aims the raising of the art to a nobler, higher plane by means of suitable and dignified surroundings.

A CORRESPONDENCE AND A CLIMAX

Love Finds a Way to the Land of Heart's Desire Even in the Wilderness

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A Girl Stood Before Him, With Panting Breath and Quivering Lips

AT sunset Sidney hurried to her room to take off the soiled and faded cotton dress she had worn while milking. She had milked eight cows and pumped water for the milk-cans afterward in the fag-end of a hot summer day. She did that every night, but to-night she had hurried more than usual because she wanted to get her letter written before the early farm bed-time. She had been thinking it out while she milked the cows in the stuffy little pen behind the barn. This monthly letter was the only pleasure and stimulant in her life. Existence would have been, so Sidney thought, a dreary, unbearable blank without it.

She cast aside her milking-dress with a thrill of distaste that tingled to her rosy finger-tips. As she slipped into her blue-print afternoon dress her aunt called to her from below. Sidney ran out to the dark little entry and leaned over the stair railing. Below in the kitchen there was a hubbub of laughing, crying, quarreling children, and a reek of bad tobacco smoke drifted up to the girl's disgusted nostrils.

Aunt Jane was standing at the foot of the stairs with a lamp in one hand and a year-old baby clinging to the other. She was a big shapeless woman with a round good-natured face—cheerful and vulgar as a sunflower was Aunt Jane at all times and occasions.

"I want to run over and see how Mrs. Brixby is this evening, Siddy, and you must take care of the baby till I get back."

Sidney sighed and went downstairs for the baby. It never would have occurred to her to protest or be petulant about it. She had all her aunt's sweetness of disposition, if she resembled her in nothing else. She had not grumbled because she had to rise at four that morning, get breakfast, milk the cows, bake bread, prepare seven children for school, get dinner, preserve twenty quarts of strawberries, get tea and milk the cows again. All her days were alike as far as hard work and dullness went, but she accepted them cheerfully and uncomplainingly. But she did resent having to look after the baby when she wanted to write her letter.

She carried the baby to her room, spread a quilt on the floor for him to sit on and gave him a box of empty spools to play with. Fortunately he was a phlegmatic infant, fond of staying in one place, and not given to roaming about in search of adventures; but Sidney knew she would have to keep an eye on him, and it would be distracting to literary effort.

She got out her box of paper and sat down by the little table at the window with a small kerosene lamp at her elbow. The room was small—a mere box above the kitchen which Sidney shared with two small cousins. Her bed and the cot where the little girls slept filled up almost all the available space. The furniture was poor; but, everything was neat—it was the only neat room in the house, indeed, for tidiness was no besetting virtue of Aunt Janes.

Opposite Sidney was a small muslined and befrilled toilet-table, above which hung an eight-by-six-inch mirror, in which Sidney saw herself reflected as she devoutly hoped other people did not see her. Just at that particular angle one eye appeared to be as large as an orange, while the other was the size of a pea, and the mouth zigzagged from ear to ear. Sidney hated that mirror as virulently as she could hate anything. It seemed to her to typify all that was unlovely in her life. The mirror of existence into which her fresh young soul had looked for twenty years gave back to her wistful gaze just such distortions of fair hopes and ideals.

Half of the little table by which she sat was piled high with books—old books, evidently well-read and well-bred books, classics of fiction and verse everyone of them, and all bearing on the fly-leaf the name of Sidney Richmond, thereby meaning not the girl at the table, but her college-bred young father who had died the day before she was born. Her mother had died the day after, and Sidney thereupon had come into the hands of good Aunt Jane, with those books for her dowry, since nothing else was left after the expenses of the double funeral had been paid.

One of the books had Sidney Richmond's name printed on the title-page instead of written on the fly-leaf. It was a thin little volume of poems, published in his college days—musical, unsubstantial pretty little poems, everyone of which the girl Sidney loved and knew by heart.

Sidney dropped her pointed chin in her hands and looked dreamily out into the moonlit night, while she thought her letter out a little more fully before beginning to write. Her big brown eyes were full of wistfulness and romance; for Sidney was romantic, albeit a faithful and understanding acquaintance with her father's books had given to her romance refinement and reason, and the delicacy of her own nature had imparted to it a self-respecting bias.

Presently she began to write, with a flush of real excitement on her face. In the middle of things the baby choked on a small twist spool and Sidney had to catch him up by the heels and hold him head downward until the trouble was ejected. Then she had to soothe him, and finally write the rest of her letter holding him on one arm and protecting the epistle from the grabs of his sticky little fingers. It was certainly letter-writing under difficulties, but Sidney seemed to deal with them mechanically. Her soul and understanding were elsewhere.

Four years before, when Sidney was sixteen, still calling herself a school-girl by reason of the fact that she could be spared to attend school four months in the winter when work was slack, she had been much interested in the "Maple Leaf" department of the Montreal weekly her uncle took. It was a page given over to youthful Canadians and filled with their contributions in the way of letters, verses and prize essays. Noms de plume were signed to these, badges were sent to those who joined the Maple-Leaf Club, and a general delightful sense of mystery pervaded the department.

Often a letter concluded with a request to the club members to correspond with the writer. One such request went from Sidney under the pen-name of "Ellen Douglas." The girl was lonely in Plainfie d; she had no companions or associates such as she cared for; the Maple-Leaf Club represented all that her life held of outward interest, and she longed for something more.

Only one answer came to "Ellen Douglas," and that was forwarded to her by the long-suffering editor of "The Maple-Leaf." It was from John Lincoln of the Bar N Ranch, Alberta. He wrote that, although his age debarred him from membership in the club (he was twenty, and the limit was eighteen), he read the letters of the department with much interest, and often had thought of answering some of the requests for correspondents. He never had done so, but "Ellen Douglas's" letter was so interesting that he had decided to write to her. Would she be kind enough to correspond with him? Life on the Bar N, ten miles from the outposts of civilization, was lonely. He was two years out from the East, and had not yet forgotten to be homesick at times.

Sidney liked the letter and answered it. Since then they had written to each other regularly. There was nothing sentimental, hinted at or implied, in the correspondence. Whatever the faults of Sidney's romantic visions were, they did not tend to precocious flirtation. The Plainfield boys, attracted by her beauty and repelled by her indifference and aloofness, could have told that. She never expected to meet John Lincoln, nor did she wish to do so. In the correspondence itself she found her pleasure.

John Lincoln wrote breezy accounts of ranch life and adventures on the far-western plains, so alien and remote from snug, humdrum Plainfield life that Sidney always had the sensation of crossing a gulf when she opened a letter from the Bar N. As for Sidney's own letter, this is the way it read as she wrote it:

"The Evergreens," Plainfield.

DEAR MR. LINCOLN: The very best letter I can write in the half hour before the carriage will be at the door to take me to Mrs. Braddon's dance shall be yours to-night. I am sitting here in the library, arrayed in my smartest, newest, whitest, silkiest gown, with a string of pearls which Uncle James gave me to-day about my throat—the dear, glistening sheeny things! And I am looking forward to the "dances and delight" of the evening with keen anticipation.

You asked me in your last letter if I did not sometimes grow weary of my endless round of dances and dinners and social functions. No, no, never! I enjoy everyone of them, every minute of them. I love life and its bloom and brilliancy I love meeting new people; I love the ripple of music, the hum of laughter and conversation. Every morning when I awaken the new day seems to me to be a good fairy who will bring me some beautiful gift of joy.

The gift she gave me to-day was my sunset gallop on my gray mare Lady. The thrill of it is in my veins yet I distanced the others who rode with me and led the homeward canter alone, rocking along a dark, gleaming road, shadowy with tall firs and pines, whose balsam made all the air resinous around me. Before me was a long valley filled with purple dusk, and beyond it meadows of sunset and great lakes of saffron and rose where a soul might lose itself in color. On my right was the harbor, silvered over with a rising moon. Oh, it was all glorious—the clear air with its salt-sea tang, the aroma of the pines, the laughter of my friends behind me, the spring and rhythm of Lady's gray satin body beneath me! I wanted to ride on so forever, straight into the heart of the sunset.

Then home and to dinner. We have a houseful of guests at present—one of them an old statesman with a massive silver head, and eyes that have looked into people's thoughts so long that you have an uncanny feeling that they can see right through your soul and read motives you dare not avow even to yourself. I was terribly in awe of him at first; but when I got acquainted with him I found him charming. He is not above talking delightful nonsense even to a girl. I sat by him at dinner, and he talked to me—not nonsense, either, this time. He told me of his political contests and diplomatic battles; he was wise and witty and whimsical. I felt as if I were drinking some rare, stimulating mental wine. What a privilege it is to

meet such men and take a peep through their wise eyes at the fascinating game of empire building!

I met another clever man a few evenings ago. A lot of us went for a sail on the harbor. Mrs. Braddon's house party came too. We had three big white boats that skimmed down the moonlit channel like great white sea birds. There was another boat far across the harbor, and the people in it were singing. The music drifted over the water to us, so sad and sweet and beguiling that I could have cried for very pleasure. One of Mrs. Braddon's guests said to me:

"That is the soul of music with all its sense and earthliness refined away."

I hadn't thought about him before—I hadn't even caught his name in the general introduction. He was a tall, slight man, with a worn, sensitive face and iron-gray hair—a quiet man who hadn't laughed or talked. But he began to talk to me then, and I forgot all about the others. I never had listened to anybody in the least like him. He talked of books and music, of art and travel. He had been all over the world, and had seen everything everybody else had seen and everything they hadn't too, I think. I seemed to be looking into an enchanted mirror where all my own dreams and ideals were reflected back to me, but made, oh, so much more beautiful!

On my way home after the Braddon people had left us somebody asked me how I liked Paul Moore! The man I had been talking with was Paul Moore, the great novelist! I was almost glad I hadn't known it while he was talking to me—I should have been too awed and reverential to have really enjoyed his conversation. As it was, I had contradicted him twice, and he had laughed and liked it. But his books will always have a new meaning to me henceforth, through the insight he himself has given me.

*

It is such meetings as these that give life its sparkle for me. But much of its abiding sweetness comes from my friendship with Margaret Raleigh. You will be weary of my rhapsodies over her. But she is such a rare and wonderful woman; much older than I am, but so young in heart and soul and freshness of feeling! She is to me mother and sister and wise, clear-sighted friend. To her I go with all my perplexities and hopes and triumphs. She has sympathy and understanding for my every mood. I love life so much for giving me such a friendship!

This morning I wakened at dawn and stole away to the shore before anyone else was up. I had a delightful runaway. The long, low-lying meadows between "The Evergreens" and the shore were dewy and fresh in that first light, that was as fine and purely tinted as the heart of one of my white roses. On the beach the water was purring in little blue ripples; and oh, the sunrise out there beyond the harbor! All the eastern Heaven was abloom with it. And there was a wind that came dancing and whistling up the channel to replace the beautiful silence with a music more beautiful still.

The rest of the folks were just coming down-stairs when I got back to breakfast. They were all yawny, and some were grumpy; but I had washed my being in the sunrise and felt as blithesome as the day. Oh, life is so good to live!

To-morrow Uncle James' new vessel, the White Lady, is to be launched. We are going to make a festive occasion of it, and I am to christen her with a bottle of cobwebby old wine.

But I hear the carriage, and Aunt Jane is calling me. I had a great deal more to say—about your letter, your big "round-up" and your tribulations with your Chinese cook—but I've only time now to say good-by. You wish me a lovely time at the dance and a full program, don't you? Yours sincerely, SIDNEY RICHMOND.

Aunt Jane came home presently and carried away her sleeping baby. Sidney said her prayers, went to bed, and slept soundly and serenely.

She mailed her letter the next day; and a month later an answer came. Sidney read it as soon as she left the post-office, and walked the rest of the way home as in a nightmare, staring straight ahead of her with wide-open, unseeing brown eyes.

John Lincoln's letter was short; but the pertinent paragraph of it burned itself into Sidney's brain. He wrote:

> I am going East for a visit. It is six years since I was home, and it seems like three times six. I shall go by the C. P. R., which passes through Plainfield, and I mean to stop off for a day. You will let me call and see you, won't you? I shall have to take your permission for granted, as I shall be gone before a letter from you can reach the Bar N. I leave for the East in five days, and shall look forward to our meeting with all possible interest and pleasure.

Sidney did not sleep that night, but tossed restlessly about or cried in her pillow. She was so pallid and hollow-eyed the next morning that Aunt Jane noticed it, and asked her what the matter was.

"Nothing," said Sidney sharply. Sidney had never spoken sharply to her aunt before. The good woman shook her head. She was afraid the child was "taking something."

"Don't do much to-day, Siddy," she said kindly. "Just lie around and take it easy till you get rested up. I'll fix you a dose of quinine."

Sidney refused to lie around and take it easy. She swallowed the quinine meekly enough; but she worked fiercely all day, hunting out superfluous tasks to do. That night she slept the sleep of exhaustion, but her dreams were unenviable and the awakening was terrible.

Any day, any hour, might bring John Lincoln to Plainfield. What should she do? Hide from him? Refuse to see him? But he would find out the truth just the same; she would lose his friendship and respect just as surely. Sidney trod the way of the transgressor, and found that its thorns pierced to bone and marrow. Everything had come to an end—nothing was left to her! In the untried recklessness of twenty untempered years she wished she could die before John Lincoln came to Plainfield. The eyes of youth could not see how she could possibly live afterward.

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Some days later a young man stepped from the C. P. R. train at Plainfield station and found his way to the one small hotel the place boasted. After getting his supper he asked the proprietor if he could direct him to "The Evergreens."

Caleb Williams looked at his guest in bewilderment. "Never heerd o' such a place," he said.

"It is the name of Mr. Conway's estate—Mr. James Conway," explained John Lincoln.

"Oh, Jim Conway's place!" said Caleb. "Didn't know that was what he called it. Sartin I kin tell you whar' to find it. You see that road out thar'? Well, just follow it straight along for a mile and a half till you come to a blacksmith's forge. Jim Conway's house is just this side of it on the right—back from the road a smart piece and no other handy. You can't mistake it."

John Lincoln did not expect to mistake it, once he found it; he knew by heart what it appeared like from Sidney's description: an old stately mansion of mellowed brick, covered with ivy and set back from the highway amid fine ancestral trees, with a pine-grove behind it, a river to the left, and a harbor beyond.

He strode along the road in the warm, ruddy sunshine of early evening. It was not a bad-looking road at all; the farmsteads sprinkled along it were for the most part snug and wholesome enough; yet, somehow, it was different from what he had expected it to be. And there was no harbor or glimpse of distant sea visible. Had the hotel-keeper made a mistake? Perhaps he had meant some other James Conway.

Presently he found himself before the blacksmith's forge. Beside it was a rickety, unpainted gate opening into a snake-fenced lane feathered here and there with scrubby little spruces. It ran down a bare hill, crossed a little ravine full of young white-stemmed birches, and up another bare hill to an equally bare crest where a farm-house was perched—a farm-house painted a stark, staring yellow and the ugliest thing in farm-houses that John Lincoln had ever seen, even among the log-shacks of the West. He knew now that he had been misdirected; but as there seemed to be nobody about the forge he concluded that he had better go to the yellow house and inquire within. He passed down the lane and over the little rustic bridge that spanned the brook. Just beyond was another home-made gate of poles.

*

Lincoln opened it, or rather he had his hand on the hasp of twisted withes which secured it, when he was suddenly arrested by the apparition of a girl, who flashed around the curve of young birch beyond and stood before him with panting breath and quivering lips.

"I beg your pardon," said John Lincoln courteously, dropping the gate and lifting his hat. "I am looking for the house of Mr. James Conway—'The Evergreens.' Can you direct me to it?"

"That is Mr. James Conway's house," said the girl, with the tragic air and tone of one driven to desperation and an impatient gesture of her hand toward the yellow nightmare above them.

"I don't think he can be the one I mean," said Lincoln perplexedly. "The man I am thinking of has a niece, Miss Richmond."

"There is no other James Conway in Plainfield," said the girl. "This is his place—nobody calls it 'The Evergreens' but myself. I am Sidney Richmond."

For a moment they looked at each other across the gate, sheer amazement and bewilderment holding John Lincoln mute. Sidney, burning with shame, saw that this stranger was exceedingly good to look upon—tall, clean-limbed, broad-shouldered, with clear-cut bronzed features and a chin and eyes that would have done honor to any man. John Lincoln, among all his confused sensations, was aware that this slim, agitated young creature before him was the loveliest thing he ever had seen, so lithe was her figure, so glossy and dark and silken her bare, wind-ruffled hair, so big and brown and appealing her eyes, so delicately oval her flushed cheeks. He felt that she was frightened and in trouble, and he wanted to comfort and reassure her. But how could she be Sidney Richmond?

"I don't understand," he said perplexedly.

"Oh!" Sidney threw out her hands in a burst

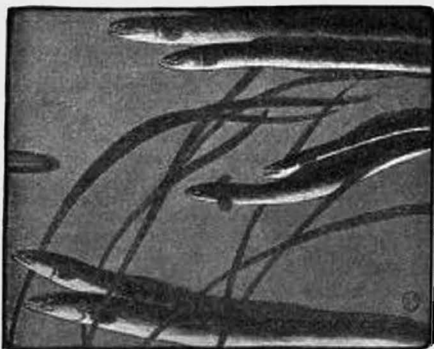
Continued on page 17

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE "EAT"—By Walter King Stone

THE QUAKING QUAIL

Oh, here's the unobtrusive quail!
Why does he quail? Because the vale
Wherein he coyly, shyly runs
Is often ranged by men with guns.
The quail is shy, and also high;
And though I'm rarely ever shy
Whene'er in restaurants we chance to meet,
I'm shy two dollars ere I leave my seat.

THE ELDRITCH EEL



It is quite hard to catch a batch
Of wild ferocious eel;
But when they're caught (or slyly bought)
They make a sumptuous meal.
And when you eat this luscious meat,
Oh, do not make mistakes!
Because you drink, pray do not think
That you are seeing snakes.

THE BARBARIAN BEAR

Oh, bear with me, my friend, until
I glance along this lengthy bill
Of fare.
Oh yes, here's bear.
Now that's a dish to tempt the appetite.
Barbarians of old considered it just right.
Come on! It's rare!
So blast the price! Let's have some bear.

A SUMMER TRIP TO ATLIN

Interesting Out-of-the-Way Corner of the North

Atlin Lake

The Main Business Street

By Marguerite Merington

Illustrated From Photographs Taken by the Author

DAWSON has its chroniclers in history and fiction, but, except in mining reports, little has been said of Atlin. A two-weeks' journey from the New-York Grand Central Station, the forth-faring traveler is inclined to brag of the arduous expedition to which the hand of the North is beckoning. Returned, however, one brags that it has been a far easier task than to pay a call in Brooklyn, or to set foot in any mentionable corner of the borough of The Bronx.

Across a summer-endued continent by modern train was a flight of pure enjoyment, with its wonderful panorama of cities, rose-clad prairies, snow-capped mountains. Vancouver, the Canadian point of debarkation, reminded one of Buffalo, or Toronto, with its fine water-line, well-gardened homes and splendid trees. An air of bustle pervaded it, marking it obviously as a point of arrival and departure. Victoria, the Capital of British Columbia, was seven hours across the bay, and out of our way; but one must see Victoria, for it is a venerable city, measured by the standards of the Pacific Coast. Approaching, it seemed all harbor, so intricately did the sea curl about its shores. Beacon Hill was a brilliant patch of color with the bonny broom, raised from seeds from the country that the Colonist never ceases to call home. In the distance the white peaks of the Olympic Mountains cut through fleecy clouds into a turquoise sky. Many French-Canadians and not a few Indian half-breeds are among the leading families of Victoria, nevertheless the city speaks in the English voice, with the provincial accent, and prides itself on its close kinship, socially, to the mother country. Its naval harbor Esquimalt is one of the gems of the west coast.

Back to Vancouver to embark for Skagway; and then for three days we threaded a winding way up the Alaskan coast. Let those who yearly turn their faces to Europe—only and always to Europe—remember that a wonderful section of their own country lies waiting to be explored. Dense woods covered the islands by which we glided, so close that a stone's throw would reach some of the tall totem poles that marked the Indian villages upon the shore. Then the waters widened, and we came upon glaciers that cast wonderful reflections as from mirrors in the snow king's palace, bedded between white-capped, purple-shadowed mountains, while eagles screamed eerily overhead. Then up the Lynn Canal to Skagway.

Over the White Pass Railway! What a great sense of height those words convey! We had thought ourselves on exalted ground when our train danced through the Selkirks and nimbly climbed the Rockies; but here we were riding on the ridge-pole of the world, where waterfalls and rivers had their source. A marvel of engineering, this road. We never lost our sense of security, no matter how dizzy the eminence from which we gazed. Up, up, up, till we paused at Summit, whence one stream hurried with greeting to the United States, and from the same spring another stream hurried with greeting to British North America, and the sister flags and sister customs buildings stood amicably side by side.

A mounted policeman told us of a woman who,

Native Sons of Atlin

coming out from British territory, was so moved on seeing her own Stars and Stripes again that she wept for joy, and sang "America," while hugging the flagpole. On returning to the train, however, she discovered that one of Uncle Sam's men had confiscated her sealskin jacket for revenue, which so enraged her that she turned right back and married the first miner who showed a willing heart.

Speaking of willing hearts, at this point we met our first miner as fiction always pictures him: the rough-and-ready soul in top boots and corduroys, who pulled forth a poke, a narrow chamois bag, full of gold dust and nuggets, samples from his claims, and told our party with impartial invitation that he was looking for a wife. Mining experts in the party assured us that the samples showed royal values; but we let the chance slip by, and went on to Atlin.

The five-hours' journey over the White Pass brought us to the steamer that was to take us on the all-night passage across Lake Bennett. Discomfort here at last, you suggest? I assure you, not aboard an Atlantic liner is one more gently berthed or more palatably fed.

Morning found us at a portage, which we crossed in an open car hitched to a sparky and skittish locomotive, and then we were aboard a small steamer crossing Lake Atlin. A wide expanse, this inland sea, coldly blue, as are all glacier-fed streams, walled on the west by a stupendous pile of natural masonry. And smiling at us from the low lake-shore opposite, a pretty little port of entry to the gold-fields among the hills beyond, was Atlin.

Good roads, characteristic of the Dominion Government, whose loamy earth is mixed with building chips, divide the township into squares. Here and there a poplar or spruce has been spared the ax to tell from what primeval beginnings the camp has sprung. Inclosures about the tents and cabins there are none, but willow bushes form a slight screen that enables you while doing your washing in the open to appear unconscious of your neighbor cleaning his teeth at his back door.

Yes, you will have to do your own washing, if, with a light purse, the tastes of effete civilization still cling to you. One modest dozen at the laundry cost me four dollars and eighty-five cents—for it must be remembered that Chinese and Japanese cheap labor is forbidden the precincts, that all service commands five dollars a day, and that the married women who come into camp come to wash for their own men, and the single women to find men of their own to wash for. Water, moreover, has to be hauled up from the lake, or paid for at the rate of five cents the pail, when the waterman brings it by dog-team to your door.

Dog-teams form as picturesque a feature of the life as they are an essential one. A waiter at the hotel in Victoria said to me: "You've been fetched up to think that dogs hadn't oughter do manual labor; but you'll soon get over that." And get over it I did, the moment of our arrival, on seeing a fat child in a soap-box on wheels teaching a fat "husky" how to draw! Descendants of northern wolves, these valuable members of a Klondike household have lost all trace of their savage ancestry.

Two thousand feet above sea-level, only sixty degrees north latitude, yet there is a "crack o' doom" appearance in the fiery sunsets, a glacial brilliancy about the moon, an intensity of color in the Northern Lights, giving one a sense of being in the workshop of the world. The celestial phenomena have justified the journey a hundredfold.

The climate reminds me of that of the coast of Maine exaggerated. From June through September I slept between fur robes, but under mosquito-netting to escape the northern pest, which attacks with songless sting. The days were warm, but with a hint of chill, as if the sunlight had passed through icy corridors.

Living was primitive, but expensive. A five-cent lamp-chimney cost fifty cents, the dealer unblushingly stating that the extra charge was for freight. A small loaf of bread sold for ten cents. A well-intentioned dinner, mostly of canned things, could be obtained at a popular restaurant for half a dollar. Its style was its attraction, for it boasted paper napkins, also every table stood in its own "cabinet particulier," screened from its neighbors by curtains of blue-checked gingham.

Vegetables grew readily; but few had time to spare from gold-hunting to grow them. One thrifty German gained a deserved vogue for his lunch-counter by adding a lettuce leaf, or a radish, to every plate of bacon and eggs. And

A "Swell" Restaurant

One of the Industries

one flower-lover found time to surround his cabin with a riot of poppies, sweet-peas, nasturtiums, that in their blooming isolation reminded one of Celia Thaxter's garden on the Isle of Shoals.

Balls, concerts, church-going, theatricals, all were here as elsewhere; but daily conversation was likely to turn on samples, values, claims, silver, "boanite;" but above all, gold, gold, gold! The men down on the creeks with their primitive gold-pans and cradles, the huge monitors day and night storming Nature's earth-works at the hydraulic stands, the huge stamp-mills, crushing and pounding—all were gold-seekers.

The show nugget of Atlin, found on Boulder Creek, was put into our hands. It was as big as one's two fists put together.

Every man's undeveloped prospect is, of course, the finest thing that ever was; the only difficulty is to find a financial backer to believe in it. Companies are formed daily (in conversation); financed heavily (in conversation) by Eastern capitalists who would laugh to hear how blithely their names are used to float these conversational enterprises. When it was rumored that a quiet man looking about him, apparently at the scenery, was a representative of Clark of Montana, Atlin boomed itself ferociously. The impecunious man who had been stalled in the camp from its inception went out magnificently (in conversation) "to keep Christmas in God's country with the folks at home." Even the dreamer whose ambition had narrowed down to the desire of possessing a pair of pink-silk pajamas, went about (in conversation) thus adorned.

Here as elsewhere the men who make a living are those who work steadily, whether for wages or in independent venture, on assured ground The men who lose are those who dream or drink and don't work. The large prizes that seem the result of accident, but that demand faith and imagination as well as experience, go to those who dream and work.

But alas! progress has been woefully retarded by litigation. When court is in session the whole population crowds into Government Building, with grievances involving ditch, flume or dredging rights, "your tailings on my claim," and the like. An agreeable neighbor called on us every evening that he was let out of jail on parole, or by mistake. Technically, his offense consisted in having "jumped a ditch." We rejoiced when he finally was acquitted, as all along he tearfully protested his spotless innocence.

A difference in nationality up there seems to be a bond of brotherhood. Dominion Day and Independence Day are kept, in beautiful paradox, on the same date, the sister flags lovingly intertwined.

It was late September. The wild roses were dead; the yellow sage-blossom withered on the bough; the hills no longer knew forget-me-not and columbine. On the dark evergreen slopes were mustard-color patches where beech and birch had turned. There were no more long twilights. When the sun fell behind the mountains, shortening the daily path by enormous strides, a darkness rose like the tide. Though the stars were radiant overhead it was impossible to distinguish the trail on which one's feet were set. One walked neck-high in Erebus.

We had to go. Soon the boats would be laid by, and all communication with the outer world be cut off till the lakes were hard-frozen enough for sled traffic. Then we should have to "mush it." The *cheechako* coveted the experience; but our party had promised to convey the Atlin exhibit to the exposition to be held at Victoria in honor of the Prince and Princess of Wales. We glided over the lake. Tawny with autumn, Atlin lay like a speck of gold-dust (by miners called "a color") on the receding shore. A prospector standing by followed my farewell glance. "Aye," he remarked, characteristically, "you bet your boots, she's an attractive little proposition!"

And then with a smile caught from the last rays of the sun, Atlin vanished behind her mountains.

NEST-BUILDERS OF THE SEA

Continued from page 8

the nest is complete. This is the type of nest most common, and hundreds may be seen in localities affected by these fishes. Others are suspended from twigs that have become water-logged and suspended between twigs or branches or are placed beneath projecting ledges of rock. When completed, the fish hunts up his mate and drives or escorts her to the nest and presents the mansion to her. She accepts it, deposits her eggs or spawn in the interior and immediately deserts them leaving them to the mercies of the male, who having been the house-builder now becomes the nurse.

A stickleback that I watched for days would dash at my finger if pointed at the glass and strike it so heavily that I could see him rebound. Fishes many times his size were put to flight, fairly driven from the field by this spined fury. When the eggs hatched and the young appeared his attentions were redoubled. He would place himself in the center of the nest and poise, using his fins to create a current over the eggs, aërating them and blowing away any foreign substance. The young in a short time began to wander from the nest, and I repeatedly saw the parent fish dart out and by an inhalation draw a young wanderer into his mouth and violently project it into the nest again.

The attitude of the female is characteristic of nearly all fishes, as she plays little or no part in the domestic drama, the male being the nurse, father and mother, home-builder and protector.

A nest somewhat similar to that of the stickleback is formed by the South American fish perai. A liana or vine, dropped from a branch into the river and caught bits of refuse as it floated by, drifted and formed a pendulous mass of roots and verdure. In this the little fish placed its eggs and formed its nest, swinging from a lofty palm by a vine fifty feet in length.

For daintiness and estheticism the nest of the paradise fish will commend itself, being a fairy-like, iridescent craft floating upon the waters. One night when I left the fishes there was no evidence of a nest, but the following morning I found upon the surface a delicate raft of seeming glass. The fishes were much excited, and as they passed one another they opened their gills widely, the interior blazing out like blotches of red. In a few moments one of the fishes rose to the surface, projecting its mouth above it, then sank and ejected several bubbles, which rose to the surface like pearls. Having been released beneath the raft, they attached themselves to it by some capillary attraction; and I found that in this manner the fairy craft was being built of air bubbles. A more dainty object it would be difficult to imagine; floating about, a mastless ship on or about which the eggs of the paradise fish were deposited, becoming attached to it in some way. Here the young found shelter when first hatched, making their first meal, it is said, though I did not observe it, from the foamy nest.

It is most interesting to watch the sunfishes of every fresh-water stream form their nests in the parterres, halls of green and gold made by the pond-lilies. One sunfish which I kept in view formed its nest, a little depression, in the sand, surrounded by weed. The fish poised over the eggs nearly all the time, darting at all possible enemies, as yellow perch or catfish, putting to flight fishes several times its size, even attacking my arm when thrust down among the weeds.

Along the rocky shores of Santa Catalina Island, California, there is a floating forest of kelp, which is the home of countless animals, among them several nest-building fishes, one a huge sculpin-like fish also called rock-cod, with large gaping mouth, colored within a brilliant blue. This fish forms a nest among the weed, selecting some rock as a central point, and attaches its eggs in a great bunch.

In the singular lump-fish the young attach themselves to the parent by their suckers at times, often following them, calling to mind a hen and chickens. In this California floating forest a singular creature called the walking-fish is found. One observed by me weighed eight or nine pounds. Its side fins resemble feet when resting on the bottom. This fish builds a remarkable floating nest, winding the seaweed up into a ball and attaching its eggs to it, the young later finding protection there.

Another species of this singular fish lives in the Sargasso Sea, where I have found its curious nest. The latter is about as large as a Dutch cheese, and is formed of the living weed rolled together. In making it, the fish swims around it and literally binds the nest into an oval or round shape by a viscid elastic white cord which it takes from a pore in the abdomen, the secretion hardening on contact with the water and resembling a white cord. The bands hold the nest firmly in shape, and the pure-white eggs, resembling shot in size, are attached to the leaves.

One of the interesting nest-builders of the Pacific Coast is the rock-bass, a fish that bears a close resemblance to a black-bass of American waters. They form their nests at Santa Catalina, along the shores of Avalon Bay, in large numbers, and may be seen poised over them, the nest being a depression in the sand, surrounded by weed.

Among the nest-builders of the floating forest previously referred to the toad-fish, or sculpin, is best-known. Its nest is of weed in a sheltered spot among the rocks, where the fish takes on the color of its surroundings, so finding protection. Here also is the nest of the kelp-fish, a marvelous mimic that not only possesses the exact color of the weed, but resembles the leaves in shape, poising among them, standing on its head and waving to and fro in the current, so mimicking the kelp that it is difficult to distinguish the fish even when directly over it and only a foot or so distant. This great forest beneath the sea, skirting the islands of Southern California, is also the home of the sheepshead, a remarkable-shaped fish with blunt head and black stripes and vivid-white lower jaw. The sheepshead forms a crude nest at the base of the kelp vines, and is a conspicuous object seen down through the windows of a glass-bottom boat as it floats over the kelpian forest.

From these few instances it will be seen that some of the fishes are the makers of more complicated nests than some birds, though they are ranked far below them in the scale of intelligence.

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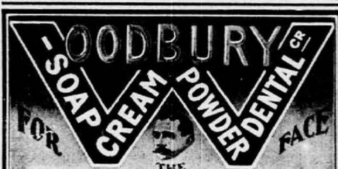

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MONARCH AND MAN

Continued from page 4

have been most impressive when he greeted the Emperor.

We were met upon land by a vari-colored crowd of Moroccans, each of whom was holding a horse or a mule by the bridle, having in the other hand a paper on which the name of one of us was written in large characters. We proceeded through the ranks of the Morocco infantry drawn up on each side of the street. They fired ceaselessly into space, and here and there one of them would throw his gun high up into the air, to catch it adroitly when it came swirling down. Cavalry rode between them and us, splendidly armed and clothed, some of the men on horses of marvelous beauty. The populace pushed and crowded upon us through the ranks of the soldiers. It was a remarkable testimony of the fact how unpopular even among the Spanish population was the *pénétration pacifique* planned by France in Morocco. On the balcony of one of the houses I noticed a somewhat theatrical scene. A French family, in all probability, had placed their handsome eight-year-old son on the railing of the balcony so that it would be impossible not to see him. He held in his hand a large poster with the inscription "*Fraternité.*"

The farther we proceeded on the road to our legation, the more varied grew the picture. The roofs were covered everywhere with crowded men dressed in many-colored clothes. On one of the roofs there were about four hundred women, all in white and closely veiled. These were probably the women of the harems of prominent Moors. The salvos of musketry grew more and more frequent as we approached the legation. When we arrived there we could overlook a large square, the foreground of which was occupied by the chiefs of various tribes and their followers, who had assembled from all the corners of the country, while the background was filled with masses of infantry, presenting a magnificent and most fantastic picture, which may hardly ever be repeated in the same composition. We were met most hospitably in the legation, a tastefully constructed building. European and Oriental music was alternately heard from the garden, and while Emperor William was receiving the deputations which were waiting for him, distributed among the different rooms, we did honor to the cold viands and the excellent wines which Herr von Kühlmann had prepared for us.

We then rode back to the landing-place, which was now a place for embarkation. The crowd in the meanwhile had broken through the ranks of the soldiers, and we could proceed only slowly step by step. Thus in leisure we could allow the picture to become engraved on our minds. The thirty-first of March became an unforgetable day for us. It likewise will be counted as an important historical day, for Emperor William's entry into the city has rendered impossible the transformation of Morocco into a new Tunis, as already had been decided in principle. But this is politics, and I do not wish to talk politics.

And thus it was that on a trip which has found a permanent place in history, the most protean, many-sided monarch perhaps who ever lived was at the same time an Emperor and a diplomatist conducting a carefully planned project of tremendous importance to the Powers, and a host, a yachtsman and a good companion without restraint among his fellows. His active personal entry into diplomacy which this trip characterized is no doubt the opening of a future personal policy. But I may say frankly for myself that from the night when we at last broke up our party with a most joyous and jolly dinner at Naples, William the Emperor will never seem so interesting and so unusual among his kind, to me, as will William the man.

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CORRESPONDENCE AND CLIMAX

Continued from page 14

of passionate protest. "No, and you never will understand—I can't make you understand."

"I don't understand," said John Lincoln again. "Can you be Sidney Richmond—the Sidney Richmond who has written to me for four years?"

"I am."

"Then, those letters—"

"Were all lies," said Sidney bluntly and desperately. "There was nothing true in them—nothing at all. This is my home. We are poor. Everything I told you about it and my life was just imagination."

"Then why did you write them?" he asked blankly. "Why did you deceive me?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to deceive you! I never thought of such a thing. When you asked me to write to you I wanted to; but I didn't know what to write about to a stranger. I just couldn't write you about my life here: not because it was hard; but it was so ugly and empty. So I wrote instead of the life I wanted to live—the life I did live in imagination. And when once I had begun, I had to keep it up. I found it so fascinating too! Those letters made that other life seem real to me. I never expected to meet you. These last four days since your letter came have been dreadful to me. Oh, please go away, and forgive me if you can! I know I can never make you understand how it came about."

Sidney turned away and hid her burning face against the cool white bark of the birch-tree behind her. It was worse than she had even thought it would be. He was so handsome, so manly, so earnest-eyed! Oh, what a friend to lose!

John Lincoln opened the gate and went up to her. There was a great tenderness in his face, mingled with a little kindly, friendly amusement.

"Please don't distress yourself so, Sidney," he said, unconsciously using her Christian name. "I think I do understand. I'm not such a dull fellow as you take me for. After all, those letters were true—or rather, there was truth in them. You revealed yourself more faithfully in them than if you had written truly about your narrow outward life."

Sidney turned her flushed face and wet eyes slowly toward him, a little smile struggling out amid the clouds of woe. This young man was certainly good at understanding. "You—you'll forgive me then?" she stammered.

"Yes, if there is anything to forgive. And for my own part, I am glad you are not what I have always thought you were. If I had come here and found you what I expected, living in such a home as I expected, I never could have told you or even thought of telling you what you have come to mean to me in these lonely years during which your letters have been the things most eagerly looked forward to. I should have come this evening and spent an hour or so with you, and then have gone away on the train to-morrow morning, and that would have been all.

"But I find instead just a dear romantic little girl, much like my sisters at home, except that she is a great deal cleverer. And as a result I mean to stay a week at Plainfield and come to see you every day, if you will let me. And on my way back to the Bar N I mean to stop off at Plainfield again for another week, and then I shall tell you something more—something it would be a little too bold to say now, perhaps, although I could say it just as well and truly. All this if I may. May I, Sidney?"

He bent forward and looked earnestly into her face.

Sidney felt a new, curious, inexplicable thrill at her heart. "Oh, yes—I suppose so," she said shyly.

"Now, take me up to the house and introduce me to your Aunt Jane," said John Lincoln in a satisfied tone.

A Prima Donna's Diamonds

Continued from page 6

perturbed. His wife of course had told him of the bracelet, and he was staggered. He was eager to know if there was any way of getting at the truth as to Suzanne, and I gave him some encouragement but not much.

The next thing that happened was the arrest of Suzanne. Without any previous warning my detective marched into headquarters with her at eleven o'clock that morning. She was pale, resolute and defiant. Before questioning her I wanted the story. I had her placed in a certain waiting-room and then got the particulars.

"She left the hotel at nine o'clock, with a small traveling-bag," said the detective. "She took a cab and handed an address to the driver written on a card. She drove off and I followed her in another cab to a North River pier. She went on board a Liverpool steamer about to start, and I followed and took her into custody. Instead of showing fight, she was quiet as a lamb. She seemed heartbroken over something.

"'Don't take me away till the steamer goes,' she begged, and of course I consented. I wanted to see who else would turn up. We waited on deck by the gang-plank, but screened from the view of anybody coming down the pier. She kept her eyes strained for the sight of some one, and as the time of departure approached grew nervous and agitated. She cried a little, wiped her eyes convulsively and twisted her handkerchief and dug her nails into it like a woman in fear and agony. She did not seem to be afraid that her friend would be caught. She acted like a woman in love that some man had gone back on.

"When the whistle blew she sank down on the deck in a sort of collapse. I spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear me. I took her off the steamer, put her in a cab and then she braced up like you see her now. She kept muttering to herself in Italian all the way up here. She's going to make trouble for somebody."

The case was clearing. With Suzanne angry the truth was sure to come out. I sent the detective up to the hotel to get all particulars of what happened there, and was just going to interview the girl when an officer came in and said that a man wanted to see the arrested woman. This was excellent news. The man was a foreigner, the officer said, an Italian. I could not see him, as if it was Del Bonti, as I supposed, he would learn my identity, from having met me at supper and be on his guard.

"Put him in the room with her," said I, "and close the door. Afterward bring him here."

And then it was that I regretted the absence of the Italian detective. The room in which Suzanne had been placed was used for a particular purpose. It was an ordinary waiting-room in appearance, with a table, chairs, bare walls and bare floor and no other furniture or pictures that might excite suspicion. But by a simple contrivance connected with the wall every word said in it above a whisper could be heard clearly in a room adjoining and taken down by a stenographer if necessary.

The moment the man entered the room there was a scene. Suzanne was like a tragedy queen. Such a tirade of rage, love, upbraiding and despair mixed together I never heard in my life. She was wild in her rage and contempt, heartbroken in her love and misery. The man said little. He only tried to sooth her in monosyllables. I could not catch his voice well enough to identify it, supposing that I had heard it. My Italian is not up to the academic standard; but I could make out that the man had betrayed her, had lied to her, had made a thief of her, and all for love of the basest wretch, according to her present view, that walked the earth. The man seemed to wait cleverly for the storm to blow itself out, and then started in to sooth her. He spoke in a low tone, but cautiously and earnestly. I let him go on as long as he liked.

He finally seemed to win her over—there were embraces and protestations, etc.—but whatever she had promised, Suzanne was once more under his thumb—what she had agreed to I could not make out.

I went back to my private office and sent for the man. I was not entirely surprised when the officer showed in my excellent friend the Count.

I was not entirely surprised; but confess that I was not ready to act. Here was the most polished and accomplished scoundrel I ever had met—my friend with the keen sense of humor and the excellent cigars, with two women, his wife and Suzanne, absolutely under his thumb. I then determined to land this accomplished gentleman if possible, and I gave him plenty of rope, listening with babe-like innocence and interest to his story, which was most excellent of its kind.

He had been playing the detective himself, he said, had watched Suzanne studying a list of steamer departures which she obtained at the hotel desk. Seeing her depart without permission in a cab, he had followed, but had been delayed through his imperfect English. But he had seen her leave the pier in company with a man and had followed, etc.

"Has she confessed to you?" said I.

"Yes."

"She stole the tiara and got a duplicate of the bracelet?"

"No. She denies taking the tiara."

"Knows nothing about it, in fact?"

"So she says."

"Has she obtained duplicates of anything else?"

"No."

"Why did she do it?"

"She's in love with a man. She will not say whom; but of course it is Del Bonti. Del Bonti would not marry her unless she had a fortune. Poor girl! I cannot help sympathizing a little. Love makes fools of the best of them."

"That is true," said I to my excellent friend the Count. "Will you make the charge against her?"

"I shall have to, I suppose," he said; "but I must consult my wife. She really loves Suzanne," he said, with deep sympathy for his loving and tender-hearted wife.

"There is no time to lose," said I. "We will go to madam at once. And we will take Suzanne along with us," I added.

"But—" the Count was disturbed—"will that be necessary?"

"Yes," I said. "I want to confront her with her mistress."

"But my wife—she sings to-night—she is a very nervous woman."

"I can't help that," said I.

"But—but business is business," he urged. "If she does not sing she will lose some thousands of dollars. It will surely prostrate her. She is very tender-hearted."

"My business is also business," I said. "I am going there at once, and with Suzanne. If you fear that the scene will be too much for your feelings—"

"Oh no, not at all. I must be beside my dear wife in her trouble," he said.

And so, taking Suzanne with us, we drove to the hotel.

We found madam with her jewels spread out on the drawing-room table engaged in examining them. She was doubtless looking in fear for other duplications. She looked at us in surprise as we entered, and all three seemed to wait for me to speak.

"Madam," said I, "Suzanne was ar-

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rested by one of my men this morning as she was taking the English steamer. She has confessed to your husband that she duplicated the bracelet"

Madam started as if struck with a whip, and flushed. She said nothing, but merely poured forth her flood of mental accusation in a way that was crushing.

Suzanne, however, refused to be hypnotized. Madam was a great woman in a great rage. Suzanne, however, was equally aroused, but her feeling was hate for madam. They were like lioness and leopardess. But madam felt only indignation and contempt, while Suzanne loved the Count and hated his wife in an Italian woman's way. Madam, however, had no suspicion of this.

"It is your property, madam," said I, "and you must make the charge against her."

"Yes," she said, calm in her contempt.

"It is most unfortunate," said the Count to her. "To-day you have rehearsal. To-night you sing. Will to-morrow morning suffice?" he asked, turning to me.

"No. It must be done at once." I knew that if he had any time at all he would twist his wife around his finger, induce her to forgive Suzanne, and escape punishment himself.

"Then there is the tiara," said I.

"Oh, yes. Did she take that?" cried madam, furious.

"She denies it," said I.

"She lies!" said madam.

The Count said something to her in Italian which visibly softened her. Then he followed with a warning, I think, that she should do nothing till he talked it over with her. There was business to be considered. She was in a very prominent position, etc.

I felt sure she would not prosecute, and that this had been the Count's promise to Suzanne. To tell madam the truth would not be wise. I had no proof whatever of the love affair.

The situation was a difficult one. Seeking a solution, my eyes roved about and fell on the jewels on the table. Among them was a fine miniature, set in diamonds, of a man with a Vandyke beard. It was an excellent picture of the Count. The mysterious German was revealed.

"Madam," said I, "do you know Max Feldman?"

"He is a friend of my husband's, an American," said she.

"Have you ever met him?"

"No."

"The Count told me, if I remember rightly, that your tiara was all diamonds, with an almond-shaped diamond at the top."

"I beg pardon. I said diamonds and pearls," said the Count politely.

"Yes," said madam.

"Quite so," said I.

"Take her away!" cried madam impetuously. "I cannot bear the sight of her."

"You will prosecute her?"

"Yes. But I cannot come to-day. It is impossible. To-morrow morning."

The Count turned to Suzanne and gave her a look which she understood. Suzanne stood mute and defiant.

There was nothing else to do then, and I took Suzanne away and sent her down to the Tombs.

At ten o'clock the next morning I received the card not of madam, but of that distinguished gentleman Count Ghirardelli.

"Well?" said I dryly.

"My dear wife—she is so tender-hearted—she declines to prosecute."

"It will not be necessary," said I. "We can convict the girl without her."

"I am afraid it will be difficult," said he. "You see—the fact is—we needed money. Suzanne had the bracelet duplicated with madam's consent."

This was an excellent lie, but just what I expected.

"And with her consent of course you gambled it away under the name of Max Feldman."

"Yes," said he, in mock sorrow. "One cannot always win."

"You shaved off your beard the day before you met me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I think I look younger," he said, smiling complacently.

"And you stole the tiara and pawned it in Philadelphia and gave me a false description of it."

"Pardon me. I did not steal it. I took it with my dear wife's consent. We needed ready money," he said.

"And your dear wife will swear to this?"

"Undoubtedly."

"When she knows of the love affair between you and Suzanne."

"Love affair?" He seemed greatly surprised. "Preposterous!" he said, laughing. "Suzanne would never say such a thing. And if she did, my dear wife would never believe it. Think," he said, his sense of humor touched, "if she were so mad as to believe it, how ridiculous it would make her before the public!"

There was no doubt that the rascal had the game entirely in his own hands. He controlled both the women and deceived them both as he pleased. He had reported the loss only because his wife forced him to and he thought it safer to do so himself. Merely as an official formality I went with him to see madam.

She would scarcely speak to me, said nothing except at his dictation, and bore out his story in every particular. I pitied the girl, and was glad she would not suffer.

There was no way of reaching the Count; but I determined to put him on the grill a little on my own account.

"You have misled the police," I said to him alone, "and in this country that is a very serious offense. I shall look up the law in the case and cannot answer for the consequences."

Amid storm, tears, tragedy and other accompaniments, as I learned from the detective, the Count left his dear wife two hours later and took the train for Montreal. She was denied his affectionate and consoling presence until the opera season was over and she rejoined him in Paris. I had his history looked up, and found that his name was Franz Becker, that he hailed from Mühlhausen in Alsace, and was a commercial traveler in Italy when he met madam at Milan and married her. With her money he bought a title of Count.

With some years' experience to go upon he was without doubt the most graceful, companionable, heartless and conscienceless scoundrel that I ever met.

And I have always wanted a look at the two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels in the bank in Rome.

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THEIR THOUGHTS OF HER

By Tom Masson

Her Lover: "I cannot wait to see her! Oh, the agony of separation!"
Her Dressmaker: "It seems a pity she is so long-waisted. Otherwise she would have so much style."
Her Brother: "Oh, how tired she makes me!"
Her Father: "I've spent twenty thousand dollars on that girl since she was born."
Her Mother: "She needs a tonic."
Her Maid: "What a pity her clothes don't fit me."
Her Enemy: "She never troubles me a bit. I never think of her."
Her Sunday-school Pupil: "Oh, my, ain't she just beautiful!"
Her Hair-dresser: "It's a pity her scalp isn't better nourished."
Her Old Chum: "She isn't what she used to be. I sometimes wonder—"
Her Platonic Friend: "I knew she would be spoiled by love some day."
Her New Acquaintance: "What a bright girl!"
The Cynic: "She knows about as little as any of them!"
Her Grandmother: "To me she will never be anything more than a child."

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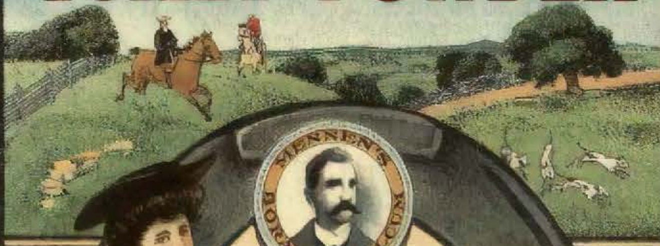

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