

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

To-day we have journeyed far, My heart and I: Came home at dusk 'neath a star Hung keen and high.

The morn was a blade of steel— Scabbard of white— Bonnie and brave to feel In burnished light.

As we footed the open road We sang the sun: Love was the debt we owed The day begun.

The hills were abrupt and blue— Castles of kings, To be won and wandered through For precious things.

Noon and the long afternoon— Gladness and hope— And a shadow that walked too soon The westward slope.

So is the wild world won By them who roam; But best of the day that is done— The door of home. —Emery Pottle, in Success Magazine.

THE REVERIE

Some occult power drove away the reverie that gripped him. He awoke with a start and discovered that he was five stations beyond his destination. He also discovered a pair of most interesting brown eyes staring at him and a quizzical smile dimpling the features of an exceedingly pretty young woman.

He quickly crossed the car and seated himself by her side.

"I have come five stations too far," he said, as he took her hand.

"I thought you were going too far," she said, laughing quietly. "And your face! Why, you seemed to be in a trance."

"I guess I was. I was thinking of something, and even now I am not collected enough to know whether I had



YOU SEEMED TO BE IN A TRANCE.

dozed away and was dreaming, or whether I was—what shall I say?—dopy!"

"And the dream—or 'dope,' as you call it?"

"It's too long to relate now. It might interest you, though. If—"

"Surely. Some other time. Say to-morrow evening?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Come in time for dinner."

He left the train at the next station.

The next evening they sat in a cozy parlor in an uptown apartment house.

A pause followed a half-hour's conversation on commonplace matters.

"And now," she said, suggestively, "now will we have the recital of your wanderings in the subway train?"

He laughed lightly.

"I was just thinking of that," he said. "I was wondering how to start my story. I guess I had better begin where I boarded the train. Will you stop me when I begin to bore?"

"You won't be tiresome—you never were."

He smiled at the naive compliment.

"I boarded the train at Brooklyn bridge," he began. "There was a jam of people, but I managed to find a seat by the window. I remember mentally commenting on the terrible roar in the subway and its probable effect upon the hearing organs of New Yorkers. I don't know how far I had gone before there was a silence that seemed to reach out and out, over a great distance of land. And when I was out of the subway fields and hills stretched before me and the longer I saw them the more familiar they became. A long, dusty road climbed a knobby hill, and, somehow, I was driving over this road, as real and lifelike as I am sitting here.

"My mind was transformed. Business cares were brushed away as dust is brushed from a picture frame or mantelpiece. The tinkle of cowbells in the distance lost their metallic clank and sounded sweet and musical—the vespers of the farm land.

"As I drove up the hill I knew that in the hollow on the other side I'd find a great, rambling white house. On the summit I drew rein, searched with my eyes the long veranda and saw a girl in a white dress. She waved at me. I was to drive her to a dance about six miles across country. Doesn't this strike you as being most unreasonably rambling?"

The young woman, who was listening intently, started, dropped a fan with which she had been toying, recovered herself and smiled.

"Not at all," she said. "Please go on."

"I can't go on alone, for the little girl with the white dress is now with me you know. We made good time to the house where the dance was held. It was a beautiful ride, too, through two lines of ambitious katy-dids and other night insects. I remember we talked about the habit of some birds in insects singing only at night. The girl in the white dress set me to thinking by remarking that night time seemed to be sweetly sorrowful, and so was the best time for song. I recall that I thought about it at the time and remembered that it was true that there was more singing in the evening than any other part of the day.

"Well, it was only a minute or two until we were in the farm house, dancing, laughing, enjoying ourselves. Somehow I don't remember of having heard laughter that meant as much as that heard at a country dance.

"And the music—you know there wasn't much to that music; just two fiddles and a bass fiddle sawing away, but somehow there was lightning in it. We danced, the little girl in white and I. Her cheeks and lips were glowing and her eyes seemed to have stolen the glow from the lamps. Once a curl on her head touched my cheek. I—why, I can't begin to tell you how real it all was.

"Then came the ride over the starry road, with the wild crab apple blossoms scattering incense before us, with the night birds singing in harmony with the song in my heart. The moon dropped lower and lower toward the fringe of trees on the ridge, and I was just wishing that I might ride on like that forever, for it seemed that the little girl in white must have felt herself tiny and frightened in the big, still night, for she unconsciously nestled close to me.

"I did not want to release her hand when I left her at the door to the big white house; I did not want to take my eyes away from her, and, as I drove toward home, somehow the night was black and lonesome and there were no pictures in the shadows of beauty in the yellow light of the moon. When I unhitched my horse and turned him out to pasture I stood for a long time, with the bridle in my hand and leaning against a corn crib. When at last I slowly walked to the house I knew that something had come into my life—I loved the little girl in the white dress. I had known for a long time that I cared for her greatly, but I never before knew how much.

"I guess I must have been passing the first station beyond my stopping place," he laughed, interrupting a story he realized was being told in a voice growing more and more fervent and passionate.

"With a suddenness that seemed perfectly reasonable to me, I found myself the day after the dance talking to the old gentleman who owned the white house; of hearing him advise me not to hope to win the hand of the little girl; of hearing how, since oil had made the old man rich, his girl would not be married to any man in the farm land. Her's was to be a grand social success. After that the dear old familiar places no longer held beauty. The country was as dreary to me as if it had been swept by war or something else.

"And then—and then I woke up," he said, laughing, jerkily, awkwardly.

She rose, went to the window, looking into the street.

"And the rest?" She did not turn and she spoke softly.

He arose and stood just behind her.

"I need not tell you who was the little girl in white," he continued, speaking quickly and impulsively. "She has been before me ever since I left my home and came to New York. She was before me even after I heard she was engaged to marry Sam Willets. I cursed the fate that brought about a discovery of oil on my own land after it was too late. Wealth was nothing to me without the girl in the white dress."

"But—but you never told the girl in the white dress?"

"No," he said bitterly. "I didn't. That was a great mistake, but I was a simple-hearted fellow in those days. I thought the decision of her father ended my hopes."

"And Sam Willets? He did not marry—?"

"No," he interrupted hastily. "I don't know why, but I have often thought that she would discover that her nature would not harmonize with his as soon as she saw him continually.

"Shall we—shall we go back there in a more substantial manner than in reverie—you and I?" he pleaded, wistfully and tenderly.

She did not answer, but slowly, tenderly, she extended her hands.

"Poor father," she said, "he told me before he died. He was sorry, very sorry, that sudden wealth had so nearly upset his better sense. He wanted—well, just this," she said impulsively, her head resting lovingly on his shoulder.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Blunder.

Him—And I'm the only man you ever loved?

Her—Yes, dearest.

Him—May I speak to your father?

Her—I suppose you'd better.

Him—I wonder how he'll take it.

Her—Oh, I never can tell about dad. He treats some of the boys very nicely, and at others he gets fearfully angry and—why what's the matter, George?—Cleveland Leader.

Ever see a screen that you were not overwhelmed with a desire to know what is behind it?

YOUNG FOLKS

The Mysterious Guests.

I had three friends. I asked one day That they would dine with me; But when they came, I found that they Were six instead of three.

My good wife whispered, "We, at best, But five can hope to dine. Send one away." I did. The rest Remaining numbered nine.

"I, too, will go," the second cried; He left at once, and then, Although to count but eight I tried, There were remaining ten.

"Go, call them back," my wife implored; "I fear the third may go. And leave behind, to share our board, Perhaps a score or so."

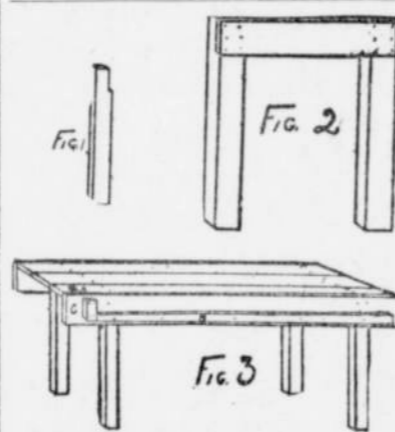
The second one then straight returned, As might have been expected; He with the ten, we quickly learned, Eleven made. Dejected!

We saw the first returning; he, With all the rest, turned round, And there, behold, were my friends three, Though six they still were found.

For those of you that yet may find My riddle too complex, 'I'll say the friends I had in mind Are "S" and "I" and "X."

How to Make a Work Bench.

The articles required to make a good work bench are: Twelve feet of 2x4 pine scantling, a few boards and some nails. Cut the scantling into four pieces, each 3 feet long. Make a gain in the end of each 6 inches long and 1 inch deep (Fig. 1). Next get two boards, each 2 1/2 feet by 6 inches, and nail them firmly into the gains. (See



DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Fig. 2.) Now nail two boards, 10 inches by 9 feet, to the sides, and even with the top of the legs, letting them project 1 inch at either end. After this is done, nail the boards on the top. A strap of iron 6 inches by 1 inch by 1/4 inch is screwed to the first top board about 1 inch from the end A (Fig. 3), to brace boards against while planing them. Now fasten a block 6 inches by 2 inches by 1 inch perpendicularly to the side board, and a narrow strip 9 feet long along the bottom of the same board. This is used to keep a board in position while planing the edge. If you choose to have a vise in your work bench, it may be attached at the upper corner.

The Elephant and the Piano.

The proprietor of a circus in London announced that on a certain evening a trick elephant would play "God Save the King" on a piano placed in the arena; he would strike the keys of the instrument with his trunk. Of course the announcement drew a tremendous crowd to the circus, all eager to witness this most astounding feat. When the time for the performance came, several men carried a small piano into the arena and left it with the keyboard closed. Then the elephant was introduced, and having been led around the ring so that everybody might have a good look at him, he approached the piano and gently lifted the cover of the keyboard. Then a sudden and startling change came over him, and lifting his trunk high in the air, he turned and ran from the arena, uttering trumpet calls that might have been heard half over London. The keeper and the ringmaster held a hurried conference, and they, too, quitted the ring. Presently the ringmaster returned, and thus addressed the spectators: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I regret extremely that the performance of the elephant on the piano cannot take place. The truth is, that when he lifted the cover of the keyboard he recognized in the keys part of the tusks of his long-lost mother, whose unhappy lot it was to fall a victim to the ivory hunters of Africa."

But the shrewd proprietor had drawn a big crowd to his show, all the same. The trick was worthy of Barnum.

A Life-Saving Experiment.

They were making some experiments with a lifeboat at a certain government life-saving station last summer, and it was thought best to pitch two or three men overboard with cork jackets on. Just to show how the device keeps the wearer afloat. Among the spectators was a big Newfoundland dog. He watched the proceedings with no little uneasiness, apparently trying to induce some of the people on shore to go to the assistance of the men in the water. Falling in this, he determined to go himself, and in he plunged. Swimming rapidly out to where one of the men was buffeting the waves, he grasped the man by the arm and tried to pull him ashore. The man struggled to get loose, but the dog held on, for he evidently thought the man was in danger and that it was his duty to save him. Not

until two men rowed out in a boat and pulled him away would the dog give it up, and then he looked all broken up with disappointment. So much for the Newfoundland's noble instinct.

The Wonders of Paper-Making.

It may surprise the boys and girls to hear that there are more than two thousand patents relating to the manufacture of paper. And perhaps it may surprise them even more to hear how many things may be used to make paper of. Following are some of them: The leaves of trees; the wood of trees; hop plants; bean stalks; pea vines; the trunks and stems of Indian corn; every variety of grain; moss, clover and timothy hay; more than one hundred kinds of grass; straw and coconut fiber; fresh-water weeds and seaweeds; sawdust, shavings and asbestos; thistles and thistle-down; banana skins; tobacco stalks; tanbark; hair, wool, fur, and old sacking or bagging. In fact, there seems to be scarcely anything that may not be used in the process.

The Young Artist.

A youthful artist, over whose golden-hued head, as the poets would say, not more than six summers had passed, was drawing a picture. His mother looked at his work and asked him what he was drawing.

"An elephant," answered Harry.

"An elephant! Why don't you try something easier?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said the boy, "I am drawing an elephant because everybody can tell what it is, for an elephant is the only animal in the world with two tails."

SLOWINGTON'S BANK ACCOUNT

Surprised to Discover that He Has One and Is Going to Build It Up.

"How time flies for one thing," said Mr. Slowington, to a New York Sun man, "and for another, this not being a proverb or a saying or anything of that sort, but just a statement of fact, I've been rich for a long time without knowing anything about it.

"Close on to twenty years ago I put \$5 in a savings bank and then forgot all about it—maybe because at that time I didn't have any more money to put in; but day before yesterday I came across that old book in the bottom of a trunk, and it was sure enough a pleasant surprise. I'd got money in the bank.

"And then I thought I'd take the book down and get it written up, get the interest put down and have the additional fun of looking at that—see how much it had come to and all that sort of thing, you know; so yesterday I goes down to the bank and hands in the book, and the clerk takes it and looks at it and says:

"You're just in time; this account would have stopped drawing interest in about three months more. You know, accounts on which no deposits are made stop drawing interest after twenty years."

"And then he goes over to a desk and puts the interest down, this taking him only about a minute, for you see they keep all the accounts written up on the books of the bank, and then brings it back to me and says pleasantly:

"Now you better put in another dollar before the time's up, and then the account will be good for another twenty years."

"And I put in the dollar right on the spot; but I'm not going to let it run so for another twenty years; this time I'm going to keep that book in sight, and I'm going to feed the account a little occasionally and see it grow. I like the looks of that interest."

Birds Which Are Liars.

"The goose is a frightful liar," said a nature faker. "He quite puts me to shame."

"Really?"

"Really. You know how the goose, when you draw near it, hisses? Well, with that hissing sound it says: 'Scout, beware, I am a serpent. Yes, from primal times the goose mother sitting on her eggs in a place of reeds and sedge, would not fly when an intruder appeared; but, keeping her body concealed amid the leaves, she would stretch out her long, flexible neck and hiss wickedly. 'A snake in the grass,' the intruder would say to himself, as he retreated; and on her eggs the goose would chuckle in a sly, contemptuous way.

"The lapwing is another liar. Approach her nest, and she sets up a distressful crying and runs back and forth in front of you, trailing one wing as though it were broken. You follow; you think to snatch her up in your hand; with this she shoves you away from her young.

"The thrush, in time of drouth, beats with his feet on the grass like a clog dancer. Thus he lies to the earth-worms; he makes them think that it is raining. Up they come in silent haste, and the deceitful thrush makes a rich meal."

A New One.

"I have heard of haughty strides and graceful glides, but the heroine of this melodramatic tale has a sort of zoological walk."

"What kind of a walk is that?"

"Why, the author speaks of her pursuing her catlike tread with a dogged determination."—Baltimore American

END OF JIM HARGIS.

Autocrat of the Kentucky Mountains Murdered by Son He Whipped.

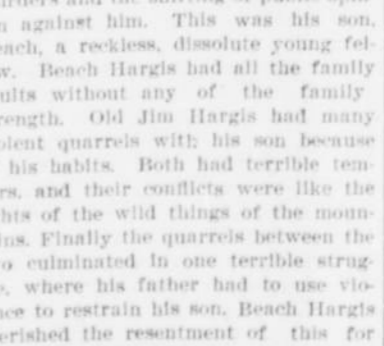
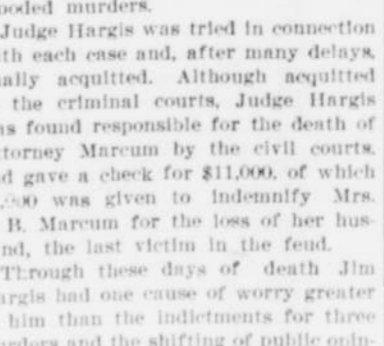
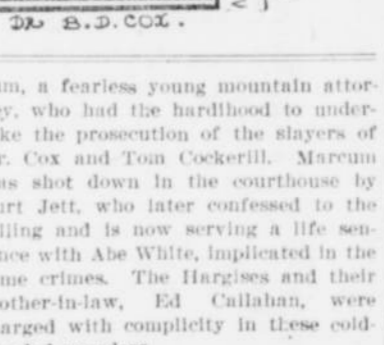
In the mountains of Kentucky stands Jackson, "The City of Sudden Death." It is a squalid, dreary little town, built on a mud flat, incongruously mean against the steadfast splendor of the hills. Here old Jim Hargis was killed by his own son, and another tragedy has been set down in the series of deaths that gave Jackson its name.

Judge Hargis was one of three brothers, Jim, Alex and Elbert, who have been the acknowledged leaders of the mountain men of Breathitt County for years. All of them were active in politics. They conducted a general store at Jackson and were the wealthiest men in the mountain country, much of their wealth being invested in land. They became known outside the confines of the mountains because of the bitter and bloody Breathitt County feud with which the Hargis name has been identified. In their attitude toward strangers and non-combatants the Hargis brothers were peaceable, quiet men, but in their relations to the Cockerills, leaders of the opposing forces in the feudal strife, there was intense bitterness.

The animosities between Judge Hargis and his brothers and the Cockerill brothers, Jim and Tom, had its origin years ago in political rivalries that became intense as the Hargises gradually acquired control of party affairs in the county. Personal encounters were numerous, but the first victim of assassination was Dr. Ben D. Cox, a practitioner who had been the guardian of the Cockerill boys. He was shot from ambush. The second victim of the bushwhackers was Tom, one of the Cockerill boys, who had secured his election as Marshal that he might apprehend the slayers of his former guardian. The third victim was Attorney J. B. Mar-

CHIEF FIGURES IN THE HARGIS FEUD, ENDED BY SON KILLING PROMINENT EX-JUDGE.

James Hargis, Tom Cockerill, Curtis Jett, James D. Marcum, James Cockerill.



cum, a fearless young mountain attorney, who had the hardihood to undertake the prosecution of the slayers of Dr. Cox and Tom Cockerill. Marcum was shot down in the courthouse by Curt Jett, who later confessed to the killing and is now serving a life sentence with Abe White, implicated in the same crimes. The Hargises and their brother-in-law, Ed Callahan, were charged with complicity in these cold-blooded murders.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The Moving Tale of Esau Buck and the Buck saw.

An old farmer of Arkansas, whose sons had all grown up and left him, hired a young man by the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles, for wood, and unloaded them. The next morning the old man said to the hired man:

"Esau, I'm going to town to-day, and while I am gone you may saw wood and keep the old ram out of the garden."

When the old man had gone, Esau went out to saw the wood, but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw. When Esau saw the saw he couldn't saw with that saw, Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw he saw, so he didn't saw. When the old man came home he said to Esau:

"Esau, did you saw the wood?"

Esau said: "I saw the wood, but I wouldn't saw it."

The old man went out to see the saw, and when he saw the saw he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau saw that the old man saw that he couldn't saw with the saw, Esau picked up the ax and chopped up the wood and made a seesaw.

The next day the old man went to town and bought a new buck saw for Esau Buck, and when he came home he hung the buck saw for Esau Buck on the sawbuck by the seesaw.

Just at that time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barnyard Esau Buck saw the buck saw on the sawbuck by the seesaw.

When the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new buck saw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he made a dive for Esau, hit the seesaw, knocked the seesaw against Esau Buck, who fell on



the buck saw on the sawbuck by the seesaw.

When the old man saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck, and miss Esau and hit the seesaw and knock the seesaw against Esau, and Esau Buck fall on the buck saw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he picked up an ax to kill the old buck. But the buck saw him coming and dodged the blow and countered on the old man's stomach, knocked the old man over the seesaw on to Esau Buck, who was getting the seesaw, crippled Esau Buck, broke the buck saw and the sawbuck and the seesaw.—Hartford Times.

His Own Brand.

Beerbohm Tree had a laugh on himself toward the close of the production of "Colonel Newcome" at His Majesty's theater. At one of the rehearsals a young stage recruit was reciting his part much to the manager's dissatisfaction. He went up to the conductor and said:

"You don't seem to have grasped the meaning of the words you are speaking. Your intonation is at fault. And, as for your elocution, where on earth did you pick it up?"

"I've just come from your school, Mr. Tree," was the trembling reply.—Boston Herald.

A Philosopher.

Askitt—Why do you consider Smiley a philosopher? Noit—Because of his ability to bear other people's troubles with fortitude.—Kansas City Independent.

It is best not to try to get the best of your best friend.