

Cartler hesitated.
"Yes, I guess he's upstairs."

went out-

Well, say Hunch, come into the parlor

really none of my business."

Hunch went upstairs and knocked at

the door. There was a stir inside, and

Hunch the color left her face and she

leaned against the door.
"It's all right," said Hunch, "I come

"Who's there?" called Bruce. "Who

Mamle hesitated and looked at Hunch.

He gently brushed her aside, saying:

"Lemme come in."
"Who is it?" said Bruce. He was lying

on the bed, his clothing mussed, his face red. Hunch stood by the bed and looked

"What you doing here?" growled Bruce

"What right you got coming is a man's

"Come on," he said. "We've got to get back on this train."
"Who's goin' back? I ain't goin' back.

Go on out o' here, will you?"

Hunch took his arm and pulled him up.

Where's his hat, Mis' Considine?"

Bruce stood up. "What's that? What you saying to my

wife? Tha's my wife, Hunch Badeau.

"Don't you think you'd better go, dear?"

CHAPTER XII.

You can't talk to my

Bruce sat on the edge of the bed.

Come on, Bruce; get moving."

Hunch turned to Mamie.

Hunch looked at his watch.

whispering to?"

down at him.

"Go 'way."

She's a lady.

said Mamie timidly.

wife.

HUNCH BADFAT by Samuel Merwin Author of The Short Line War

Symopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Hunch Badeau is the rough captain of a like Michigan freight schooner, and Bruce Michigan freight schooner, and Bruce "Hello Joe," said Hunch. "Bruce here?" Hunch Badeau is the rough captain of a Lake Michigan freight schooner, and Bruce Considing is his first mute and friend. Considine falls in love with a Manistogee girl. Hunch keeps Considing straight, and brings him back through a storm on the lake in time for his wedding, though Hunch loves the girl himself. Several months later Considine inroduces Hunch to Jess Bartlett. Jess falls in ove with Bunch, and he seems to reciprocate. Considing continues his drinking habits. Hunch loses his schooner and money sayed up. Jess Bartiett breaks their engagement. Hunch gets a job as foreman in a lumber camp, and Condding secures work in the same place. Consi dine neglects his wife. Hunch goes to see her

CHAPTER XI.

Bruce came down to the station in the evening, and was standing on the platform when Hunch stepped off the train. They walked up together and were half way to the room before Bruce said: "Say, Hunch, how about it?"

'It's bad. She didn't have enough to eat or keep her warm. She's going to live at Joe Carter's place and take her meals there. It's a good deal cheaper'n the other. I told her you was coming down Sundays."

"What'd you say to her, Hunch? What'd she say? Anything special? Tell me shout it."

"Guess there ain't nothing to tell." "Seems to me its kind of funny if a man can't find out nothing about his own wife. You was down there and you see her all day. I don't see why I ain't got

"Oh, shut up. You sin't got a right to nothing from the way you've treated her." "Look here, Hunch Badeau, you've "How long you been saying what I

got to do and what I min't got to do?" "That's all right, but-" "Yes, it's dead right."

Bruce stopped and took Hunch's arm "Take your hand off me."

Bruce's hand dropped. "Now, don't get ugly Hunch. I just

wanted to know about her. I ain't seen her for a good while." "Well, do you think that's my fault? I'll tell you about her. She's fixed up where she's got enough to eat and drink and she's got people to talk to and chirp

down next Sunday. If you're man chough to keep straight and go down there and do the square thing, you won't find me in your way. If you ain't, you can go to hell for all I care."

said Mamle timidly.

"Wha's that? You want to get rid of me, too, ch? Oh, I'm on to you two. You can't fool me, you can't. You're pretty smart, Hunch Badeau, sneaking down to hell for all I care." Bruce was slicht and they climbed to him out of the room. They were at the the room and went to bed. he room and went to bed.

A day or two later Mr. Jackson sent the door.

Considine?

What kind of work is he doing?" "All right as far at I can see.".
"He's a friend of yours, ain't he?"

Yes, he used to work for me when I

had the schooner."
"I tell you, Padenu, I've had some complaints about him. You know I don't want any man that can't do the work." "I think he's doing pretty good, sir."

"Well, I'll count on you to keep an eye on him. If you catch him loading don't waste any time on him." Hunch went over the conversation in the evening with Bruce. It frightened

Bruce and he made promises which he kept for the rest of the week. They did not talk about Mamle until Saturday night, after they had been sitting by the stove for a long time in si-Bruce was nervous. "Say, Hunch," he said, "would you go down it you was me?" ."Where?"

"You know-down to Mame's tomor-

"Would I go? What you talking about?" "I don't know. What do you s'pose she'll say?" "I guess you know what she ought to say, all right?"

"Do you think she'll be mad?" "O, you shut up!" Bruce went to bed early, but Hunch

heard his tossing until late. In the morning he was moody.
"Hunch," he said after breakfast,
"what time does the train go down?"

"Bout half an hour."
"Bay, I s'pose I might as well take it as the noon train."
"That's your business—'tain't mine."

Well, I guess I will. Say, Hunch, Ill tell you s'pose you come along." "I don't mean nothing, Hunch; but

you've been talking to her, and you know how to kind of quiet her. I never could, "Look here, Bruce, I sin't going today

or any day. I sin't going at all. Under-stand? You needn't tell her I said that, though. "Guess I'd better be starting-ch, Hunch?"

"Guess you had." "Come on down to the depot. You min't

got nothing to do." At the station Hunch said:

"Got any money?"
"No, I ain't got much."
"Here's a little. No drinking, now.

"On my honor, Hunch, I won't drink a drop. Do you think a man would drink when he's going down to see his own wife, Hunch? Do you think..." "You better get aboard."
"Goodby, Hunch. I'll get back tonight." In the evening Hunch met the Manis-togee train. Bruce did not get off. Hunch

looked for him on Monday morning, but had no word from him. At noon he was called to Mr. Jackson's office. "Badeau," said his employer, "when that Considine gets back to work you send him to me for his time."

Hunch hesitated "I'll tell you, Mr. Jackson. He went down yesterday to see his wife. Their kid

died a little while ago, and like 's not Think so?"

"My work is pretty light today. I thought mebbe I could get off for the afternoon train and sort of look him up. I can get back tonight you know. You see, if he gets laid off it'll come kind of hard on his wife." "All right go ahead. But, say, Badeau

We're not running a

"I ain't saying nothing." Hunch started toward him, but checked

"Pick up that canthook, McGuire." McGuire obeyed, and walked slowly away. Hunch turned to Bruce, who slood oking on with his mouth open.
"What are you gaping there for, Considine. Go 'long."

"Go and get your time. We're through Bruce stood still looking stupidly at

"What?" he said finally, "you ain't-"
"Get off the job. Understand? You're laid off. We don't want you."

Bruce slowly lifted his canthook to his shoulder. He stared at Hunch until Hunch turned away, then he walked over

to where McGuire was standing, and

walked away with him.

Late in the afternoon they came back a minute. I want to talk to you."
"What's the matter?"
"Well, you know Bruce came down and hung around watching the gang at work. They had been drinking again, and McGuire had a bottle in his pocket, yesterday morning, and 'long about noon I guess they quarreled a little. Me and which he pulled out frequently. They were talking loud and laughing.

my wife, we didn't listen, but we couldn't help hearing Bruce talk. And then Bruce Their actions drew the attention of the men and annoyed Hunch, though he said nothing for a long time. Finally Bruc-"O," said Hunch, "drunk?"
"Not so bad as I've seen him, but he come in kind of ugly, and he's got some and McGuire began calling at the men, growing bolder in their remarks. At last McGuire called: "You fellows mus' like working for tha' dam' fool," and up there-brought it back with him, Seems kind of too bad. I didn't feel quite 's if Hunch walked toward them. I could do anything. You see 't ain't

"You'll have to move away from here," he said. "We can't have you disturbing the work." "Go 'way!" McGuire replied. "You can't touch us. We ain't on your job." he could hear Bruce grumbling and Ma-mie whispering. Then Mamle opened the door a few inches. When she looked at "Stop that, McGulre! Get out, quick,

or I'll throw you out! McGuire laughed. Hunch went to him

and pulled him to his feet.
"Le' go o' me," said McGuire. "Take our hand off o' me!' Hunch began dragging him away. Mc-Guire hung back, protesting and threat-ening. Bruce walked slowly after them, shaking his head and talking to himself. McGuire braced his feet, Hunch gave him wrench that nearly threw him, and Mo-Guire struck at him. Bruce watched the struggle, the old drunken cunning light in his eyes. Then he ran forward and jumped on Hunch's back, pounding him about the face and head. Hunch stag-gered, but recovered and caught McGuire with his knuckles squarely on the side of the jaw. McGuire staggered back. Bruce had both arms around Hunch's neck, and was trying to choke him. Hunch gripped Bruce's wrists, and slowly pulled them forward until their hold was loosened. Then he turned quickly, took hold of Bruce's shoulders and threw him against a pile of cut timber. Bruce struck and seemed for a moment to be clinging

them. One was calling:
"I seen it, Hunch! It weren't you fault! I seen it.' Hunch stood panting as the men gath-

to the pile. Then he fell on his face. Some of the men were running toward

erde around. Mamie stood at the foot of the bed "Better see if he's hurt," he said. They rolled Bruce over. His face was overed with blood. One of the men watching the two men nervously. "Bruce," said Hunch, "shut up and come brought some water from the river in his hat and washed it off. McGuire stood at one side, rubbing his

cheek. Hunch ordered him away, and he went without a word. The other men were crowding around Bruce. One of them looked up and said: "I guess he's done for, Hunch."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Here's his hat," she said. "You'd betthe street-car tracks, with paths cut in the door and says: 'Is my daughter
take it, I guess."

the street-car tracks, with paths cut in the door and says: 'Is my daughter
through at the crossings and in front of here, Cartier? He always calls here "Badeau," he said, how about this man or iter take it. I guess."

"Thanks," said Hunch, without looking at her, and he hurried Bruce down the larger stores; underfoot it creaked and you know, and I calls him George; but the larger stores; underfoot it creaked and you know, and I calls him George; but the larger stores; underfoot it creaked and you know, and I calls him George; but the larger stores; underfoot it creaked and you know, and I calls him George; but the larger stores; underfoot it creaked and you know, and I calls him George; but the larger stores; underfoot it creaked and you know, and I calls him George; but the larger stores; underfoot it creaked and you know, and I calls him George; but the store it is the st their hands in their pockets or holding CHAPTER XII.

them over their ears and noses, and pausing at the drug store on the corner to look when Hunch went to work. McGuire d'd at the red thermometer.

not appear with the other men, and at It was close to noon, and

when Hunch went to work. Modules do not appear with the other men, and at noon his brass heck still hung on its noon his brass heck still hung on its nail in the timekeeper's shanty. Shortly after lunch Bruce and McGuire, both a little the worse for drinking, appeared Hunch Badeau, with his ulster collar Let me know what the board is amount of the says, 'Monday,' and Let me know what the board is amount of the says, 'Monday,' and 'Let me know what the board is amount of the says, 'Monday,' and 'Let me know what the board is amount of the says, 'Monday,' and 'Let me know what the board is amount of the says, 'Monday,' and 'Let me know what the board is amount of the says, 'Monday,' and 'Let me know what the board is amount of the says, 'Monday,' and 'Let me know what the board is amount of the says o after lunch Bruce and McGuire, both a little the worse for drinking, appeared and went to work with the gang. Hunch had gone up to the mill, and did not see and his fur mittens on. When they them until his return. When he came reached the street two of the other men George, and then he goes out. So the

up somebody's Summer profits. That was a long while ago; it seemed to Hunch a dim part of some past life before he had ever met a woman other than the rough girls of the Chicago levee and the North

Peninsula stockades, Mr. Jackson had told Hunch that he need not go back to work that day, so he climbed to his room and sat on the chair by the window. Bruce's things were lying about the room, his razor on the bureau, his Sunday clothes over a chair in the closet, his shoes under the foot of the bed. Hunch got up and began to get them together, without knowing exactly why he was doing it. He pathed what he could in the patent leather valise, and made up the rest into bundles, borrowing paper and string from the landlady. Then he sat down again, but before long, too restless to stay alone, he put on his coat and walked out to the mill. Mr. Jackson was standing near the waste dump with a memorandum book in his hand.

"Well, Badeau, what's the matter?"
"Nothing, guess I might's well get to

work." "Just as you like." The men looked surprised when he joined them. He was nervous, and he worked both himself and them at a pace that wore them out in a few hours. But at 6 o'clock, when the whistle blew, and he put on his cont and went to the board-ing-house, he felt refreshed.

On Sunday, after several days of hesi-tating over the best way to get Bruce's things to Mamle, Hunch gathered up the bundles and the vallse, and took the noon train to Manistogee, He sat for two hours in the station before he could make up his mind to take them to Joe Cartler's house. When he finally knocked at the door, Joe's wife opened it.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Badeau. Come In, wen't you?"

"No, I can't," said Hunch, "Hold on, yes I will, too, just a minute. Where's

"Here he is," replied Joe himself, coming through the hall in his shirt sleeves. Come in and sit down.

"Come in and sit down."
Hunch stepped in and dropped the bundles in the corner.
"Can I speak to you a minute, Joe?"
"Sure thing. Walk in the front room.
Martha, I could swear Hunch ain't had his dinner. Fetch out some of the chicken and potatoes. It ain't so hot as 'twas, Hunch, but it's good, plain stuff, good enough for us, ain't it, Martha?" "No, don't you, Mis' Cartler. I can't stay; honest, I had some grub anyhow." But Joe's wife hurried out to the kitchen, leaving Joe and Hunch in the

front room. "Take off your coat, man," said Joe. What are you getting so bashful about all of a sudden?" Hunch buttoned his coat nervously.

"Is she staying here yet, Joe?"
"Who's that you mean, Hunch?
Bruce's wife? She's going to her father's

"How's that happen?" "Well, I'll tell you, Hunch-you won't say nothing about it, of course, but when Bruce-when he died, you know-and I knowed the girl didn't have a cent anywhere's, and worse'r that if you count his debts. I just thought kind of that the old man he didn't know quite how things stood or he wouldn't be so ugly. You

"And of course I couldn't say nothing to her, you know, 'cause she'd think first thing I meant something about the rent-she's a touchy little thing, you know-so I says to Martha, 'Martha, you just take your work'-this was Thursday-'Martha,' I says, you just take your work and go up to Mis' Banks' and set down and have a good old jaw with the old lady. She'll let you talk to her,' I says, 'cause she would be your Sunday Schell teacher. used to be your Sunday School teacher, and she's always took a shine to you. And you just lay out the while thing, and tell her that if she ain't wanting to lose the respect of one grocer in this town she'd better just leave go of one of them missionary societies of hers and watch out a little for her own daugh-ter.' Martha, she felt kind of delicate about going, but she went down, just the same, and tackled the old lady, and when she come back her eyes was like sho'd been crying, so I knowed 'twas all right, and I didn't say nothing. And, It was a cold day in Manistee. The sure enough, that night old Banks snow lay in high banks on both sides of himself came around and stood up stiff he goes upstairs, and then Martha and I we just keeps out of the way in the kitchen so's he could go out without running into any of us. But 'long about to.' And you see, Hunch, I was kind of foolish myself, so I just says. 'All right,

prised, then suddenly grew embarrassed.
"I forgot," he said; "I clean forgot.
No. I don't s'pose she does."

Hunch turned and felt for the door-knob. Mrs. Cartier was coming in from the kitchen, and she hurried forward. "Don't let him go now, Joe. His dinner's all ready.'

"That's right," Joe urged. "You see you can't go, Hunch. "I 'm sorry," said Hunch, "Good day," He hurried out, and left Joe and his wife

looking at each other. Hunch had been back in Manistee near-ly a week, when one day he received a letter in a perfumed envelope, like the ones Bruce used to gt, when they were together on the schooner." He carried it in his pocket all the after-

noon, and at night, wondering what she could have to say, and yet not daring to open it and find out, he set it upon his bureau, taking it up every few minutes and turning it over in his hand. In the morning when he awoke and got out of bed to light the lamp and dress, it was there on the bureau staring at him. He held it up to the light several times, and then tore off the end of the en-velope and drew out the letter. It was a stiffly worded little note, thanking him for bringin Bruce's things, and was signed, "Yours truly, Mary Considine." Hunch could not tell why it made him happy. He read it over and over, the first letter she had ever written to him. almost the first letter any one had written to him. He stood by the lamp hold-

ing it in his hand. Then suddenly he thought of Bruce, and the letter dropped to the table and lay there for a long time untouched, while he dressed with clumsy fingers. But before he went out to work he pu it away in his inside pocket. It stayed there for a long time, and sometimes in the evenings, long afterward, he would take it out and read it again. (To be continued.)

SONGS PEOPLE SING.

Curious Facts About Ditties the Multitude Likes.

The author and composer of a song that strikes the general fancy immediately leap into National prominence, says a writer in the Junior Munsey. They are to modern life what minstrels were to feudalism. Their reign is short-lived, as a rule, for it rarely happens that a song sells for more than a year, and men who can bring forth two successes in sequence are few and far between. The barrel organ is the crucial test of a song. When street instruments grind it out its

position is assured. It is not necessary to be able to write even respectable rhymes, or to have the slightest exact knowledge of music, to write a popular song. Not one song-writer in ten knows enough about music with the slightest exact knowledge of music, to write a popular song. to be able to put down the simple melody on paper, and as for writing the complete score it is as far beyond them as mak ing plans for a suspension bridge would be to the laborer who works on it. But the man who conceives a melody can play it on a piano. And there are scores of men who have studied music for years, who are working for \$10 or \$15 a week, and who will write out the music and put

Possibly the ablest song-writer of recent years was Fellx McGlennon, who had many successes, the greatest being "Com-rades." He started the fashion in "friendship songs," which had a long run. After this came "the mother song," and that never dies out wholly, because the theme is sweet and true, and as old as time, yet ever new. Nowadays "home" and "mother" must not appear. in a title. Naughty girl songs, like "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back; precocious youth songs and all manner of ditties that were suggestive, had a great hold on the popular mind, yet these have been leawened by sentimental ballads, like "The Song That Reached My Heart,"

'Sweet Marle' and others. The "coon" song still rages, but during the last year the geographical song has come first. Probably Paul Dresser started this latter fashion, and few names are better known throughout the length and breadth of the country than that of the author of "On the Wabash." No song ever enjoyed greater popularity during a period than this melody. Everyone knows that the American soldiers in Cuba were singing it when their voices were not lifted in the martial strains of "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," written by Theodore A. Metz. This last is a real song, a vigorous, splendid, swing-ing melody that carries one along, and 1 can very well understand how the Spanlards came to regard it as the National song of the United States. I am inclined to think that it is one of the songs that will endure.

It is not difficult to understand how the homesick soldiers should be moved by the Wabash," because it breathes the atmosphere of home and the farm. simple story of a young man returning home after a long absence to find the sweetheart of his boyhood lying in the churchvard. The chorus is nothing but a description of a moonlight night on the The commonplace story was twisted so that it had a suggestion of novelty, and it was elemental in its sim-plicity. Added to this was a haunting and easily acquired melody, a title that seemed new, and a pure sentiment.

It should be borne in mind that the songs that have a good and wholesome sentiment are most successful. Wabash" brought forth a flood of songs that described places from Maine to Cali-fornia, like, "The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee," "She Was Bred in Old Kentucky," "My Old New Hampshire Home," and "'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," All these songs are healthful and honest in their tone, a love of nature, an affection for good women, are found in them. They are written down to the level of the great mass of people who do not think, but only feel. They have the magic touch of sympathy that strikes responsive cords in the human heart. The "coon" songs for the most part are oral in their tone; few can resist their melody. Even so great a musician as

compressed in them such a keen and dis-eriminating sense of the weakness of human nature, and such genuine humor, as to be at once the admiration and despair of men who make a business of trying to write good stuff. In order to give an idea of the numbe of copies of popular songs sold and the royalties received by the authors and composers, I have secured from the publishers the facts about certain songs. The list is not intended to be comprehensive, but

Anton Dyorak declared that from them

must develop the National music of Amer-ica. And as for the words, there are

rather typical. Here is a list: Coples Sold. Royalty.

Tennessee" (Braisted and Carteria 200,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12,000 12 "Always" (Horwitz and How-ers) 200,000 8,000 "Hello My Baby!" 150,000 6,000 "The Sidewalks of New York" (Lawlor) 150,000 6,000

By way of parenthesis, it may be well to remark that the most popular song ever written is one with which every person over 30 years old is familiar-"Gathering Up the Shells From the Seashore." More than a million copies of it have been sold, and it is selling yet.

The number of "one-hit" song writers greatly exceeds those who have written

cept the higher intellectual ones. It is easier to write over the heads of people than down to them.

Many of the successful song writers are or have been, vaudeville performers or farce-comedy actors. Paul Dresser, C. B. Laylor, John Bratton and James Thornton belong to the actor fold. Charles K. Harris, who has written many successes, beginning with "After the Ball," was a pawnbroker in Milwaukee. Braisted and Carter are the pen names of two young men engaged in business that do begin to yield them as much as their songs. Carl Kennett, who wrote the words of "Just One Girl," works in a hotel in Portland, Or. Lynn Udal, who wrote the music, is employed by a railroad company in the same city.

Most songs have their origin in a phrase or expression, which is usually made the title. Every expressive bit of slang that spreads over the country is incorporated in a song. Writers are on the lookout for these, just as a professional humorist is constantly straining for things he car twist into jokes. Song writers call this phrase or expression the "catch," Frequently a song is held for months for lack of a title that is considered acceptable.

Charles B. Lawlor found his inspiration for "The Sidewalks of New York" watching children duncing about a pere-grinating piano. Ernest Hogan, one of the foremost writers of "coon" songs, paid rather dearly for "All Coons Look Alike to Me." That remark was actually made to him by a Chicago police sergeant before whom he was taken through a mistake in identity. Scores of in-stances of this kind may be given. Nearly all the writers of verses of popular ings say that they take them from life. Charles K. Harris, whose words are about as bad, from a literary view-point, as anything can well be, emphasizes this

point particularly.
All successful writers agree that the elements which make up a song the peo-ple will sing are melody, sentiment or numor, title, novelty and siplicity.

"Warmed over melodies" play an important part in song writing. Often only the tempo is changed. An illustration of this was furnished several years ago when Dave Braham's "My Johanna Lives in Harlem" was one of the popular melo-dies, and most people didn't know that it was "The Last Rose of Summer," the time quickened. Another good old tune that has made several people rich is "Maid of Athens." Fifteen or 20 years ago it went forth under the title of "When the Leaves Begin to Turn," and latterly it was immensely popular as "The New Bully." "Maggle Murphy's Home' a strange resemblance to "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." A recent song that promises to be a "hit" is "Strike Up the Band, Here Comes a Sailor," It is said to be a revival of a very old one, which began Folly," with only the time quickened. Scores of similar illustrations might be

The Singer.

given.

Day long upon the dreaming hills One watched the idle hours fade by And had no thought of other thing Than waving grass and Summer sky. And all the wilding scents and sounds The lavish-hearted season brought He made his own, and prisoned then Within the little songs he wrought. While he was singing in the town His busy brethren bought and sold And got them place and circumstance, And all the pride and pomp of gold. But when the night came And on her hills her eilence inid,

Naught save the careless songs he made. Oh, Prodigal!" his brothers cried.
"And have you done no better thing? And is it thus you spend your day-To dream in supshine and to sing?" But he, remembering those still hours The dream had made so eloquent The waving grass, the Summer sky, the purple hillside—smiled, content. -Arthur Ketchum, in Lippincott's.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.



Depot Fifth and I Streets. OVERLAND EX-PRESS TRAINS, for Salem, Rose-burg, Ashland, Sac-ramento, Ogden, *8:30 P. M. *7:45 A. M. ramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mo-jave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Or-leans and the East. *6:30 P. M.

At Woodburn (daily except Sun-day), morning train for Mr. Aprel, Sliverton, Browns-tille, Springiteid, and Natron, and evening train for Mt. Angel and Sliverton.

4:00 P. M. Albany passenger 10:10 A. M. ||7:30 A. M. | Corvallia passenger. ||5:50 P. M. 14:50 P. M. Sheridan pas'gr

*Daily. || Eaily except Sunday,

Behate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Not rates \$17 first class and \$11 second class, including steeper. Rates and tickets to Eastern points and Enrope. Also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA. Can be obtained from J. B. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 140 Third street.

YAMHILL DIVISION. Passenger Depot, foot of Jefferson street.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, *0:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 4:40, 6:25, 3:30, 11:20 P. M.; and 9:00 A. M. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at *6:35, 5:30, *10:30 A. M.; 1:35, 5:10, 4:30, 6:15, 7:40, 10:00 P. M.; 12:40 A. M. daily, except Monday, 8:30 and 10:05 A. M. on Sundays only.

Leave for Dalkas daily, except Sunday, at 5:05 P. M. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 A. M. Passenger train leaves Dalkas for Airlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45 P. M. Returns Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

*Steept Sunday. "Except Sunday.

HLER, C. H. MARKHAM, Manager, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt. R. KOEHLER,

THE GREAT WORTHERN Ticket Office, 263 Morrison Street,

LEAVE. The Flyer, daily to and from St. Paul, Minne-Na & apolis, Duluth, Chicago Na & Coo P. M. and all points East. Time A. M. Through Palace and Tourist Sietyers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cara

JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE STEAMSHIP RIOJUN MARU For Japan, China and all Asiatic points wit leave Scattle About October 10th

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

UNION Clatakania, Westport UNION Clatakania, Westport UNION Clifton, Astoria, Was perfect of the Clifton, Estevenia, Gentinart Park, Seaside, Astoria and deathors Express, Dally, 9:40 P. M. Astoria hapress.

J. C. MATO, Gen. Pass. Agt., Astoria, Or.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Union Depot, Sixth and J Streets.

THREE TRAINS DAILY FOR ALL POINTS EAST

"CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL" Leaves for the East, via Huntington, at 9:00 SPOKANE FLYER,

For Spokene, Eastern Washington, and Great Northern points, leaves at 6 P. M., arrives at ATLANTIC EXPRESS.

Leaves for the East, via Huntington, at 8:00 t. M.; arrives at 8:00 A. M. THROUGH PULLMAN AND TOURIST SLEEPERS.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE. Water lines schedule sunject to change with-

thotise.

CEAN DIVISION — Stoampships sail from seworth Dock at 5 P. M. Leave Portland-tumbus, Fri. Oct. Ef. Fri. Oct. Ef. Mon. t. 29; Thurs. Nov. N. Seate of California, urs. Oct. c. Sun. Oct. 14; Wed. Oct. 29; L. Nov. d. Sun. Oct. 14; Wed. Oct. 29; L. Nov. d. Francisco — Leaving Spear-Street of No. 24, San Francisco at 11 A. M., 48 loras: Committe Fri. Oct. 5 Mon. Oct. 15; urs. Oct. 25, Sun. Nov. 4; Wed. Nov. 14, at 6 of California, Wed. Oct. 10; Sat., Oct. 14, at 16 of California, Wed. Oct. 10; Sat., Oct. Tues., Oct. 30, Fri. Nov. 8.

COLUMBIA RIVER DIVISION. PORTLAND AND ASTORIA. Steamer Hassato beives Furthered only, ept Surday, at 5:50 P. M.; in Saturday 9:00 P. M. Esturing Leaves Astoria da keept Sunday, at 7:00 A. M.

WILLAMETTE RIVER DIVISION. PORTLAND AND SALEM, OR. Owing to the low water in the Willametta the beats are unable to second further than the mouth of the Yambill. For schedule see

YAMHILL RIVER ROUTE. PORTLAND AND DAYTON, OR. Steamer Ruth, for Oregon City, Busteville, hamping, Dayton and way landings, leaves orthand Theedays, Thursdays and Saturdays t 738 A. M. Leaves Dayton for Portland and way points Mandays, Wednesdays and rhisays at 6200 A. M.

SNAKE RIVER ROUTE. RIPARIA, WASH., AND LEWISTON, IDAHO. Steamer Spokane or steamer Lewiston leaves Riparts daily at 3:40 A. M. arriving at Lewi-steamer should be M. Returning. The spokane of Lewiston leaves Lewiston daily at 7 A. M. ar-riving at Riparts same evening. W. H. HURLBURT. General Passenger Agent. V. A. SCHILLING, City Toxet Agent. Telephone Main 712. So Third st., cor. Calk.

POSSIBLY YOU ARE NOT AWARE OF THE FAST TIME

> -AND-SUPERB SERVICE



WE HAVE 2 DAILY FAST TRAINS TO THE EAST

If you cannot take the morning train, travel via the evening train, Both are finely equipped. "Our Specialties"

Fast Time Through Service PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS, PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPERS, PULLMAN DINERS, LIBRARY (CAFE) CAR AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

ours in Time Saved to Omaha, Chiengo, Kansas City, St. Louis, New York, Boston, And Other Eastern Points. Tickets good via Sait Lake City and Denver.
It is to your interest to use THE OVER-LAND ROUTE. Tickets and sleeping-cast berths can be secured from GED. LANG.
City Pass, and Ticket Agent.

J. H. LOTHROP, General Agent, E5 Third St., Portland, Or,



Colorado In September.

September is the pleasantest month in the Colorado year.
The days are height, but not enervating. The nights are cool. The mountains look their grandest.

Best of all, the Summer's rush is

ever and the hotels at Glenwood,
Colorado Springs, Mandton and

Denver are not overcrowded.

Good idea to vary things and go East thro' Colorado. joy it specially the 40-mile-un-hour ride on the Burlington's Chicago Special. Only one night on the d, Denver to Chicago and St. Louis.

> TICKET OFFICE Cor. Third and Stark Sts.

> > R. W. FOSTER,

Pacific Coast Steamship Co. FOR ALASKA.



thereafter. Further information obtain company's folder.
The company reserves the right to chapte atcamers, sailing dates and hours of sailing at the sailing dates and hours of sailing, without previous notice.

AGENTS-N. POSTON, 24: Washington st., Poston, Oc. S. W. CARLETON, N. P. R. R. Dock, Thousan, TICKET OFFICE, 03 First ave., Seattle, E. W. MELISE, Ticket Agt., H. LLEUYD, Puget Sound Supt., Ocean Dock, Seattle, E. W. MILLER, Asset Puget Sound Supt., Ocean Dock, Seattle, E. S. Sound Supt., Ocean Dock, Seattle, E. S.

WASHINGTON & ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

The fast mail steamship "CITY OF SEAT-TLE," sailing from Scattle every 10 days for Skagway, calling at Port Townsend, Ketchikad and Jonesu.

Steamers "ABERDEEN" and "RUTH," Seattle to Skagway, and Intermediate points, every seven days,
Through thesets to Dawson, \$75, drst-class; and \$56 second-class.

DODWELL & CO., Ltd.,
252 Oak at Telephone Main 96,

charity hospital, you know. We can't give that man much rope."

Hunch said. "Yes. sir." and went out. He reached Manistogee at supper time and picked up a hasty meal at the hotel. "Come back here, McGutre. Pick that McGuire muttered. "What's that you're saying?"

asked.

"Speak up."

what we're doing.

"What-what you say?"

McGulre muttered, "Guess we know

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!" GROWLED BRUCE.

near they were dawdling over their work, turned and shook hands with him, but girl's going to keep alive, anyhow, and chuckling together over some incident in the had nothing to say, and a moment later, that's something."

the morning.

"What you two doing here?" Hunch bridge approach. The examination was ulster.

Bruce started and moved away from resched a trial, for he had killed Considine plainly in self-defense.

A long row of schooners, steamers and my bringing 'em down."

Joe. I dunno as I'd say anything about my bringing 'em down." dine plainly in self-defense. tures lay alongside the docks on both sides of the narrow river. On most of the now. Ma schooners a length of stovepipe came out for you." "Look here," said Hunch, "you go to the office and get your time," McGuire lowered his canthook. of a cabin window, and a few wisps of smoke, winding lazily out, to be snatched away by the wind showed that many a "Go on. Don't talk to me."
McGuire dropped his canthook and sailer was lying dormant during the Win-ter months. Hunch lingered on the bridge. He had once spent a Winter in Chicago on a big schooner, locked up snugly in the North branch, near Goose Island, enting and sleeping, smoking and swapping yarns, and helping to drink

back." "Oh, pshaw! Hunch, this ain't right. Wait a minute, anyhow. I guess Mis' Considine would like to see you. She's right upstairs."
"No," said Hunch, slowly, "she don't

"Sorry," said Hunch. "I got to get

Cartier looked at him, a little sur- songs come from every walk in life, ex-

Hunch rose and slowly buttoned his "You give her them things, won't you

"Why, hold on, man, you ain't going now. Martha's out getting some dinner

want to see me.

several successes. The makers of these