MR. DOOLEY ON IMMIGRATION

HE IS OPPOSED TO THE FOREIGNERS WHO DIDN'T CATCH THE BOAT IN TIME.

"Well, I see Congress has got to wurruk | 'Maybe th' counthry's digestion has gone | again," said Mr. Dooley, "The Lord save us fr'm harm," said

much account to me. Divvil a bit do I care whether they dig th' Nicaragoon Canal or cross th' Isthmus in a balloon, or whether th' Monroe Docthrine is en. west iv Ashland av'noo,' I says. 'Or Snol-gosh,' he says. 'Has Mitchigan seceded?' I says. 'Or Gittoo,' he says. 'Who come base and 1000 feet around the globe proper. It will accommodate 30,000 people at one time. or whether th' Monroe Docthrine is en. foorced or whether it ain't, or whether th' thrusts is abolished as Teddy Rosenfeit wid like to have thim or encouraged to go on with their neefaryous but magnificent entherprises as th' Prisident wid like, or whether th' water is poured into the ditches to reclaim th' arid lands by th' west iv Ashland av'noo.' I says. 'T don't know what he was—maybe a Booigharyan,' says I. 'Well, annyhow,' They may be that,' says I; 'but we used to think they was th' cream iv civilization,' I says. 'They're off th' top, annyhow. I want believed 'twas th' best men it Flurone come here, th' la-ads that th' ditches to reclaim th' arid lands iv th'

"But they'se wan question that Congress goin' to take up that you an' me are inthirely inthrested in. As, a pilgrim father that missed th' first boats, I must raise me claryone voice agin th' invasion rockbound coast. In thim days, America was th' refuge iv th' oppressed iv all the wurruld. They could come over here an' do a good job iv oppressin thimslives. As I told ye, I come a little late. Th' Rosenfelts an' th' Lodges bate me at laste be a boat length, an' be th' time I got here they was stern an' rockbound thimslives. So I got a gloryous rayciption as soon as I was towed off th' rocks. Th' Stars an' Sthripes whispered a welcome in th' breeze an' a shovel was thrust into me 'kan' an' I was pushed into a sthreet excyvatin' as though I'd been born here, 'Th' pligrim father who bossed th' job was a fine of puritan be th' name iv Shaughnessy, who come over in th' Mayflower about th' time iv th' potato rot in Wexford, an' he made me think they was a hole in th' breakwater iv th' haven refuge an' some iv th' wash iv th' seas opprission had got through. He was a stern an' rockbound land bimsilf, but I was a good hand at loose stones, an' wan day-but I'll tell ye about that another time. Annyhow, I was raycelved with open arms that sometimes ended in a clinch. I was afraid I wasn't goin' to assimilate with similate with th' earlyer pilgrim fathers an' th' instichoochions ly th' country, but I soon found that a long swing iv the pick made me as good as another man it didn't raquire a gr-reat intellect, or sometimes anny at all, to vote th' Dimmycrat ticket, an' befure I was here a month, I felt enough like a native-born American to burn a witch. Wanst in a while a mob iv intilligint collajeens whose grandfathers had bate me to th' dock wud take a shy at me Pathrick's day-procession, or burn down wan iv me churches, but they got tired iv that befure

long; 'twas too much like wurruk.
"But as I tell ye, Hinnissy, 'tis diff-'rent now. I don't know why 'tis diff'rent but 'tis diff'rent. 'Tis time we put our back agin th' open dure an' keep out th' savage horde. If that cousin iv ye-ers expects to cross, he'd better tear f'r th' ship. In a few minyltes th' gates'll be down an' whin th' opprissed wurruld comes hikin' acrost to th' haven iv refuge, they'd betther put a coupin' pin un-dher their hats, fr th' Goddess iv Liberty "il meet thim at th' dock with an axe in her hand. Congress is goin' to fix it. Me frind Shunhessy says so. He was in yisterdah an' says: 'Tis time we done something to make th' immigration laws sthronger,' says he. 'Thrue f'r ye, Miles Standish, says I; but what wud ye do? 'I'd keep out th' offscourin's iv Europe, eays he. 'Wud ye go back?' says I, 'Have ye-er joke,' says he. ''Tis not so seeryus was befure ye come, says I. what ar-re th' immygrants doin' that's roonous to us?' I says. 'Well,' says he, arnychists,' he says; 'they don't assymilate with th' countbry,' he says

wrong fr'm too much rich food, says I; 'perhaps now, if we'd l'ave off thryin' to digest Rockyfeliar an' thry a simple Mr. Hennessy.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "Congress feel th' effects iv our vittels,' I says.

'Maybe if we'd season th' immygrants a that seems important to a Congressman little or cook thim thursly, they'd go down betther,' I says. 'They're army-chists, like Parsons,' he says. 'He wud've man in Wash'n'ton, Hinnissy, don't seem been an immystant if Texas hadn't been much account to me. Divyli a bit do I

th' ditches to reclaim th' arid lands iv th'
West or th' money f'r thim to fertilize
th' arid pocket books iv th' conthractors,
or whether th' injun is threated like a
dapindant an' miserable thribesman or
like a free an' indapindant dog, or whether
we restore th' merchant marine to
th' ocean or whether we l'ave it to restore
itsilf. None of these here questions inthreats like a boorgormasther at
home an' wanted to dig out f'r a place
where they cud get a chanst to make
their way to th' money. I see their sons
fightin' in politics an' their daughthers
thom, space would still be left in the intemen iv Europe come here, th' la-ads that
was too sthrong an' indapindint to be
kicked around be a boorgormasther at
home an' wanted to dig out f'r a place
where they cud get a chanst to make
their way to th' money. I see their sons
fightin' in politics an' their daughthers
thome an' wanted to dig out f'r a place
where they cud get a chanst to make
their day of the globe more than sufficient for
the magnificent new Congressional library.
Half a dozen modern office buildings,
like the Rialto Building in St. Louis, each
like the Rialto Building in St. Louis, each
like the Rialto Building in St. Louis, each
long of the globe more than sufficient for
the men iv Europe come here, th' la-ads that
was too sthrong an' indapindint to be
kicked around be a boorgormasther at
home an' wanted to dig out f'r a place
where they cud get a chanst to make
their day of the Rialto Building in St. Louis, each
like the Rialto Building in St. Louis, each
long of the solution of the globe more than sufficient for
the men iv Europe come here, th' la-ads that
was too sthrong an' indapindint to be
kicked around be a boorgormasther at
home an' wanted to dig out f'r a place
where they cud get a chanst to make
their day of the magnificent new Congressional library.
Half a dozen modern office buildings,
stories an' the me in the magnificent new Congressional library.
Half a dozen modern office buildings,
stories an' the me in the magnificent new Con itsilf. None of these here questions inthrests me, an' be me I mane you an'
be you I mane ivrybody. What we want
to know it, ar-re we goin' to have coal
enough in th' hod whin th' cold snap
comes? Will th' plumbin' hold out, an'
There's warrants out fr all names endin'
in 'insk', an' I think I'll board up me to th' rowlin' mills is all arnychists. There's warrants out fr all names endin' in 'inski, an' I think I'll board up me Congress. Hinnissy, thinks it is sailin' th' ship iv state, but that ship iv state is carryin' no steerage passengers. Th' raio ship iv state is in th' domestic thrade an' is conveyin' provisions. It would be seen that ship is state in the state is in the sailin' there is an other pilgrim fathers believe they are they'se enough iv thim sneaked in already. prohibition vote in th' Twinty-nint' Ward. They'll dash again our stern an' rock-bound coast till they bu'st it, says L

'But I sin't so much afraid as ye ar-re. I' not afraid iv me father an' I'm not afraid iv meslif. An' I'm not afraid iv raise me claryone voice agin to invasivative this fair land be th' paupers an' arnyiv this fair land be th' paupers an' arnychists iv effete Europe. Ye bet I must—
chists iv effete Europe. Ye bet I must—
in Lodge's grandfather. We all come over
in Lodge's grandfather. We all come over whin I was deshed high on th' stern an' th' same way, an' if me ancestosses were not what Hogan calls rigicides, 'twas not because they were not ready an' willin', on'y a King niver come their way. I don't believe in killin' Kings, mesilf. I niver wud've sawed th' block off that curly-headed potintate that I see in th' pitchers down town, but, be hivins, Pre-served Codfish Shaughnessy, if we'd begun a few years ago shuttin' out folks that wudden't mind handin' a bomb to a King, they wudden't be enough people in Massachoosetts to make a quorum fr th' Anti-Imperial S'ciety,' says I. 'But what wud ye do with th' offecourin'

> says I.
> so the meetin' iv the Plymouth Rock Association come to an end. But if ye will like to get it together, Deacon Hinnessy, to discuss th' immigration question, I'll sind out a hurry call f'r Schwartzmelster an' Mulcahey an' Igna-cio Sharbaro an' Nels Larsen an' Petrus Gooldvink, an' we'll gather tonight at Fanneilnoviski Hall at th' corner iv Sher-idan an' Signal sthreets. All th' pilgrim fathers is rayquisted f'r to bring inter-

iv Europe? says he. 'I'd scour thim some

"Well," says Mr. Hennessy, "divvil th' hit I care, on'y I'm here foorst, an' I ought to have th' right to keep th' bus fr'm beln' overcrowded." "Well," said Mr. Dooley, "as a pilgrim father on me gran nephew's side, I don't

know but ye're right. An' they'se wan sure way to keep thim out."
"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Teach thim all about our instichoo-chions befure they come," said Mr. Dooly.—(Copyright, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.)

Near the Lake.

Near the lake where drooped the willow, Long time ago! Where the rock threw back the billow Brighter than snow, Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished By high and low;

But with Autumn's leaf she perished,

Rock and tree and flowing water, Long time ago! Bee and bird and blossom taught her

Love's spell to know. While to my fond words she listened, Murmuring low.

Mingled with, our hearts forever, Long time ago! Can I now forget her? Never!

To her grave these tears are given, Ever to flow; She's the star I missed from heaven,

Long time ago!

LARGEST STRUCTURE ON EARTH

FRIEDE AERIAL GLOBE UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 10.—Modern sky-scrapors and ancient wonders are dwarfed by comparison with the gigantic steel structure known as the Friede Aerial Globe.

A Man and Wife had a peachy Daughhigh Pedestal. Aggie came home with the servatory towers rising to a height of 169
feet, from which a still more extensive ter named Aggie. When she was 17 they continuous plan.

A Man and Wife had a peachy Daughhigh Pedestal. Aggie came home with the Literary Microbe bitting her at every towers rising to a height of 169
feet, from which a still more extensive ter named Aggie. When she was 17 they continuous plan.

Novel and the friends are dwarfed by produced. The other theater will be used to remain a peachy Daughhigh Pedestal. Aggie came home with the Literary Microbe bitting her at every put her into Training for her coming-out put her into Training ers and ancient wonders are dwarfed by comparison with the gigantic steel structure known as the Friede Aerial Giobe, which will form the central attraction at

the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903, Statistics verify the claim, made by St. Louis people, that this structure will be the largest in the world. Towering, upon its pedestal, to a height of 700 feet, it will

Figures, however, fall to convey a true idea of the immensity of the structure, which was designed by a St. Louis man,

Samuel M, Friede, If built over the dome and main building of the National Capitol at Washington, space would still be left in the inte-

Place the Washington Monument, 555 feet high, on top of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, 714 feet, in New York. The Washington Monument is the highest structure in the world, except the Eiffel Tower, but with the height of the hotel added it would still fail by 21 feet to reach the top of the flagstaff on the Friede Globe,

The tallest building in Chicago is the Masonic Temple, 265 feet high. If increased in height two and two-thirds times by the addition of 33 stories to the 20 it already has, it would equal the Friede Globe in that respect. The 26-story St. Paul building, in New York City, 306 feet high, would have to be run up to 58

A man stepping from the statue of Benjamin Franklin, on top of the Philadelphia City Hall, 547 feet above the ground, into the Friede Globe, would have to climb the winding stairways for a distance equal to that from pasement to roof in a 15-story office building to reach the top.

This is the age of steel. The Friede Aerial Globe will represent the extreme possibilities of steel structural work. Daring originality of conception is united with strength and simplicity in construc-tion. The dream of the designer, before the first step could be undertaken, was subjected to the cold scrutiny of scientific investigation, and the massive plans have "worked out" to the last bol

According to the figures of Albert Borden, the chief engineer, 14,000 carioads of steel and other material will be required for the structure. For the foundations, which cover a space somewhat larger than an ordinary city block, concrete to a depth of over 20 feet, requiring 25,000 barrels of cement, is included among the

The Friede Aerial Globe will bear the same relation to the Louisiana Purchase Centennial Exposition that the Effel Tower did to the Paris Exposition of 1889, and the Ferris Wheel to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The Effet Tower cost \$1,300,000 and the Ferris Wheel about \$500,000. The cost of the Friede Globe will be over \$1,500,000. Its capacity will be six times that of the Elffel Tower and 10 times that of the Ferris Wheel.

In practical usage the globe will be a vast collection of amusements in midair, containing provision for every form of popular diversion from grand opera to vandeville and from properties. vaudeville, and from pipe organ concerts to a three-ring circus and menagerie. Be-ing of permanent construction and the to a three-ring circus and menagerie. Beling of permanent construction and the
finest materials throughout, it will remain
after the fair, supplying the city's needs

Cafe, 10 feet wide and 1000 feet in circumto a three-ring circus and menagerie. Beline of the most attractive features of
the entire structure, the Aerial Moving
Cafe, 10 feet wide and 1000 feet in circumto attractive features of
Who sought the truth; who dared
To stand for Right, who struck at Wrong in the Summer amusement line for many

years to come. diameter, will be mounted upon a pedestal of steel pilars, rising to a height of 259 feet and slightly inclined inward. The eight legs upon which the pedestal rests are firmly planted in the concrete foun-

At a height of 110 feet, supported by the framework of the pedestal, the first of the amusement features, called the Aerial Suspended Roof Garden is located This space, octagonal in shape and 1000 feet in circumference, is intended to accommodate 8000 to 10,000 people, who will find dilocated there. One of the restaurants will serve German and the other American

In one of the theaters an extravaganza, "1803," showing events connected with the

equipped with telescopes, through which also be built inside the the exposition grounds can be studied in

elevator shafts, large enough to accommodate any two of the present traveling circus companies at the same time. Under the collecum seats will be a space 50 feet wide and 800 feet around, where caged animals will be exhibited.

continuous plan.

Next above is the Aerial Collseum, his feet from the ground, with a seating capacity for 10,000 people and a promenade 20 feet wide around the top of the seats. The windows of this promenade will be equipped with telescopes, through which is huge passenger elevators, with a capacity of 50 persons each, will run. A grand winding staircase will also be built inside the elevator shaft from foundation to reef

Four great electric searchlights, the most powerful made, flash from the top of the globe, which will be brilliantly lifuminated throughout with vari-colored electric lights, and, being visible for In the colliseum proper will be a large circular floor space, 600 feet in circumference and 50 feet wide, with a racing track around the extreme end and three circus rings, one on each side of the miles, will make a very striking appearance about the strict of the globe, which will be brilliantly lilluminated throughout with vari-colored electric lights, and, being visible for miles, will make a very striking appearance about the strict of the globe, which will be brilliantly lilluminated throughout with vari-colored electric lights, and, being visible for miles, will make a very striking appearance and the strict of the globe, which will be brilliantly lilluminated throughout with vari-colored electric lights, the most powerful made, flash from the top of the globe, which will be brilliantly lilluminated throughout with vari-colored electric lights, and being visible for miles, will make a very striking appearance and so the strict of the globe, which will be brilliantly lilluminated throughout with vari-colored electric lights, and being visible for miles, will make a very striking appearance and so the strict of the globe, which will be brilliantly lilluminated throughout with vari-colored electric lights. ance at night.

The Friede-Blanke Aerial Globe Co., in-

corporated under the laws of Missouri with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, is com-posed of some of the most prominent and caged animals will be exhibited.

The next upward trip brings the visitor to the very center of the globe, 590 feet above the ground, where is located the urer, J. F. Conrad secretary, and Samuel

MENORIAL ROOM, 700 FEET. ILLUMINATED DOME, SOZ FEET. 然是是 PALM GARDENS, 444 FL MUSIC HALL, 390 FT. MOVABLE CAFE, 380 FT. COLLSEUM & CIRCUS, 314F. ROOF GARDEN & ar the company the second of the

FRIEDE AERIAL GLOBE, NATIONAL CAPITOL AND WASHINGTON MONUMENT, IF BUILT SIDE BY SIDE.

try and Europe and the leading symphony attorney.

On the strain will be given. A grand pipe organ will be built around the elevator shafts, and here each Sunday during the fair sacred concerts will be given free of will throw open her gates to the world. charge.

Around the globe at this elevation will ference, where patrons can sit at refresh-ment tables and view the exposition grounds and country for 30 miles while slowly moving around the globe at a height of nearly 400 feet above the ground, This entire hall will be inclosed with barred openings to enable the visitor to view the panoramic scene spread out below, including not only the whole of St. Louis and St. Louis County, but East St. Louis, Belleville, Collinsville, Edwardsville, Alton, St. Charles and other towns,

together with the confluence of the Illi nois, Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, Above the music hall and moving cafe, at a height of 444 feet, will be the largest paim garden in the world, from the floor of which will rise the gigantic steel arches, 170 feet high, to the top of the globe. Winding through these arches will be inclined aerial walks.

On top of the globe proper will be ob-

largest music hall in the world, measuring 350 feet in diameter and 54 feet from floor to ceiling. Here concerts by the most famous military bands of this counsileur, ex-Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.,

The Impolitic Wise Man.

Where'er its front was bared.

He suffered not to sway Him from the course his reason told His was the honest way.

Who did their hidding, he Cried out against the masters then. And shamed them fearlessly.

Wronged those above, he came Forth boldly, as a righteous Judge, To tell them of their shame.

Was Error's fearless foe-He never got elected to A public office, tho

GEORGE ADE'S MODERN FABLE

HOW AGGIE HAD SPELLS THAT THE HOME REMEDIES COULD NOT TOUCH.

Now that Aggle was a Young Lady, about to be Launched, her Parents were much relieved to know that she had been Brought Up so successfully. They thought that inasmuch as she had passed through the Perlis of Childhood and survived the Mumps, Measles, Scarlet Rash, Cholera Infantum, Whooping Cough, etc., etc., she was safely out of the Woods. They had guided her through the Grammar and High Schools and sent her to a Dancing Academy and the Music Teacher came to the House twice a Week. Now that Agof Discretion and the final coat of Shellac had been put on her List of Accomplishments, they looked upon her as a Com-

But as Time passed on they learned that there are many serious Allments that may overtake a Girl after she flutters out of the Nursery. About the time that Ag-gle formed the Chocolate-Cream Habit and began to wear her Hair in the Anna Held Style, she caught the Matinee Fever, complicated with Actoritis and Photo-She would go to the Theater as often as she could muster the Price and there she would sit in a pensive Attitude and gaze yearningly at the pale Leading Man with the Black Ringlets. After returning Home she would mope around in her blue Kimosa and say that she didn't care for any Dinner. Then Mother would give her some Camomile Tea and a hot Foot Bath and tell her that she had caught Cold. When it came to Diagno-sis, Mother was a Shine. While she was still subject to these re-

curring Attacks of Actoritis, another Mal. Office and said to Aggle's Father, 'S ady laid hold on her. I should like to marry your Daughter. ady laid hold on her.
One Day when Father came home he was met by Aggie's Mother, who was pale Reply,

and worried.

pleted Job.

said, "Aggle has Art on the Brain."

It was too True. She had attended a Studio Tea in a large smelly Place all done in passionate Red with pasteboard Ar-mor on the Walls. There she had met an Artist. Any one could tell that he was the real Latin Quarter Article, for he wore the corn-silk Tassels and never combed his Hair, and smoked a Pipe even when he had Cailers. He was made up in Velveteen and a Fauntieroy Collar and His hair hung down into his eyas-Aggie was pining for Bohemia. So she decided that she would marry the Genius who never had been Shaved, and they could live together in the Paint-Shop and cook all their Meals in a Chafing-Dish. She began to comb her Hair down over her Ears and moved her Waist-Line up until it was stopped by her Arms, and she wore long clinging Raiment and tried to be exactly like the Silm Sisters that show up in a Burne-Jones Panel. All this made Father very Exhausted. Father was in the Pig-Iron Business and he didn't think that Art was such a Much, He said that a Man with sliky Jo-Jo's who painted Dying Sunsets that no one wanted to buy, was not his olck for a Son-in-Law. He wanted Aggle to select a Practical Man-a Brewer, if possible. There is no telling what would have happened, if a new Disease had not at-tacked Aggie. For one Day, as Father entered the Drawing-Room he heard a strange Thumping and Pounding over-head, which caused the whole Building to

Somebody is tearing out the Second Story," he said in Alarm.

ry," he said in Alarm.

No," replied his Faithful Wife, "but
Worst has come, Daughter is having
Attack of Physical Culture."

But still he stood amount to
Oh, that this tongue could tell
How bravely he essayed to speak,
And give his college yell! an Attack of Physical Culture." They went up and looked through the Key-Hole. Aggie had on a scanty Suit of Blue Flannel and she was trying to eat the Shape out of Punching-Bag.
"Is there anything we can do?" asked | X football in his hand. beat the Shape out of Punching-Bag.

her distracted Pop.
"Nothing," was the Reply, "We must let Nature take its Course. She will get over it in about Three Weeks. In the meantime we must watch her carefully or she may elope with some Weight-

Development lasted only Il Days, after which she took a good Rest and slowly regained her Health. We have the work of the start of the

regained her Health. Her Purents felt hopeful. The Violent Exercise seemed to have worked all the Art and Actoritis out of her System. Just as Father and Mothers were begin-

ning to feel easy in their Minds an awful Thing came off. Aggle wandered out one Afternoon and happened to stumble on a "He hasn't yet been seen. They don't expect to find him till Gold Spectacles did a Balancing Act on a "They get some gasoline." Thing came off. Aggle wandered out one -Chicago Record-Herald. | Gold Spectacles did a Balancing Act on a

hurry and get at it before she was too Old. So she began to wear her Clothes loose and had Pencils stuck in her Back Hair and Ink-Stains on her Fingers. She succeeded in getting acquainted with some of the Literati. Now and then she would bring them up to the House and Feed them. Father couldn't see them at all. Aggle said it was a great Privilege to

meet People who Do Things. Father said that some of them ought to do Time. The Dealer in Pig-Iron was not very Bookish, Just about the time that Aggle was con-valescing from the severe Case of Literature, she was seized with Social Re-form. She discovered that she had a gle had theoretically arrived at the Age Mission. She was going out among the Working Classes to show them how to be Intellectual, Mother suggested that she remain at Home and Show Father how to be intellectual. For nearly 10 Days she was out uplifting the Lower Classes. Then one day she bounced into the House and said: "Mommer, I am going in for Photography."

Mother groaned, but she was not greatly surprised. She was getting used to the Fads and Foibles.

Aggle began to blow up the House with Flash-Lights and she converted Clothes-Press into a Dark-Room. Premises had a Chemical Odor. The Pictures would have been all right if the Light had been better, or they had been given Time Exposure, or the Camera hadn't waggled or Something. As it was, they were full of Fog and Moth-Balls.

One afternoon Aggie was swiftly transformed from a Kodaker into a Menticulturist. She brought home a Book so Deep that Mother couldn't make Head or Next Day a Young Man walked into the

one Day when Father came home he as met by Aggie's Mother, who was pale as met by Aggie's Mother, who was pale mother. "I don't know who you are," was the Reply, "but you can have her." MORAL— The Quick-Change Artist is too much for the Old-Style Parent. (Copyright 1901, by Robert Howard Rus-sell.)

The Football Casabianca.

The boy stood on the football field, Whence all but him had fied: The rooters shoutings echoed o'er The dying and the dead.

For, and to state, at one fell awoon, Of it he'd been bereft.

One arm hung limply at his side, And fluttered as he reeled; His teeth, like snowflakes in the wind, Were scattered o'er the field. His shirt was torn across the chest.

His punts ripped at the knees, His shoes clung sadly to his feet, Like mistletos to trees,

While all around, alack! Were fragments of the center rush, The half and quarterback. The tackles on the goal posts hung: The guards were borne away

In ambulances which were called Quite early in the fray. And here and there lay a shoulder-blade, And ears on every side, With fingers, feet and locks of hair,

All unidentified. But still he stood amidst the wreck.

His father called him from the box, His mother from the stand,

The other side was lining up. With husky boast and scream, "Come on," he murmured, toothlessly,

"I'll buck the entire team!"

The boy-Oh, where was he? Ask of the other team, that left With college chant and glee.

THE CONVALESCENCE OF JACK HAMLIN & BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

(Continued from Page 25.)

ulation rose to his lips, but died upon them as he turned. It was certainly Merobust, long-limbed sunburnt girl he had say?" asked Hamlin composedly, but with met, he now seemed to see through her triple incrustation of human vanity, conentional plety and outrageous Sabbath finery, an honest, sympathetic simplicity that commanded his respect.
"You are back early from church," he

"Yes. One service is good enough for me when thar ain't no special preacher,"
she returned, "so I jest sex to Silas, 'as
I ain't here to listen to the sisters cackle,
ye kin put to the buckboard and drive me home ez soon ez you please."
"And so his name is Silas," suggested

"Go 'long with you, Mr. Hamlin, and don't penter," she returned, with helfer-life playfulness. "Well, Silas put to, and when we rose the hill here I saw your straw hat passin' in the gulch and sez to Silas, sez I, 'Ye kin pull up here, for over yar is our new boarder, Jack Hamlin, and I'm goln' to talk with him.' 'All right,' see he, 'I'd sooner trust ye with that gay young gambolier every day of the week than with them saints down thar on Sunday. He deals ez straight ez

"I told him he needn't be Christopher is to have discovered that." She with a laugh toward Jack, to be turned with a kaugh toward Jack, to be met by the word "shake," and an outstretch if thin, white band which grasped brought back the flying parasol of Mrs. brought back the flying parasol of Mrs.

"I dit a't come to tell ye that," remarked Miss F rd, as she sat down on a boulder, took c her yellow hat and restacked her ta my mane under it, "but this: I reckon d I went to Sunday meetin as I

the rest o' the time it was all gabble, gabble by the brothers and sisters about gabble by the brothers and sisters abo them as he turned. It was certainly Me-linda, but in his present sensitive loneli-know everything you ever did since you less lugubrious anthems. Mrs. Rivers hess it struck him for the first time that he had never actually seen her before as she really was. Like most men in his profession, he was a quick reader of thoughts and faces, when he was interested, and although this was the same robust, long-limbed suphurnt girl he had.

> "They stuck up for ye ex far ez they could. But ye see the parson hez got a holt upon Seth, havin' caught him kissin' a convert at campmeeting: and Deacon Turner knows suthin' amout Mrs. Rivers' sister, who kicked over the pall and jumped the fence years ago; and she's afeard o' him. But what I wanted to tell ye was that they're all comin' up here to take a look at ye—some on 'cm tonight. Ye ain't afeard, are ye?" she add-ed with a loud laugh.

> "Well, it looks rather desperate, don't it?" returned Jack, with dancing eyes, "I'll trust ye for all that," said Melinds. "And now I reckon I'll trot along to the rancho. Ye needn't offer ter see me home," she added, as Jack made a movement to accompany her. "Everybody up here ain't as fair-minded ez Silas and you, and Melinda Bird hez a character to lose! So long!" With this she cantered away, a little heavily, perhaps, adjusting her yellow hat with her hands as she clattered down the steep hill.

That afternoon Mr. Hamlin drew largely on his convalescence to mount a half-broken mustang and in spite of the rising he shoots, and is about as nigh onto a a gentleman as they make 'em.'"

For ohe moment or two Miss Bird only saw Jalk's long lashes. When his eyes once more lifted they were shining. "And what dif you say?" he said, with a short laugh. rails of wagons and buggles containing young couples, and to dash ahead of sober carryalis that held elderly "members in good standing."

> gerously composed. There was the usual Sunday evening

gathering at Wifidy Hill runcho-neigh-bors and their wives, deacons and the d I went to Sunday meetin as I pastor—but their curiosity was not satisfied by the sight of Mr. Hamlin, who kept bout 'faith' and 'works' and sich. his own room and his own counsel. Inere singer, the shot told.

on, sang "Come, Ye Disconso-The wind mouned over the deepthroated chimney in a weird harmony with the melancholy of that human appeal, as Mrs. Rivers sang the first verse. "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye lan-

Come to the Mercy Seat, rervently kneer;
Here bring your wounded hearts—here
tell your angulsh,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal!"
A pause followed and the long-drawn,
trust my memory." half-human sigh of the mountain wind over the chimney seemed to mingle with the wail of the harmonium. And then, to

Come to the Mercy Seat, fervently kneel;

their thrilled astonishment, a tenor voice, iigh, clear, but tenderly passionate, broke like a skylark above their heads, in the lines of the second verse. "Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying, Hope of the penitent-fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-

ing, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can-not cure!" The hymn was old and familiar enough, heaven knows, it had been quite popular at funerals, and some who sat there had had its strange melancholy borne upon them in time of lose and tribulations, but never had they felt its full power before. Accustomed as they were to emotional ap-peal and to respond to it, as the singer's voice died away above them their very tears flowed and fell with that voice few sobbed aloud and then a voice asked

"Who is it?" "It's Mr. Hamlin," said Seth quietly. T've heard him often hummin' things be-

There was another silence, and the voice of Deacon Stubbs broke in harshly:
"It's rank blasphemy."
"If it's rank blasphemy to sing the praise o' God, not only better than some folks in the choir, but like an angel o' light, I wish you'd do a little o' that blaspheming on Sundays, Mr. Stubbe."
The speaker was Mrs. Stubbs, and as Deacon Stubbs was a notoriously bad

ers suddenly.
"So do, Sister Rivers, so do," was the

unmistakable response.

Mrs. Rivers left the room and returned in a few moments with a handsome young man, pale, elegant, composed, even to a grave indifference. What his eyes might have said was another thing; the long

"I don't mind playing a little," he said quietly to Mrs. Rivers, as if continuing a conversation, "but you'll have to let me trust my memory."
"Then you-er-play the harmonium?" said the parson, with an attempt at form-

al courtesy.
"I was for a year or two the organist in mento," returned Mr. Hamlin quietly, The blank amazement on the faces of Deacon Stubbs, Turner and the parson was followed by wreathed smiles from the other auditors, and especially from before. He played from memory, as he hided once in the street and the second had implied, but it was the memory of a musician. He began with one or two fa- rall out of town. That, I suppose, was A fragment of a mass and a Latin chant followed. An "Ave Maria" from an opera "No, no," said the descent followed in the secular department of the s was his first secular departure, but his delighted audience did not detect it. Then he hurried them along, in an unfamiliar language to "O mio Fernando" and "Spir-itu gentil," which they fondly imagined were hymns, until, with crowning audacity, after a few preliminary chords of the "Miserere," he landed them, broken-hearted, in the Trovatore's donjon tower

with "Non te scordar de mi."

Amidst the applause he heard the preacher suavely explain that those Popish masses were always in the Latin lange. guage and rose from the instrument satis-fied with his experiment. Excusing himself as an invalid from joining them in a light collation in the dining-room, and begging his hostess' premission to retire, he nevertheless lingered a few moments by the doro as the ladles filed out of the

he recognized a likeness to some one he had seen in Sacramento. The deacen's eye brightened. "Perhaps

the same one-perhaps," he added, in a submissive and significant tone, "a-er- So, with breezy walks a painful story."

Deacon Turner. Peacon Turner.

"Well, the portrait looks like a lady I knew in Sacramento who had been in some trouble when she was a silly girl, but had got over it quietly. She was, "I was for a year or two the organist in the choir of Dr. Todd's church at Sacramento," returned Mr. Hamlin quietly.

however, troubled a good deal by some gard to certain details of his profession.

"I have no personal knowledge of games of cards," said Parson Greenwood, pat-Well, one of her friends—I might have been among them—I don't exactly remem-saying that our brothers and sisters are long, sir, did it take you to effect this corbeen among them-I don't exactly remember just now-challenged him, but although he had no conscientious convicthe ladies. Mr. Hamlin sat down to the tions about slandering a woman, he had instrument and in another moment took some about being shot for it, and deinstrument and in another moment took some about being shot for it, and de-possession of it as it had never been held clined. The consequence was he was cow-

> with a white face, "you have quite misunderstood.' "But whose is this portrait?" persisted

"I believe that-I don't know exactlybut I think it is a sister of Mrs. Rivers,' stammered the deacon. "Then, of course, it isn't the same woman," said Jack, in simulated indignation.
"Certainly—of course not," returned the

"Phew!" said Jack. "That was a mighty close call. Lucky we were alone,

"Yes," said the deacon, with a feeble

they had had together. And when the usual reaction took place in Mr. Hamiln's some astounding processing of the pines and favor and Jack was induced. less lugubrious anthems. Mrs. Rivers presently joined in and in a somewhat faded soprano, which, bowever, still retained considerable musical taste and expression, sang "Come Very What Mr. Hamilin expected, "Do you know the face?" said the Deadeson and saw that they were hopelessly in the minority.

The parson exchanged glances with the deacon and saw that they were hopelessly in the minority.

The parson exchanged glances with the deacon and saw that they were hopelessly in the minority.

Hamilin did know it perfectly. It was a perform on the organ at High. erring sister. But he only said he thought est in his praise. Even Parson Greenwood allowed himself to be noncommittal as to the truth of the rumor, largely cir-culated, that one of the most desperate gamblers in the state had been converted

> So, with breezy walks and games with So, with breezy walks and games with eager faces, playing poker, and behind the children, occasional confidences with the parson, with his hands in his pockets, ainful story."
> "Rather—to him," observed Hamlin, juletly, "How?—I—er—don't understand," said the children, occasional confidences with the parson, with his hands in his pockets, Melinda and Silas, and the Sabbath "sing-ing of anthems," Mr. Hamlin's three ing of anthems," Mr. Hamlin's three weeks of convalescence drew to a close, used pack of cards was scattered on the He had lately relaxed his habit of secluequally inexperienced. I am-ahem-far ruption?"
> from believing, however, that entire ig- "Upon my honor," said Jack simply, from believing, however, that entire ig-norance of evil is the best preparation of combating it, and I should be glad if And they forced me to show them. But

se beans." It was agreed finally that there would be no falling from grace in their playing among themselves, in an inquiring, Christian spirit, under Jack's guidance, he having decided to abstain from card-playing stoniest, deadest, nentest bluff I ever saw!

smile.

"Seth," continued Jack, with a thoughtful air, "looks like a quiet man, but I shouldn't like to have made that mistake about his sister-in-law before him. These approaching, and not hearing from that interesting invalid, resolved to visit him at about this time. Having no chance to BRET HARTE.

(Copyright, 1901, by the Press Publishought erable shout "faith" and 'works' and sich.
But I idn't reckon to hear all about you was some desultory conversation, chiefly for the Lord's Prayer to the Doxology.
You were in the special prayers ez a warnin', in the sermon est a text; they marnin', in the sermon est a text; they picked out hymns to fit ye! And always picked out hymns to fit ye! And always was embled to hear considerable to hear all about of the gentlemen, until Deacon Stubbs was a notoriously bad singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of Mr. Hamlin, who kept his own considerable to hear all about his sister-in-law before him. These singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of Mr. Hamlin, who kept his own considerable to hear all about his sister-in-law before him. These singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of humble self-righteousness on the was a motoriously bad singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of humble self-righteousness on the was a smile of humble self-righteousness on the was a smile of humble self-righteousness on the singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of humble self-righteousness on the was a smile of humble self-righteousness on the singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of humble self-righteousness on the later of the parson.

In the strain have a special prayer and not hearing from that the singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of Mr. Hamlin, who kept his singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of humble self-righteousness and not feath to singer, the singer, the shot told.

Was a smile of humble self-righteousness and not hearing from that the singer, the singer, the singer, the singer, the singer have a special prayers and not hearing from the singer have a special prayers and not hearing

a drefful example and a visitation. And with the guest impending at any moment, the rest of the time it was all gable. Then a diversion was created by some of gabble by the brothers and sisters about the church choir practicing the harmoni
There was a quick murmur of protest actly what Mr. Hamlin expected.

Deacon Turner halted quickly by his side. Hamlin's stay. But he was exceedingly its usual nocturnal rollicking persistency, and at the end of his turbulent drive it seemed almost impossible to make himself mates. After vainly kicking, the doctor pushed open the front door and entered, He rapped at the closed sitting-room door, but receiving no reply, pushed it open upon the most unexpected and astounding scene he had ever witnessed. Around the center table a dozen respectable members of the Hightown Church, including the parson, were gathered, with intense and floor, and before the gentle and precise Mrs. Rivers was heaped a pile of beans that would have filled a quart measure. ing apologies of his host and hosters and was alone with Jack in his rooms, he turned to him with a gravity that was, more than half affected and said: "How

for combating it, and I should be giad it you'd explain to the company the intricacles of various games. There is one thought it would make the game liveller and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson if I gave and be more of a moral lesson in the company of the the compan ural name."

"Paro," said Hamlin, with unmoved ace.

"Pharoah," repeated the parson gravely.

"Responsible to a moral resson it I gave them nearly all good, pat hands. So I ran in a cold deck on them—the first time I ever did such a thing in my life. I fixed up a pack of cards so that one had "and one which you call 'poker,' which three tens, another three jacks, another seems to require great self-control." "I couldn't make you understand poker in a minute they had all tumbled to the without your playing it," said Jack degame, and you never saw such betting. Every man and woman there believed he had struck a sure thing, and staked cidedly.

"As fong as we don't gamble—that is, or she had struck a sure thing, and staked play for money—I see no objection," returned the parson.

Every man and woman there denotes the control of the parson of the control of the parson. "And," said Jack, musingly, "you could for them. And at last the parson raked in the whole pile."

during his convalescence, and Jack per- And when he'd frightened off the last