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MGREENISESSMGREESSMGREE

man at the easel painted away striously, putting in a sunset sky strong, even strokes,

then our forefathers signed the taration of Independence 120 years " he began.

face made its appearance at the ing of the curtains, a face framed tark, wavy hair, with big, shining made soft by long curling lashes, a red, red month, just now droop pitifully at the corners,

her made all men free and equal." eded the man, never once lookup, "and since then a lot of ladies abbreviated hair and petticoats been struggling to make their sex independent-and with considera-

on't be horrid," pleaded the red th seconded by the shining eyes. therefore, I was about to say," he on, calmly, "I don't see how I hope to prevent you from coming if you choose to do so."

he stepped inside, but did not ad ce into the room. know you're going to be borrid,"

said, plaintively.

le laid down his brush, and, turning last, surveyed her deliberately as stood, her slender shape outlined inst the curtains. They were burcurtains, which she had painted a ll brick red ("Pompelan red," she led it), and which she had ornaented with a Greek border in yellow ss and bung in the doorway, herself, spite of his scotling and ribald pro-

They were pretty bad, those curtains. t whatever their limitations from an thetic point of view, they certainly ade an effective background for the hite-robed figure, and his eye linred approvingly on the picture a moent before he said, severely: "What have you been doing?"

"Why, the idea!" she exclaimed in mantly drawing her figure up to its il beight and flashing a protesting ace at bim from under her long

I notice that you generally take it granted that I'm going to be horrid en you've been particularly horrid uself." he observed blandly.

he did not reply to this daring rerk, but, crossing the room to the ntel, carefully selected an especialugly buildeg pipe from the collection contained. This she filled, with cticed fingers, from a battered to co jar that stood near, and then, sing to the easel, offered it to the with a most bewitching little air paxing humility.

ly dear young woman," he cried, ing the offering away sternly, "do k like a man who would accept a e? Do my features bear the imof vulnerable virtue, that you nid thus seek to gain my favorable ment for your nefarious goings-or such a palpable-

said no more, for just then the of the pipe was dexterously inshoe, conveniently presented to her the careless attitude of its owner, e girl applied it to the tobacco in the pe bowl. In spite of himself, he closed his

eth on the stem and drew a long eath, and as the first cloud of aroatle vapor rose to his nostrils his atures relaxed.

"Well, who is it?" he asked, as the irl seated herself on a hassock and xed her eyes on him appealingly. "It's-it's-Hinsdale," she replied, olefully.

"Hinsdale. Why I thought we disesed of Hinsdale three weeks ago, ad since then-let me see-there was mith and Devereux and how many hers?"

"Oh, never mind the others," she ried, petulantly. "It's Hinsdale now, We did dispose of him—or at least, I hought we had—and I'm sure that leter I wrote—"
"Ah, did you write to him, too?" he

sked, putting a big cloud of smoke ver his sunset and watching the efect of its vivid bues shining through be clouds of grayish vapor with an arst's delighted appreciation of color. "Oh, well-the letter you wrote, hen," she said. "Though I'm sure you lidn't do it all; you only helped me." "Oh, yes," he answered indolently. But Hinsdale-he's broken out

"Yes, worse than ever," and she ghed dismally, "and I want you to elp me write him another letter—one hat will fix it so he'll understand here's no hope—no possibility—I mean of my ever being anything more to m-" here she floundered and broke nite down.

"Can't do it to-day," he said, deciddly. "I've got to get this picture done morrow-order, you know-and it'll e a scratch if I manage to do it. It eans painting all night as it is."

"Oh, John, you must," she cried, engrly. "I've just got to send it to him his afternoon by a messenger boy or e'll be sure to come up to-night and sake a scene or something, be-

"No, it's no go," he said, cruelly, king up his brush. "You'll have to

at rid of him somehow and come to-

"But, oh, John," she burst out, tears sing to her eyes, "I-I can't come o-morrow. Aunt Maria has issued her mmands—the fiat has gone forth— 'm forbidden to come here any more." "The deuce you are," And he laid own his brush and faced quite around h his astonishment.

"Yes," she replied, furtively drying ash. (Jean never could find her handkerchief, being always without pockets.) "She says it's all well enough for the to take painting lessons of you. learn to paint. Aunt Maria is so ig-berant about such things, you know." I am very sincerely yours, "JEAM CH "Yes, I know." Blowing a ring of

smoke ceilingward to hide a little smile.

"And she doesn't mind my having a studio, if I'll fix one up at home, but she doesn't think it looks well for me to have one in this building and run in and out of here all the time-and so I've got to move to-morrow."

This time she forgot to dry the tear, and it ran forlornly down her cheek and fell with a splash on a study of the head of John the Baptist that lay on the floor.

For a moment there was silence, then John suddenly pushed back his easel and pull a writing table toward him.

"Well, if you can't come to-morrow suppose I'll have to help you write your letter to day," he said, but there was an unnatural sound in his voice and Jean looked up hastily through her

John's face was grimly set, however, and told her nothing.

"Let me see—it was Hinsdale, think you said"-he went on, still with that grating sound in his voice.

"Yes," she replied, miserably, again having recourse to the crumpled sash. "And I think we told him, in our last, that we'd be a sister to him," he proceeded, nibbling the end of his pen.

"Something of that sort." And she flushed warmly, clear up to the curly waves of dark hair on her temples. "Evidently the 'sister' racket won' go down with Hinsdale," he said, re-

flectively. "You might offer to be his maiden aunt, you know-"There! I knew you'd be horrid!"

she exclaimed, indignantly. "It's a delicate job," he went on, re flectively. "Are you quite sure you mean to refuse him this time?" "Of course I am," she burst out in-

dignantly, "You don't suppose I could

care for a boy like him, do you?" "He has a nice eye for color," pro receded John, drawing faces on the margin of the paper-faces that had big, soft eyes and pouting lips, strangely like the girl on the hassock, "and his drawings are wonderfully strong. He's a gifted fellow, is Hinsdale-the best pupil I bave."

"Yes, he's gifted enough," she as sented.

"I've often wondered why he fancled you," sald John. "Oh, indeed!" she exclaimed, flush-

ing once more. "Yes. He's a dreamer, you knowan idealist-and it seems to me some angelic creature a little too pure and good for human nature's daily food, and that sort of thing, would be more in his line than a little human bundle of naughtiness like you," went on John, cheerfully. "You'd make a fellow like Hinsdale unutterably misera-

ble, you know." "You're very kind," exclaimed Jean. crimson with vexation. "But I shall not make Mr. Hinsdale miserable. I have not the slightest intention of ever doing so."

"Ah," replied John, coolly, "Then the sooner we write this letter the better. Now-what do you want to say to

"Oh!" she cried, struggling with her anger. "You are so disagrecable, I ed between his teeth, and, deftly hate you-but I've got to have somebody to help me with that letter." "Of course. And you really want to

refuse him-for good and all?" "Certainly I do. I want him to understand definitely that there is absolutely no hope of my ever caring for him in-in the way he means"-and once more she broke down, blushing

but deflant. "There's only one way to make a man understand that," said John meditatively.

"Anything-so long as he understands and leaves off being-being silly," she cried impatiently.

John made no reply to this, but after a moment's deep thought commenced to write rapidly.

Five minutes passed, during which John's pen scratched industriously over the paper and Jean sat bolt upright on her hassock, staring at the picture on the canvas. It was a pale watery sunset that shed green gleams of light on a wide, lonesome landscape, in the center of which a woman stood alone, gazing with desolate, hopeless eves at the retreating figure of a man on horseback. It was painted with inlmitable skill and a strange wild power that had made John Steele the most famous of the younger school of painters. What an artist he was and what a friend he had been to her! And now she must go away and perhaps never see him again, except in the class with the others. All those hours of merry comradeship were over-never to come again; all the sweet work and play together. A great sob came up in her throat, but just then John threw down his pen and she choked down the sob and rising, reached out her hand

for the letter. But he did not give it to her as sh expected.

"It is a difficult thing to do," he said. To make a man understand that no matter how much he cares for you, you can never care for him."

"Yes, I suppose it is," she assented But you have done it, I'm sure." "Indeed, I may say there's only one way to convince a fellow of such an unpleasant fact," he went on.

"But you employed it?" she asked, eagerly. "Yes. You may think it an extreme

measure, though. I'll read it to you." And he read aloud:

"Dear Mr. Hinsdale: I thought I had made it quite plain to you when, several weeks ago, you asked me to be your wife, that such a thing was quite impossible. I certainly tried to have you understand it, and I deeply regret that I did not succeed, because this renewal of your offer can only result in added pain to both of us. Believe tear on one of the ends of her muslin me, I am deeply grateful for your preference, but you will realize, I am sure, how hopeless it is for you to ask for more than my esteem when I tell you that I am engaged to be married to Mr. high everybody knows I never could John Steele. Hoping that you will be lieve in the sincerity of my friendship,

"JEAM CHESTER."

The silence in the room could have TRICK OF THE TICKET SELLERS. been cut with a knife when John concluded his reading and laid the epistle back on the table.

Jean stood rigid, gazing with a fixed and haughty stare at some point on the wall above John's head, when he of ticket sellers," said an old-time cirturned and confronted her with as litcus ticket seller, "the opportunities tie embarrassment as he would have that the business offers being greater shown in facing a new pupil. than that of any other that I know of. "Well-what do you think of it Everything is bustle and confusion, a

asked coolly. "I think," she flashed out, "that you're the most concelted beast I ever

saw. "My dear girl," he protested. "I told you that extreme measures were necessary. It's the only way to get rid of him, and I'm willing to sacrifice myself

in a good cause " With great dignity Jean turned to \$10 bill. The ticket seller takes the leave the room, but somehow he was at | preliminary performance in at a glance the door before her, with his arms out- and knows to a dead moral certainty

stretched. "You're not going to leave me, little He looks at the bill a moment, then Jean!" he cried, "I can never get along sizes up his cash, as if in doubt, then without you any more, for, oh, I love suddenly he turns to his victim and

you-love you-love you!" A second she stood hesitating-then, with a little sigh, she went to him and burst out crying comfortably on his

"Jean:" came a voice suddenly from behind the burlap curtain. It sounded fold the bill in such a way that none of own brain and industry. like the clinking of ice in a pitcher. "Aunt Maria!" gasped Jean, in hor-

"Oh, come in, Miss Chester," said John, drawing aside the Pompeian red draperies. "We were just going to find you and ask you to come to our wedding to-morrow, at 12." "Jean-what does this mean? Why

didn't you tell me this before?" ex

claimed Aunt Maria, aghast. "I thought I ought to consult John before I told you," said naughty Jean. -Chicago Times-Herald.

SHOULD HAVE ASKED.

Vexatious Way in Which a Name Wil

Sometimes Slip the Memory. Names of persons will sometimes es cape the memory in a most vexatious fashion. One does not like to admit his failure to recollect, and ask a friend pointblank for his name, and efforts to ascertain it in a roundabout way do not always meet with success. An Englishman who had tried vainly to recollect a friend's name said to him: "There is a little dispute as to how you spell your name." "Oh, with two p's," was the reply, which left the questioner as wise as before.

Mr. Yates, a London gentleman, as the story is related in Richard H. Barnum's "Reminiscences," met a friend in the street and invited him to dinner but was unable to recall his name, Reaching home, he told his wife what he had done, and described the gentleman. They had often visited at his home in Bristol.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Yates, "I remember him very well, but what is his name?"

Neither husband nor wife could recall it. The day of the dinner came, and the servant was instructed to ask the name of every gentleman who came to the dinner, and to announce it distinctly as he entered the room. As luck would have it, this gentleman came late, was let in by another servant, and hence entered unannounced. Several indirect attempts were made to get the name, but without avail. Good-bys were finally exchanged, and Yates was congratulating himself that all had passed off well, when the nameless one

"Oh, by the by, my dear Yates, I forto tell you that I bought needs a week's regulating, I took the liberty of giving your name and ordering it sent here, and said that you would forward it. It is paid for," saying which, he entered the hall and was descending the stairs.

Yates recovered breath and hurrled

after him. "Stop!" he said. "To make sure, you had better write the address yourself." "No, no, I can't stop," returned the guest. "I shall be too late. The old house near the cathedral-you know it.

Good-by," and he was gone. How the affair terminated is left to the imagination of the reader.

FUNNY?

The Over-Critical Grammarian Spoils a Comic Story.

Under the title of "His Funny Stories" Harper's Bazar makes fun of the too critical person who is always on the watch for small errors of speech. Not content with being grammatical himself, he must teach every one else to be

"I want to tell you something funny that happened to me this morning," sald Spatts, cheerfully.

"All right," said Hunker, "Go on." "I started down the street after my

laundry, and---"You mean you went down after your washing, I suppose," Hunker interrupt ed. "I imagine you do not really own laundry."

"Of course that's what I mean," said Spatts, a trifle less cheerily. "Well, I had went-" Hunker interrupted him again, "Per

nans you mean you 'had gone,' "Certainly. I had gone but a little ways when I---

"I presume you mean a little way, not little ways," said Hunker. "I presume so," said Spatts, but the heerfulness had all gone out of his manner. "As I was going to say, I had gone but a little way when it happened It tickled me so I thought I'd just have

o lay down and die." "Lie down and die, not lay down, is the correct form of the verb." "Oh. yes, I know; but those kind of

errors seem to come natural---"Not those kind of errors, my dear boy. Say that kind of errors. But go on with your funny story. I'm getting

interested." "Are you? Well, I've lost my interes in it. I don't believe there was anything funny, after all. Good day." "Now, I wonder if I offended him?"

Hunker thought, as Spatts strode off. Ouida's Writing Deck.

Ouida does not use a table for writing her stories. She sits on a low sence, and asked if her case came unstool, with an ink pot on the carpet, der any of them. and writes on her knee.

Common sense is easier than nonsense. It is common sense to believe what you know; it is nonsense to believe a lot of unreasonable stuff that other people tell you.

How Circus Patrons Sometimes Are

man loses his bead, doesn't think to

count his change, and becomes an easy

victim, when under ordinary circum-

stances he'd detect the fraud. I'll at-

tempt to describe to you one of the

commohest tricks of 'fim-damming'

on an extensive scale: A man ap-

proaches the booth, hunts in his pock-

et for change, and finally pulls out a

that the man hasn't anything smaller.

'Is this the smallest you've got?'

"The man tells him that it is. All of

minute, you'd say, but in point of fact

it has given the sharper a chance to

nothing to indicate what its denomina-

off unsuspectingly with \$1 where he

had \$10, and the chances are that he

doesn't discover his mistake until some

moments later. And then he fails to

get satisfaction, for, of course, the

short-change artist denies the fraud

"The ordinary way of handing a man

short change in silver is beautifully

simple. Say, for instance, a man buys

two 50-cent tickets and tenders a \$5

change is placed in his hand hurriedly

and he walks off without counting it,

Eventually he finds out that he's 50

cents 'shy,' but it is too late to make a

kick. The short-change man knows

squarely. He sizes up his man at a

glance and can come pretty near tell-

ing whether he'll count his money or

not before leaving. That's where his

knowledge of human nature comes in-

emphatically.

Chested out of Their Money

" 'Short-changing' or 'Gim flamming.' is practiced by an unscrupulous class

dreds of Millions of Dollars.

As the head of the new Carnegie Steel Company, the greatest of all the recently consolidated industrial concerns, Henry Clay Frick has become a man of world-wide interest. He is a man of uncommon mould. At 21 he was a poorly paid bookkeeper in a distillery, To-day, at 50, he is the owner of the greatest coke-making plants in the world, has a private fortune amouting to \$15,000,000 or more, and is the active head of enterprises involving the use of hundreds of millions of dollars in capital. A man who can make this kind of a record for himself can be truthfully described as "uncommon." Mr. Frick is the builder of this has consumed but a fraction of a his own fortune. He secured what he has without the aid of family influence or wealth-and it is the creation of his

the figures are visible, and there is Henry Clay Frick was born in Fayette County, Ohio, in 1849. His father tion is. The bill is passed dertly from was a farmer in moderate circumthe right to the left hand, in the palm stances, who had lived in West Overof which is concealed a \$1 bill folded ton, Pa. With nothing but a common in precisely the same manner. It is school education young Frick went to the work of only a second to substitute work as a dry goods clerk, but soon one for the other, the ticket seller apolgave up that to become a bookkeeper in the distillery owned by his grandogizing all the while for his inability father at Bradford, Pa. to make change, and the victim walks pelts indicate the advantage of garments,

This took young Frick into the very heart of the coke region. Although he was only 21 years of age then, he had developed the habit of accumulating money, and saved most of his earnings. He took a great interest in the manufacture of coke, studied the process, and made up his mind that he would some day go into the business. At this time, too, he was a close student of the labor situation in the coal and coke regions.

bill. Three dollars and a half in small A short time after passing his majority Frick and two other young men scraped up enough money between them to buy 300 acres of land and 50 coke ovens. They began to manufacwho to 'film-flam' and who to treat ture coke under the firm name of Frick & Co. Frick succeeded so well in the coke business that within four years he increased his ovens from fifty to

one hundred. The coke business kept

on booming at a great rate until 3,673

Then came the panic of 1873. The

price of pig iron declined enormously,

everybody wanted to get out of the

properties and ovens which others

were so ready to sell at low prices. All

through the panic he kept his ovens

old partners and took E. M. Ferguson

as a new partner. Real success came

to this new firm in 1879, when there

came an unprecedented demand for

coke, and prices went up from \$1 to \$5

Under the Impetus of this boom Mr.

Frick continued to buy coke ovens and

coke lands until in 1882 his firm had

3,000 acres of coal land and 1,026 coke

ovens. It was that year that Carnegie

Bros. & Co. (limited) became partners

The success of the firm from 1882 to

1890 was phenomenal, and it is gen-

erally acknowledged that it was in

the greatest degree due to the energy

and push of Mr. Frick himself. In

1890 the corporation owned and con-

trolled 25,000 acres of coal lands, 42 of

the 80 coke plants in the region, with

an aggregate of 10,046 ovens, three

water plants and a pumping capacity

of 5,000,000 gallons dally, 35 miles of

railroad and 1,200 cars. Eleven thou

sand men were on the pay rolls of the

company then. On the death of David

A. Stewart, in December, 1888, An-

drew Carnegle offered Mr. Frick an in-

terest in the firm of Carnegle Bros. &

the directors of Carnegie Bros. & Co.

earned the everlasting hatred of the

in the firm of H. C. Frick & Co.

ovens had been built in the region.

"Ticket selling is a profitable employment outside of any illegitimate gains. A man can always count on finding his eash \$5 to \$6 'over' at the end of the day. The per cent of people who get excited in the confusion of the moment and leave their change on the counter is always great. This overplus goes to the seller, and the economicaly inclined showman doesn't have to touch his salary during the month."-Atlanta Constitution.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

A provision that none but union inbor shall be employed is held, in Adams vs. Brenan (III.), 42 L. R. A. 718, to be beyond the power of a public corporation, such as a board of education, to make in a contract, as it constitutes a discrimination between different classes of citizens, and is of such a nature as to restrict competition and increase the cost of the work.

An act changing election districts the price of coke fell in sympathy, and clock to-day at Hawley's, but as it by a statute based upon the last cen- coke business. Not so with Mr. Frick. sus and before a new census has been. He invested every dollar that he had taken is held, in Harmison vs. Ballot or could raise in purchasing the coke Commissioners (W. Va.), 42 L. R. A. 591, to be in violation of West Virginia constitution, art. 6, sec. 10, which permits but one apportionment, after a going. In 1876 he separated from his census until the next census is taken,

A statute making a fire department association the recipient of privilege or occupation taxes collected from insurance companies and imposing on it the duty of disbursing or administering the fund is held, in Phoenix Assurance Company vs. Fire Department (Ala.), 42 L. R. A. 468, to be not unconstitutional on that ground, where the money is applied to a public use.

An attempt to commence an action in a court of record by delivering a summons to the sheriff with intent that it be served, which is made equivalent to the commencement of an action in New York, is held, in Hamilton vs. Royal Insurance Company (N. Y.), 42 L. R. A. 485, to be sufficient commencement of an action on a fire insurance policy under a statute requiring the action to be brought within twelve months after the fire.

Famous Divorces. The Sloane-Belmont wedding in New York and the recent case in Washington where a man sent a check for \$100,-000 as a wedding present to his divored wife are reminiscent of the most famous divorce case of modern timesthat of Mrs. John Ruskin from her husband, the famous author and art critic. When they were married John Ruskin was threatened with consumption. His wife was a young and lively woman. Sir John Millals, afterward president of the Royal Academy, came to paint Ruskin's picture. He fell in love with Mrs. Ruskin and she with him. Mr. Ruskin saw how things were going, but instead of objecting he assisted his wife in getting a divorce. Then, a little later, he went to the church with his former wife and actually gave her away in marriage to Millais.

Without Doubt, A bright girl in one of the New York public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil, anxiously, "and mother doesn't see how she can do without me, those boys always act The teacher referred her to the print-

"I think it might come under this nead, Miss Potter," said the girl, pointing as she spoke to the words, "Domestic affliction."-Youth's Companion.

ed list of reasons which justify ab-

Although the gas meter never fails to register, it isn't allowed to vote.

HENRY CLAY FRICK.

NEW HEAD OF THE CARNEGIE STEEL COMPANY.

A Poor Bookkeeper in 1870, He Is Now a Multimittionaire and Coutrois Enterprises Involving Hun-

> ground hit. Equatorial climes with their dazzling heat do not destroy their peoples. Down close to the equator, where the sun gets a full tilt at the earth, sunstrokes are comparatively rare. Up here, where a heat prestrations, are very common. Why t is known that in neither case, the health being good, should a person be in any grave danger, the frequency of death in summer from such causes is a marvel. It in a smaller degree without the hard trainall depends on the man. Some persons ing of athletes. Having thus prepared will walk smoothly and placidly along the street without an umbrella, with the sun making ridges of heat across the avenue. Collar and cuffs will not wilt and the man seems unconscious that the weather is playing any unusual pranks. He may carry pounds too much weight, yet suffer but little, if at all. Another man of thin figure will pant and moan and mop his fevered brow in an agony of heat. Why this is thus is what a correspondent would term a mystery. But there is no mystery about it. One knows he is not not, the thinks he is. Keeping cool is not a mat-One knows he is not hot, the other ter of clothes or their lack. There are

> > even if the garden of Eden had not prematurely discovered the same thing. Some positive directions apply to the important and if well observed robs the rule is a simple one and is merely to give | winner in a summer of scorching heat.

life had come, and in June, 1892, came

brow clothed in thought, whose sunburned

the bloody Homestead riots. It was a time of great political excitement and party managers brought the greatest influence to bear on Mr. Frick to get him to agree to the terms demanded by the men. But he was deaf to all entreaty. The only question he would consider was how to defeat the strikers. He thought of nothing else, even after the Anarchist Berkman had shot him and he was upon a bed from which it was feared he would never rise. The bloody battle of Homestead, when the Pennsylvania State troops were called out to protect the Carnegie Works, and in which so many

lives were lost, did not swerve Mr.

Frick in his purpose. He fought the

strike out and won it. Mr. Frick and others were indicted for manslaughter as a result of the Homestead riots, but the indictments were afterward dismissed on the motion of the prosecuting officers. Since that time other anarchists have threatened to kill Mr. Frick. It is a fact that he has been nervous on that score. He is always very careful whom he receives, either at his home, his office, or his hotel. Up to the time the Anarchist Berkman made an attempt to kill him, and succeeded in wounding him seriously, Mr. Frick gave little heed to the threats made against him, but since then he has shown more concern for his personal safety. Personally Mr. Frick is a very pleasant man. He spends very little time in social pleasures and is wrapped up completely in his business.

A MIRACULOUS SPRING

Fresh Water Gushes from an Oak in

This is not an optical delusion, but a fresh water spring in the trunk of a healthy oak tree, situated in Onchy, Switzerland. It is more than a passing mystery how it has succeeded in making this outlet for itself, and it



PRESS WATER PROM A THEE. Co., which Mr. Frick accepted and paid is hardly to be wondered at that the for. He was at once made chairman of villagers regard it as supernatural and having some miraculous powers, espe-As an employer of labor Mr. Frick cially in cases of courtship. The water was found so pure that a pipe was in-Amaignmated Association. When he troduced to assist its flow, and a tank was put at the head of all of the Car- made to receive the sparkling liquid. negle steel interests, the Amalgamated | The spring is the trysting spot of the Association felt that the fight for its adjacent villages.

TWO STRIKING COSTUMES.



ROM a hygienic standpoint, to be the sun a chance. Let him get a good, or as for an inchange an er-square whack at your restriction. come overheated is as great an er-rer as for an infielder to mess a To avoid the sun with an umbrella when he first burns savagely is to invite the heat prostration habit. Therefore get out and mingle with the rays as soon as the season opens. This will do three things give you a beautiful tinting, fill your lungs with fresh air and adjust your hide temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit is to the incoming heat. Custom rules in rare, sunstrokes or their twin afflictions, this as in other things. If you accustom yourself to the sun he will be your friend. t should be so is a topic of interest. When The baseball man plays when the thermometer speaks of 104 and does not abate his exertions a trifle. Any man or woman who so wishes may do the same thing

your system for sunlight and lots of it see

that your health is kept up properly. Let

the vascular system—the circulation, ar-terial, venous and capillary—and the ali-

mentary system be in proper running or-

der and you will suffer little from heat. Having thus laid the foundation for a necessful season do not spoil it all by insanely rushing about your undertakings under the apparent belief that to-day is the last on earth. If you do it may be the last. Hurry never accomplishes anything but the discomfiture of him who rushes unduly. A sunstroke usually comes from exposure directly due to the men on earth who wear nothing but a rays of the sun. Heat prostration may overtake a man who has been in the shade all day. Do not overeat, do not overdrink, do not overdress. Take exercise in moderation. Do not fear the sun. for unless sick or reduced in vitality by art of keeping cool. The first is the most overindulgence it is your friend rather than your enemy. Carry out the foregoweather of nine-tenths of its terrors. That ing indefinite rules and you will finish

OLD NEWGATE PRISON.

This Thousand-Year-Old Building to Give Way to a New Structure.

Newgate prison, the cable dispatches say, is to be torn down. On its site a new court building is to be erected. Newgate is a place of bloody memories. Standing in the heart of London, it has been for a thousand years the scene of tortures and executions. Englishmen will probably be glad to see its ancient walls give way to a new structure which will stand for more civilized and merciful methods of punishment.

Newgate has not been used since 1881, except for the detention of prisoners awaiting trial or execution. It is one of the oldest buildings in London-how old no one knows. It was used as a prison as far back as 1188, as the records of those times show. It was probably built several hundred years before. Hundreds of thousands of prisoners have been executed within its walls. In 1556 it was almost altogether destroyed by fire and again in 1630, but was rebuilt, and has always



NEWGATE PRISON. served the same grim purpose. The names of the distinguished men who have been imprisoned in Newgate would fill a volume. Among them are William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania; Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe;" and Sir Robert Wright, Lord Chief Justice of England.

Inside Newgate Prison many prisoners have been tortured. In fact, as late as 1723 torture was used, and until 1868 the executions were public and were made the occasion of a holiday. In 1807, when 40,000 people had gathered to see one Hollway, a murderer, executed, a panic ensued, and 100 men, women, and children were trampled to death. As late as 1788 women were burned to death in front of Newgate prison for counterfelting, and the stocks and pillories were always full of unfortunates. Dickens thundered against the abomination of the public executions at Newgate, and it is largely due to his great influence that the reform was accomplished in 1868.

END OF WAR ROMANCE.

Wife Who Followed Her Foldier Husband to the Philippines. Capt. F. E. Buchan's return home

from the Philippines on the United

States transport Valencia was a sad one. He brought with him the body of his wife, who succumbed to the climate in the Philippines. Mrs. Buchan had been a bride but a few

months. When the home to fight its coun-MRS. BUCHAN. try's battles in the Philippines there was an understanding between Capt. Buchan and his sweetheart, Miss Lucinda M. Smith, of Lawrence, Kan. Separation was more than the two could stand, so with the exchange of letters came a determination to join their lot in the fortunes of

They were married and the young bride followed her soldler husband to San Francisco. Here the first cloud fell across their honeymoon. The officers were not permitted to have the company of their wives on the transports and separation seemed inevitable. But the Kansas girl had pluck. With the wife of another officer, Col. Fred Funston, she became a stowaway on the Indians, and although the Government tried to prevent it she journeyed as far as Honolulu on the way to Manila before she was parted from her husband. Though compelled to leave the transport, she followed Capt. Buchan within a few days on the regular steamer and shared his lot up to the time of her death.

New Arc Lamp.

An electric arc lamp for use under water-a consummation that has baffled electricians for years—has been produced by a German firm

The man who drinks to stimulate his appetite, stimulates his appetite for