

A PAY NIGHT LOVE FEAST

BY C. E. DINGWALL

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The mention of Imrie's name caused the girl new apprehension. "What about Mr. Imrie?" she asked anxiously. "John L. Why, they're going to do by John L. as he won't forget for many a day," said Cusack, emphasizing his words meaningfully. "McDonald's pet don't raise trouble very often 'less they get mighty good reason, 'cause they's quiet men, but John L. he—"

A hiccup interrupted him. "What do you mean? Are they going down to the canal?" asked Barbara. "Who? The gang? Sure." "With what intention?" "I don't know." Then after a slight pause, "They got the key to the powder house."

"But, Cusack, they would not harm Mr. Imrie, would they?" "They got nothin' particular 'gainst John L. or Mac either, but they're despit with their wrongs an' the liquor, don't you see?" He swung about like a sapling down about in the wind. From down the road the growl of the assembled workers continued unabated, his suggestive hideousness effectively verifying the tenor of Cusack's remarks.

"Oh, what do they intend to do to him?" said Barbara. "I don't know—throw dynamite sticks at him 'less he sees 'em first." She emitted a frightened little "Oh!" and Cusack observed with satisfaction that his efforts had been to some purpose.

"And you, Andy Cusack," she said, "are you going to stand idle and not warn him of his danger? Oh, can't you do something?"

"Aw, lady, don't talk that way," said Cusack in a pained tone. "John L.



"Cusack, stop!" said Barbara. "I know better—anybody I wouldn't lay a hand 'gainst him or the company if it wasn't for the good of the cause. But I run down an' got Kirby an' Chapin—that's them that just went up. Did you see 'em?' an' me an' Kirby an' Chapin is going to try to persuade 'em different. It's no easy job, though, I tell you, an' if we can't persuade 'em we all got to stick together an' go with the crowd."

"Do you mean to say you are not going to warn him?"

"Please, miss," said the little man plaintively, "you can see how it is. I can't be a traitor to the laborin' man. Well, I'll be goin'." So long.

He gathered himself together and pushed off, and Barbara and Anson watched him. Looking up the street, they saw that the mob had started, and the noise sounded nearer. Barbara thought of Imrie alone in their power. She knew he was always in the office late on pay night, helping the bookkeeper close the pay rolls. He would pay no attention to the noise of their coming, putting it down to an ordinary pay night until it would be too late to seek safety in flight. Some means must be found to acquaint him of his danger, and that quickly. There was a short cut to the office through the fields by which a person could arrive there before the mob that was talking the longer road. She appealed to the man standing beside her with perfect confidence that she had only to give the word and he obeyed.

"Mr. Anson," she commanded, "run down and warn him"—and added ambiguously, "for me. You can cut across lots to back of the boarding camp and get there before them."

"Why—er?" began Anson, suddenly aroused from his speechless interest in the doings of the approaching mob. "Oh, I don't suppose there is anybody down there at night."

"He always is in the office on pay nights. I saw him go down after supper, and he has not returned."

"Imrie, you mean? He probably passed by, and you did not recognize him. Don't you think so?"

"No; I'm sure of it."

"But I have never been down that way, you know; and anyway," as a happy thought struck him, "there are the canal police. They will surely be able to take care of the matter. Believe me, Miss Elwell, there is no danger."

A sad thing indeed is the abrupt realization by a woman that her escort is not the most courageous man in the world and ready at all times to brave the terrors of the dark and of unknown dangers for her sake. She could find no words for an answer, and inwardly she wanted mostly to cry. But her lip curled with an expression of the scorn and contempt she could not utter, and she darted into the house, not, however, before she had seen and translated the look she had given him.

Hooping, yelling and swearing, the crowd came on, only intent on the purpose they had in view, and paying no heed to the citizens who looked on from behind their gates. Anson drew back toward the house and watched them. He heard the door slam, and, turning, he saw Miss Elwell, with a look of nervous pluming a felt hat to her head. She stepped from the veranda and ran across the lawn.

"Stop, stop!" he called, but not so

loud as to be heard by the men on the street. "Stop! I'll go. Come back!" He ran after her.

The minute she saw her eyes, and she disappeared in the darkness. He hurried after her as far as the break in the fence that opened into the fields beyond, but no sight or sound of her rewarded him. "Miss Elwell!" he called hoarsely. "Miss Elwell!" No reply, and finally he retraced his steps slowly and continued on toward the town. Soon the train carried him back on his return home from the last visit he ever made to Dr. Elwell's house.

Out on the flat prairie the girl ran with all speed. The office light was her guiding beacon. There an intended victim of a drunken mob sat alone and unconscious of danger, and she must save him.

The noise of the men's progress came more clearly to her ears as she diverged from their route. Farther up the canal the night shift was at work and there was light in plenty, but everywhere else was the gloom of a wet night. Somewhere near the boarding camp a quartet of negro voices and the tinkle of string instruments pointed out the location of a happy, careless crowd. Except for that and the sound of working machinery coming softly from the scene of the night shift's operations and the mob's indistinct growl all was still as death. Not seeing danger to herself she did not realize its presence. But fortunately, this being pay night, these places of abode were untenanted just then, and she was not confronted with the danger that their presence would cause.

The unvoiced exertion exhausted her, and she had to stop for breath. The memory of cruel words spoken in a thoughtless moment returned to her again and again and caused a smiting of her conscience out of all proportion to the enormity of the offense, and each time it urged her on to renewed frantic endeavor that she might not be too late to ask his forgiveness. Only that she might have strength to take her to him in time so she could have an opportunity to let him know she was sorry and repentant and hear him say in reply that he forgave—that was all she craved. If she were too late? A suggestion of his possible fate floated over from the road at a louder spasm of snarling from the men, and she cried aloud in an agony of despair.

The music sounded nearer. The buildings of the boarding camp loomed up on one hand. She would have to pass in close proximity to them and a momentary spasm of fear for herself attacked her. With beating heart she sped by, hearing the mumble of voices close at hand. The light from the bankhouse windows revealed her for an instant to a couple of lounging workers, and one of them gave vent to a loud, meaningless whoop. Her heart was in her throat. All became black, and she was overcome with a numbing weakness and stumbled and sank to the ground in a limp heap alongside of a pile of machinery. Her ear caught the sound of muffled laughter. The thought that they might follow and find her there gave her strength, and she rose and ran blindly on, not knowing whether in the right direction or not.

Imrie was alone in the office, standing behind a high desk, at work on his reports when there burst through the doorway a moist and rather bedraggled apparition in a mackintosh, with limp tufts of brown tresses all avry beneath the dripping hat and a face flushed with exertion, half hidden in the turned-up collar. He dropped his work, all the surprise it is possible to feel being expressed on his countenance.

"Miss Elwell!" he exclaimed and went to her.

"Run! They're coming!" she gasped and got no further for lack of breath. She caught at his arm, and he assisted her to a chair, but she remained standing.

"No, no. Run for your life!" she said hurriedly. "They are coming down here to wreck everything, and they mean harm to you."

"Who?"

"The men. A whole mob of them, and they are all—oh, all tipsy!"

"Our men? Coming down here to wreck everything? Impossible!"

"They are. Listen!" A low murmur, barely audible, could be heard through the open windows, mingled with the sounds from the working face of the canal cutting. "That's them," she continued. "They are all crazy mad about some grievance against you and the company. Oh, Mr. Imrie, hurry! They will soon be here, and they will do you all kinds of harm."

"Our men?" repeated Imrie, not at all comprehending, and added, "How do you know this?"

"That little Cusack told me, and I ran down here to tell you."

"Alone?" he asked in amazement.

"Yes; hurry."

"Alone across the toughest half mile of country in the state of Illinois? You you did this for me?" he cried, ending in almost a shout of exultation and lunging down into the depths of her eyes, which for a second, at his words, lost their fared look and became suffused with a soft light of newly realized affection. He forgot completely the object of the moment.

"Oh, dear, can't you hurry?" she said. "Don't stand here while every minute puts you in greater danger."

Instead of acquiescing he prolonged the moment of sweet triumph, until she veiled her eyes from his steady gaze. Then he leisurely went to M'Keon's desk and pulled down the top, shut the door and locked it and rumbled in his pocket for a bunch of keys, with conspiratorial shyness selecting one for a drawer of the desk.

She stood consumed with impatience the while, and finally asked, "Aren't you going?"

"No, I guess not," he replied calmly.

"Why? Oh, please, please. I won't stay here another minute. Why don't you go?"

"Well, in the first place," he said, "I think there is some mistake; but if that is not the case a little intimidation at the start might change their minds. Kirby and Chapin and some more of the lanky chaps will be around somewhere, and will take a hand in any fracas that should occur. And, besides, there are several thousands of dollars in the safe, and it would not look well for me to—"

"But for my sake," she said impulsively. "You think only of the company. John, for my sake."

The Flaws in the Rose.

When a garden first becomes a joyful possibility, most people turn at once to the thought of roses. Now, roses have no place in landscape gardening. As a rule they do not belong in the front yard. This may sound shocking and heretical, but it is true at least so far as the common double flowered roses are concerned. The place for roses is in the flower garden, and the place for the flower garden is in the rear or off at one side by itself. Roses have too many insect enemies. Their foliage is always being destroyed. For the ordinary person it is not worth while to spray them.

Probably half the plants of all kinds sold in America by nurserymen are roses. Everybody loves roses, but in practice no one takes good care of them except the rose specialist. Personally I prefer peonies to roses for my garden. They have larger flowers which last longer than roses. They make a more compact and shapely bush, have an abundance of rich, dark green foliage, come into bearing earlier, are harder and longer lived than most roses, and they are remarkably free from insects and disease. All they lack is poetry, perfume, thorns and bugs.

But I shall not quarrel with any one who prefers roses. If you really want roses, you would better have them even if you fail.—Wilhelm Miller in Pilgrim.

Killing a Bull Without a Weapon.

Cayetano, a famous Spanish toreador, once was strolling across a meadow with a couple of friends when his attention was attracted by an old and infuriated bull which was galloping toward them with lowered head and erect tail. Cayetano had no weapon, not even a cane, but he seized a dust-coat which one of his friends was carrying over his arm. As soon as the bull got close to them Cayetano bade his companions make their escape while he engaged the animal's attention. Using the coat as a cape, he drove the bull crazy with fury, stepping aside with the deftest agility at each of the animal's charges. In this manner he caused the bull to turn sharply in the midst of its onward rushes until finally an ominous crack was heard, and the bull fell in a heap, with its backbone broken by the sudden wrench given by the animal's abrupt swerve.

His Own Medicine Chest.

The surgeon of an English ship of war was noted for the monotony of his prescriptions. He apparently considered salt water taken externally or internally as a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, for he ordered his patients to take it, no matter what might be the malady presented to his notice.

One day he went sailing with a party of friends, and in the course of a squall the boat was upset, and the surgeon came near being drowned.

"Well," said the captain of the ship when he was told of the narrow escape, "I'm glad you were saved, but it hardly seems possible in any event that you could have really drowned in your own medicine chest, now does it, doctor?"

Juvenile Erudition.

Here are a few extracts from compositions written by boys in a high school of Vienna:

"Many a man lies down in good health and gets up dead."

"In Rome the bones of the martyrs were collected and torn by wild beasts."

"Human beings ceased to walk on all four and walked on the hindmost."

"He sacrificed a rich woman and other priests."

"Hannibal stood with one foot in Spain, while with the other he beckoned to the troops."

"God's punishment followed immediately after ten years."

The Chimney Swift.

Occasionally a bird is strong minded enough to break away from old traditions. Before this country was settled the swift nested in hollow trees, but after trees began to be cut down and chimneys arose above the roofs of houses everywhere the birds were quick to perceive that fires are generally out by the time their nesting season arrives. Therefore why not take advantage of the innovation? So completely did they forsake their old nesting sites to build in chimneys that the name chimney-swift is now universally applied to them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Pimples.

A great many persons are troubled with pimples on the face, which are unsightly at best, and especially annoying when they come, as they often do, on the nose. The cause may arise from some impurity of the blood and need constitutional treatment, but until this is obtained a safe and easy way of preventing them is to apply arnica to the skin. A pimple never comes without warning. A few hours before there is always a slight inflammation or swelling, and if a drop of arnica be applied to the spot when the swelling begins half a dozen applications in the course of a day will drive the pimple back under the skin.

Indiana English.

An intelligent sepooy one day came to a telegraph office in India and handed in a message to send to a station in central India. Having read the message, the operator said there was something wrong. "No, sahib; me knows English," he said. Again an attempt was made to explain to him that it was wrongly worded. "Me knows English," he declared haughtily and indignantly. "If you no send, me report Superintendent Mandalay." Thus threatened, the message was forwarded. "Come quick; father dangerously dead."

Rubbing It In.

Borem (1157 p. m.)—When I was a child, my nurse made me afraid of the dark.

Miss Cutting—Oh, that accounts for it.

Borem—Accounts for what?

Miss Cutting—You are waiting till daylight so you can go home.—Chicago News.

A Sufferer.

"Yes, Pilecher broke down and had to go away for his health."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Every complaint known to man."

"How could that be?"

"He was a rental agent."—Indianapolis.

HE PLAYED BURGLAR

BY DID HE DID IT INNOCENTLY AND DID IT ARTISTICALLY AS WELL.

The Plausible Scheme by Which a Safe Expert Was Fooled and Used by a Trio of Notorious Cracksmen to Get at Their Plunder.

To the man whose shingle bears the inscription "Safe Expert" and whose little shop, not far from the great dry goods district, contains a full assortment of implements for the forcible opening of safes, the writer said, "Would you be well qualified to play the burglar?"

"Yes," said the little keen eyed man, running his fingers through his scant hair reflectively. "I once did play burglar. In fact, I played the star role in a safe cracking enterprise. I was the innocent means by which a wholesale house was robbed of several thousand dollars which had been taken in too late in the day to be banked."

"I was in business then in another city. I was sitting smoking at my shop door about 8 o'clock one evening when a messenger boy came with a note on the letter paper of a well known house asking me to come at once with my tools to the office of the firm."

"The office was lighted up, and a portly, prosperous looking man sat at a roll top desk, while two clerks, perched on stools, were working at some books on the desk."

"I am Mr. —," said the portly one, giving the name of the head of the firm. "Something has gone wrong with the safe, and I want you to open it. The combination is 6-27-45, but something must have broken inside, for it won't open, and we have got to get some books out of the safe tonight."

"As I tried the combination which the man had given me he explained that he had locked the safe when he went out to dinner and was unable to open it when he came back to the street."

"It was one of those 'atum' filled safes, and I suspected rust had done its work inside."

"Nothing to do but drill it open," said I.

"Go ahead," said the portly one, "and don't keep me here any longer than you can help."

"With that he turned to his desk, and I worked away unsuspectingly. There was dead silence except when the man at the desk spoke to one or the other of the clerks about some account, and the tread of the policeman on that beat could be heard as he passed the office."

"I did not realize until afterward that I was working out of view of the passing policeman, for the safe was behind the bookkeeper's desk, but the shades were up and the man at the roll top desk and the bookkeeper could be plainly seen from the street."

"I got out my bits, adjusted the brace, and soon steel was biting steel, but the sound of the ratchet was drowned by the click of the typewriter, for the portly party began dictating to one of the clerks as soon as I began drilling the safe. When I thought it all over afterward, it occurred to me that this was to cover the sound of my operations."

"In half an hour I had a hole in the front of the safe, and a little manipulation got the tumblers into place, and the door swung open."

"Here you are, sir," said I, and the portly man came around to the safe.

"Very neatly done," he said. "You'd make a good burglar."

"But the sound of the ratchet would bring the 'cops," said I.

"True," remarked the man, and, drawing out a roll of bills, he handed me \$20.

"Is that right?" he asked.

"Quite right," I replied. "Shall I come in the morning to fix the safe?"

"No," said he, "I will have the makers of the safe attend to it."

"As I gathered up my tools the portly man directed one of the clerks to get out the books that were needed, and he went back to the desk."

"I trundled back to my shop, meeting the policeman at the corner, and while I was standing chatting with him the trio came out of the office."

"You came down an hour later than you said in the morning," said the portly man as he climbed into a banjo car that had rolled up to the office, and, shouting the name of a well known club to the driver, he pulled the doors to and was driven away.

"Before noon the next day the policeman whom I had talked with and a detective came into my shop."

"That was a neat job you did last night," said the policeman to the audience.

"What?" I asked, the nature of the work I had done not yet dawning on me.

"The locking of —'s safe," said the policeman. "Come along."

"The portly person who employed me to open the safe was a well known burglar who had 'made up' to impersonate the head of the firm, and the two clerks were confederates, one of whom had got a place with the firm to get the key of the safe, and the other had taken possession of the office after it was closed for the day, and, not daring to blow open the safe, because that would have made the police swoop down on them, they had boldly sent for me to 'do the job,' nearly possessed themselves of nearly \$4,000 that was in the safe and were across the Canadian border before the robbery was discovered when the office was opened the next day."

"I told my story to the magistrate and was released on bonds to appear as a witness against the trio were caught."

"The papers called me 'the innocent burglar,' the name stuck to me and hurt my business, and the police were rather attentive to me, so I came here some years ago."—New York Times.

His Open Eye.

A man the other day went to a Boston dentist to have a tooth extracted and decided to take gas. The doctor administered the hypnotic, and the man soon appeared to be under its influence, but he continued to keep one eye open.

This worried the doctor, and he gave the man more gas. Still the eye remained open. "Shut that eye," said the doctor finally, losing patience.

"Can't," said the man in a drowsy voice; "it's glass."

LOOK LIKE FLATIRONS.

Curious Stone Implements of Our Aborigines Puzzle Scientists.

Among thousands of curious objects of utility, weapons, etc., of the races that peopled North America in prehistoric times that one sees in the cases and cabinets in the Smithsonian Institution are some five or more curiously wrought stone objects from mounds in Tennessee bearing such a close resemblance to modern flatirons that many people have thought that such might have been their use among their prehistoric makers, although it would be hard to imagine what the primitive aborigines of this continent had to do with them.

The shape and appearance of these objects in every way correspond with a modern flatiron, handle and all, and thus far scientific men have been unable to discover what they were used for. It is, however, just a little singular that wrought stones, similar to the ones from the Tennessee mounds, have been found in Peru among the tombs of the Incas and at the necropolis of Ancon. The old Spanish writers, men who accompanied Pizarro in the conquest of that country, state that the ancient Peruvians, who were great builders, used these wrought stones, or so called flatirons, as trovels in plastering walls with mortar.

The objects found in one of the Tennessee mounds are the only ones that were ever found in the United States, and the only way to account for their presence in that locality is to suppose that in pre-Columbian times a great deal of Peruvian material reached countries far to the north of the last by means of intertribal trade.—Washington Post.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Some of the caterpillars found in the vicinity of the Darling river, Australia, are over six inches in length.

The leaders of a flock of migrating wild geese become tired sooner than others and are frequently relieved by their fellows.

The gray buzzard is said to be the heaviest bird that flies, the young males, when food is plentiful, weighing nearly forty pounds. The bird is nearly extinct.

The terrapin lives largely upon crabs. He never eats his food, but bolts it. His favorite tidbit is the crab's claw, which he swallows whole with the greatest relish.

The glow worm lays eggs which, it is said, are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle, it strikes these ribs with its antennae, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love call from the male to the female.

Repaid in Kind.

At a certain ball in the country the other evening a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young but somewhat stout lady, who seemed to be pining for a dance.

"No, thanks, old fellow. I don't care to waltz with a cart."

"A cart?" is understood in the district referred to as a partner who does not do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn around.

A few evenings later the same young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beheld the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc.

"No, thank you," she replied. "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart!"—London Tit-Bits.

The Scepter.

The scepter was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge" or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the choristers and younger members of the foundation, so the royal scepter represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression "to sway the scepter" implied the holding of regal dignity.

The scepter with the dove possessed the additional signification of the Holy Ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereign. The same idea was conveyed at Reims by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the coronation of the French kings.—Good Words.

Crushed.

"You talk mighty glib about the corruption in this ward," interrupted a sallow faced man in the audience. "What business is it of yours? Have you got any permanent investments in this ward?"

"Yes, I have!" thundered the orator. "Fellow citizens, I once lent that man a dollar."

He was not interrupted again.—Chicago Tribune.

Such For Little.

McJigger—I saw Markley blowing off that theatrical manager to a ten dollar dinner yesterday.

Thimbleb—Yes, a scheme of his, and it worked beautifully. He was working him for a couple of passes.—Philadelphia Press.

Marital Confidences.

Mrs. Benham—Don't you think I grow better looking as I grow older?

Benham—Yes, and it's really too bad you can't live as long as they did in Bible times. You might then become a veritable beauty.—New York Times.

Cool.

Griggs—It isn't the man who cuts off the most coupons who cuts the most ice.

Griggs—He doesn't have to. His cool thousands answer well enough for him.—Boston Transcript.

The Parting of the Way.

He who parts his hair in the middle—I will never marry a woman who parts her hair on the side.

She who parts her hair on the side—And I can assure you that I will never marry a man who parts his hair in the middle. (Silence.)

He—We may as well part forever then.

Somehow whenever we hear a man called an Adonis we long to hunt him up and smash his pretty nose.—Athens Globe.

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ANOTHER PIONEER.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

When the San Francisco business men were investigating the Fulton Compound they heard that Dr. C. D. Zelle had both Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and was given up as incurable, and they waited on him and got him to take it. Now for the sequel. This letter was written 9 months later:

"622 Pacific street, San Francisco, Sept. 7, 1901.

"Dear Sirs: I have conducted my own plan on my own property on Pacific St. for over eight years, using my associates number some of the best old school physicians. I had Bright's Disease and Diabetes of long standing, which got so serious that in October last the judgment of my medical friends was that three months would see the end. We all looked upon the mere suggestion of a cure as an empirical and visionary. But I yielded to the suggestions of the patient, and the consistency of one of my family and went on the Fulton Compound for Bright's Disease as a test. The first week I improved, but thought it a coincidence. But every week thereafter the improvement continued, until, within a few days, both albumen and sugar disappeared. I suppose I have given the Compound to a dozen, and they all reported favorably. How remarkable it may appear, the cure has been found if those interested care to call at my drug store. I will be glad to tell all I know concerning this important matter. The discovery is second in importance to the discovery of a cure for consumption."

"C. D. ZELLE."

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 87 per cent. are positively recovering under the Fulton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer but short resistance.) Price \$1 for the Fulton's Disease and \$1 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 429 Montgomery street, San Francisco, sole exporters. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

The Fishhawk.

"The fishhawk tells us when the shad begin to run up the river," said a Gloucester fisherman. "We have learned that it isn't much use to cast the net, for the fish begin to come north. They follow the big schools of herring, as a rule, because the herring swim close together, and the hawk has easy picking. The shad follow the herring, and when the fishhawk comes we know the shad are not far behind."—Philadelphia Record.

How Balzac Wrote.

Of all literary toilers, Balzac was certainly the most eccentric in his methods. At first he would write his novel in a few pages, hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few printed columns of matter pasted into the center of several large sheets. On this margin Balzac would work, sketching his characters, composing the dialogue and perhaps altering entirely the original plot of the book. For four or five times this process was repeated until all the few columns had assumed the proportions of a volume. This extraordinary way of building a book naturally ran away with a considerable share of the profits on the work.—Golden Penny.

Balked by a Woman.

When William E. Chandler was secretary of the navy, he issued an order that officers should not permit their wives to reside at the foreign stations to which their husbands were attached. The order was promptly rescinded upon the receipt by the secretary of the following from Commodore Efyffe, in command of the Asiatic squadron: "It becomes my painful duty to report that my wife, Eliza Efyffe, has in disobedience to my orders and in the face of regulations of the department taken up her residence on the station and persistently refuses to leave."

Flea as Draft Horse.

Latriella mentions a flea which dragged a silver cannon of twenty-four times its own weight and showed no fear when the tiny piece was charged with gunpowder and fired off. Rene also says that once he saw three fleas drag an omnibus and a pair dragging a chariot and a single one pulling a brass cannon mounted on wheels.

Habits of the Wildcat.

To say that a dog can "whip his weight in wildcats" is to pay about the highest tribute to his strength, courage and activity, and there are very few dogs that would care to earn such a tribute if they understood all it implied. Not that a wildcat is of a specially aggressive disposition. On the contrary, he would sooner mind his own business any time than fight. So anxious is he as a rule to keep out of trouble that he has often been accused of cowardice, but he has on so many occasions given evidence of the most desperate courage that it is doubtful if the accusation is a fair one. When wounded or at bay, he is perhaps as dangerous as any creature of his size.

To Make an Impression.

Mr. Fargone—My dear friend, I am in despair. That girl's heart is as hard as steel. I can make no impression on it!

Friend—You don't go at it in the right way. Try diamonds. They are harder than steel.

A Hard Domestic Knot.

"I'm in a dence of a fix. My wife's got the telephone craze."

"Well?"

"If I put one in, she'll swear I'm sweet on the telephone girl."

"Certainly."

"And if I don't, she'll say it's because I'm afraid the thing'll expose my duplicity."—Baltimore News.