The Collision on the D. F. and J.

By Howard Fielding

Copyright, 1905, by C. W. Hooke

Coming on 2 o'clock train. Please give Miss Palm all possible attention. Expense must not be considered. Secure best medical and surgical assistance. Wire me at Annandale.

That was the nearest point I dared to name, though it was over thirty miles away, for I feared every sort of delay in the forwarding of my message. The train, as I happened to know, had carried a great number of people from our city, and doubtless the wires would be crowded with messages such as I had received and such as I would send.

The telegraph boy came while I was dressing with half crazed haste. He began to read my message and to count the words, stumbling over them and producing in my mind a singular effect of horror. It seems to me that I never heard such frightful words as "medical and surgical assistance" in this boy's high, harsh and halting voice. I paid him for the message and pushed him out of the room.

I told my colleague to drive fast to the station, this occurred a hour half hour there in which to do nothing at all. Few people were in the waiting room and no one at all upon the platform when I began to pace up and down through the chill air and the acrid smoke of engines. It was probable that many people had been notified of the disaster, but that my summons had been the most prompt. I blessed Muriel's little book. It was good to have something to be glad of in this black interval of waiting.

Presently a tall and soldierly figure muffled in a coat of military cut strode out upon the platform, and I recognized Colonel Harold Burbank, who had a regiment before he was twenty years old, in 1865, and doesn't look fifty to-day. I always walked briskly when I enjoined his pulse and the strength of his calm countenance as he came toward me under the electric lamps. I was conscious of a feeling of security, as if I were under good leadership, when he told me bravely that he was going to Conway, and that he had friends on the wrecked train.

"Mrs. Singer, the widow of Captain Singer, was aboard," said he. "I have not yet heard whether she is injured, I trust not."

I thought it free of him to so upon a chance of helping the widow of his comrade, and I wondered whether there could be an old romance in this. He might have married her long ago, I thought. He had never married, but had always lived alone in bachelor quarters.

While I was speculating upon the possibilities of the situation some one spoke my name, and I turned to see George Brookfield with a slender, dobby looking little man who was a stranger to me. Brookfield wore a raincoat, clerk over a dress suit, but he had a rough gray golf cap on his head, and the combination, even at such a moment, moved me to smile.

"I hadn't time to dress," said Brookfield. "I heard a train up at Conway, and I hit a lightning on the train. I got a telegram. Have you met Dr. Deering?"

I shook hands with the fierce little man, whose eyes seemed to trepan my frontal bone when he looked at me. Meanwhile Brookfield drew his cloak about him and shivered horribly.

"I beg pardon, Dr. Deering, it snow," said he, with the air of one who presents a [illegible] before an invisible jury. "Dr. Deering is the best surgeon we have, as you know. What more could I do?"

He addressed both Colonel Burbank and me. Neither of us replied. For my own, I was latterly accusing myself. It seemed hardly credible that he should have sent a leader of [illegible] who should have taken this wise precaution which I had never thought of. Yet Brookfield is very rich and [illegible] naturally think of something expensive in a moment of emergency, and Deering was beyond doubt the most expensive possibility which our city afforded.

[illegible] thought must have come to Colonel Burbank, for he presently drew me aside and suggested that we should [illegible] arrangement in regard to Dr. Deering. It is a soldier's trade to take what he finds ready to his hand. I told the colonel that I would [illegible] expense, and he replied that the main thing was to get the man; we need decide about paying for him later.

At this moment a stout young man came panting through the gate and looked wildly around for the train. We should not yet have looked in.

"Hello!" he cried, catching sight of Brookfield. "Hurt much dreadful?"

"They are safe," said Brookfield. "I thought you knew Miss Palm was on the train."

"Sh-sh! I thought she was going at 7 o'clock," said I.

"[illegible] the train," said he. "Terrible, isn't it?"

"Did you learn about it?" I asked. "What is in the extras?"

"They stick to the prize fight," he replied. "[illegible] one line of red type [illegible] to say that the train was in a collision with a freight at Conway and that a man named [illegible] was killed. Killed, you don't suppose?"

He paused, looking up into my face. The perspiration was dripping from his forehead, but he shivered with the cold. He wore a bathing shirt for the [illegible] of your and had never stopped.

"No," said I; "I don't believe Miss Palm is very badly hurt. You seem [illegible] badly hurt."

"Hurt?" said he [illegible] "there's no [illegible] in all this world. I caught just to speak for her, and I wouldn't to anybody else except you. She can [illegible] anything to me."

I was sorry for little Jack Manning, [illegible] altogether news that he had to [illegible]. I had seen him burning his [illegible] in the white flame of Miss Palm's beauty, and had been quite well aware he would suffer. He is a tender hearted little chap, and very excellent company, but he is not the romantic figure that might hope to stand beside Miss Palm. I'm not that, either, but at least I'm tall enough, and I'm not fat. It has always seemed to me a great misfortune that a man should be fat and romantic.

"Are you going to take the 2 o'clock train?" I asked.

He stared at me.

"Am I?" he cried. "And she up there in that wreck! Man, I'd walk it!"

At this moment the train was backed in, and we got aboard. We had only ten minutes to wait before the start, and yet it seemed an age. I spent some of the time debating whether I should tell Jack Manning about the telegram I had received. He might like to know that Dr. S. K. Adams was hopeful of Muriel, but, on the other hand, the incident of the little book would grieve him. Besides, it was to me a sacred thing. I could not bring myself to mention it.

As the train pulled out, Jack and I went forward into the smoking car. Colonel Burbank, Brookfield and the doctor were already there, and with them were two men whom I knew, both very good fellows. They were Chauncey Matthewson, a broker, and young Willard Price. It was at a dancing party in the residence of Price's parents that I had first met Muriel. Except for the men whom I have named, the car was almost empty.

I greeted Matthewson and Price and asked the latter if he was going to Conway.

"Yes," said he. "I have a friend on the wrecked train."

His face, which had been rather pale, suddenly flushed.

"You're not going up there on Miss Palm's account?" I demanded.

"Hush!" he whispered, glancing at Matthewson. "I didn't tell long. He's not the fellow to [illegible] my feelings at such a time. He's a confounded joke of everything. We happened to come along down here together. I suppose he's going up to his country place in Annandale. His mother is still up there. But I'll tell you, I had a telegram informing me that Miss Palm was hurt. Isn't it awful?"

"A telegram?" said I.

He took it out of his pocket, turning his back to the others as he did so.

"Read it," said he, and I read as follows:

Miss Palm injured in collision. Injuries not serious.

DR. S. K. ADAMS.

"How did Dr. Adams [illegible] of her address?" I demanded.

Price blushed. "Why, you see, I was lunching with Muriel today"—he began.

"You were?" said I.

"Yes," he replied. "I went over to her uncle's house about noon, and she was just going downtown, so I went along, and we ran in somewhere for a [illegible] of lunch. I happened to see an [illegible] of a railroad accident in the [illegible] and it made me nervous, knowing that she was going away so soon. She is such a dainty creature—like a piece of tinted crystal. It didn't seem right to let her meet the risks of this world. Did you ever feel that way about anybody?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I've felt that way."

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "the upshot of it is that I persuaded her to put my name and address in a little book with just the word 'physician' over it. I've done the same thing a dozen times before, but nothing ever happened. It shows a personal interest, sort of flatters a girl, well, not that exactly, but it gives her a chance to flatter you. Muriel seemed to take it as if she was quite startled and let it go at that. You understand?"

"Yes," said I. "I can see that the thing may have appealed to her."

Price shoehorned and put his hand to his forehead. "To think that this [illegible] have happened!" he said. "I feel as if I'd tempered with fate. And yet I think I swear that the name was there and that I am permitted to be here merely my way to help her."

A sudden and narrow-minded anger [illegible] me.

"Pardoned," said I, in an imitation of a voice you remembered by heredity [illegible] a fairy godmother?"

"You say I was?" said the [illegible] by indignation, his chest.

Matthewson, the broker, had come [illegible] behind me, and he leaned over the back of a seat, his shock of iron gray hair falling forward upon his brows.

"Not from Dr. S. K. Adams?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied the colonel, taking another look of chief discretion. "The message was from Dr. Adams."

Matthewson's form suddenly relaxed. He thrust a hand into the breast pocket of his coat, drew forth a telegram and held it out toward Burbank.

"I received this," said he, "and it explains my presence here."

The colonel adjusted his eyeglasses, held them poised for a moment and then removed them with a steady hand. His glance slowly swept the group. Every man of us except Dr. Deering held a telegram. Even I, who should by this time have been prepared for anything, was amazed to see the yellow slip of paper flattering in little Jack Manning's trembling hand.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "this is certainly extraordinary, and there are men who might think it humorous."

He glanced fiercely at Matthewson, who was a relentless looker, for there was no need of a reproof. Mr. Matthewson looked as if he were reading the burial service.

"What I was about to say," continued the colonel, "is this: In a moment of great need, how great we do not yet know, it happened that Miss Palm had with her the mistress of a certain gentleman whom she had seen fit to honor in this way. All the help that we can give her will not be too much; all possible respect will be less than her due."

Matthewson reached across the back of the chair and grasped the colonel's hand. In eighteen years that I have known Chauncey Matthewson that is the only time I ever saw him really serious.

"Miss Palm and I lunched together today," he began.

"Lunched?" said I.

He regarded me severely.

"Certainly," said he. "I met her shopping, and as it was her last day in town I ventured to claim a few minutes of her society. So we had some cake and ices at Collier's. It was while there that she mentioned the matter of—of railroad accidents, and and I think I need not explain further."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS

THE PUSHING WEST.

Its Growing Influence In All the Affairs of the Nation.

A prominent Brooklyn preacher lately told his congregation of New York business men that the seat of power in the United States no longer rests in the east, but has passed to the west; that the really big things of the age are now done by western men and that unless the east might rouse itself from its self complacent dream and open its eyes to facts its relative influence in the nation will continue to wane.

The picture may have been painted in too high color, but in the main it is true. Western men and western states have grown greatly in political influence; western ideas constantly gain weight in national politics; western banks become more independent of eastern bankers.

The change is due, no doubt, partly to natural conditions. Big problems and a big country breed large men and liberal ideas. They make for progress rather than for conservatism. But an interesting side light appears in some recent remarks of an eastern college president who went west a few years ago and is now at the head of a state university.

"When I was in the east," he said, "I had to prod my students to work. Here they prod me. The west is no place for a lazy professor. If he is teaching in a school where the elective system prevails he will soon find himself without pupils."

Another western professor speaks almost in the same vein: "I have never known my students out here to complain of the length of the tasks set for them or the difficulty. Eastern students want to graze over the same amount of work."

If, then, the west is forging ahead of the east, the explanation seems to be a matter simple one. Getting at it early, striking to it cheerily and keeping at it long will equate other results, whether in the classroom or in the wheatfield.—Youth's Companion.

Workingmen's Insurance.

Consider the advance in the general price of pensions which is indicated by such a fact as the founding and successful operation of the system of workingmen's insurance in Germany. A certain sum of money is set aside for every workman, every week the employer and the employee each contribute a [illegible], and the government adds a [illegible] on each pension. Both sick and accident benefits are thus insured [illegible] against accident. Incapacity caused disability [illegible] charge.

[illegible] and seven thousand persons [illegible] the benefit of this fund in a [illegible] Incidentally there has been an immense benefit to the [illegible] and practitioners to provide [illegible] to relieve disease as [illegible]. The employer who helped [illegible] willing to prepare his workmen for [illegible] will do it to escape [illegible].—Everybody's Magazine.

Held Court in a Cemetery.

The following story is being told about the judicial halls of Barkhamsted, Conn.: Wallace Case, judge of probate in Barkhamsted, held court in an open space in the center cemetery in that town the other day. This, it appears, equals, if not the record of Justice W. D. Youngs, who while working on a road gang on a spreading elm to try a prisoner under an apple tree. A few days ago John P. Simmons of Winsted, administrator over Oscar Tiffany, late of East Hartland, made application to the Barkhamsted probate court for permission to sell the Tiffany property. Judge Case wanted Mr. Simmons to go to Hartland and look the matter "in the cemetery." It seems he is assisting in the work of improving the burying ground. Mr. Simmons returned from the cemetery with the order to sell the property.

Military Brutality.

A [illegible] volunteer at Bukovina, Austria, committed suicide because of a superior's brutality. During a drill he was told to jump across a ten foot ditch, but failed in the attempt. He was made to repeat the attempt until he had sprained his ankle and ankles and could only crawl into the water. He was then placed under arrest and in despair shot himself to the heart with a pistol. Sergeant Eichmann of the German army has been sentenced by a court martial to six months' imprisonment, with degradation, for 153 cases of maltreating soldiers. An other sergeant named Matthas was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for 100 cases of cruelty to soldiers.

Stamps For Reply.

The Berlin law courts have decided against the claimant in an action to recover a five cent stamp. The plaintiff wrote to the defendant, "Inclosing stamp for reply." The defendant, being a bad correspondent and needing 5 cents at the moment, pocketed the stamp and sent no reply to the letter. The decision of the court should be welcome to those who are solicited for their autographs.

Slaughtering the Helpless.

If it is true that a revulsion of feeling against the slaughter of birds and helpless animals has set in it is a creditable circumstance. The miserable thing about this shooting is its cowardice. A man hunts and kills a creature that never harmed him and is taken as an office disadvantage. It may be heroic to kill a tiger, but it is contemptible to kill a robin.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Tramp's Problem.

A tramp having found a hen's feather in his travels about the city kept it until night, when he carefully placed it on the pavement in a back alley and slept upon it. Awaking next morning and looking mournfully upon the bit of down, he exclaimed: "Gee whiz! If one feather is as hard to sleep on as that, what must a whole bedful be?"

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.

THE TWO DRIVERS.

I used to be my lady's horse;
My stable was a car
I'd gallop over the Broadway course,
To Harlem I would tear.

And I would gallopade and snort
Upon the Oilcloth track,
My driver handling at the sport
Astride my chassy back.

But that was many years ago
(My, how these years have slid!);
Now my boy's baby plays with me
Just as his father did.

Except that I'm a horse no more
With aching, sweaty brow
A-pacing o'er the cold, hard floor—
But I'm his auto now.

No more I loudly neigh and snort
Upon the parlor rug;
Instead my face I must distort
To say, "Chug chug, chug chug!"

Each car now is a lever strong
That works the old machine—
They're pulled and pinched the whole day long—
I know just what they mean.

He says I seem so real to him
As on to me he climbs,
Because an old rheumatic limb
Makes me break down sometimes.
—F. P. Pitzer in New York Press.

He Couldn't See It.

Prison Chaplain—Remember, my good man, we are here today and gone tomorrow.

The Brixton Bantam—You are—I din't.—London Tatler.

A Good Thing In One Way.

"What do you think of this scheme to have men do general housework?"

"I think it's a good one," replied Mr. Nebbleson, who had a patch over one eye and a badly cut lip. "When we get things arranged that way a man will never be sent down by his wife at 1 a. m. to throw the cook's bean out of the kitchen."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Well Wisher.

"Well, D'Auber," said Crittick, inspecting the new canvas, "we're told that 'life is short, but art is long.'"

"Yes?" said D'Auber. "Well?"

"Well, I'm hoping, D'Auber, that you will be longer on life than you are on art."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Looking For Trouble.

"No, I don't think Algy will ever learn to run his auto."

"Why not?"

"He's always trying to roll a cigarette and guide the machine at the same time."—Philadelphia Caricature.

Absentminded Willie.

Teacher—Now, Willie, you may close your geography and recite.

Willie—Suddenly throwing off his disguise, the great detective cried: "Ha, villain! You little thought Dick Harter was on your track."—Puck.

Gossip's Apology.

"Why isn't it easier to speak well as to speak ill of a person?"

"That is the trouble," answered the confirmed fatter. "It is so easy that it isn't interesting."—Washington Star.

Pertinent.

"Ah, yes," said the star, "I have been married for eight years."

"Continuously?" asked the critical one, but the query was deemed unworthy of reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Those Girls.

Bessie—Fred asked me for a kiss last evening. I was just as mad as I could be!

Kate—Because he didn't insist? Well, I don't blame you.—Boston Transcript.

His Specialty.

"You say Charley Spender is a manufacturer? I thought he was just a plain loafer. What line is he in?"

"He makes trouble for his father."—St. Louis Republic.

Revised.

"What is that old saying, 'Put a beggar on a horse'"—

"And he'll kick because it isn't an automobile."—Philadelphia Press.

An Egotistical Reason.

"He's unusually bright."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, he agrees with me in everything."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dodging Germs.

"Why have you taught your baby to eat onions?"

"It keeps people from kissing him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Consistent Grief.

"Do you think Julia will always keep on mourning for her husband?"

"Yes; she is going to marry a man named Black."

Described.

"He's a regular dude."

"How does he look?"

"He looks it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Grip Preventive.

An excellent preventive of influenza is said to be found in adding a few drops of eucalyptus oil to every pail of hot water used in cleaning the woodwork of a house and to the water in which the broom is frequently dipped when sweeping the carpets. Turpentine may be used if preferred in place of the eucalyptus. The whole house in this way becomes disinfected.—Boston Budget.

Rhythm and time in the art of music have to come from the heart, not from the machine.—Dr. Joachim.

BREVITIES

THE HALL OF FAME.

The London Spectator speaks of President Roosevelt as a Whiz.

Major Austin S. Cushman, private secretary to President Fillmore, lives in New Bedford, Mass.

W. B. Trask, Boston antiquarian and an authority on records at the Hub, has just passed his ninety second birthday.

Judge Thomas J. Humes, former mayor of Seattle, Wash., who dropped dead recently, was a Mark Twain double. He was something of a humorist too.

John D. Rockefeller has purchased six houses and lots in Griggsville, N. Y., and it is reported he intends to buy the whole hamlet, so that he can add it to his park of 5,000 acres at Pocantico Hills.

At noon on Thanksgiving day Governor Chamberlain set out a small oak tree near the reservoir at New Britain, Conn., in memory of his father, Alfeus Chamberlain, who, as an engineer, planned the waterworks system of that city.

Sir Ernest Cassell, the Anglo-German financier, is coming to America. He is of German birth, but a naturalized Englishman, and is the man who furnished the monetary backing for the construction of the Nile dams at Assouan and Assiout.

Baron de Seroyskerken, the Danish ambassador to this country, travels with enough impedimenta for an opera singer. On his arrival in New York the other day he brought with him half a dozen servants and seventy-three pieces of baggage.

William Eaton, a Hartford (Conn.) barber, has a scrapbook which is two feet in thickness and contains accounts of all the prize fights from the days of "Yankee" Sullivan to the present. The book is housed in a separate volume and is used as a ready reference.

Professor Samuel B. Prescott, assistant professor of biology in the Boston Institute of Technology, has been appointed to the list of collaborators of the leading bacteriological journal in Germany. He has been recognized as an authority in this branch of science.

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

In Germany no child under thirteen years of age is allowed to be employed in a place of public entertainment.

In the German town of Bielefeld bad coins are to be specially taxed and the proceeds devoted to the improvement of the streets.

After having almost disappeared from Germany for several years dysentery has again become somewhat prevalent, especially in mining districts.

Among the marriages recorded in Berlin last year there were 121 of blood relations, one hundred and eight of these were marriages of cousins.

Hamburg is to have a school for training servants. It is not intended to compete with existing schools which provide training in domestic science for girls of well to do families.

The number of medical journals in Germany is extraordinarily large and still on the increase. At the end of 1905 there were 230, and ten more were added in the nine months following.

A man eating in the garden of a restaurant in the German city of Hanover the other day threw a bone which had a good deal of meat on it to a dog. Immediately a beggar pounced on the dog, took away the bone and greedily devoured the meat. He said he had had nothing to eat for three days.

ENGLISH ETCHINGS.

In England, after much discussion, women have at last been admitted to the Linnaean society.

There is not a single statue in London to an archbishop of Canterbury from Thomas a Becket to Randall Davidson.

The reason why London omnibus conductors are so polite and so eager to pick up passengers is that they are discharged if their fares fall below a certain sum.

On exhibition in Coventry, England, is a pile carpet 24 by 7½ feet, which was made in Lahore in 1631 for a director of the old East India company. The beautiful coloring is still perfect.

"I have never known a deserving case of street begging," was the remarkable statement of Sir Eric A. Buchanan, secretary of the London Mendicity society, made the other day.

PITH AND POINT.

Right or wrong, you should be broad enough to make concessions.

Very few people are natural criminals, but most people lack common sense.

A good rule to observe whenever you are not alone: Don't be off your guard. Don't forget yourself and look bored.

A man never knows how little he knows till his children enter high school and get out their books nights to study.

When a man makes up his mind to be good he also makes up his mind that it will be the fault of others if he fails at it.

Be good to those who are sick. It may be your turn next, and your goodness will insure good care for you when you are flat on your back.—Atchison Globe.

Why Johnny Ate Them.

Mrs. Billus (after the company had gone)—Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up. Johnny Billus—Well, that's what I used 'em for mamma.

An Unpardonable Fault.

Figg—Goodman is dead. He has left a most beautiful and a correct life. Everybody praises him. Fogg—But confound him, he trumped my ace once when we were playing partners at whist.

THE LOST PARADISE

THEORIES AS TO THE LOCATION OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Consensus of Learned Opinion Supports the Belief That Adam and Eve's Original Home Was on the Great Babylonian Plain.

Almost every spot of the globe has had the claim made on its behalf that it is the site of vanished Eden. Most persons seem agreed on the fact that paradise has disappeared from our midst. The question is, Where was it situated? To those who deny the Biblical story of man's genesis the question takes shorter form and they perhaps care not as to the spot in which man first appeared on this earth. Some evade the difficulty by saying that man appeared in many different spots that he did not spring from one original.

If we accept the doctrine of the Darwinians we are forced to confess that the place where man first evolved must have been anything but a garden of Eden. It must have been a haunt of mere animalism, and its food would certainly not have been fruit. Roughly speaking, therefore, there are two schools: those who believe that man came from a divine original, but fell away from his first estate, to which with humbler labor he may return, and those who believe that he evolved from the beast and is still evolving to the greatness that he may ultimately attain. Setting aside these somewhat disconsolate theories, we may well ask, Where was Eden?

The soundest scientists are agreed that mankind came from a single origin, whether a distinct creation or an evolution is beside the mark—and the original man must have had a local habitation. The geographical manuals and maps of the middle ages leave a good deal to be desired in the matter of complete details, but they have at least the merit of boldness, and if we go to them for an answer to our question we may get something like a definite reply. According to an old map of the thirteenth century, paradise is a circular island lying near India. It is surrounded by a wall in which is a gateway opening to the west. The gate is closed and the wall quite insurmountable. Our later atlases do not locate this happy island.

Other early maps would have us believe that Eden lay in central China. We can go with these ancient geographers so far as to place the probable site of man's birthplace in Asia, but the consensus of learned opinion does not incline either to India or China. Profound authority supports the idea that Eden lay somewhere on the great Mesopotamian plain, watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates. The Perath and Hiddekel of Genesis, other authorities see their voice for Armenia, possibly supported by the tradition which says that the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, and that Ararat is added only point to Armenia as the probable first home of mankind.

Professor Delitzsch and Professor Sayce favor Babylon; Heidegger favors Palestine; Mesha, Arabia and the upper Nile have all their supporters. Quatrefages, treating the subject solely from a scientific standpoint, concludes that Negritos and other human types came from Central Asia, but does not definitely fix the locality.

With the author of Genesis, as Dr. Nelson has remarked, "Eden is geographically described in a manner which leaves no doubt that distinct locality was before the mind of the author." Even to those who think that this author was building on uncertain traditions it may yet be of interest to know what the locality was. Babylon was the most far the best known to the ancient world; its vastness, its fertile fields repaid cultivation fifty-fold, its better a hundred-fold. The luxuriance of fruit and grain was so great as to be actually said "[illegible]." There is no question at all that it was the seat of Assyrian civilization and therefore early nursery of the world's [illegible].

The idea of man created perfect and placed in a garden of fruitful loveliness has a peculiar fascination for poor humanity, recalling its present imperfections and the frequent distressing disclosures of its present surroundings. Even those who knew nothing of the Bible story pictured such a spot for themselves. Even early mythology has its fortunate isles, its Atlantis, its Hesperides, its Arcadia and its Golden Age.

Some persons have seriously conjectured that paradise had not been on the earth at all, but was an island floating in the air, somewhat like the island visited by Gulliver. They did not wish to think that the sacred spot could be submerged by the waters of the deluge, and by this device they raised it above any such calamity. On this island dwelt the sacred phenix; the well of life flowed there, the elixir of immortality; leaves never fell from the trees; the sun shone always on a perpetual summer. Men declined to believe that Eden had been destroyed forever. They preferred to imagine that its gates were closed to them for a season. To deem that such a spot could vanish seemed sacrilegious.

Many an early voyager and explorer had strange dreams of discovering some earthly paradise when he set out for unknown shores—dreams perhaps not spoken, but secretly nourished and strengthened by unconquerable force of romantic superstition that lived in the heart of ages in other ways so dark. Even the Elizabethans dreamed always of some more wonderful country to be discovered. Their tolls and perils and fightings had ever the redeeming glamour of romance. In those days was the true poetry of travel. There was always some El Dorado, some Eden, to be reached.—Kansas City Independent.

Men's Ways.

"I assure you I'm always willing to acknowledge my faults when I see them."

"That's all right, but I'll bet you never acknowledge them when your neighbor sees them."—Philadelphia Press.

Softening It.

Bootlick—What do you mean by saying I'm the worst actor you ever saw? Cranky—Well, I'm no doubt it did seem rather harsh. But, then, you know, I'm one of the worst actors I have never seen.—Boston Transcript.

HUMOR

THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

The Editor Tells the Sweet Young Thing Why It Was Given Up.

"Yes," said the editor, "we had to give up that mothers' column."

"Dear me! I don't see why," answered the sweet young thing. "It seemed to me it was invaluable."

"Yes, that's what we all thought, including the very bright young woman who wrote it," admitted the editor. "There didn't seem to be any problem of the home that she wasn't qualified to settle. But she finally married."

"That didn't lessen her ability any, did it?" asked the sweet young thing in surprise.

"No-o," replied the editor slowly. "Of course she knew just as much as she did before, but somehow she didn't seem to be quite so certain of it. However, she kept up her work, even if she did show that she occasionally had doubts that never came to her before. She was a little shy as to some points regarding the management of the home, but she still knew all about the training of children, and, of course, that's the principal feature of a mothers' column."

"Of course," acquiesced the sweet young thing.

"At last, however," continued the editor, "she became satisfied that she wasn't even competent to lay down rules and decide knotty problems in the line of the management of a nursery."

"Dear me!" said the sweet young thing. "That was very strange. When did she make up her mind to that?"

"About four months after her first baby was born," answered the editor.—Chicago Post.

Mr. Getthere's Proposal.

They were talking about their love affairs, as women will when they get in a confidential mood. Every one present except Mrs. Getthere had told of her experience when the important question was "popped." When Mrs. G. hesitated her companions urged her harder than ever.

"Well," she confessed, "if I must tell the truth, I never had a proposal."

"Did the job yourself in leap year, eh?" asked Mrs. Sharp.

"Not a bit of it. You know what a diffident man Bob is. I could not help seeing that he loved me devotedly, and I knew I loved him. I was as sure of him as sin is sure of punishment. I let two other good chances go by before they reached the proposal stake during the seven months of Bob's courtship. One afternoon he sent me a box of chocolates with a beautiful diamond ring inside. Our initials were engraved on one side of the shaft and a chain link on the other. It was quite a shock to my girlhood's dreams of the sort of proposal I wanted. I cried a bit, and I really believe now they were tears of joy. Anyway I had the ring on my engagement finger when Bob called that evening. In a few moments we were chatting away about plans for our wedding as naturally as though we had been engaged for weeks."—New York Press.

One L Omitted.

"Here! What do you mean by calling me that?" demanded the trust magnate, pointing to the offending line in the paper.

"'Soulless individual,'" quoted the editor. "Why, you never before objected to being called a soulless individual."

"That isn't what you call me," thundered the visitor. "You have it 'souless individual,' which means an individual without a sou."—Catholic Standard and Times.

How the Expression Originated.

The sphinx was propounding its riddle to a Greek. Failure to solve it, as all know, meant death.

"Well," said the monster impatiently, noting the man's hesitation, "can't you see through it?"

"I can't for the life of me," was the reply.

A few moments after the unlucky guesser had passed away, but the expression survived.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Ruthless Critic.

"Mr. Dobbins says he is wedded to his art."

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne, "wedded, but with ample ground for divorce."—Washington Star.

Jimmie and Trusts.

"Kin yer trust me wid de loan of 5 cents, Jimmie?"

"I'm sorry, Willie, but I don't believe in trusts."—New York Evening Journal.

A Fatal Elopment.

"They eloped in an airship."

"Would her father recognize them?"

"No one would after the airship fell."—Philadelphia Caricature.

An Obliging Earthquake.

Earthquakes occasionally profit mankind, as in the case of Ouzoun-Ada, a town on the Caspian. The port of the town was visited by an earthquake last year, and since then it has been found open to steamers which could not enter it before, owing to the shallow water.

An Uneasy Seat.

"Pa," said Tommy, opening the paper, "who sits on the seat of war?"

"No one," responded papa, "because the seat of war generally has a tack in it."—Baltimore Herald.