How the Elder Lost His Bet

By CHARLES C. WADDLE

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IM DEHUS, the big, boylsh county sheriff, leaped out of his buggy as he drove up to the door of the farmhouse and, springing up | lars!" the steps, swung Mabel into his arms, pressing his lips to hers repeatedly.

"There's one because you're wearin' pink," he cried gayly, "an' another because it's my fav'rite color, an' another because today's Sunday, an' another because you're so pretty, an' another-oh, another just because you are you!"

Laughing and protesting, the girl finally struggled from his bear-like hug. "Oh, Jim," she scoided in mock pettishness, while she smoothed down her rufded flounces, "whatever does make you behave so? Su'pose some one should

"Who's to see? The old man's away. I met 'dm down the road as I came along, an' he gave me a look 't 'd sour sweet cream.

ilcan county committee and the senior elder in Mount Sinai Presbyterian church, regarded Dehus, who in so far as he had any religious affiliations was ailfied with the Methodists and was in politics a Democrat, as a brand reserved for the burning. Insurmountable as were these objections, however. Unger cherished a deeper cause of complaint against the young official. De hus had had the hardihood to woo the old man's only daughter, and to Simon's disgust Mabel had seen fit to look with favor on his suit. This added point to the old fellow's already sharp animosity.

"By the way," inquired Dehus carelessly of the girl as they sat talking, "who was that citified chap I seen with your paw this afternoon?"

the First National bank up to town. came here right after dinner today in this wad.' an' told paw he wanted to buy a farm. that piece down beyond the big mead-

in amazement. Then he commenced to thousan'.' laugh. "What would the good brothers over at Mount Sinai think of that? "I say so, too," responded Mabel,

tossing her blond curls. "Course the lief give seven thousan' to you as to man said he had to be gettin' back | the next man. home tomorrow an' that it was now or never, but I don't see that that awful religious when it comes to anybody else doin' anything on a Sunday, but if it's him it's all right. He's even talkin' about makin' me stay home from the camp meetin' tonight. He says a Methody camp meetin' ain't really no better than a country fair. just places for flirtin' an' cuttin' up an' all manner of Sabbath breakin'."

"Sho!" commiserated Dehus, "The mean old hunks! Why, I've been bankin' for a week on us gettin' there together. Joe Branson an' Kitt- Reynolds an' Flo Thompson crowd 's goin' to be there. git around him no way?"

"I'll see," she answered. "I won't say anything more about it till supper. an' then I'll coax him hard. Maybe if he makes a good sale to the stranger he'll be in a better temper."

"Well, I'll come after you anyway on the chance," returned her lover, and then, with many lingering farewells, he took his departure.

An hour or so later old Simon came home and announced that he was ready for the evening meal. He had hurried in once before shortly after Dehus had left, and Mabel had heard him turning over some papers in his desk, but he had almost immediately hastened away again without giving any explanation of his errand to the

Now, as he came up on the porch, she noticed that he carried a small tin box under his arm, and, had she ob served him more closely, she would have discovered an undue elation in his manner, a greedy sparkle in his deep set eyes, a suppressed excitement in his whole bearing.

He seemed to be afraid to trust the box out of his sight a single moment, even carrying it to the table with him and setting it beside his plate. Mabel was accustomed to his vagaries, however, and made no remark. In fact, supper was eaten almost in silence. Simon lost in contemplation of his acquisition, the giri cogitating how best to introduce anew the subject of the forbidden camp meeting.

Before she had her plea framed to her liking the old man addressed her. "Mabel," he said, "git me the key to that each of us was to put our seven moggidges in.

Eager to please him, she hurrled to get it, and then watched him curiously while he unlocked with it the box beside him. Unger raised the lid and peered in. At first a look of blank bewilderment came over his features; then he commenced excitedly to scratch inside, using both hands to ter out the masses of crumpled paper which seemed its sole contents. Finally coming to a folded note which lay upon the bottom and hastily scanning it, he raised a pair of wild, haggard eyes to his daughter.

"I've been robbed!" he gasped. "Robbed, paw?" cried Mabel in con-

sternation. "How?" "That man Story bunkoed me." He stuttered in his excitement. "Hang him."

Nothing could have brought home his calamity to Mabel like this. That he, the senior elder in Mount Sinal church, should break forth into profaulty betokened a cataclysm in nature which she was powerless to meet. Just then, however, she heard the grind of wheels upon the gravelly road without, "There's Jim, paw," she cried. "He'll help you." Rushing to the door, she threw it open, and a mo keenly. "I seen that Story with you's whenever it reaches the ground. Of ment later Dehus strode into the room As he beheld old Simon's expression be halted in amazement.

"For the land's sake, Mr. Unger!" he gasped. "What on earth's the matter?" Simon, utterly frenzied by his loss,

was unable to answer. It was Mabel "He had a brown mustache an' a little Stories "Paw's been robbed," she said.

The sheriff was all interest now. The merriment had faded from his gray eyes. They had become as cool and steady as steel. He saw that there was work ahead for him tonight. "Robbed?" he said, "What'd they git?"

The matter of fact official tones in a measure brought the old man to himself. "What'd they git?" he shricked. 'What'd they git?" Then impressively and laying full stress upon each o' sech things. 'Sides, what good is it separate word, "Seven-thousand-dol- all goin' to do? The thieves is gone."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Dehus. 'Who done it? Tell me the whole story an' be quick."

"It was that cousin of George Story's, hang him!" commenced the victim. In his close attention Dehus failed to remark the unaccustomed expletive. "He told me 't he wanted to look at a farm, an' as he was pressed fur time I consented. I guess it's a jedgment on me fur breakin' the Sabbath," he interpolated sadly.

"Yes, yes. Go on," urged his listener. "Well, I seen he was pretty greenleastways I thought he was-so I ast him seven thousan' for that sixty acre piece along the crick 't gits overflowed every spring. I could see that he was a-jumpin' at the price, but to be smart he tried to ding me down to sixty-five The sheriff, be it understood, was hunderd. While he was standin' there old Simon Unger's pet aversion. Si- in the road dickerin' along comes a mon, being the chairman of the Repub- lightnin' rod agent. I never put eyes on him 't I know of before, but he seemed to know me all right. 'Don't fool your time away with that there feller, Mr. Unger,' he'says. 'I don't believe he's got no seven thousan', says

"Well, sir, that made the first feller jest hoppin' mad. 'What call have you got to be mixin' in this fur?' he asts. Then the two of 'em got to arguin' an' a-spattin' roun' there until purty soon Story got so riled he pulled a big wid o' bills out of his pocket an' commenced a-countin' 'em over. While he was doin' it I kep' tally, an' I observed that the seven thousan' he claimed was in the roll was short jest one \$100 bill. I didn't say nothin', though,

"When he was certain 't he was right he went up to the lightnin' rod Oh, he's from New York. Says he's agent, who he hadn't let see the countcousin of George Story's, the cashier in', an' he says kind o' brash-like. Til jest bet you 't I've got seven the sar

"The lightnin' rod man he weakened So paw took him over to show him but bout that time I was gittin' nterested myself. 'I ain't no gamblin man, Mr. Story,' I says, but if you want to "On Smalls" ejaculated the sheriff make that offer good I'll bet you seven

> "'Are you crazy, man? says Story, 'You seen me count it.' "'I don't care,' says I. 'I'd jest as

"Well, the lightnin' rod man he took me aside, an' he begged me not to do takes off any from the sin of it. Paw's it, an' Story he said it wasn't sports manlike to bet on a sure thing an' he didn't want to rob me, but I knowed what I'd seen, an' finally I prevailed." "Old fool," seemed to be breathed upon the circumambient air in the tones of Mr. Dehus, but if Simon heard it he gave no sign.

> "I had \$8,000 here in the house I was calculatin' to deposit tomorrer, so I



"Them fellers is too sharp fer you." comes over an' slips off seventy o them hunderd dollar bills an' hurries back, afeered all the time that Story 'd change his mind afore I could git

"So that was what you wanted when you came home in such a rush 's afternoon," put in Mabel, with sudden enlightenment.

Simon paid no heed to the interruption. "We had some arguin' about the way the bet should be decided," he continued, "but finally it was arranged that little box I keep my deed an' thousan' in a tin box that the lightnin' od man happened to have in his rig. Then, he bein' a disinterested party, was to lock it up, givin' me the box an' Story the key. It was agreed that I sh'd take the box to the bank tomorrer. an' when we was both there George Story was to open it. If there was \$14,000 in it Story was to get it all. If they was a cent less it was to

> come to me. "Well, sir, I come home with that box, an' I never doubted no more than nothin' that there was \$13,900 in it, but I thought I'd like to count it afore I went to bed, so I opened it, an' look!" Here his voice rose to a wail. "Look what I found! Nothin' but a mess o' paper an' this here lefter."

He fished in the piled up mass upen the table until he produced the scrap of note paper, which he handed to Dehus. On it was scrawled:

Simon Unger-You have been bunkoed good and proper. You stand no chance of getting your money back, so the best Star. thing you can do is to say nothing. If you squeat you will only make yourself a laughingstock for the whole commu-

nity. Yours truly, THE THIEVES. The sheriff studied the missive a moment with pursed up brows. "What'd sists of rain falling when the air is be- store she found herself wedged in a the men look like?" he questioned low freezing point and congealing crowd. 'tention to him."

"Well, one of 'em-that's Story-was "with a black mustache"-

"Oh, no, paw," interrupted Mabel i considerable "forecasting" value.

"An' blue eyes," continued Simon. "Brown," corrected the girl. "An' black clo'es,"

"Blue with a thin white stripe in 'em. I noticed particular, 'cause it's almost the same goods Flo Thompson got for her summer skirt."

"What kind of shirt, shoes, tie watch chain?" replied the sheriff. "Oh, I don't know," replied the old man peevishly. "I don't take no stock "But I am goin' to try an' eatch them, Mr. Unger," put in Dehus

[TO BE CONTINUED. |

TAKING ANOTHER NAME.

Nothing In the Law That Prohibits

Making a Change. "Custom has made it almost univer sal for all male persons to bear the names of their parents," said an attache of the local court the other morning. "It seems natural that it should be so. Nevertheless there is nothing in the laws of this country prohibiting a man's taking another name, and no legal penalty is attached to his doing so. There is always, however, a possibility of its being attended with inconvenience and perhaps loss to himself.

"There is a way by which a man may change his name with the sanction of the law, and that is the only safe way. But the law requires him to assign some good reason for the change. Men have assigned various reasons for wishing to change their names. Some times a man wishes to drop his righ name because it is of foreign origin and difficult for an American tongue to pronounce. This may injure him is his business, as there is such a thing as prejudice even in this free and enlightened commonwealth; or his name may have in English an absurd or even vulgar meaning and subject him to unpleasant jokes; or it may as sociate him with some notorious crimi nal or be the counterpart of some name which history made infamous; or it may be misspelled and consequently mispronounced on his entry to this

"Frequently infants are left orphans or abandoned by the father after the death of the mother. In that case it is a frequent occurrence for relatives or neighbors to take a child and adopt it giving it their own name. In that case the party desiring to adopt must apply by a written petition to the court of the place in which he lives asking leave to adopt the child and change its name to that of the petitioner. The order allowing the adoption and the change of name must be filed with the court, so that the real parentage of the child may be subsequently established if

or outstanding commercial paper in the voice. He aftername which he seeks to abandon. If ward committed in any of these cases the court is satis. suicide "all for fled there are no objectionable reasons love of her." the order is permitted granting a change of name. The order must be er this incident anfiled with the clerk, and thirty days other remarkable thereafter the new name may be as adventure befell sumed. The granting of the notice Miss Carus. Like must within ten days thereafter be the preceding troupublished in a newspaper designated ble, this, too, was by the court.

"Thus the law protects the person the voice which who for good and sufficient reasons de. has proved such a sires to assume a name other than his potent factor in own. The order of the court being recorded, all the rights of the individual singer was a child. which may subsequently accrue to him under his original name are preserved. his identity being under the law fully established."-Washington Star.

BUYING A WATCH.

Filled Cases, Plated Cases and Good

and Bad Movements. "Not many men know how to buy a watch," said a jeweler, "and to a large extent they have to rely on the honesty of the dealer. So complicated is the business that even we go to the factories ourselves and arrange for speclal work in order to get the proper ar | made a hit in "The College Widower," ticl., for, of course, we could not as had a hard siege with typhoid fever say every case we receive.

"Now, how many people know the on the outer being thicker than the in- how to do it was the question. reputable houses. If a man offers you hurried to her. a case warranted for thirty or forty you buy it. When you see watches of here and look me fered for sale as gold filled for \$3 or in the face. I want \$4 depend upon it they are plated, and to ask you some-

mighty thinly too. "In the matter of watch movements," The nurse, surhe continued, "the buyer is really at prised and apprethe mercy of the dealer. In one big hensive, obeyed. factory about 3,000 movements are Miss Dressler lookmade every day. There is certain to ed her in the eye be haste in that sort of output, and the and said: name on the dial does not make up for | "There's no use imperfections. To avoid these a first your trying to lie class jeweler arranges for several hun- to me. I know what dred movements to be delivered a year has happened. Mother is dead." hence.

"A strictly first class movement re- cried the nurse. quires six months exactly in its pasginning to the finished product ready was all boarded up and deserted. watch, in its higher class, is the best ed over to it and tried to wrench the ments that you can buy for \$3 or \$4, face. It was mother." but they keep good time."-Kansas City

Silver Thaw. winter phenomenon of frequent occur- ing "elevator." rence at Ben Nevis observatory. It contemperature, which is lower on the face behind her. mountain top than at greater heights.

Of the

ETER F. DAILEY is a come dian who does not have to go far to find jokes. They are always coming his way. Not long ago he attended a matinee performance of one of the dramatic productions that did not "score a hit," as the critics say. On coming out of the theater he was accosted by a friend. "Been to the show, Peter? How was

"Oh, fair." "Big audience?" "No, they weren't big; I could lick the three of 'em."

Mr. Dailey sprang a joke in San Francisco awhile ago and in writing about it to a friend in New York ex plained it as fol-

PETER F. DAILEY.

"One of the popular table waters here is Bartlett water. Everybody knows about it, so I get a laugh by asking if two men who drink Bartlett water will be a Bartlett pear."

When the friend had thought the Joke over and digested it he sent the following telegram to Mr. Dailey: "Your pear joke is a peach."

Mr. John Drew, who is in the fore-

front of his profession, was recently interviewed. After some conversation relative to his liking for the name part in "The Duke of Killicrankle" the conversation proceeded thus:

"Have you any ambition in your profession that you have not yet achiev-For the moment Mr. Drew appear-

ed to be amused at the question. "That is certainly invidious," he remarked after a brief pause.

"Undoubtedly, but have you?" After carefully thinking the matter over Mr. Drew said: "Yes, I think I have." "What is it?"

"To be a better actor."

Miss Emma Carus is a singer whose colce has more than once turned the heads of her auditors. When she started out on the stage she sang at a great concert one night and struck the "When an adult applies for leave to beart of a foreign count who chanced change his name he must give his place to be in the audience. Several years of birth, residence, age and whether later she sang in the presence of a he is married or single and whether Nashville young man, who fell in love there are any judgments against him with her at sight, or on hearing her

> Immediately aftbrought about by

EMMA CARUS. turning men's heads ever since the

This time it was John L. Sullivan, who heard Miss Carus sing. He saw her after her performance and said in his most appealing tones:

"Say, youse made a hit wid me. Will ou marry me?" This laconic proposal appealed to the humorous side of Miss Carus' nature, and she told the fighter that she could

only be a sister to him. He was per-

sistent, however, and It was many

months before John was convinced that

his case was hopeless. Marie Dressler, who has recently several seasons ago. While she was III her mother died. The physicians kept the news from her. When the difference between a filled case and one young woman, who has made so many that is plated? A filled case, you see, theater goers laugh, became convales- dawned upon me. My jaw dropped.

side. Such cases are guaranteed not | Finally one night about five weeks | stare upon the fatal sign. to wear through within five, ten, fif- after her mother's death Miss Dressteen or up to twenty-five years, the ler awoke with a shrick and sat up in limit of the guarantee made by the bed wringing her hands. The nurse louder, but all to no purpose. A mo-

"Turn on all the lights," said Miss years you are going to be bunkoed if Dressler quite calmly, "and then come

thing."

"How did you guess, Miss Dressler?" "I didn't guess; I dreamed it just sage through the factory from the bel now. I went down to the house. It to offer for sale. Such goods are then broke in. The place was empty except stamped with the name of the firm for for a sofa lying in a corner of the which they are made and that firm has sitting room. Something was lying on to stand sponsor for them. The Swiss the sofa covered with a cloth. I rushmovement in the world today. Of covering off it. I couldn't for a long course there are cheap Swiss move time. Then finally I uncovered the

Mrs. Frank Pixley, the dashing young wife of the librettist, is a Cana-"Silver thaw" is a name applied to dian, so doesn't make the effort of say-

> In the rush hour at a department "Will you please tell me where the

Aubrey Boucicault, who is a son of the late actor and playwright. Dion Boucleault, is living up to the family name by writing plays and acting too. He has a great admiration for his la-Stage Folk mented father's genius and reminiscences about his sire. mented father's genius and delights in

"I remember well," he says, "sitting with my father in the Adams House in Boston and hearing

him discuss with Mr. Henry Guy Carleton his methods of constructing a drama. It sounded to me then like a recipe from a cook book - the formula of dispensing a prescription.

I was young and

AUBREY BOUCI

did not realize as I CAULT. now its precision, its correctness and its unerring method. 'First take your story and cut it into elimaxes of your acts. Cut your acts into situations. Cut your situations into scenes. Say who the scenes are by, what transpires between your characters, and serve hot or to be well shaken before taking." This was his recipe and his elixir for a drama."

Fred Frear, who plays Hadji, the private secretary in "Sultan of Sulu," is responsible for the following:

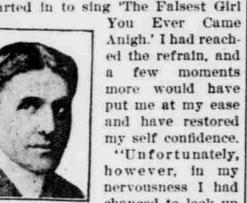
"I started out in the rain one day last summer, and I had no umbrella. I worried along debating whether to invest In one or not, but was deferred by the thought that I already had three umbrellas kicking about somewhere. When I got on Broadway I spled a man I presumed to be Walter Lawrence, our stage manager, who was carrying a fine silk umbrella. 'It's mine now,' he added fondly as he gazed at the work of art he held in his hand.

"As soon as I saw the man I presumed to be Lawrence I was so overjoyed that I rushed on him from the rear and, slapping him hard on the give me that umbrella!" "The man turned, and, to my amaze-

Arthur Dunn of "The Runaways" is days ago he purchased a book from a persistent agent chiefly in order to get rid of the man. While the check was being written the agent, feeling it incumbent upon him to make conversation, remarked, "I hear Jefferson de Angelis was robbed last week." "That so?" returned Mr. Dunn without looking up. "What did you sell him?"

William Norris, the comedian and character actor, who has recently created many a laugh in "Babes In Toy land," is a very versatile performer, but his first stage appearance in a bandon music hall was not very encouraging. It was at the hour when amateurs were tried. Mr. Norris re- tion and strife, is again in a state bor-

"I had a vague impression of a vast discontented with the conditions under sea of heads confronting me, and then which they labor, and the people in I started in to sing 'The Falsest Girl



chanced to look up toward the gallery. My eye was caught by an immense sign, ten or fifteen feet square, and I read in big black

'Gentlemen Will Please Not Throw Trotters' Bones at Actors on the Stage." "By 'trotters' was meant sheep's feet, which sold for a sixpence and which many of the workingmen in the audience ate while waiting for the performance to begin. I had gone as far as 'The false'- I never finished. The awfulness of the meaning in that sign is a composition that resembles steel, cent it was necessary, of course, to No words came from my paralyzed with a plate of gold on each side, that impart the sad intelligence to her, but throat. My knees rattled together, and my eyes remained fixed in a glassy

"The leader of the orchestra, seeing my predicament, had his men to play ment of perspiring agony ensued, when the voice of the stage manager called from the wings, 'Come off at once!' ment too soon, for a shower of bones before, and then followed a roar of popular demonstrations. A few weeks son's archives by nearly a hundred 'Boos!' like the enraged growls of some hundred wild animals.

"'You got off just in time,' said the manager. 'Now, quick, jump into this cab. You can change your costume on your way home.""

Safer Where He Was. The man who had been arrested for having eight wives was awakened by pered:

false keys and unlocked the cell doors, and we're all going to escape." "Look here," said the octagamist desperately, "unless you promise me that when you all get out of the jail you

will lock the doors carefully again I'll

raise a racket and expose your project." "Why, what's wrong? Don't you want to escape?" "Escape! You lock me in here and go on about your business. Don't you unusual, but the fact is the stepping know these steel bars are all that sep-

The Birds Interfere. "You know," said the Rev. Mr. Good-

arate me from my eight wives?"

man, "the Bible assures us that whatafternoon, but I didn't pay no p'tic'lar course this points to an inversion of the lift is?" she gasped to a florid, grinning ever we sow that also shall we reap." "Which proves," replied Subbubs, "Sure, miss," and a huge hand strug- "that the Bible isn't infallible. Suptall an' slim." hesitated the old man, and, being largely associated with a cy- gled upward and swept the wall space pose you sow garden seeds and your clonic distribution of pressure, it is of grandly. "This is the roight, and that's neighbor keeps chickens?"-Philadelphia Press.

OYAMA LOVES PEACE.

Great Japanese Warrior Longs For Days of Quietude and Rest. Field Marshal Oyama is by no means a man of prepossessing aspect, but since pictures were taken of him at the outbreak of the war with Russia he has grown a beard, which partially covers



FIELD MARSHAL IWAO OYAMA SEATER NEAR HIS QUARTERS. the pockmarks in his face and adds something to his martial air. The phoback, exclaimed, 'Look here, old man; tograph reproduced herewith was takseen before. I was covered with con- Petersburg. He is strongly and heav ed the umbrella and pressed it into my looks whenever a photographer by dint taken be had one between his fingers. Though so great a man in the mill

said: "My idea of happiness is to dispose of everything I possess that bebooks to read for the rest of my daysbooks that tell of happiness and progress and not of the terrible deeds of war. And I would gather about me my best old friends and little children. Then in the sunny days all would be happiness."

UNHAPPY POLAND.

Discontent Under Russian Rule Produces Frequent Uprisings.

Bussian Poland, which has so often in the past been the scene of revoludering on anarchy. The workmen are



OLD WARSAW CHUECH, WHERE POLISH PATRIOTS MADE LAST STAND. general are resentful of the efforts of the czar's government to Russianize their country and blot out all traces of its former existence as an independent | it to her. nation. The disorder in Warsaw, the capital of the kingdom of Poland in the days when the Poles had an Inde-Mechanically I obeyed, and not a mo- pendent national government, has been especially difficult for the Russian aufell from the gallery upon the spot thorities to control. The troops have the discovery of the Hudson river. where I had been standing a moment been very brutal in suppressing the Verrazzano must have distanced Hudsince there was a fight between sol- years. However, the Dutch and Engdiers and workmen in a square of the lish liaison in the matter is close. Hudcity of Warsaw, in which many per- son is appropriated by Dutch minds

dead by the wagon load. Warsaw has a population of about resented a Dutch East India company 800,000. Russia keeps a garrison of on its way to find the much sought 30,000 soldiers there to overawe the for northeast passage to India. He a fellow prisoner, who hoarsely whis- population and prevent a recurrence of explored the Hudson, going as far as the revolutions and insurrections of the the little town that bears his name, "Come on, sport. We've got some past. Since the dismemberment of and he himself has been transmitted Poland over 100 years ago the op- to posterity with such blended and pressed Poles have made several des mixed traditions as to constitute him perate attempts to regain their lost well nigh a half breed in people's nationality, but failure has each time minds. resulted. The picture shows the old | The names of the river are varied. church in Warsaw where the Polish It has been called Manhattan, the patriots made their last hopeless stand North river, the Great river, the in one of these revolts against Russia.

> Opportunity. You think that an opportunity must necessarily be something great and stone to the place above you is in the very thing you are doing, in the way you do it. It does not matter what it skin of a grizzly bear that I shot in is.-Success Magazine.

A Rensonable Hypothesis. Johnny-Pa? Father-Well? Johnny-Do you laugh in your sleeve 'cause localities in that latitude." that's where your funny bone is?-Town and Country.

\$4,000,000 worth of pepper.

Gems In Verse

It Rests With God. So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, such things to be, How know I what had need of thee. For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quenched that I foresaw, The head hath missed an earthly

I curse not nature-no, nor death-For nothing is that errs from law. We pass; the path that each man trod Is dim or will be dim with weeds; What fame is left for human deeds In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame, Fade wholly, while the soul exults. And self infolds the large results Of force that would live forged

-Tennyson.

At Set of Sun. If we sit down at set of sun and count the things that we have done And, counting, find One self denying act, one word That eased the heart of one who heard. One glance most kind That fell like sunshine where it went,

The drop of ink That, falling, may make thousands, even

the Newspaper Man's Picture of the

Then we may count the day well spent.

M'GAHAN AND SCOBELEFF.

Great Russian General. McGahan was the correspondent who first described to Europe the Bulgarian atrocities. What a brilliant creature he was, with his steel blue eyes, his face as delicately chiseled as though it were of marble, his lithe, light frame and that suggestion of absolute courage, iron resolve, underneath the almost feminine tininess of the features. He was one of the intimates of Scobeleff-indeed, the men were so attached to each other that Scobeleff nearly always insisted that en recently and gives a good idea of McGahan should share his tent with his appearance in the field supervising him, and McGahan was in the tent of ment, I discovered that he was not the movements of the armies which are Scobeleff the night after the disas-Lawrence, but some one I had never driving Kuropatkin back toward St. trous assault on Plevna. Scobeleff was, said McGahan, a wonderful picfusion and was about to apologize by built and more powerful looking ture of the horrors and terrors of war. when I observed that he was even than the average Japanese. He knows His face was black with powder, his more confused than I. He hastily clos- that he is homely and jests about his uniform was in rags, and his sword was twisted like a corkscrew. It is hand, with the remark: 'I-I beg par- of persuasion or stratagem gets him to evident from this description that Scodon. I didn't know it was yours,' and face a camera. Like Kuroki and so beleff took part with his own hand in vanished around the corner, leaving me | many other military men, he enjoys | some of the work of the day. There standing in open mouthed astonish- his cigar, and when the picture was was a sequel, by the way, to this picture. I am not quite sure whether McGahan published it, but he told it tary affairs of his country, Marshal to me. Scobeleff was always a dandy. said to have rather a sharp wit. Some Oyama does not love war. He once Even in leading a charge he was dressed with dandical precision. In the middle of the night McGahan was longs to the practice of arms and go | woke up, and he saw Scobeleff dressfar into the country with big boxes of ing himself with great care, putting on a new uniform and even perfuming his hair and clothes. And then came another transformation. Scobeleff, his elaborate tollet finished, sat down on his bed and burst into a shower of tears and a tempest of sobs, thinking over all his poor men who had been so vainly sacrificed in the attempt to gain the fortress.-London M. A. P.

SHE GOT HER BAGGAGE.

Mrs. Isabella Rishop Was a Self Possessed Traveler. Mrs. Isabella Bishop, whose travels in different parts of the world secured for her membership in the British Royal Geographical society, visited America when she was a young woman. She was unused to travel and was alone when she had the following experi-

Once in a train going to New York she was dreadfully tired, and yet she had a feeling that if she went to sleep the man sitting next her would pick her pocket. She struggled for some time against her inclination to sleep; but, having for a moment given way, she awakened to feel the hand of her neighbor gently withdrawing her purse from her pocket.

In her purse, besides some money, which was, comparatively speaking, of small moment, was her baggage check. That was the only thing that really mattered. If she accused her neighbor of theft, nothing was simpler for him than to drop the purse out of the open window beside which he was sitting. No; she determined she would leave any interference until they arrived at their destination.

She secured the services of a porter and, with apparent calmness, followed her traveling companion down the platform. Having described her baggage to the porter, she at the critical moment bowed slightly to the pickpocket and, with an airy smile, said, "This gentleman has my baggage check." And he immediately presented

THE HUDSON RIVER.

Who Was the Real Discoverer of This Picturesque Stream?

No Dutch or English man can affirm sons were killed and wounded, and the and has a Holland tradition round him. next morning the soldiers might have He came in a Dutch yacht called the been seen engaged in gathering up the Half Moon in 1609. His sailors were Hollanders and Englishmen. He rep-

Mauritas and in the year 1616 bore legally for some length of time the name Riviere Van den Vorst Moritias. -Marle Van Vorst in Harper's Maga-

The Mighty Hunter.

"Yes," says our host, "this is the the tropics."

"But," we suggest gently, "grizzly bears are only found in Colorado and

"I know," he replies proudly, "But I chased this fellow clean out of this country and shot him at last. I was Every year the world puts on its food clean out of breath when I got within range of him too."-Chicago Tribune.