

UNAFRAID.

So deep is the night, my brother,
But bright the coming day,
And the time for dawn and sunrise
Is never far away.

I'm watching here in the valley
To catch the first gliding rift
In the night clouds hanging over—
Gray clouds that soon shall lift.

Whenever night shades are deepest
Then loudest is my song,
In the shadow of the valley
Hope speeds my feet along.

Aye, deep is the night, my brother,
But bright the coming day,
And the time for dawn and sunrise
Is never far away.
—Los Angeles Herald.

ANDREW HANSEN'S DEBT.

ANDREW HANSEN spent an hour figuring at a desk in the outside office of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. His heavy brows were drawn over his gray eyes, and under an unkempt beard his mouth worked uneasily. When he finished, he strode over to the cashier. "You cheat me!" he cried, thickly. "By Jee, you cheat me twenty dollar!"

"Nonsense, Andrew," said the cashier, "you're off. Your account is just eighty-three dollars and six bits due you. Not a cent more. Our books don't lie."

The fisherman hitched up his trousers, and his voice fell two notes. "You cheat me," he muttered, foggily. "I bring in two hundred pound more fish. It's down in my book. See?"

The young fellow who had charge of the fish delivery books received gingerly the greasy pages thrust in at him, and rapidly compared the entries there with those in his ledger. Every now and then he jotted a number on a pad of blank paper before him, and when he had run through all the pages of the fish book he added together his jottings, and looked up with a weary smile. "You're wrong, Andrew," he said. "See here, where you've gone off your reckoning. This entry calls for only twenty pounds of fish, and you've read it two hundred. This here is forty-five pounds of steelhead, and you've made it salmon. You better be careful how you say we cheat you. You are trying to do some cheating yourself with a darned blunt pencil. Take your book and clear out."

The heavy-eyed captain of boat No. 845 loosed his neckerchief and pulled again at his trousers. "You cheat me!" he yelled, shrilly. "Ole, he put him down that way, and I know how much fish I bring in. I don't charge him in the book. You cheat me!"

A rough order to clear out was the only response, and Andrew blew like a porpoise. Then his clumsy tongue gathered articulateness, and he called down the curse of God upon the Astoria Crescent, with special reference to the white-faced cashier and Ole, the weigher. His strident tones resounded in the building, and presently the manager of the cannery came from his private office to see what the matter was. Andrew turned to him with a cry for justice.

"But your account is all straight," said the manager, after a quick glance at the book the fisherman held out to him. "What the devil do you mean by making such a fuss?"

"But Ole make the wrong number," Andrew expostulated. "He put down twenty pound of fish on your book when I have two hundred on mine. He cheat me!"

"If you make any more howl," said the manager, roughly, "I'll seize your boat. You owe us a hundred on last season."

There was a deep silence, while the huge fellow shambled back as if to gather himself for a blow. Then in some way he realized his helplessness and strove to subdue his voice. "It ain't right," he mumbled. "I owe you no-thing. I pay him all cap. Ole make wrong number. You can't take my boat."

Possibly the manager of the cannery was doubtful of his own position, or else he was incited by a charitable thought of Andrew's wife and small baby. He pulled a gold piece from his pocket and flung it at the fisherman. "Take this, Andrew, and don't let me hear any more of your nonsense. That's a brand-new ten-dollar piece, and I'll bet you spend it in a saloon, and curse me over your glass. Now clear out!"

Hansen looked at the money in his calloused palm, and then at the retreating form of the manager. "Clear out!" said the clerk, "or we'll throw you out, you darned beggar!"

Mrs. Hansen wept when her husband told her curly that she was to have no new dress. When he refused to buy a baby carriage for the first-born, there was deep gloom in the little house tucked up under the hill above the gas works. But Andrew did not explain, though he gazed a long time at the white-haired son, whose legs were sure, according to his mother, to be bent like the staves of a fish barrel did he have no carriage to ride in.

Two days later Andrew paid off his boat-puller. It took all the money to his credit at the cannery. Then he went out to the racks on which his net was hung, and worked there for a week. Later, he drew his boat out on the beach, and scraped and cleaned her through without painting a stroke. From that time till September 10th he sat on the wabbling wharf over the tide, and figured in his smeary fish book, and seemed to be nursing some secret sorrow, so that his acquaintances nodded their heads, and said with many oaths that Andrew was an ill husband, and was spending his season's wages in sullen drinking.

But when he quietly put his net in No. 845 on the 10th, and started out "fall fishing," the nods of head changed to open-mouthed astonishment. For Andrew was forerunner in his way, and enjoyed the reputation of making enough, even in a poor summer, to avoid the necessity for drifting to the Columbia in the later months.

Instead of six cents, fish now commanded only one cent at the cannery scales, and Andrew grew gaunt and haggard before September was out. One day he brought in two hundred

and fifty pounds, his biggest catch. His balance at the Astoria Crescent was bettered some nine dollars by two weeks' work. And Andrew had no boat-puller to share his profits, and toiled alone, and his alarm clock that warned him to wake and work when sleep was heavy upon him.

One Sunday at noon Andrew came down from the little house under the hill, shambling sullenly out on the wharf to where his boat lay nosing a fender pile. His pipe was gripped in his teeth, and he raged that the day should be so fine when he must go out and spend it in a dirty boat alone, while his wife sat in white anger at his parting silence.

After a slow look over the bay he jotted down the ladder, pulled his boat in sharply and dropped on the net-heaped amidships. Then with quick jerks he stepped the mast, threw off the riding line, and with a thrust of an oar was out in the stream. Five minutes later No. 345 was speeding across toward the deep calm in the lee of the Washington hills. Bowed in the stern was Andrew Hansen, clutching his tiller in one hairy hand and holding the sheet in the other. Only once did he glance back, to see if the fish warden's launch was still tied up by her dock. For Sunday, until six o'clock in the evening, is "closed."

Sunset found him below Sand Island stowing the last fathoms of his reeking net. A dozen poor fish ailed back and forth in the well to the tumble of the boat. Andrew flung in the last armful of net, and stood up to ease his aching back. His eye caught a solitary pink cloud riding high in the evening sky, and his gaze fastened on it truculently.

Gradually the ocean wind chilled, and the dusk came on like puffs of smoke before it. The crystal of the lee shores dimmed, and the bar leaped higher against the blackened embers of the west. The clear gleam from a lighthouse threaded the twilight, and No. 345 plunged wildly over gray combers. Still Andrew poised his bulk over the boat, and as the seas, rising with the tide, tossed it angrily, his grim face hardened. Before his mind rose the image of the manager who had cheated him, of the fellow fisherfolk who had looked at him quizzically, or hostilely, or pityingly. His big fists clenched because, were it not for one thing, he was strong enough to fend against them all. That one thing had ridden his heart till the very thought of it made his teeth fasten in his lips and the blood swell his veins to bursting.

With a sudden access of rage, he pulled out of his jacket pocket his fish-book and held its almost obliterated pages up before him. The crabbed scrawls of many weighers were jumbled in its rude columns. But hate knew the false entries, and his finger, shriveled by the cold brine, shook as it traced them out. Then the vision of the little home under the hill, a pale-faced wife, and a babe with tiny fists, blurred his sight and effaced the sordid characters. And then a sand-laden wave fell on No. 345, and flooded it till Andrew was knee-deep in water.

With a leap he seized an oar, swung the boat round till it met the next roller head on, and with a few swift jerks raised the sail. The wind was getting up fast, but in pure defiance he put in the sprit, and, before No. 345 could yield dangerously to its pressure, drove the boat into the eye of the gale with another sweep of the oar, and then fell upon the tiller. The fish-book floated in the water among the slimy chums.

It was black night, and Andrew set to scanning the lights before running up the bay. The roar of the surf was growing shriller and the foam that blew past him was alive, not dead from long drifting. In his wide sweep of the river's mouth he caught sight of a strange light off the south end of the bar. He looked again and again. He forgot his wrath in this new matter, and peered under the foot of his shaking sail, careless of the fact that his boat was half waterlogged and that his catch was slopping about in the bottom. Andrew knew that that glimmer was on another boat, and from its position he also knew that it was driving into the terror of all who use Astoria Bay, the chops off Clatsop Spit.

Then his anger came over him again. Had it not been for the false entry in his fish-book, and the harsh injustice of the manager, he would not now be out in the night, helplessly watching some unknown fellow struggling with death. He seemed to catch a glimpse of a smart house, with a red fire in a grate, and the manager of the Astoria Crescent toasting himself and talking to his wife. His own clothes were sour upon him, and the brine hardening about his eyes made it torture to look into the wind. Then, with a defiant curse at the transient vision, he stooped to his net, and, raising it fathoms at an armful, thrust it over the side. It is the last sacrifice a Columbia river fisherman makes. But out in the tossing surges of the bar he saw still a wavering light.

Unburdened, No. 345 answered her helm quickly. With one hand on the tiller Andrew baled in wild haste with the other, throwing the water to leeward and looking to the lashings of the heavy ballast-bags. Then, when all was clear as he could make it, he dexterously unid his cumbersome jacket and stuffed it under the thwart. Another lull in the wind allowed him

to unlash a second oar, and he, with this in reserve, settled himself down stolidly to his task.

The breasts of the fishboat threw the waves aside in blinding spray as he heaved the chops, and when a roaring sea swept across the tumbling raffle Andrew tautened every muscle. The sea passed in thunder into the darkness, whither he dared not look, and left the sturdy craft still heading on the starboard tack toward the feeble gleam in the murk ahead. The sail was wet to the top of the mast, and from the folds where the sprit wrinkled it the wind blew the water in white foam. Then a short expanse of less troubled sea intervened, and Hansen managed by a quick leap and hot return to throw the sprit out. He was just in time; for a mountain of water shut out the wind, and as the boat fell away, broke in boiling foam. Two minutes later No. 345 was again on her course, half filled, hard to hold, and dipping deeply at every plunge. But the light was close aboard and the fisherman saw to leeward of him the blotted outlines of a small yacht. It was under bare poles, and every lurch sent the spray soaring toward the shrilling stars from its bluff sides.

When he got within a hundred yards of it Hansen shouted and luffed. The gale bore him down on the yacht in an instant, and as he was driven past he saw a man wave his arm frantically, and then the light went out.

Steady No. 345 with one powerful hand on the tiller, keeping her almost in the eye of the wind, Andrew Hansen waited. Suddenly his free arm went out and caught something. A strong pull, and a white face was lifted to the thwart; with a wrench that started his joints, he dragged a girl into his boat. Still he waited, edging up a little whenever he saw the chance, but still waiting. An arm was flung out at him from a rush of foam, and again Andrew snatched his prey. This time it was a man, and he fell beside the girl. "Is that all?" yelled the fisherman over them.

There was no answer, and again No. 345 was steered into the wind, though the streaming waves now carried a thrill that warned the fisherman that but little time was left to try the last chance.

But no other form was seen, and when a towering wall of spumy water tossed the capsized yacht within ten fathoms of his boat, Andrew eased the sheet from about his leg, and then started on his way to catch the thread of the tide. He knew that for three hours yet it would be flooding in, and he felt that no mortal hand could save No. 345, unless he could make this in-streaming current, and there lie to until he was beyond the clutch of the devouring bar. So inch by inch he ate his way out, rushing his plunging boat over the smaller waves, and hanging her lightly on the sheer steps of crumbling combers only to flirt her over when the cataract fell.

Time and again No. 345 rolled in helplessness till her skipper could furiously clear her of some of the in-pouring water; and he gave little heed to the man and the girl lying across his feet, except to avoid them as he moved. But his efforts told, and foot by foot he crept out of the edge of the chops and into the more regular wildness of the deeper channel.

Once out of the deadly trap where every surge carried death, Andrew relaxed a little and peered down at the two people he had saved. When he got a moment's breathing space he put his hand on the girl and she stirred under it. The man shuddered to his knees and threw his hands out to the fisherman. Satisfied, Andrew threw his weight on the tiller and eased the sheet slightly. Five minutes later they stemmed the main rush of the tide, and Andrew tied the oars together and made them fast to the painter, and threw them overboard so that No. 345 rode to them, shipping no more water than could be baled out. Then Hansen pulled out his flask and addressed himself to his passengers.

It was nearly dawn when Andrew threw his boat's nose in by the wharf of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. He clambered forward and groped for the ladder. When his hands grasped it he made the boat fast and climbed up to the roadway. He returned with a lantern and set it at the ladder's head. Then he went down into the rolling craft again and picked up the girl. Followed by the man, he bore her up the ladder and set her down on the planks. The other stopped in the feeble light of the lantern and fumbled in his sodden clothes. Andrew glanced at him, and awkwardly stooped to wring the water from the girl's skirts. She shivered, and laid her cold hands on his, and spoke to him through her chattering teeth. He replied with a gesture, and picked up the lantern. His pale rays fell on the face of the manager of the cannery, who was dragging out his purse.

"You've saved our lives," said the manager, hoarsely. "If I can ever do anything for you, say it. Take this now."

Andrew thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt and pulled out a handkerchief. He unknotted it, and there rolled into his palm a coin, glittering moistly. With a jerk he dropped it into the manager's hand, and strode to the ladder, taking no notice of the purse held out.

"But where are you going?" asked the other, shivering with the chill. "What's this for? Ain't you going to—?"

Andrew halted on the ladder, with his grim face at the level of the planks. "You cheat me!" he said, harshly. "You make wrong number, by Jee!"

The manager stumbled hastily forward. His foot struck the lantern and knocked it overboard. As his glimmer vanished in the black water he called, shrilly: "Where are you going? Come back and let me pay you?"

There was no response. But in the faint light No. 345 put out into the channel again. Andrew was going to retrieve his net, if haply he might find it, and as he settled down in his reeking clothes he glanced up to the little house tucked under the hill above the gas works, and smiled. He was thinking of his honor, now unstained.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Lamb's rush into Wall street where the old sheep fear to tread.

WILLIAM E. H. LECKY.

Noted Historian and Parliamentarian Who Died Recently.

William E. H. Lecky, who died in London recently, enjoyed a wide reputation in English-speaking countries as an historian. He was born near Dublin, Ireland, in 1818, and was educated in Trinity College, Dublin. It was intended that he should become a clergyman in the Irish Protestant Church, but on leaving college he abandoned the purpose and turned to historical work. His first publication was "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," in which he sketched the lives of Swift, Flood, Grattan and O'Connell.

"The History of Rationalism in Europe" and his "History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne," published in 1865 and 1869 respectively, established his reputation, but the "History of England During the Eighteenth Century," which occupied him for nearly twenty years, being completed in 1890, gained him his chief distinction, especially for its lucid style and impartiality. The chapters dealing with Ireland have been published separately in five volumes. His other writings partook mainly of the character of essays, chiefly on modern subjects.

By his discussion of contemporary politics in the work entitled "Democracy and Liberty," published in 1890, his doubts as to the outcome of certain tendencies in modern democracies aroused considerable criticism in America as well as in Great Britain, and in republishing the work his depreciatory estimate of Gladstone directed attention to many points in that statesman's career open to attack. He entered Parliament in 1895, representing the University of Dublin. Many of his works have been translated into foreign languages.

QUEER STORIES

Strange to relate, more people live to be centenarians in warm countries than in cold ones.

The notion that a wet season in England is followed by one in Australia has been disproven by H. C. Russell. The belief prevails in China that women who wear short hair will in the next world be transferred into men.

In Wales there are 500,000 people who cannot speak English; in Ireland there are 30,000 who speak only Irish, and in Scotland there are 40,000 who speak only Gaelic.

Fish kept in filtered water will die. This is because the nutriment in the fluid has been filtered out of it. What is nutriment to the fish, however, proves injurious to mankind when it is taken in a beverage.

The last Congress created 11,310 new offices and employments, at an annual compensation of \$7,927,629. As the Congress also abolished 1,815 offices, the net increase is 9,501, with an aggregate of \$6,986,158 in salaries and wages.

There is great grief at Rouen, France, where the famous bell known as "Rouvel," which for an uninterrupted period of 600 years has rung the curfew, has just exhibited a serious crack. It is feared that repairs are impossible and that the bell will never ring again.

Concrete strengthened with steel—or ferro concrete—is being used for water mains in Belgium. For moderate pressures—that is, heads below sixty-six feet—a skeleton of steel bars of double-T section is prepared, some of the bars running lengthwise of the pipe, while these are wrapped with a spiral of similar bars spaced according to the pressure to be borne. The skeleton, in lengths of ten feet, is placed in a vertical mold, which is then filled with quick-setting cement. For greater heads, up to the maximum of 138 feet, the basis of the pipe is a steel tube one-twenty-fifth inch thick, with a steel skeleton both inside and outside.

Women Lawyers. Since the Paris bar has been open to women, not a few members of the fair sex have taken advantage of the new privilege accorded them to plead at the Palais de Justice.

The pioneer in this direction was Mlle. Chauvin, whose debut as "advocate" excited a great deal of attention and whose presence in cap and gown made a great sensation at the Palais. Her debut, moreover, had the effect of setting the fashion among the Parisiennes of wearing the white cravat of the French lawyers. Since Mlle. Chauvin's debut in 1899 curiosity has died out to a great extent, and no bad effects of the law have been noticed. It is even possible that, if the good results could have been anticipated, the law would have passed the Chamber by a unanimous vote, instead of by 319 to 174. As a rule, women lawyers have had men as their opponents at the bar, and one could imagine himself in a sort of judicial salon, if compliments and gallant speeches were the criterion.

But the other day two women lawyers found themselves antagonists in a case. It was funny to see the embarrassment of the judges, for each lawyer did her best to captivate the bench. Unhappily, the bench could not get out of the scrape by awarding the victory to both sides, so the chivalrous judges took refuge under a well-known formula and reserved their decision for a fortnight.

An Excellent Housekeeper. Mrs. Knicker—So she is a good housekeeper? Mrs. Bocker—Yes, she says she hates to think that her ancestors are dust.—New York Sun.

When the average man writes his name on a hotel register it looks like a Chinese prescription for chills and fever.

SOUTH WATER STREET CHICAGO



Most of the streets of a great city, regardless of how widely diversified their interests may be, hold some few things in common. But South Water street, Chicago, is an exception. There is nothing else like it in any particular, certainly nothing in Chicago that can parallel its jolly, hearty cosmopolitan atmosphere, its ever-present good fellowship, its deafening battle and roar during the day and its unearthly stillness and unbroken solitude at night. Here are no undemocratic frills. Along the street many men of large wealth and some millionaires do business, but they are guarded by no private office railed off from the inquisitive eyes of the crowd, nor is there any ceremony to be observed if you want to approach them. These heads of South Water street stores are nearly all at work before 8 in the morning and it is very little short of 6 when they leave for home at the close of the day. During all of this time, with the exception of a scant hour for lunch, they are right down in the heart of the yelling, hustling crowd with their eyes on every detail and with more than a nodding acquaintance with every drayman and operator on the street.

South Water street is the one thoroughfare in Chicago in which no family lives over night. Every block of its length is crowded tight with two or three story brick buildings, but there is not an inch of these utilized for living rooms of any character. There is no space even for the cot of a night watchman, for here, though millions of dollars' worth of business is done in a week, there is very little if anything to attract thieves. It would certainly be a bold robber who would try to get away with potatoes or beets or cabbages enough to pay him for the risk.

The coming of daylight and the starting of business are simultaneous. Long before the sun struggles through the mist of the lake, steamer whistles that daily announce the arrival of hundreds of tons of fruit and produce begin to scream and soon freight trains are rolling in from California along the tracks bordering on the north side of the river, loaded down with grapes, melons and garden truck, and bound for the warehouses where a few hours later auction sales are held to dispose of them. There is no gradual growing of the bustle. It seems to spring into life within half an hour and the transformation is a wonderful one. By 6 o'clock the wagons are on the move and a few minutes later the din of clattering hoofs on the slippery cobblestones is deafening.

When 7 o'clock comes the wagons that have been pouring continuously into the narrow street for over an hour, till one wonders how any more can possibly squeeze in at all, begin to back up in front of the stores, either full of great heaps of produce from the trains or boats or waiting for their turn to be filled with goods destined for hotels, restaurants, department stores, groceries and fruit stands all over the city.

SHARK MADE A QUICK TRIP.

Traveled from the African to the Florida Coast in Two Days.

A prominent government official, who has returned from a visit to Palm Beach, Fla., tells about seeing a huge man-eating shark that was captured at that place, says the New York Tribune. It was one of the biggest sharks ever caught in Florida waters and was evidently a sailor of many years. The animal measured over 18 feet in length, had a sword attachment that was as long as an arm and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as one of the man-eating variety—a dangerous beast.

The shark was caught by a shark fisherman. He used a large rope for a line and had a windlass as a reel. At the end of the line was a huge steel hook and this was baited with a large bright tin can. The shark bit at the bait and was entrapped. He was landed after the roughest time the fisherman ever experienced. It was the interior of the fish, however, that excited the greatest interest. When he was cut open a whole porpoise was found in the stomach. There was also a large piece of partly digested shark and the head of an ostrich. The piece of shark inside the monster was out of the back and contained the backbone of the dead animal.

A careful examination showed that the backbones were larger than the backbones of the captured shark. A number of scars on his body showed that he had been in conflict with another shark and the finding of a piece of the adversary showed that the conflict had ended in the death of the opponent—that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the man-eater was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one ostrich farm in Florida and when that institution was communicated with the owners said they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in one minute's time is well known to travelers and there is no doubt that the shark had been in African waters and had captured an ostrich or the head of one that

You would hardly expect to find very much of an artistic touch among such matter-of-fact surroundings, and yet there is no thoroughfare in the city that has such beautiful color contrasts as this. Almost from one end to the other the eye lights everywhere on great masses of color of every conceivable shade—the bright yellow of bananas, the fragrant green of great barrels of watercress bunching out between big lumps of ice, the variegated kale, golden pumpkins, the tens of thousands of baskets of grapes with the bloom of freshness still over them, the quinces and peaches and plums and pears, the varying shades of green represented in unripe tomatoes, the heaps of cabbages and young onions, the barrels of glorious red and pink and yellow apples, boxes of carrots and parsnips and snow-white Chinese radishes, mountains of peaches in all their bewildering sun-kissed shades, bundles of fragrant horseradish done up so fearfully tight that you feel sure its circulation must be seriously interfered with; brown plantains, the glaring glossy red of enormous peppers, thousands of crocks of golden butter, and cheese in its many delicate shades of yellow—all these things mingle in one long revel of color that makes a sight of this street a delight to one who sees its beauty and mingles with its bustle for the first time.

Here and there the sidewalks, instead of being burdened with heaps of grape baskets or orange boxes, are filled with crates of clattering chickens, the stately geese that stick their heads through the slats of their cages and survey the scene with a solemnity that makes us believe they know what is in store for them. The meat men crowd out everything else in the block between 5th avenue and Franklin street, and you can see nothing but a wilderness of carcasses, butchers, drivers in white and blue jumpers, and hundreds of the well-known stock yards wagons, with their magnificent teams of gray and their clanking trappings.

Up and down the narrow alleys, between the piles of goods, men with loaded trucks race along, passing one another, in some miraculous way, without upsetting anything or running over anybody. The wagons are continually moving off from the front of the stores and going out of the street loaded with merchandise, half a dozen seem to be coming in for every one that leaves, and there is no abatement in the rush and stir. In this indescribable confusion, with the thoroughfare choked and with wagon wheels interlocking each other everywhere, there are fewer accidents and altercations between drivers than on any other street in the city. The reason for this is simple enough. Every driver who ventures into South Water street knows the unwritten rules for the guidance of himself and his team by heart, and, being fully aware of the disastrous consequences if he transgresses any of them, he is extraordinarily careful.—Chicago Record-Herald.

had been killed and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest.

AN UNFAMILIAR DIALECT.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which the cockneys speak, it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

The woman who wished to see the city all by herself. Somebody told her that if she went to the terminus of some bus lines—it did not matter which—and waited a little, she would hear the conductor call out the places on the route, and then could choose that which she wished to visit.

She found a place where buses were arriving and departing, and waited. She heard many curious names, but failed to understand much that the bus men said. Every now and then the man on the step of a bus would call out, "Moblotch! Moblotch!" and she wondered what part of London "Moblotch" might be. She had never heard of it before, and she had been studying London for six months. At last she ventured to address a conductor who looked approachable.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said, "where one takes the bus for Marble Arch?"

The man looked at her pityingly. Her American accent was thick upon her, and he perceived also that she must be deaf. He leaned toward her and drew a long breath. Then he bellowed: "This is your bus, ma'am!" and began to shout, "Moblotch! Moblotch!" The visitor had let seven "Moblotch" buses go because she never once guessed that that is the way Marble Arch is pronounced in London.

Brave in Face of Death. One of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena is recalled by the recent feat of the Spanish torador Reverte. It occurred at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued to charge wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wound-

ed to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident.

The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

Changed His Mind. It is a wise father who knows just which story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. One day he met his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with:

"Hallo, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest 4-year-old in town. She said—"

"Excuse me, old man," exclaimed Jackson, "I'm on my way to keep an engagement! Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jackson is the handsomest man I know! Haw, haw! How's that for precocity, eh?'"

And Jackson replied:

"Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy shop and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

Tolerates Nothing Home Made. Mrs. Gaddie—I see you're going for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet?

Mrs. Nurich—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.—Philadelphia Press.

"Dye know, Hooligan, you look like the devil wid a mustache?" "Yis, I'm goin' to shave it off." "Lave it on, ye'll look worse widout it."—Life.