

THE GIRL WITH A MILLION

By D. C. Murray

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Well," said Mr. Frost, "What is up now, sir?"

"I came over with Dobroski from Belgium this morning," said O'Rourke.

"With Dobroski?" returned the visitor. "Dobroski has an introduction from me to you. Unless he has to know it—that is to say, unless he finds it out by coming here while you and I are together—he need not know that we have met today. He has a plan which will serve our purpose perfectly. With his name behind it, I think it certain that our people will accept it."

He sketched Dobroski's nightmare rapidly, and Mr. Frost listened.

"There is ability in it, of a sort," he said. "As a fool-trap, it has merits, but it won't act."

"There are great advantages to you and to me in this plan, wild as it looks," replied O'Rourke; "but Dobroski must be handled with extreme care. I send him to you in the first place because I can trust your acuteness and your self-interest. I want him to be treated with perfect deference. I want him to be greeted with enthusiasm. I want at first an air of consideration for his plan, and then a fiery acceptance of it. I am going back to Belgium. I have important business there, and I shall be compelled to leave the matter in your hands. Perhaps if you manage it to my satisfaction I may be of service to you. I am not altogether without influence, and I may have something to do with the nomination of the auditors."

"I am at your service, Mr. O'Rourke," he said, "and I will do my best. To tell the plain truth, there has been a good deal less in the business than I looked for, and it carries a good deal of danger with it."

"I think we have said almost all we have to say," O'Rourke said, rising. Frost looked him forward with a beckoning finger.

"Not all on my side. Listen to this and don't flare out, now. There's an empty house in the Old Kent road. Now, don't flare out. I'm going to give you nothing but the number. You'll do yourself a very considerable service with the British government, and you'll provide something for the Times to get up and howl about, and you'll be of the greatest use to me on the other side of the water. Come now, Mr. O'Rourke. It's a capital thing all round—good for you, good for the newspapers, creditable to the police, and good for me. You stand secure in the confidence of the government, and they'll catch nobody. The stuff's there to be seized, and for no other earthly purpose. I ought to know, I reckon, and we do want a splash of some sort real bad."

"Is everybody absolutely safe?"

"Absolutely safe. I guarantee it."

"Very well. Good afternoon, Frost."

"Good afternoon. Shall I see you again before you go?"

"I think not. I shall probably start tomorrow. Remember, the utmost deference and enthusiasm for Dobroski!" Mr. Frost nodded and took his way. "A very finished rascal is Frost," said the patriot to himself when the visitor had been shown out of the front door. "But capable. It took me a year to find him out, though I was guided by that shifty eye of his. It is surprising to notice how very few of these fellows think it worth while to study manner."

CHAPTER IX.

There was only one thing just now that troubled O'Rourke. He wanted to get back to his hearse hunt, and he did not want to leave Dobroski in his lodgings to bring there any mad theorists and blood-thirsty dynamiters who might choose to gather about him. But Dobroski himself saved him from this dilemma.

"You will not think, sir," he said on the second morning of his stay, "that I do not value your hospitality. But I shall be more free to move if I am away from you, and shall still, after the publicity of our joint arrival here, be able to communicate with you with perfect freedom."

O'Rourke was more than politely regretful at parting from Dobroski, but he recognized the wisdom of the proposal, and the old man took lodgings at a quiet hotel much frequented by Continental people who were not of the conspiring class. This left O'Rourke free to go back and pursue his suit, and he had written a hasty looking note to Dobroski to say that he was unexpectedly called to the Continent, when a serving maid brought up the card of no less a person than his friend Maskelyne.

He hardly knew what to make of the visit, and could only conjecture that Maskelyne was here to make some sort of appeal or protest, with respect to Angela. But he stood with a look of friendly expectancy on his face, and held the door of his room back with one hand while he reached out the other in welcome to his friend.

"Why, Maskelyne, old fellow, what brings you in London. Come in, old chap, come in."

Maskelyne shook hands cordially enough, but with extreme gravity, a gravity unusual even for him.

"Dobroski's staying with you, I believe?" he said, questioning. "I have an important message for him. I followed him to Brussels, but could learn nothing there until I found out last night that you and he had come over together, and that he was actually staying with you."

"He was, until this morning," said O'Rourke. "I wanted to show these people here that an Irishman isn't afraid of sympathizing with him. They were talking about our getting into holes and corners at Janenne, and seemed to think that I dare not own the grand old fellow in London."

"Where is he staying now?" Maskelyne asked. "I want especially to find him."

"What?" cried O'Rourke, gayly, sitting down at his desk to write the address.

"Is Maskelyne also among the anarchists?"

"No," said Maskelyne. "I'm an orthodox there as elsewhere." "If this speech expressed any inward bitterness, neither voice nor manner declared it."

"You're going back to Honfroy, I suppose?" said O'Rourke, in a casual friendly tone as he wrote.

"Well, no," said Maskelyne. "I fancy not. Or not at all events for a time."

"Oh!" cried the other to himself, energetically applying a blotting paper to the address, and looking round smilingly at his friend. "Beaten out of the field already."

"Do you go back to Janenne?" asked Maskelyne.

"I start to-night," returned O'Rourke. "I promised Farley to go back again." Of course Maskelyne saw through that little subterfuge, and of course O'Rourke knew he would.

"To-night?" said Maskelyne. "You'll do me a service, won't you?"

"Try me," returned his friend, with smiling seriousness.

"I'm staying at the Langham," Maskelyne said. "There's a lady there—an American—whom I knew at home. She's going to visit Brussels, and except for her maid she's alone. Neither she nor her maid speaks a word of French, and I shall be obliged if you'll put yourself at her service in case she wants anything."

"Certainly, certainly," cried O'Rourke. "Do I know her?"

"I think not," answered Maskelyne. "She's a youngish widow, rather pretty, and suitably rich. A Mrs. Spry."

"And what state of riches might a poor man like yourself care to call himself?"

"Well," said Maskelyne, with a smile, "I think two millions may deserve it."

"Two millions?" O'Rourke whistled and then laughed. "Dollars?"

"No. Sterling."

"Two millions sterling?" Maskelyne, I ask you seriously, as a man of money, do you think there is such a sum? To an Irishman and a journalist it sounds fabulous."

"Yes. It's large, isn't it? But people seem to go for all or nothing in our part of the world. They're not afraid of risking what they have. They are not afraid of risking what other people have, either. The poor girl's husband only died six months ago."

In due time O'Rourke sent out for a cab and drove to the Langham, carrying his simple baggage with him. Maskelyne received him, and wore his customary manner with perhaps an extra shade of gravity.

"And now for the lady," said Maskelyne, when the repast was over. "I must introduce you." He rang the bell, and on the servant's entry, made him convey his compliments to Mrs. Spry, and to ask if it would be agreeable to her to receive him. "You may say," he added, "that Mr. O'Rourke is with me."

The man came back in a very little while to say that the lady would be pleased to receive Mr. Maskelyne and his friend, and led the way to a handsomely appointed sitting room. The lady before whom O'Rourke stood bowing a moment later was small and plump, and carried her head on one side with a pensive coquetry. She had large eyes, and a rather coquettish little nose, turning up at the tip. When she smiled she showed white, small and regular teeth. Her hands were small, delicately white, and very helpless looking.

"Prettyish," said O'Rourke to himself. "She's worth a score of Miss Butler." But perhaps he saw her through an atmosphere of dollars.

"Of course you know of Mr. O'Rourke already?" said Maskelyne. "He is one of the notabilities on this side of the water, and is pretty often heard of on our own."

"I have the pleasure to know Mr. O'Rourke already," said the lady, in her purring voice—soft, languid, American. "I heard him speak at New York. I was very much impressed by your address, Mr. O'Rourke."

They set out for the railway station, where they were joined by the young widow, who wore a traveling dress of tweed, cut in such a manner as to display her pretty figure to the best advantage, and a wondrously enticing little cap of tweed to match the costume.

The bustle of departure began to grow rapid and urgent about them. Maskelyne shook hands and went his way, and O'Rourke and the charming widow found a carriage. It was empty, and the young man made no demur about accompanying the lady, and the lady gave no signs of displeasure at being accompanied.

There was still a soft twilight in the streets, in which all objects could be plainly seen, but the gas was already slight within the station, and a lamp burned in the carriage roof.

"I don't think," said Mrs. Spry, "that women ought to be so helpless as they are. It's the fashion to be helpless. We can't get outside the fashion—can we now? But it's the tyranny of mankind that makes it."

"Don't you think," returned O'Rourke, with his bright face beaming and his manner at the same time full of gentleness and deference, the sweetest good-humored politeness and zephyr in combination— "don't you think that ladies tyrannize over us much more than we over them?"

"You don't think that," she returned, setting her little head rather more than ever on one side, and looking at him out of her big, expressive eyes. "You don't really think it, Mr. O'Rourke."

"I think it," declared Mr. O'Rourke, and at that instant the train began to glide out of the station. "But for my own part I don't object to the tyranny."

CHAPTER X.

It was night in London, and a summer rain falling. Mr. George Frost sat in a dingy apartment illuminated by a single candle, by the light of which he was scribbling unmeaning phrases on a dirty sheet of letter paper.

"No grub, no funds. Thirty-seven pounds dropped last night. I'll never

touch a cent again. I wonder how often I've sworn to that? But a man's back must change some time. It can't go on forever like this."

A knock at the street door broke the thread of his groggings, but he went on pacing still, and did not hear a step which came blundering up the staircase and halted outside his door.

"Come in!" he cried, in startled answer to a rapping on the panel, and a slatternly servant girl pushed her head round the edge of the door.

"Here's somebody for you, Mr. Frost. Gentlemen with a portmanteau. He didn't give no name."

"I'll come down and have a look at him," returned Mr. Frost, taking up his candle. Four separate flights of dirty wooden stairs, uncarpeted, brought him to the hall. Frost, holding his candle high, advanced toward the shadowy figure of his guest. "It's you!" he said, with an odd laugh. "Come upstairs."

The guest, seizing the portmanteau, mounted after him, and the dingy apartment at the top of the house was reached.

"Is this the palace you continually live in?" asked the guest, with the faintest possible trace of some foreign accent in his voice. "I had expected from your last letter to have found you in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at your side. Oh! you have been at it again, I suppose," said the visitor, making a movement in imitation of the dealing of a pack of cards. "Isn't it time you dropped that? Haven't you lost enough by this time? What should you have done if I had not turned up?"

"I don't know," Frost answered, carelessly enough. "But I was thinking at the very minute when I heard you knock at the door, and saying to myself, 'I'll drop it.' I'll tell you the truth, Zeno—"

"Tell me as much of the solid truth of your constitution will allow, but do not call me by that name. Wroblewskoff will answer. It's a jawbreaker, but it's very easy when you come to know it. Well," said Mr. Zeno, smiling still, "this is the advantage of talking over things. I have lived in New York a year or two. You know me there. You meet me here. You know me to be a safe man—a man to be depended upon. You introduce me to Dobroski— Well, at what are you staring?"

"I will see you boiled in oil," returned Mr. Frost, with extreme slowness; "I will see you cut up so extremely fine that a microscope won't find you—and then I must introduce you to Dobroski!"

Zeno got up from his seat, and kneeling on the floor unstrapped his portmanteau and took therefrom a razor case, a small metal soap bowl and a brand new shaving brush. Frost watched him in silence.

Zeno took off his coat and threw it across the back of a chair, then produced a pair of scissors, and taking a great handful of his beard, sliced it off before the glass; then another, and another, and another, until he was close cropped all over the cheeks and throat and chin. Next he attacked the mustache, and cropped that also so close as the scissors would go to the skin. Then pouring a little hot water into the metal bowl, he began to lather himself with great energy, and then to shave. Even to himself the metamorphosis he produced must have seemed more than a little droll. Under the razor he came out no longer Greek and austere in contour, but chubby, with flat round cheeks, and a chin very curiously thrust forward and pointed, and beneath the lower lip and the base of the chin there was a good half inch in length less than one would have expected to find. The change was amazing, and when Mr. Zeno drew a spectacle case from a waistcoat pocket, set the glasses on his nose, and, removing a wig, appeared with half an inch of sandy natural hair below it, and a forehead an inch higher than it had been, the disguise looked impenetrable. He took a handkerchief from his coat pocket, rubbed a corner of it on the soap in his shaving bowl, and applied it vigorously to his lips. The corner of the handkerchief went crimson, and Mr. Zeno's cherry lips grew pallid and dry. He soaped and moistened another corner of the handkerchief, and scrubbed at his eyebrows. The handkerchief became black, and the eyebrows sandy, like the hair. Then he resumed his coat, set the two candles upon the table, drew a chair between them, and sat down.

(To be continued.)

Could Swallow the Earth.

A queer little animal is the one called the "slipper animalcule," but which men of science call "Paramecium." The most wonderful thing about this little creature is the rapidity with which it multiplies. By a beneficent provision of nature they seem to become exhausted and die after the 170th generation. A naturalist points out that if a Paramecium family should have a run of luck and all members live for 350 generations they would crowd every other living thing off the earth and be themselves in bulk bigger than the whole planet, while if they were to have enough luck to survive to the 300th generation the sun, moon and stars would be floating in a universe of them. These little creatures are plentiful in stagnant water.—Chicago Tribune.

Beginning the First Tiff.

Mr. Younghusband (reading from paper)—Married—Blanche De Smythe to Walter Wellington Beere. What old memories that name awakens!

Mrs. Y. (blushing)—I never imagined you knew of my engagement to Walter.

Mr. Y. (chillingly)—I was alluding to Blanche—Tattler.

Very Likely.

Jenks—Is this a monkey trick, to turn out the lights and leaves us in the dark like this?

Mrs. Coe—Indeed, I feel real nervous in this similar darkness.—Baltimore American.

Not a Good Dodger.

"I'm afraid this motoring craze will be the death of me."

"I didn't know you had an auto?"

"I haven't; but I've got a game leg."

—Houston Post.

Rapid Growth of the Finger Nails is a sign of good health.

RELIGIOUS

A Missionary Box.

"Listen, girls!" said Aunt Lois, when the sewing circle had settled itself to work, and needles and tongues were merrily busy. "Here's something that will interest you." And she read from a newspaper an item in which appeared the name of Rev. Philo A. Townsend, and some good thing he had done.

"What of it, Aunt Lois?" asked one of the younger women. She was "Aunt Lois" to them all, and they were all "girls" to her.

"Why, that's the man we packed a missionary box for—let me see—it must be forty years ago. I don't suppose any of you remember, but I do. He was a student then, and a bright one, too, but had to stop for a while for lack of money. We had no minister at the time, and he came here as a supply. Everybody liked him, and said he would grow to be a great man if he could only finish his education. But that was the trouble. He was in debt already, and our church was small and couldn't do much to help him, and I don't know whether he ever could have succeeded if we women hadn't taken hold and helped."

"We made him a missionary box. We knit stockings, and made underclothing—good warm flannels, too—and ever so many useful things. He hadn't spent much money for such things, I'm pretty sure. And besides the useful things, we put in a good many nice little knick-knacks and notions."

"I remember that box just as well, and how we sent it to him when he first got back to school. He wrote us a beautiful letter of thanks. And now he's pastor of that great city church! I tell you, girls, this society has done some real good things."

"Do you suppose he remembers it?" asked one of the members.

"I believe I'll write to him, and see," said Aunt Lois.

The next meeting of the little society found every one ready to hear the letter which, as they had learned already, Aunt Lois had received. The man had not forgotten. He remembered the very day of the month on which he received the box, and Aunt Lois's letter reached him almost exactly forty years after. It brought back his earlier gratitude with new meaning when he recalled it all through the memories of forty years. Aunt Lois removed her spectacles twice to wipe them while reading his letter. Then she recalled some of the sacrifices which the little society had made in the doing of such deeds in the years of its history, and added, "But just one letter like that is enough to pay for all the work of the forty years."

Further inquiry had been made by the members of the society, who now told what they had learned of Mr. Townsend. The good work done for him had been passed on to others. A man who did good in many ways, he had taken a special interest in young people who had to struggle. He had given financial aid to at least fourteen young men to enable them to complete their education. He had been a discoverer of genius. One of his proteges was a writer of note. Another, whom he had adopted as his own son, was a sculptor, and had recently completed for a Western city a ten-thousand-dollar statue which critics praised highly.

"O girls," said Aunt Lois, when these things were rehearsed, "when I think how far a little good goes, when once it gets started, and how it keeps on multiplying itself in ways we can never know, I take new heart, and it makes hard work easy."—Youth's Companion.

Growing in Grace.

There are two ways in which a tree grows. It grows in its roots and it grows in its branches; and if you prevent it from growing in one of these respects it will not grow in the other. If you wall a tree round below and do not allow its roots to expand, it will very soon cease to grow in its branches. There are two ways in which the Christian grows. He grows in personal holiness of life and conversation, but he only grows in outward conduct because he also grows in the knowledge and love of God. Upon the depth and reality of his relation with God his moral and religious character will depend. As God becomes more and more to him "a living, bright reality," so his personal life and character become more fully developed, and the beauty of the Lord will be exhibited in his conduct.—W. M. Hay Altkin.

The Prayer Life.

Prayer, not only in the morning watch, but prayer sent voiceless from the heart from hour to hour, makes life wakeful, hallowed, calm. It becomes beautiful with that beauty of God which eye hath not seen. And day being hallowed thus, do not omit to make holy the night. Take by the power of prayer, through the wild land of dreams, the sanctifying presence of One who loves us. Prayer continually lived in, makes the presence of a holy God the air which life breathes, and by which it lives, so that, as it mingles consciously with the work of the day, it becomes also a part of every dream. To us, then, it will be no strange thing to enter heaven, for we have been living in the things of heaven through prayer life here below.—Rev. J. C. Jackson.

True Faith.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Not in Christ,

but on Christ. Mark that little but great word "on." It is not enough to believe "in" Christ Jesus. Millions of unconverted people believe in Jesus, just as they believe in Howard as a noble philanthropist, or in Newton as a teacher of science. But they do not trust their souls to Jesus. When a miner looks at the rope that is to lower him into the deep mine, he may coolly say, "I have faith in that rope as well-made and strong." But when he lays hold of the rope, and swings down by it into the tremendous chasm, then he is believing on the rope. It is not a mere opinion—it is an act. The miner just lets go of everything else and bears his whole weight on those well-braided strands of hemp. Now that is faith. And when a human soul lets go every other reliance in the wide universe and hangs entirely upon the atoning Jesus, that soul believes on Christ.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

A Prayer.

Father in Heaven, Thy name is love, and our hearts would be filled with the great passion. If we possess heavenly love we shall know the secret of life. May all that is noblest and sweetest in thought and pure desire flow about us to-day. Give us tender sympathy for the downcast and sad and unfortunate, and give us true affection for those near and dear to us in the home. We seek rest to-day—may we find it. We want soul refreshment after the toil of the week—may it come to us. Touch the springs of our nature so that there shall arise in us a joy that nothing on earth can take away. Wipe the tears off all faces, and give strength and courage to the weak, and a strong hope for good in the days before us.

The Wise Use of Mistakes.

It is not the chipping off of the diamond's surface that polishes the diamond, but it is by the wise use of the diamond dust or chippings, in the hands of a skilled lapidary, that the diamond's polish is finally secured. It is not the making of mistakes that makes a man, but it is the wise use of mistakes that enables a man to be made—to become a polished man in his best sphere. Whenever we see the light and glow of a beautiful character, we may know that its illuminating power came through its slow polishing by its own diamond dust, at the hands of the Great Lapidary.—H. Clay Trumbull.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME GOTHAM.

First Applied to New York City by Irving in "Salmagundi."

This name Gotham was first applied to the city of Manhattan in a book of humorous sketches called "Salmagundi," written about 1807 by Washington Irving in collaboration with his brother Peter and the poet Paulding. It was evidently intended to suggest that the people of New York made undue pretensions to wisdom, and that there were both satire and wit in the suggestion is shown by the story of the original Gothamites.

Gotham was a parish in Nottinghamshire, England. The old story tells how King John wished to pass through the parish. The people there, fancying that the passage of the king over a route made it a public road, decided to prevent the transit by all pretending to be crazy.

Therefore, when the king and his party arrived they found every one of the inhabitants employed in some peculiarly foolish task. Thus, a group were joining hands around a thorn-bush to keep a cuckoo from getting away; some were trying to drown an eel, others dipping water with a sieve, and so on.

When the king saw these performances he swore at the people for a pack of idiots, and, turning, departed with all his retinue. The Gothamites were delighted with the success of their scheme for turning aside the king, regarding it as superlatively clever.

After this Gotham came to have the reputation of being a sort of headquarters for conceited fools. In the time of Henry VIII, a book entitled "The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham" was published. Among these was the story of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham," one of whose exploits was to go to sea in a bowl.—Housekeeper.

From the Bountiful East.

A small proportion of the flora is indigenous. The majority came from the east, like all the great ideas on which our culture is founded, and were developed and improved on this classic soil. Italy received the lemon and the orange from the Semites, who in their turn had obtained them from India. The olive, the fig, the vine and the palm were grown by the Semites long before their cultivation penetrated to the west. The laurel and myrtle, indeed, are indigenous in Italy, but their use for ceremonial purposes came across the Mediterranean from the east. The home of the cypress is not in Italy, but in the Greek archipelago, northern Persia, Cilicia and Lebanon.—From Strassburger's "Riviera."

Then There Was a Row.

"Now, sir," she commanded, "look me in the face and deny, if you dare, that you married me for money!"

He raised his eyes until they were directed to her countenance and faltered:

"Well, I think I earned the cash, don't you, dear?"—London Mail.

She Was the Girl.

The Widower—I've always said that if I married again I should choose a girl who is as good as she is beautiful. Miss Willing—Really, this is very sudden, George, but I accept you, of course.—Pick-Me-Up.



- THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN**
- 1420—English defeated by Joan of Arc at Patay.
 - 1497—Cornish rebels defeated at Blackheath.
 - 1535—John Fisher beheaded for denying the supremacy of Henry VIII.
 - 1643—Hampton killed at battle of Chalgrove.
 - 1675—First stone laid for St. Paul's cathedral in London.
 - 1812—War between England and the United States commenced.
 - 1813—Wellington defeated King Joseph of Spain at Vittoria.
 - 1815—Power of Napoleon I. crushed at the battle of Waterloo.
 - 1817—Waterloo bridge, across the Thames at London, formally opened.
 - 1837—Hanover separated from Great Britain by the accession of Queen Victoria.
 - 1838—James K. Paulding of New York became Secretary of the Navy.
 - 1842—Shanghai captured by the British.
 - 1848—Isaac Toucey of Connecticut became Attorney General of the United States.
 - 1849—Russians defeated the Hungarians at Pered.
 - 1856—Republican national convention at Philadelphia nominated John C. Fremont of California and William L. Dayton of New Jersey.
 - 1864—The Alabama sunk by the federal gunboat Kearsarge.
 - 1887—Steamer Champlain burned in Lake Michigan; 22 lives lost.
 - 1888—Republican national convention at Chicago nominated Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton.
 - 1890—Mary Anderson, the actress, married to Antonio Navarro.... City of Fort de France, Martinique, nearly destroyed by fire.... England ceded Heligoland to Germany.
 - 1893—Lizzie Borden acquitted of the murder of her parents at Fall River, Mass.
 - 1894—Many persons killed by an earthquake at Yokohama and Tokio, Japan.
 - 1895—Harlem ship canal, New York City, formally opened.... Jury in the Laidlaw-Gage case returned verdict for the plaintiff for \$10,000.... Baltic canal opened by Emperor William.... The Rosebery Liberal ministry in England resigned.
 - 1897—Queen Victoria began the celebration of her jubilee.
 - 1898—Thirty-seven spectators drowned at launching of the British battleship Albion.
 - 1900—Republican national convention at Philadelphia nominated McKinley and Roosevelt.... First attack on the legations at Peking by the Chinese.... Taku forts in China captured by the allies.... Baron von Ketteler, German minister to China, murdered by a mob in Peking.
 - 1901—Gen. Chaffee appointed military governor of the Philippines.
 - 1902—Serious riots at the strike of silk dyers in Paterson, N. J.
 - 1903—George White, a negro murderer, burned at the stake in Wilmington, Del.... Great strike of textile operatives at Lowell, Mass., ended.
 - 1905—Eight persons killed in wreck of the Twentieth Century limited train in Ohio.
 - 1906—United States Senate approved of the lock canal for Panama.... King Haakon VII. and Queen Maud of Norway crowned.
- American Landlordism Curbed.**
- The village of Rhinebeck, N. Y., near Poughkeepsie, has drawn attention to a certain tendency toward landlordism on the part of the wealthy land class in America by taking action to limit the private estate of John Jacob Astor. Astor's estate, which already comprises 2,500 acres and touches the village boundary on two sides, was about to be extended by the purchase of another large farm, when a wealthy resident of the town bought the farm, with the avowed purpose of checking the further extension of Astor's property. The purchaser has formed a home-building syndicate, with the intention of placing the contested tract of 300 acres at the disposal of small home-seekers, part of it to be reserved for public use. In the last few years Mr. Astor has destroyed at least twenty-five dwelling houses, has exterminated one village, and disposed of several public institutions, in order to create an extensive private park, or hunting ground. The property is known as Ferncliff, and Astor's intention is to extend it to 10,000 acres. Much of the land bought up now lies unused, awaiting the perfection of the larger scheme, thus tending to restrict the increase of taxable land values.
- Sure Thing.**
- "By the way, Jack," said the deaf girl, dreamingly, "don't you think you'd better speak to father this evening?"—Philadelphia Press.
- There's a Reason.**
- Bill—Why is it you never hear of a football umpire getting slugged like the baseball umpire?
- Jill—Because the football players are too busy slugging one another.—Yonkers Statesman.