

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER X.

As early as possible the following morning, Sheila Fraser ordered her waiting, dressed her hair, and, without waiting for breakfast or gown, left home in a hasty cab for Craiglands. She wanted to be first at an interview with the duchess. Much depended on how she acted now.

"If I can just drop a few hints, and so prejudice her against that girl, not all Mrs. Fraser's sweetness, or her daughter's artfulness, will have much to say to me," she thought.

She had diverged a little from the ordinary route to Craiglands, because there was a better road by so doing, and as she trotted along slowly, she suddenly came upon a dog cart, in which was seated Beverly Rochford, looking wonderfully handsome in his fur-lined coat.

"Miss Fraser, this is an unexpected pleasure," he said, as he lifted his hat and motioned the groom to take the reins. "You are out early."

"I am going to Craiglands, to make inquiries," she said smiling.

Beverly only smiled, but she saw at once that he attached a good deal of meaning to this hasty ride. He got down from the cart.

"Drive up and down until I am ready, Jones," he commanded, as he walked up to Sheila's horse and stroked the smooth neck. "Is there, then, so much cause for anxiety?" he asked.

Sheila pursed her lips. She resented his manner, and she did not quite understand it, either.

"I feel that it would be altogether a pleasant and a wise arrangement if you and I called ourselves friends," Beverly said, after a slight pause. "We have so much in common."

"I don't think I understand you," Sheila was startled into saying.

"I must try and explain myself clearly. I know the reasons of your hasty visit to Craiglands. It is not sympathy that takes you there, but something more akin to self-interest. Oh! do not be angry, there is no occasion, for, my very dear young lady, I can give you perfectly right. You see, although you may credit you with any great amount of sympathy, I have plenty myself. Believe me, I am quite sincere. Just now, Beverly went on, "I said I thought it would be not only a pleasant, but a wise thing for you and I to become friends. Union is strength, you know, Miss Fraser; a good old maxim."

"Don't you think you had better leave conclusions alone, and speak out straight, Mr. Rochford?"

"I will," he answered, quietly. "Sheila, we are both persons of determination and ambition. My ambition takes one form, yours another; but on one point we are alike—we would sacrifice much to gain our ends; would we not?"

Sheila's cold gray eyes flashed as she nodded her head.

"You hate the girl; I hate him! You are determined that John Glendurwood shall make you his wife; I am as equally determined I shall make her mine. Arrived so far, the rest doesn't matter."

Sheila drew a sharp breath. She loathed him for his shrewdness in having read her mind so clearly, but his words had brought a new aspect altogether.

"It is for you to suggest," she said, speaking swiftly and in low tones. "As you said just now, union is strength, and so—"

"So you agree to be friends, eh?" Beverly smiled.

He had never had the smallest fear of failing. He had not watched Sheila so carefully these past days for nothing. He held out his hand as he spoke and Sheila put hers into it.

"Have you any plans?" she asked, abruptly. She was no longer so eager to be gone. One glimpse at this man's smiling, handsome, evil face told her that he would do all he wished. Even in the midst of the satisfaction that came with a rush, she could not repress a feeling of jealousy and envy that he should love Audrey and be indifferent to her, Sheila.

"I will tell you more when I return from London. My journey there is not wholly unconnected with this matter. And now, I think I must say 'Au revoir.' I sincerely trust you will find Lord John not so bad as rumor reports. Carry my sympathy and regards to her new grace; she is a charming woman, and will make an altogether excellent mother-in-law."

Sheila smiled mechanically, and gathering up her reins, she rode on. She gave a sort of shudder as she went, and the memory of Beverly's dark, shining eyes lingered with her. She felt, somehow, so powerless when she was with him.

Sheila always felt a thrill at her heart as she rode or drove up to Craiglands. Now as she passed up the avenue and drew rein at the covered doorway, a man with powdered hair and grave face came forward to meet her.

"Her grace's love, miss, and she begs you will excuse her this morning; she does not feel equal to leaving her lordship's room. She begs, also, to thank you, miss, for having taken the trouble to ride over and make inquiries."

"Does Dr. Sentence think there is any danger?" she asked, and there was genuine anxiety in her voice.

"Dr. Sentence considers his lordship's condition very serious," replied the servant.

Sheila rode back to Dinglewood cross and anxious. She met Dr. Sentence coming down the avenue, and stopped to question him.

"The poor fellow has not recovered consciousness yet," the medical man answered. "I have telegraphed up for Rawson and Lockley. Miss Fraser, it is horrible, a dastardly affair, and for the life of me I can't understand it. Lord Glendurwood never seemed to have an enemy in the world; but upon my word this looks to me like a malicious attack. It has turned out he had not to nothing in his pockets. Of course, his watch was valuable. But who on earth is there about here who could have borne him a grudge for anything he has ever done or said? I suppose you have sent for further police assistance, Miss Fraser?" he went on.

Sheila confessed she had not even thought of it.

"Are not the Mountberry men sufficient?" she asked.

"This is pre-eminently a case for an astute detective," he said, "and I should telegraph up at once to Scotland Yard, if I were you. As the affair happened in your grounds, of course, it would be pleasant for you to have it sifted thoroughly."

"You are quite right," Sheila said, warmly, although she could have struck him with her whip for daring to dictate

to her. "I will send up to London at once."

As she said this, the thought of Beverly Rochford came into her mind, and all at once she determined to learn his address from Mrs. Thorngate, and telegraph to him to send down a detective, why, she could scarcely have told.

## CHAPTER XI.

It was long before poor Audrey closed her tired, aching eyes that eventful night; she had shed no more tears after that one passionate outburst; she felt too much pain and anxiety for this natural relief. All she could think of was Jack Glendurwood, lying alone in the bracken, insensible, half murdered. She accepted her mother's tender comfort, in her eager, dreamy way. All the sudden joy and pride that had sprung into being early in the evening, as she listened to the story of her birth, seemed to have vanished beneath this great sorrow.

The sun was shining high in the heavens when she opened her eyes, and found her mother bending anxiously over her. Constance Fraser gained strength at sight of her child's suffering. She was now the strong, courageous woman; she put aside all her invalid ways, and rose supreme to the moment.

"Look after her well," she said to Marshall, as she donned her outdoor garments, and prepared to drive over to Craiglands.

The duchess, proud, self-reliant, self-possessed, as she was generally considered to be, was after all only an ordinary woman, with a mother's heart beating quick and strong in her breast. Her two boys had been her darlings from the earliest days of their childhood; she had never been so fond or so proud of her one daughter, who was too much like her father in nature and character to prove a comfort to the other parent.

The tears came to the mother's eyes as Constance Fraser, after speaking all the consolation and sympathy she could think of, mentioned the countess's name.

"I will stay with you till Gladys comes," she said, gently. "I am sure there is much I can do."

"Gladys will not come," the duchess answered, quietly enough; and then all at once she broke down. "Oh, Constance! My dear! My dear! I know only too well—and Jack, my bonny my dear, good, noble Jack!"

Then Constance knelt beside her and cheered her again.

"You are alarmed by this insensibility; it is nothing; it often happens with concussion of the brain. I prophesy that in a week's time you will have Jack out of bed, or very nearly so. Now I want you to look at me; don't you see a change in my face? Yes, I see you do; shall I tell you all about it?"

And then, as gently, as briefly as she could, Constance bared the secrets of her heart to her friend.

"And you have found your child, Constance? I am glad. I rejoice, my dear, in your happiness. You must let me see her soon. I shall love her for your sake and for poor Frank's; he was a great favorite of mine."

Constance Fraser covered her face with her hands, and when she drew them away it was ashen white.

"Hush!" she said, almost inaudibly; "do not let us speak of him. The pain is too deep, too great. Such horrible remorse comes over me when I begin to think that I fear for my reason. I know now I was deceived, that I doubted him wrongly; but—but that is all I dare let myself know just yet, it makes my heart bleed."

The duchess bent and kissed the sweet, white face.

"Have courage! Remember your child!" she whispered.

"I do! I do!" answered Constance, brokenly. "In her I must live again. God-mamma, I want you to promise to befriend her, to stand by her always."

"For your sake and for hers, I promise this, Constance; she shall never want a friend while I am alive."

John Glendurwood's condition showed no change, and although Dr. Sentence declared he would pull his patient through, he nevertheless felt much doubt and anxiety as to its ultimate success.

"It is the mind that is keeping him back," he declared over and over again to Mrs. Fraser, and at last ventured to express the same idea to the duchess.

Then very same evening as Constance was dressing for dinner, a carriage arrived from Craiglands with a hurried message from the duchess.

"Would Mrs. Fraser kindly drive over as soon as possible—her grace wished to see her particularly."

Audrey sat before the fire in her mother's room; she was clad in a pretty little white gown made in picturesque fashion, and her hands already had lost the work stains that had seemed so out of place on them. She was scarcely conscious of what was going on around her. The past few days had sapped her strength, she cared to do nothing, could do nothing but sit and wonder how her beloved, her hero, was. How little did she guess that, as she sat there, fearing, dreading every fresh moment, that her lover was thus speaking her name as Constance Fraser bent over his bed.

"He has called her so often," his mother whispered, with quivering lips. "Oh, Constance! My dear, you will do as he asks! It may be his last wish."

Constance pressed her lips on the brow above those eyes that, only a short time ago had been laughing and sparkling with life, happiness and manly vigor.

"Be comforted," she said, gently, for she was not lying on the edge of that dark, dread river? "It shall be as you wish."

"And—Audrey—my wife—before—I die?" the words were uttered so faint they were scarcely audible.

"And Audrey, my child, shall be your wife at once, without delay."

A smile of joy radiated the poor young fellow's face; he tried to clasp her hand, to murmur thanks, but he could do nothing but lie there, helpless as a child in his utter prostration.

## CHAPTER XII.

The following morning, before Constance Fraser had had time to compose her thoughts, and begin to prepare her child for what lay before her, Sheila came into the room.

Audrey was lying very quiet in her little bed, and the other girl noticed, with anger in her heart, how exquisitely lovely was that pale young face, pillowed among the delicate lace-edged linen and shadowed by the pink-lined curtains. It made her even sadder, in her jealous hatred, to notice what daintiness the

mother already gave to her new-found child.

"I came to tell you," she said, very abruptly, "that I am going to London for a few days. Janet will accompany me. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

Mrs. Fraser shook her head. Sheila went away in total ignorance that the most vital turn in events was to take place immediately.

It was no unusual thing for her to go to London for a few days, as she was a shrewd business woman, and superintended nearly all the movements of her affairs. This time, however, there was nothing that would demand her attention, except this former marriage of her father's widow.

She determined during her absence from Dinglewood to go herself to Broadborough and make full inquiries about Audrey.

"I will not rest till I have full and complete proof that she is Frank Anstruther's child. If only I can be successful and discover any law, I think I shall know how to make it disagreeable for Mrs. Fraser and her charity girl."

To Sheila's annoyance she found that Mr. Chester was in possession of every fact relating to Audrey's birth, and in a very short time placed these facts before her.

"There is not a shadow of doubt, Miss Fraser," he said quietly, "that this young girl is Miss Anstruther. I have been myself to Broadborough and made every inquiry, and if these inquiries had failed, the appearance of the registration of birth and the marriage certificate would settle the question. I have been down to the church where Miss Gascoigne married Captain Anstruther, and have procured another copy of the certificate. Here it is."

"Which is so much worthless paper, considering that Captain Anstruther was married at the time and had a wife living," Sheila remarked.

"I am happy in being able to assure you that this romance is not true, and congratulate you that your stepmother has at least one joy left her in life. Fate has treated her harshly, poor lady."

She arose abruptly, and went away. As she re-entered her hotel, she saw a pile of luggage being carried in, and in her preternaturally sharp way she recognized the livery of the footman, who was superintending the portmanteaus and baggage horses, as that worn by the servants of the Earl of Daleswater. She whispered to her maid, Beecham, to find out if the family were about to stay at the hotel, and passed upstairs with the first sensation of pleasure she had experienced for some time, which grew stronger as she learned that the countess and her children were expected upon the following day from Daleswater House.

(To be continued.)

## WASTE PUT TO GOOD USE.

Millions of Dollars Saved in Various Kinds of Byproducts.

Great changes have taken place in recent years in making use of what was once considered absolutely waste material and as a result many millions of dollars have been added to the wealth of the nation.

Sawdust was looked upon at one time as waste material, but during the last few years a process has been discovered which has given sawdust a value greater than that of solid lumber. By the use of hydraulic pressure and intense heat the particles are formed into a solid mass capable of being molded into any shape and of receiving a brilliant polish. The only materials used are sawdust, alum and glue. Imitation marble can be manufactured from a mixture of sawdust with ivory waste, water, glass and glue. In Norway acetic acid, sawdust, naphtha, tar and alcohol are pressed into a commercial scale out of sawdust.

Factories have been erected in this country and in Europe for converting pine needles into forest wool. This is used for mattresses and furniture, for manufacture into hygienic articles such as underclothes and chest protectors.

The principal use of sawdust seems destined to be in the production of sugar and alcohol. It is practically pure cellulose and easily convertible into these products. For many years bituminous coal operators threw away slacks as waste. Now it commands at the mines 75 cents a ton. The increase is largely due to the demand coming from makers of cement. Formerly they bought lump coal and pulverized it. Now they use slack. Quartz rock was not long ago considered worthless. Now glass is made from it. Coffins, tombstones, bricks, tiles and similar articles can be made of this glass.

Packing establishments have a long list of byproducts. The blood of the slaughtered animals is congealed and manufactured into buttons and is also utilized in the production of albumen for the use of calico printers, the sugar refiner, the tanner and others. The bones are used for a score of different purposes, being manufactured into knife and toothbrush handles, chessmen, combs, backs of brushes, mouthpieces of pipes and various other articles.

Black hoofs are used in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium for gold extraction and also ground up to make fertilizer. Many articles, such as glue, fly paper, sandpaper, gelatine, glass, curled hair, bristles, wool felt, laundry soap, ammonia, etc., are now made from the former waste products of the slaughter.

The annual value of the byproducts of the packing industry, all of which are manufactured out of what was considered waste material thirty years ago, is approximately \$290,000,000. Cotton seed very long ago was waste matter, giving considerable trouble to get rid of, but in 1900 the byproducts from cotton seed were valued in this country at more than \$42,000,000, which has probably doubled by this time. An official of the Standard Oil Company is authority for the statement that for the last ten years more than one-half of the profits of the company have been made out of the manufacture of byproducts.

## Nothing But the Truth.

Buncum—My physician tells me I am working too hard.

Marks—The M. D. evidently knows his business.

Buncum—Why do you think so?

Marks—I have been comparing notes with a few of our mutual friends and I find you have worked us pretty hard.

Only one out of every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate their golden wedding.

# Passing of the Louisiana State Lottery



History of the Scheme which took More Money from the People than the Mississippi Bubble and which Uncle Sam has just suppressed

THE HONDURAS NATIONAL Lottery Company, better known under its original name of the Louisiana State Lottery, has been forced out of business by the Federal government. Twenty of the officers and employees of the concern are under indictment. The death knell of this biggest lottery company in the world has been sounded.

Bigger than the "Mississippi bubble," known in State and national affairs, known in every civilized land, the Honduras company has made probably not less than \$25,000,000 for its owners during its existence of more than thirty years. With its operations have been associated some of the great men of Civil War times, and throughout its life the names of some of the proudest of the New Orleans creole families have been linked with it without effort at concealment. In the place of its birth, New Orleans, the lottery company was an institution. As a lawbreaker its place in the nation has been unique and its history of absorbing interest.

The forerunner of the old Louisiana State Lottery was that known as the Alabama lottery. This concern has been lost to the memory of the present generation, although it did an enormous business, especially in the South. In the days following the Civil War, the charter of the Louisiana company gave it a monopoly not only of the lottery business but of the "policy" business in New Orleans. This policy privilege was of enormous value, but in the end proved the undoing of the lottery company.

In formulating his original plan, the shrewd Dr. Dauphin had considered well the fact that the lottery company must depend for its ultimate success on a belief on the part of the public that the drawings of the company were, in fact, pure chance, and that all prizes would be paid without quibble to the holders of "lucky numbers."

He knew that the concern could prosper only as the public had confidence in it. Dr. Dauphin hit on the plan of placing the drawings under the supervision of men whose very names would be a guarantee to the public that the lottery was as honestly conducted as was possible.

It was in this way that Generals Beauregard and Early were brought into the scheme. The former lived in New Orleans and the latter in Virginia. Both were men of much popularity, especially in the South, where they were popular idols. Their distinguished services for the Confederacy in the Civil War placed them in positions in the public mind but little below that which had been occupied by General Robert E. Lee. Financially both of these distinguished soldiers were in straitened circumstances. The Louisiana Lottery Company offered each one of them \$20,000 a year to act as consultants for the company and to supervise the drawings. This was as far as the connection of either with the company went. Not more than two days' work each month was required of them, and for these two days they each received \$2,500.

Spectacular Drawings.

In the early days of the lottery the public monthly drawings were held in the various New Orleans theaters, but later the company erected a building for administrative purposes in St. Charles street, and in this building a hall for the drawings was provided. Generals Beauregard and Early were in complete charge of the drawings. The plan of the drawing was this:

On 100,000 slips of paper an inch wide and six inches long were printed that many numbers. The numbers were in large type. Each of these 100,000 slips was rolled tightly with the number on the inside, and the roll was inserted in a case consisting of a section of small rubber hose about an inch long. These 100,000 tubes were then dumped in a hollow wheel about five feet in diameter and two feet thick.

The wheel was made of two glass discs joined at the periphery with a thin wooden band as wide as the wheel. In this band was arranged a slide which could be opened and a hand inserted into the hollow wheel. On the stage near this "number wheel" stood a similarly constructed wheel one-third the size. In all the scheme called for the giving of 3,434 prizes at each drawing; and the smaller, or "prize wheel," contained that many of the small rubber tubes minus the number of "terminal" and "approximation" prizes. In each of these tubes was a slip of paper containing figures representing each prize.

Thus equipped, the commissioners were ready to begin the drawing. For

spectacular effect two boys from the local asylum for the blind were chosen to draw the tubes from the wheels. A robust negro turned the cranks, mixing the rubber tubes in the wheels thoroughly. Then one of the blind boys drew a tube from the big wheel. A man selected by the commissioners for the purpose extracted the rolled slip from the tube, held it up before the audience and announced the number. At the same time the other blind boy drew a tube from the "prize wheel" and the announcer called out the sum called for by this slip. This prize, then, was drawn by the number drawn from the other wheel at the same time. The drawing required hours and usually was largely attended.

So thoroughly were advertised the features provided for the insuring of an honest drawing that the public soon became convinced that there was no chance for jugglery, and so long as the company existed the buyers of tickets purchased in the utmost confidence that if they did not win it was not because of unfair drawings.

During the late '80s the feeling against the policy part of the scheme had grown strong in New Orleans. Policy gambling had run riot for years. It had taken such a hold on the servant and poorer classes that they could not be trusted with either their own or other people's money. A maid sent to the store for supplies stopped on the way to play policy with the money given her by her mistress. The city was demoralized. It was at this time, under the Howard administration, that the lottery got into politics. The "policy" and "anti-policy" parties sprang into being. The leader of the latter was United States District Attorney Parlange, a Christian gentleman to whom the evils of policy appealed most strongly.

Death Blow to the Lottery.

The issue was whether the charter of the company was to be renewed by the State of Louisiana. The scandals of this fight—the charges of bribery and other muck-raking—are still fresh in the minds of many. It was at this time that the company came into malodor throughout the nation. When the smoke cleared away it was found that the "anti-policy" party had won.

The finish of this fight compelled the Louisiana company to find a new base of operation. Experienced lottery men declare that Mexico would have been the logical location, for there lottery was looked upon as legitimate, and the government accepted from the lottery company a tax on gross receipts. But Honduras, instead of Mexico, was chosen. This was fifteen years ago, since which time the concern has been known as the Honduras National Lottery.

Its legal residence abroad, however, did not change the fact that most of its sales were in the United States. The enactment of the Federal law prohibiting the transmission of lottery matter through the mails was a severe blow to the business, but not as serious as was supposed at the time, as the express companies promptly began the work of carrying the contraband matter. As the government fight grew fiercer even the express companies de-

clined to handle the tickets and lists, and the company was forced to distribute them by messenger.

The profits of the Louisiana lottery during the years of its existence can be approximated from known figures. For instance, the largest month's business ever done by the company was the last month before the removal to Honduras, when \$2,400,000 was taken in by the lottery. It is probable that the profits from the lottery have not been less than \$25,000,000, all told. The plan of operation called for the distribution each month of 55 per cent of all money taken in for prizes. Agents' commissions averaged 20 per cent, administrative and miscellaneous expenses averaged 5 per cent, which left 20 per cent of net profit. The gross income of the company figured on this basis must, then, have been at least \$125,000,000 during its life.

Before the government began its fight on the Louisiana company a winning ticket was known to be as good as a certified check and express companies and many banks cashed them. It is not only likely, but almost certain, that had the Louisiana company not debauched the State with policy it would have secured a twenty-five-year extension of its charter. But the policy game forced it into a fight in which it was compelled to buy Congressmen and government officials. The secret pay roll of this company would be a most interesting and sensational document.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Equal to the Emergency.

"So you break our engagement, Gwendolen?" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Then in your presence let me end the life which you have blighted."

Drawing forth a vial marked "poison," he put it to his lips, and drained it to the last drop. As he sank back unconscious, did the beautiful girl, finding herself upon his breast in an agony of remorse and burst forth into frenzied sobs? Scarcely!

Hastily quitting the room, she returned presently, her lovely face tragic, yet composed. Kneeling beside the young man, she forced between his lips the following: (1) One cup of turpentine; (2) one pint of milk; (3) a bowl of warm soap suds; (4) a small bottle of aromatic ammonia; (5) a cup of black coffee; (6) a glass of mustard water; (7) a glass of stout; (8) juice of a lemon; (9) the beaten whites of six eggs; (10) one cup of flour and water.

"Algeron," she observed, coldly, as he began to revive, "it is evident you did not know that I am a graduate of a correspondence course in first aid to the injured. My one regret is that, since it was impossible for me to ascertain whether the poison you took was an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes of which we had learned."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Lost Opportunity.

Towne—I had the worst luck with that old umbrella of mine last evening at the concert. I put it in the stand with the others. "Here it is, Mr. Boreley," she said. "The last collection at the box on the next corner is made at 9:20 precisely."

Mr. Boreley looked at his watch. "Why," he said, "I have barely time to get there before the pillar box is cleared. Good night, Miss Weary."

"You are so good, Mr. Boreley. Good night. Be assured that I appreciate your kindness. You will call again soon, I hope."

As Miss Weary went upstairs she said to herself:

"A girl nowadays has to be a regular schemer if she is to get any beauty sleep."—Cassell's Journal.

Source of Rubber Supply.

It is said that there are in Ceylon over 100,000 acres which have been planted in rubber and in the Malay peninsula about half as much more. It is estimated that Mexico has about 100,000 acres planted in rubber, making in all about 275,000 acres, which should produce before long about one-quarter of the world's probable consumption. The results from these plantations seem to have been so successful that the work might be enlarged, as this would not only render us less dependent upon the natural forests but would stimulate the Brazilian rubber-producing states to begin artificial cultivation there.

Satisfactory.

The stern but wealthy parent met the young man at the front door. "Here," he growled, "is where I give your attentions to my daughter a check."

"All right, old man," replied the youth, calmly. "Make the check for \$1,000 and it will be perfectly satisfactory to me."

Literal.

"There was a vehicle waiting without," said the man who was telling the story.

"Pardon me," interrupted the funny listener, "there was a vehicle waiting without what?"

"Without horses," replied the other. "It was an automobile."—Woman's Home Companion.

## SONS SURVIVE FATHER'S FAME.

Good Records of Twenty-one Offsprings of Presidents.

Strictly speaking, only twenty-one Presidents' sons, concerning whom there are available records, have grown to manhood.

Six Presidents—Washington, Madison, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan (a bachelor) and McKinley—left no children.

Two—Jefferson and Monroe—left daughters only. President Johnson had two sons, but both died before he was President, and so do not count.

The sons of thirteen Presidents—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Benjamin Harrison—have lived to man's estate. The sons of Cleveland and Roosevelt are still boys.

Of the twenty-one Presidents' sons who have reached manhood nine have bulked large in the public eye on their own account, and all but one or two have been solid, substantial citizens.

The prominent nine are John Quincy Adams, President, diplomatist and representative; Charles Francis Adams, publisher and statesman; Robert Taylor, register of the Confederate treasury; Richard Taylor, who served with distinguished gallantry on the Confederate side of the Civil War; John Van Buren, prominent in State politics and just entering national politics when he died; Robert Todd Lincoln, cabinet minister, diplomatist and president of a world-famous corporation; Frederick Dent Grant, diplomatist and general in the army; Henry A. Garfield, lawyer, banker and professor of politics in a great university, and James R. Garfield, State Senator and United States Civil Service Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor, now in the cabinet.

Besides the nine who have climbed so high, there is John Scott Harrison, who had the unique distinction of being the son of one President and the father of another. He was a man of force and a great influence in his own State, though he was not a prominent figure in a national sense. Counting him in, and he surely "made good," as the saying is, ten, or only one less than half of the Presidents' sons who have reached manhood, are entitled to be named on the roll of honor.

Practically all of the Presidents' sons who have grown to man's estate have been good citizens; their lives have been clean, wholesome and a credit alike to their parentage and their country, while ten of the twenty-one have won unusual distinction. It would be hard to find any other class of prominent Americans whose sons have done as well as those of the Presidents.—Ohio Magazine.

How Miss Weary Cunningly Got Rid of Trespassing Visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Boreley," said Miss Weary when the clock in the drawing room pointed to 9, "I wonder if I could get you to do a greater favor?"

"I am yours to command, Miss Weary," replied Boreley gallantly.

"You are very good, I'm sure. The favor is that you would post a letter for me as you go home."

"I shall do so with the greatest pleasure," said he as he settled himself comfortably back in his chair.

"I would not trouble you with it," she went on, "but it is rather important that it should be started toward its destination to-night, as I am extremely anxious for it to reach my friend without loss of time."</