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 hooked 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 to-morrow. 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 heiress hunt, and he did not want to leave Dobroski in his lodgings to bring there any mad theorists and bloodthirsty 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, questioningly. "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 outsider there as elsewhere." If this speech expressed any inward bitterness, neither voice nor manner declared it.

"You're going back to Honfoy, 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."

"Oho!" 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 sinfully rich. A Mrs. Spry."

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

"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 alight 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 gentlest deference, the sweetest good-humored politeness and gayety 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 card again. I wonder how often I've sworn to that? But a man's luck must change some time. It can't go on forever like this."

A knock at the street door broke the thread of his growlings, 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. Gentleman 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. Oho! 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 as 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 knew 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 roasted on a gridiron, I will see you cut up so extremely fine that a microscope won't find you—and then I won't 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 fat 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.)

THE OPENING DOOR.

Found that Her Learning Could Make Her of Help to Others.

Had any one happened to ask Miss Simmons—which nobody ever did—how her passion for study came to her, she would have been unable to explain it. Her father and mother, and their parents before them, had been plain, hard-working people content with the very small knowledge necessary for the accomplishment of their daily tasks. Perhaps the gift came down to her from some far-away ancestor who, treading his narrow path of humble duties, knew himself a citizen of God's great universe.

However it was, she held it as one ignorant of its value might treasure some rare jewel, because the eye delighted in its splendor of color. Of what it might mean, of the power of it to change her life, she knew nothing.

Once in a while some one for whom she served, learning by a chance question that she had taken Chautauqua courses for ten years, or that she was attending an evening class in French, was stirred to brief curiosity.

"What a typical New Englander!" they generally said. And occasionally they gave her a ticket to something—and then forgot all about her.

Miss Simmons always accepted the ticket with a stiff word of thanks, and conscientiously attended the lecture. It made little difference to her whether the subject was "Radium and the Theory of Evolution" or the latest popular novel. It offered an opportunity to "inform her mind," and she listened with the same unquestioning patience with which she read an hour every night.

The great events of life often come to our door clad in hodden-gray. Miss Simmons, going to begin a week's sewing at the Van Dykes' and fretting because the bottom of her poor skirt was "draggled," was as far as possible from guessing that the day was to be the greatest one of her life. At noon, when Katrina Van Dyke came in from school, she did not glance up. Katrina, however, was used to commanding situations.

"Can you read French?" she asked. "I've got a horrid exercise to do, and I'm stuck." It was like Katrina to look for and usually discover what she wanted wherever she happened to be.

Miss Simmons looked up.

"Why, yes—a little," she answered, embarrassed.

"Then," Katrina commanded, "show me this."

She pulled up a chair and opened her book. Miss Simmons bent over it, a nervous color in her thin cheeks. Suppose she could not! But shyly and hesitatingly, then more and more confidently, she did.

Finally Katrina shut the book with a bang. "That's all right. Thank you, Miss Simmons," she said, darting off.

But left alone, Miss Simmons sat with a great light dawning in her eyes. She had never dreamed that it meant the power to help other people! Suddenly, across the gray of common days, she saw the blue of tender skies.—Youth's Companion.

Very Likely.

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

Mrs. Comeup—Indeed, I feel real nervous in this simian darkness.—Baltimore American.

Rapid growth of the finger nails is a sign of good health.

NEWS FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

GOOD REPORT FROM CANAL

Excavation Proceeding Well and Death Rate Lowered.

Washington, July 27.—The detailed report of the operations of the Isthmian Canal commission on the isthmus for June last has been received. Excavation in the Culebra division was 624,586 cubic yards, against 669,365 cubic yards during May, and is more than three times the amount taken out in June, 1906. The report says that with 119,000 yards per shovel as the maximum output during the dry season 16,000 yards per shovel cannot be considered a serious falling off when the excessive rainfall (13.34 inches) for June is taken into account. The excavation at Gatun amounted to 75,013 cubic yards and in the canal prism 81,352 cubic yards was dredged.

The report of the department of Labor headquarters shows the total working force on June 29 as 23,327. This is exclusive of the force employed by the Panama railroad. The chief sanitary officer reports that out of 4,300 white American employes there were only four deaths during the month and that out of about 65,000 whites other than Americans there were but 15 deaths. Out of about 29,000 colored employes there were 772 deaths, making a total of 91 deaths in June against 96 in May. Taking all deaths of employes together, only 12 deaths in June were due to what are considered climatic diseases—malaria and dysentery—and none of these occurred among the American white employes.

Enlarge, Not Abandon It.

Washington, July 27.—The annual rumor that Vancouver barracks are to be removed to Seattle has just been revived. When the attention of Senator Bourne was called to it, he took it up with the War department and finds that there is no thought of abandoning Vancouver barracks or of reducing its garrison. On the contrary, the adjutant general advises the senator that it has been decided to increase the garrison by adding one battery of field artillery with a corresponding increase in the accommodations of the post. Thus is the rumor buried for another 12 months.

Navy Ceaplain Under Fire.

Washington, July 26.—Chaplain H. W. Jones of the battleship Minnesota, is to be tried by court martial on charges of scandalous conduct to the destruction of good morals, and falsehood, preferred by the Acting Secretary of the Navy. Under the charge of scandalous conduct there are 17 specifications, consisting mainly of allegations of the utterance of worthless checks. Under the falsehood charge it is alleged that Jones misrepresented the facts regarding a note which had been given by him.

Appointments From Washington.

Washington, July 25.—Major Harry L. Hawthorne, Coast Artillery corps, is relieved from duty at the Army War college in this city and will proceed to Vancouver barracks for duty. Captain James W. McAndrew, Third Infantry, is relieved from duty as quartermaster at Seattle. James T. Taggart has been appointed postmaster at Yaya, Washington. The comptroller of the currency today approved the application to organize the United States National bank, of Seattle, with a capital of $500,000.

American Ordered Out of Guatemala.

Guatemala City, July 31.—An American named Wilkinson, who was among those arrested for the recent attempt on the life of President Cabrera, but who was released after proving his innocence, and departed from the country, returned two weeks ago, following an absence of two months. Shortly after his return, Wilkinson was summoned to the foreign office and was ordered to leave the republic. He made a statement to the American Consul-General, demanding that the Guatemala government recall the order.

Demnrrage Law a Failure.

Tacoma, July 31.—The reciprocal demurrage law seems to have proven a failure. After its having been in operation for nearly 60 days, only one claim has been presented to the Northern Pacific Railroad by a lumber manufacturer seeking to collect damages. Attorneys for the Northern Pacific announced that it would contest the constitutionality of the law on the grounds that "a man cannot be made to sell something that he does not possess."

Creates Forest Reserve in Alaska.

Washington, July 25.—The president today signed a proclamation creating the Chugatch forest reserve in Alaska, embracing 858,000 acres of forest land south of the main divide of the Chugatch mountains and between Copper river and the west coast of Prince William sound.

Land Office Appointments.

Washington, July 25.—Thomas F. Hallewine, of Seattle, has been appointed stenographer in the land office at Roseburg, and W. M. Walker, of Wisconsin, as clerk in the land office at Burns, Oregon.

Naval Cruisers Arrive.

Washington, July 30.—Rear-Admiral Dayton, commanding the Pacific fleet, has informed the Navy Department that the armored cruisers West Virginia and Colorado arrived at Cavite yesterday for the naval maneuvers.

Rural Carriers at Kerby.

Washington, July 26.—Charles G. Howard has been appointed regular, James E. Howard substitute, rural carrier, route 1 at Kelly, Ore.

BARS UP AGAINST WOMEN.

Male Secretaries Only for Male Bureau Chiefs.

Washington, July 25.—The women clerks of the Agricultural department can not hereafter act as private secretaries for the male chiefs of divisions or bureaus. This dictum, harsh as it may seem, stands as the law in that department. Secretary Wilson has issued it and he says he means business. By the terms of his order, no woman clerk under him shall in future act as private secretary or confidential clerk to a male chief of division or bureau in the department. The order is the direct result of the Holmes cotton scandal case, in which Mrs. Bertha Burch figured so prominently, testifying in this city two weeks ago in the trial of Holmes. On account of her position in the office of the chief statistician of the department she became an expert in crop figures and now she is conducting a statistical bureau of her own in New York city.

Proclaim Dominion Treaty.

Washington, July 30.—The President signed the proclamation notifying the public of the conclusion of the Dominican treaty. Similar action was taken today in Santo Domingo by President Caceres. President Roosevelt's proclamation recites that a treaty "providing for the assistance of the United States in the collection and application of the customs revenues of the Dominican Republic was concluded and signed by their respective plenipotentiares February 8, 1907, (herein is recited the text of the treaty which is proclaimed) to the end that the same and every article thereof may be observed and performed with good faith."

"Katy" Road Called to Time.

Washington, July 30.—Recently information was received by the Interstate Commerce commission that certain western and southwestern railroads were engaged in alleged violations of the rate law by issuing passes to persons not entitled to them under the law. In the case of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway, the information was specific that the agents of that system were issuing passes to so-called "bondsmen." An order therefore has been promulgated by the commission requiring the officials of the system to answer the charges made and to state the ground on which such action was justified.

Change Motive Power?

Washington, July 25.—The Forest service today issued a permit to allow the Northern railroad to erect two dams and two power plants in the Yakima division of the Washington forest reserve for the purpose of generating electricity by utilizing the water power on which it had filed. This is taken to mean that the Great Northern is preparing to substitute electricity for steam on part of its road, this change having been hinted at by representatives of the Great Northern before the Interstate Commerce commiesion.

No Order for Fleet to Sail.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 31.—Acting Secretary Newberg today laid before the president the report of the investigating board upon the Georgia disaster, and a report by naval officers, looking to a complete revision of the method of instruction at the United States Naval Academy. Mr. Newberg said no orders had yet been issued to send the Atlantic battleship fleet to the Pacific. "The fleet is ready to sail," he added, "and when ever the president indicates his desire to have the cruise, the trip will begin."

Wanted Money From President.

Washington, July 25. — August Franke, of Seattle, is detained in an asylum in this city, pending the procurement of proof that he has a legal residence at Seattle. When this is obtained, Franke will be sent home to be turned over to the state authorities for proper care. He came here last month to collect $100,000 from the government, and when he undertook to see the president and demand payment, he was taken into custody.

Sells Relic of Wooden Navy.

Washington, July 26.—Acting Secretary Newberry accepted the bid of C. E. Boudrow, of San Francisco, who offered $9,200 for the old wooden sloop of war Marion, now lying at the navy yard, Marie Island, recently stricken from the naval register as unfit for naval purposes. The Marion was built by the government in 1871-1875 at Kittery, Me., and has rendered creditable service in all parts of the world.

Bourne Takes Vacation.

Washington, July 30.—Senator Bourne left Washington today for a brief vacation at Deer Park, Md. This is the first time the Senator has been out of Washington since he arrived last December. The protracted hot spell has made Washington very uncomfortable and the Senator decided to take a short rest in a nearby cool resort.

Sanford Will Report to Bonaparte.

Washington, July 30.—Assistant Attorney-General Sanford left this afternoon for Lenox, Mass., to present to Attorney-General Bonaparte, who is spending his summer vacation there, the results of his investigation of the North Carolina railroad rate controversy. Mr. Sanford refused to make any statement.

Lifesaving Station Contract Let.

Washington, July 25.—The contract was today awarded to McInnes & Harrington, of Seattle for the erection of a lifesaving station in Waddah island at the entrance to the Straits of Fuca. The contract price is $12,200.

School Land District Approved.

Washington, July 26.—List No. 20, of indemnity school land selections, state of Washington, in the North Yakima land district for 21,906 acres was approved by the Secretary of the Interior today.

USED BIBLE AS CIPHER.

Verse From Solomon Told of a Marriage Engagement.

When she left home in the small town to come to New York to take up a special course of study, her pet sister was fast reaching the crisis of a love affair. The pet sister was a most winsome young lady, and had long kept a goodly train of suitors a-sighing. Was this affair to be the grand affair? The old sister hoped so, for she liked the young man cordially—thought he was just the sort to make a proper brother-in-law.

But the weeks passed and not a bit of definite news about the progress of the affair did the older sister receive in her city boarding house. She became anxious. Louise, she thought, must not go on recklessly trifling in such important matters.

Then one night about 10 o'clock, just as she was going to bed, came a telegram. The servant brought it up. The older sister was country girl enough to be thoroughly frightened by the pale manila, black-inked envelope. How ominous it looked! At length she gathered courage to open it. This is what she read:

"Solomon six three. LOUISE."

Solomon six three! Whatever in the world! Oh, why, yes, stupid, it of course meant the Song of Solomon, sixth chapter, third verse. But—and her cheeks flushed with shame—she had no Bible!

There was a great scurrying about the boarding house to find a copy of the sacred book. The girls were routed out in vain. On all sides the cry arose, "Who's got a Bible?" Just think of the sister trying to sleep that night without knowing what that verse was! It would have been just like a woman to lie down to pleasant dreams, content to know that she could satisfy her curiosity in the morning—not!

The landlady, good soul, came to the rescue. She was no heathen. She had a Bible. Up to her room with it flew the sister, and shut the door. Such a turning over of pages by eager, nervous fingers! Solmon six three. She found it, and then she cried "Hurrah!" and laughed, for the verse was:

"I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine."—New York Press.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

"The mind is a marvelous thing," said Prof. Zachariah Terwilliger to his psychology class. His lecture and its sequel are printed in the New York Sun. "Let me consider," went on the worthy sage, "the process expressed in the good old homely phrase, 'making up one's mind.' I am on the threshold of an important decision. What I determine to do may have a grave bearing on my future. First I ponder over the matter carefully. I look at it in every aspect, examining it searchingly in all lights, from all angles. By the indefinable processes of reasoning I arrive at a certain conclusion. But that is not all.

"As a man of discretion, it behooves me to secure counsel. I listen carefully to judgments, noting zealously each person's individual bias. Then I assort and catalogue these outside opinions.

"I next step aside psychically and view the array. Having, as I modestly beg to claim, a plastic, although notably individual mind, I am able thus to project myself into the personalities of others, and view my own impressions and my own status as they might view them. This, young gentlemen, is an especially valuable exercise. I urge you to cultivate the faculty.

"Finally I give one last, sweeping survey to the whole subject. Then I decide; my mind is made up irrevocably. No stress, no threats could alter that decision; no cajolery, no urging could modify it. For, next to moderation and open-mindedness, there is nothing so valuable as firmness.

"This illustration has been taken from actuality. I have come to an unalterable decision."

The students departed much impressed. The professor, in a glow of self-satisfaction, sought his home. Mrs. Terwilliger met him at the door.

"Zachariah," she said, "have you made up your mind on that matter?"

"Yes, my dear, I have thought it over and decided to say no."

"Really!" There was a touch of irony in the good lady's tone. "Well, I've thought it over, too, and I've decided you must accept. It would be nonsense to—" Mrs. Terwilliger's aspect was ominous.

"Very well, my dear," interjected the professor, quickly and meekly. "All right; do not let us have any words. Of course I shall accept; of course."

Telltale Prints.

Of Count Julius Andrassy, whose monument was recently unveiled at Budapest, the Neue Presse gives the following incident:

Count Andrassy had a habit of smoothing with his hand his richly oiled hair. One day an important document had passed the Austrian Council of Ministers, in the contents of which Count Andrassy was interested. Shortly afterward the Austrian president of the ministry said to one of the ministers:

"Count Andrassy has read the latest document."

"How do you know?"

"I find on it the imprints of Count Andrassy's fingers," responded the president, with a laugh.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Men are willing to confess the things they can't lie out of.

It is safer to do business with a crippled mule than with an unloaded gun.

If a man hopes to awake and find himself famous he must do a lot of hard work before going to bed.—Mexican Herald.

Literal.

"Well, what do you think of our rogues' gallery exhibit?"

"I call it a 'bum' show."—Baltimore American.

INVESTIGATION NOW

Hot Words Between Officers of Columbia and San Pedro.

HAWSE CHARGED WITH CRUELTY

Captain Tells Why He Refused More Passengers—Life Preservers Stand Hard Test.

San Francisco, July 27.—The investigation into the sinking of the steamer Columbia, whereby, according to the latest figures, 81 lives were lost, was resumed today by Captain John Birmingham, United States Supervising Inspector. Officers and members of the crew of both vessels were examined and the depositions of Captain Hansen of the San Pedro and his first officer read.

The testimony brought out the statement from Captain Bermingham that it was the first time he had ever known that life-preservers had actually been effective in saving life, qualifying it by adding that people were usually too frightened to don them correctly.

Captain Hansen, in his report, denied that he had been unnecessarily cruel in refusing to take any more survivors on board after he had rescued 75, giving as a reason for his action that his own vessel was in such a condition that it was dangerous to approach her, and therefore ordered the other boats to keep off.

Chief Engineer Arthur V. Williams testified that the San Pedro did not lower all her boats because the vessel was under-manned.

The alleged action of Third Officer Hawse, of the Columbia, in refusing to give his coat to a woman was brought out in the testimony of Quartermaster Curran. The latter testified that there were unclothed women in the boat, and when Hawse was asked to give his coat to one of them he had refused, saying that the coat belonged to him. The women, said Curran, had been exposed for an hour before Hawse covered them up with a piece of sail.

Hawse interrupted the proceedings by interposing an indignant denial, and for a few moments counter-denials flew back and forth between the two officers. Hawse was placed on the stand and testified that he had offered his coat to Miss Maybelle Watson, the plucky Berkeley girl, but she refused it and asked him to give it to another woman more destitute than herself.

GLASS CASE WITH JURY.

Consumed Fourteen Days of Actual Trial Besides Arguments.

San Francisco, July 27.—The case against Louis Glass, first vice-president and general manager of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company, charged with the crime of bribing Supervisor Charles Boxton in the sum of $5,000 to vote against an ordinance granting the Home Telephone Company a rival franchise in San Francisco, went to the jury last evening after 14 days of actual trial and a day and a half of arguments by Assistant District Attorney Heney for the people and T. C. Coogan and Delphin M. Delmas for the defense.

The reading of Judge Lawlor's charge to the jury consumed one hour. At its conclusion the courtroom was cleared, the jury was given in charge of two deputy sheriffs and by them conveyed in a tally-ho to the Fairmount hotel.

Haywood Case Finished.

Boise, Idaho, July 27.—Evidence and argument is at an end and this morning the jury will be left to decide what penalty, if any, William D. Haywood shall pay for participation in a criminal conspiracy resulting in the assassination of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg, with which he is charged. United States Senator William E. Borah, engaged by the State of Idaho as special counsel for the prosecution, spoke the last word last night. This morning Judge Fremont Wood will charge and instruct the jury, which, it is expected, will retire to consider its verdict at about 11 o'clock.

Save $1,000,000 Yearly on Mails.

Chicago, July 27.—The revenue derived from hauling the United States mails by the railroads running west from Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis and the Misouri river is to be further reduced approximately $1,000,000 a year as the immediate result of the reports of 125 inspectors, who have been at work for the last six months determining whether the space used in railway postal cars by the government was in excess of space sufficient to accomplish the work. The railroads have been notified.

Opposes German Agreement.

New York, July 27.—A policy of opposition to the new tariff agreement with Germany recently put into effect was adopted by the board of managers and the executive committee of the American Protective Tariff league at a meeting in this city. It was decided to take up the subject with President Roosevelt, the members of the cabinet, senators and representatives. A resolution offered by William F. Draper, of Massachusetts, was unanimously adopted, declaring that the agreement is contrary to law.

Getting After Opium Trade.

Pekin, July 27.—The Chinese government has formally announced its assent to the proposal made by the United States for a joint investigation by the poweas, including China, into the whole question of the opium trade and of the production of opium. Details of the procedure will be arranged later. China's delay in acceptance was due to a misunderstanding on her part that six independent commissions comprehended such an inquiry.

Butte Plumbers Want More.

Butte, Mont., July 27.—The local Plumbers' union struck today for $8 per day of eight hours. The men now receive $7. Buildings aggregating $1,000,000 in value under construction are tied up.