

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XIV.

The Vicomte de Valiar was seated alone in his private room in the office of the Mutual Credit and Trust Company. It was a luxuriously furnished apartment. The chairs were deep, rosy and soft. They seemed made on purpose to lull one into feelings of security. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. The vicomte's private secretary had just retired loaded down with papers and instructions. His employer sat at the table, a pile of documents on either side, and before him a single sheet, upon which an astonishing array of figures appeared.

Minute after minute passed, and still the calculations went on. At last he threw down his pencil, and walked over to the window. Partly concealed by the curtains, he looked out on the throng of people which passed up and down the street. But he hardly noticed anybody. He was really lost in his reflections.

He had, indeed, good reason to be thoughtful. A gigantic scheme, the floating of which would insure him very large returns, had that very morning been put by him before a syndicate of capitalists. It was no less a one than the consolidation of the docking interests of a great French seaport. The plan was to bring all the owners together and form a trust on what is known as the American plan, and then raise the dock tolls. With the existing keen competition and the low charges resulting therefrom, that property at present yielded but a small return for the capital invested.

The idea was a brilliant one. It would set the Mutual Credit and Trust Company, if successful, three million francs, and the Mutual Credit and Trust Company virtually meant the Vicomte de Valiar. He had already enlisted considerable financial aid in support of the scheme. He was that morning expecting an addition to his forces in the person of M. D'Auburon, the friend of that very useful M. Chabot, who had introduced him to the vicomte but a few days previously.

To sell this young man a big block of shares in the new enterprise, would, the vicomte thought, not be a very difficult task. He had entertained him at his house only an evening or two ago. The splendor of that occasion could not have failed to properly impress him.

Then his wife, the vicomtesse, had so ably seconded his efforts to make D'Auburon feel that he was in good hands. She had talked glibly of their country place, a magnificent establishment on the outskirts of the famous forest of Fontainebleau, of woodland rides, of moonlit waters, and the felicity of rural life far away from the roar and din of Paris. Those marvelous eyes of hers had looked into his very soul and enthralled his senses.

De Valiar smiled as he thought how few who had come within their influence had gotten away unscathed. A knock at the door aroused him.

"Come in," he cried out, and Jules Chabot entered the room.

"Where is your friend D'Auburon?" was de Valiar's first question.

M. Chabot did not immediately reply. He sank into a chair. He seemed anxious and worried, and out of sorts.

"What on earth's the matter with you? You're not ill, are you?" ejaculated the banker.

"It's my nerves, I think. They're not so strong as they used to be."

"You haven't been yourself for some time, ever since that ugly affair at Villeneuve," remarked de Valiar, sympathetically.

Chabot shuddered, and hid his face in his hands as if to shut out some horrible sight.

"Don't speak of it," he almost whispered, so faint was his voice. "Yes, it was enough to upset anybody."

"It was a peculiar hardship on you, Jules, just as you were on the point of succeeding as you say with—let me see, what's her name—Mademoiselle Emily, wasn't it?"

"Let's change the subject. I came to tell you something about D'Auburon. I have discovered, on inquiry, that he is even better fixed than I expected. How big a block of stock had you put apart for him in the United Dock Company?"

"A thousand shares I thought would be ample. You know Colbert-Remplis brings as a large following, and there are Bonapard and the rest. Still, some subscribers will doubtless fail us at the last moment. Why do you ask?"

"It is not enough. He has some very wealthy friends. Only last night he was speaking of one, who, he says, follows his lead implicitly. He is a Swiss. He pays periodical visits to Paris, and it is said invests very largely in anything that strikes his fancy."

"That's not bad news. What is this Swiss's name?"

"He did not tell me," replied Chabot. "He simply said if he thought well enough of the venture to put his own money in, that he would advise his friend to do likewise, if we needed additional capital. What are shares to him?"

"Par—of course. It is easier to sell at par than at fifteen francs on the one hundred. The one inspires confidence in a scheme, the other simply excites suspicion. In fact, I'm not sure but we will get some premium on these Dock Company shares. A little premium always makes them more attractive."

"But there are seven millions of water on it."

"A proof concern like this dock trust will stand a good deal of water," replied the financier. "After all, what does it matter? All these people will have a chance to sell out at a profit when we declare our first quarterly dividend. Those whom we want to make use of in the future can be given a hint when to unload their holdings."

"But ultimately the loss falls on somebody."

"And that somebody is the public who cares for us—well—about as much as we care for them."

M. Chabot remained closeted with the banker for nearly an hour, settling the remaining details of the dock scheme. A printed draft of the prospectus had to be gone over; the first directors of the company had to be chosen, care being taken to place upon the board the names of

capitalists as would inspire the public with confidence.

"Let me see," said the banker, running his eyes rapidly over a list which he held in his hand. "We have Liquelet, Bousset, of Bousset; the elder Paltouet, he is good; and Max Raumont says he is with us in case we get to an issue. The remainder of the board must be given to the dock people. They will, of course, expect some representation."

"To be sure," acquiesced Chabot, "but we must contrive to have with us only those who are open to arguments."

"Yes, that is it, my friend; open to arguments," echoed the vicomte.

"Of your usually persuasive kind," added Chabot. "Every man has his price, to be sure, nowadays."

"And always did have. In these times, commercial enterprises, my dear fellow, assume proportions of which our ancestors never dreamed. They were just as dishonest, if you call manipulation dishonesty, which I candidly confess I don't—but their ideas were smaller. Hence the difference. Besides," he added, laying his hand impressively upon the other's sleeve, "this thing must go through. I think you, above all others, are aware of the necessity. The fact is, my dear Chabot, there have been many heavy pulls on the Mutual Credit bank lately. One cannot offer eight per cent on special deposits and always be sure of making more by using the depositors' money. Then there was the dividend on the Ardennes Charcoal and Peat Company. You know it was never earned; but we decided that it would be best to pay one."

"Well, the consequence was you placed the bonds at par, didn't you?"

"At par to the public, of course, but Herr Goldstein's commission took the gilt off the gingerbread. However, he took them all at eighty-five. I could not have placed them to such good advantage."

"The interest comes due on the sixteenth. I suppose it is useless to cross that bridge until we come to it."

"Before the sixteenth this dock company will be floated. The bank's profit on that will more than meet the interest of the Charcoal and Peat Company bonds."

"And if it isn't floated?" hazarded Chabot.

"If it isn't floated the inevitable crash will begin, or it can be averted in another way, my dear Chabot, about which I cannot talk at present. But we will not anticipate evil. Come, you must accompany me to the Bourse this morning. I have a heavy deal pending, and shall need your assistance."

As the Vicomte de Valiar and Jules Chabot left the office of the Mutual Credit and Trust Company a small-sized man issued from a cafe on the opposite side of the street and walked in an apparently careless and preoccupied manner in the same direction. He followed them until they turned into a broker's office. Presently they came forth again, and in company with a third person continued to walk in the direction of the Bourse.

This third person was Herr Max Goldstein, one of the shrewdest dealers in securities in the whole of Paris. He was the broker to whom the vicomte had entrusted the sale of the first mortgage bonds of the Ardennes Charcoal and Peat Company. He was a heavy, thickset fellow, with little, cunning eyes, which had been set together as closely as nature would allow; had not an enormous nose grown between them, he would perhaps have had only one large eye in the center. He had a habit of cocking up his head when in conversation, and of listening with his mouth wide open. He had commenced life in Berlin as a bootblack with a second-hand outfit. At the conclusion of the first day's work he had accumulated enough to buy the best outfit in the city. In a week he had concluded that open air work was not to his liking, and took his business off the street into a basement, where he thrived apace.

Then the brilliant idea struck him of buying and selling theater tickets at cut rates. From this he gravitated into lotteries; from lotteries into small curbstone speculations. Hardly able to write his own name, the trading instinct was so strongly developed in him that in ten years he had accumulated a very considerable fortune.

Why Herr Goldstein had not continued his uninterrupted career of prosperity in Berlin was a mystery to his friends in Paris. As he seemed to have plenty of money, however, none of them had ever dreamed of inquiring why he preferred the French to the German capital as a base for his financial operations. After all, it was it any of their business?

Herr Goldstein was about forty-five years of age, but looked considerably older. Constant fighting with all sorts and conditions of men had left deep furrows across his forehead. Ladies said that without doubt he was a very unimpressive man. He seemed to have some extraordinary influence with the vicomte, and people were lost in conjecture as to what that could be.

The small followed de Valiar, M. Chabot and Herr Goldstein to the very entrance of the Bourse. Unable to obtain admission to the floor, he had recourse to the gallery. It was nearly empty. An old lady and a young couple from the country, evidently on their honeymoon trip, were its sole occupants. He sat in the gallery for upward of an hour, his gaze constantly on the floor of the exchange, where the vicomte, the broker ever at his elbow, moved restlessly from group to group, manipulating his deals.

When Herr Goldstein left the Bourse twenty minutes later unaccompanied by his companions, the small man tapped him on the elbow. The broker started violently; the creases in his face grew stronger; a perceptible flush overspread his features.

"Gallard!" he gasped. "I'm glad to see you!"

"As good a hand at a lie as ever, ain't you, Kaufman?" sneered the small man. "Hush, don't breathe that name here," whispered the broker, looking around him nervously. "That belongs to the past. Come with me. Come to my office, where

we can be alone. How long have you been in Paris?"

"About six months."

"During which time I have been working for whom do you think?"

"I don't know. You have got into business, perhaps for yourself—or you would, if you had sufficient capital. If a good friend—if I, for instance, showed you how you could make some money it would suit you, would it not?"

"No, I have a pretty good berth, thank you."

"It is a perfect gold mine for you; if you will only hold your tongue."

The small man only smiled significantly. The two walked on side by side until the broker's office was reached.

"Come in," said the broker, in a coaxing voice, "and tell me what you want."

The small man passed in through the open door and went into the broker's office.

"See that under no circumstances am I disturbed," was the instruction Herr Max gave to his clerk. "I have important business with this gentleman."

Four o'clock came, and Herr Goldstein came out and sent the clerk home. It was an hour earlier than usual, but the clerk was glad to get away. He lived in a small flat and had a wife and four children to support. He could take his time now and walk home instead of paying for a seat in an omnibus. The hours went by. It was past midnight when the two men came out of the inner office and into the street.

"I live on the other side. Student quarters," said Goldstein. "Come with me, I'll put you up for the night. We must cross by the Pont Neuf."

"You must make it fifty thousand," said the small man, as they went along. "That's cheap enough. Old friends shouldn't be hard on each other."

A fearful expression came over the other's face as they neared the bridge. Fifty thousand francs. An enormous sum. And if he paid it—what then? He had but this fellow's word that he would keep silence.

They stopped for a moment in the center of the bridge and sat down unobtrusively on one of the embrasures. It was two o'clock. The lights flashed along the river. Behind and in front of them arose the dull roar of Paris which ceases not by night nor by day. Looking over the low parapet they could see the dark waters of the river as they swirled below.

"You will make it fifty thousand, will you not?" urged the small man.

He uttered no cry as the hand of the broker closed upon his throat with an iron grasp; but for a moment or two he struggled desperately as he realized the other's purpose. But the broker seemed to have become, suddenly sober. The small man was like a child in his terrible clutches. He raised him to the top of the low parapet and whispered hoarsely:

"I will send you where you won't need the money."

Then he flung the blackmailer from him with the force of a catapult. The waters received the detective and closed over his head. He had not time to utter a cry.

The broker passed quickly from the bridge and, plunging into a narrow street which diverged from the main thoroughfare, soon gained his apartments. Arrived there, he threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the sofa, and slept soundly till daylight.

Three days passed; some workmen on a brick barge drew from the black and slimy river the body of a man which bore upon its throat the marks of fingers. At the morgue Victor Lablanche, the prefect of police, recognized in the murdered man the detective he had put on the track of M. Chabot.

"Poor fellow!" he exclaimed, as he examined the finger marks at his throat. "A tiger must have seized him. He was first strangled and then thrown into the river."

And the sole clue he had was this: The murderer must have had enormous hands.

(To be continued.)

Story of Sojourner Truth.

The late Theodore Tilton, who boasted that he had never had a pipe, cigar or cigarette in his mouth, used to declare that the most inveterate smoker he ever knew was Sojourner Truth, the famous freedwoman reformer and lecturer. He was wont to tell how one day, when the venerable dame, then about 90 years old, was on a visit to his house, she sat smoking her pipe by the chimney corner, when George W. Bungay, the author of several eloquent and tobacco tracts, called to see her.

"Aunt Sojourner," he said, "I revere your character, but I deplore your smoking, for it will keep you forever out of heaven."

"Lawkes, honey, how so?" she asked. "Because, Aunt," he rejoined, "you know that, according to the Good Book, nothing entereth there that defileth. Now, how do you expect to get into heaven with your breath defiled by tobacco?"

"Lawkes, honey," answered the old negress, "when I go to heaven I 'spect to leave my breff behind me!"

Took Exception.

"Remember, brothers," shouted the orator of the strenuous life, "I haven't any use for mollycoddles."

The very old gentleman who was sitting in the last row removed his pipe and retorted.

"Wal, by heck, mister, even if you haven't any use for Molly Coddles you needn't stand thar and talk behind her back, seel' that she is not present to defend herself."

Cause for Thanks.

Church—"There's one thing to be said in favor of the phonograph."

Gotham—"I'd just like to know what it is?"

"Well, they haven't succeeded in making a record reproducing all the noise one hears on the Fourth of July."—Yonkers Statesman.

Just Possible.

Her—"What is meant by 'going from bad to worse'?"

Him—"Getting a divorce and marrying again, I believe."

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

In order to bring the literary history of Mr. Roosevelt up to date it may be mentioned that he lately wrote a warmly commendatory letter to Signor Fogazzaro; has vigorously indorsed Anne Warner's "Susan Clegg"; is hero of John Burrough's delightful little book, "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt"; is hearty sponsor for Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross' new essays on "Sin and Society"; appears in Mistral's memoirs as a fervent admirer of Proenza, and continues to ignore the Rev. Dr. Long.

"From Van Dweller to Commuter," by Albert Bigelow Payne, is the record of a search for a home in and around New York. The many humorous and trying situations incidental to the search are set down with faithful and amusing accuracy. All the modern trials of domesticity are here recorded, and the compensations, or at least some of them, as well. What the small household in and around Babylon may have had to undergo, we do not know. We can be sure, however, that it was not the modern apartment flat or the moving van. But it may have been something far more tedious. Mr. Payne, at any rate, has not found life tedious.

Into an otherwise unsympathetic study of Gorky Ford Max Hueffer introduces the following illuminating parallel: "Toungueleff is dead and Doszolevsky is dead, and, as a novelist, so a Tolstoy. There is alive to-day only one Russian imaginative writer whose appeal to the world is widespread. He, of course, is Aleksey Maksimovich Peshkov, a man of 38, who uses the pseudonym of Maximus the Bitter—Maxim Gorky. Broad-faced, with a set brown, high-choke boned, rather harsh-voiced, rhapsodizing and a little overbearing, you cannot imagine a greater contrast with the gently wise, smiling, civilized and sad face of Toungueleff. If, as it were, Maxim Gorky sits by the roadside violently breaking stones for the onward march of humanity, Toungueleff with a resigned irony destroys the boulders that beset us, as did Hansel the rocks of the Alps, aceto into 'uso'."

In the last ten years in England there has been the same marked increase of interest in bird life that there has been in the United States. Books of the outdoor world have multiplied in England as they have in America and the demand for them in both countries seemingly is as brisk as ever. The advance in illustration methods since it has been found to be entirely possible to photograph living animals in their native haunts, has aided materially in keeping alive the interest of laymen in natural history subjects. Frank Finn, an Englishman who at one time was connected with the Indian Museum, Calcutta, has written an exhaustive bird book which he calls "Ornithological Oddities." In it he gives the life histories of scores of the world's birds. He writes as intimately of the Indian frong-cuckoo as he does of the English skylark. The book is full of knowledge of the kind that one does not get in the ordinary ornithological work intended for lay reading. Mr. Finn is an authority on domestic birds and wild birds and has been recognized as such for a long time. His book is full of appealing illustrations and one does not have to be a scientist to enjoy either the pictures or the story.

Joys of a Collector.

Collecting will always have its romances. I know of one that occurred at the sale at Christie's of the effects of the late Sir Henry Irving. Some one I knew had been to see the collection before the sale. He came across a portrait with which he was familiar because he had seen it thirty years before. On consulting his catalogue he discovered that the portrait was described as being that of a man unknown, and, further, the artist was also unknown. Now, he knew that the portrait was that of a famous actor by a famous English painter. He longed to buy it, but decided that it would be too high a price. He went to the auction with very little hope. The Whistler and the Sargent were sold, and then it was the turn of this picture. Nobody recognized it. Finally he had to start the bidding himself, and this he did. Only one man bid against him, but he soon stopped, discouraged, and then the picture was knocked down to the man who had never expected to get it. He hurried to the desk to pay the small amount and to carry off his prize. "Do you happen to know anything about that portrait?" the auctioneer asked him as a porter took it down to a cab. "I know it very well," said the new owner, conscious that it was now safely his property. "It is a portrait of Buckstone, the actor, by Daniel Maclise. There is an engraving of it in the Mac-lise portrait gallery."—Mrs. John Lane, in Pearson's Magazine.

Getting Even.

From time immemorial there had been a law in Applegate, County Warwick, England, to the effect that the mayor had the best of everything in town, and, for instance, one should say he had the best coat in the place he must add the words, "Except the mayor."

One day a stranger came to Applegate and had dinner there at the inn.

After paying his bill he said to the landlord: "I've had the best dinner in the country."

The Landlord—Except the mayor.

The Stranger—Except nothing!

As a result the tourist was called before the magistrate and fined £10 for his breaking of the laws of the place. When the man had paid his fine he looked around him and said, slowly: "I'm the biggest fool in the town, except the mayor."

GREATEST PORT IN THE WORLD.

New York Has Four Hundred and Four Miles of Docks.

The New Broadway Magazine gives some very interesting data regarding the shipments to and from New York—the greatest port in the world. More than twice as many vessels clear the port of London, to be sure, says the New Broadway—one every fourteen minutes as against one every half-hour for New York—but the average cargo value is only \$47,242, whereas that of New York is \$92,307. In point of tonnage, New York exceeds London by 1,000,000. This is due to a difference in the character of the ports that must be borne in mind in comparing them. London is England's one commercial center and, aside from Liverpool its only great place of export and import.

On the other hand, New York is not the commercial center of America. When the manufacturer of shoes in Boston sends his goods to Baltimore, he either sends them by rail or by vessel direct, without entering New York. If he wants to send his goods to France or Germany, he sends them from the port of Boston.

That is, the chief ports of the Atlantic sea coast, New Orleans, Charleston, Mobile, Norfolk, Philadelphia and Boston, engage a coastwise and foreign trade in entire independence of New York. Less than 28 per cent of New York's tonnage is represented in coastwise trade, whereas fully 60 per cent of London's is coastwise. In other words, of London's commerce, amounting to \$1,370,000,000 annually, only \$885,000,000 represents foreign trade, whereas of New York's \$1,200,000,000 annual commerce \$864,000,000 represents foreign trade, or an actual excess over London of \$179,000,000.

To accommodate this enormous trade New York has 404 miles of improved water frontage; that is, 404 miles of docks. This is half the distance between New York and Chicago. London has less than 200 miles of similar water frontage. Liverpool has less than 100 miles, while Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam or Havre has each less than Liverpool. Practically all the available water frontage of these foreign ports has been absorbed by their docks, while New York has improved only a little over one-half of its available shore. When all the available coast line is improved, as it must be rapidly, it will measure nearly as many miles as lie between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi river.

The Always Obliging Office Boy.

There was an incident which happened last summer which gives some faint idea of the mystery of a theatrical manager's suite of offices. A newspaper man who had an appointment with the manager, but not time to waste over the office boy, hastily entered the reception room.

"Are you ready to go out to lunch?" he called to the manager through the transom of the private office.

"Yes," came the answer, "I'll be out in a moment."

Then the visitor turned to the office boy and said in the way of satire: "Could you tell me if your boss is in?"

"Well, really," said the boy, without any sign of emotion, "I couldn't say positively, but my impression is that he went down to the seashore about noontime."—Charles Belmont Davis, in Outing.

Queer Ant Wings.

In the "Comptes Rendus" Mr. Charles Janet has an interesting note on the muscular apparatus of the wings of the queen ant. Although the wings are only used once in a lifetime of perhaps ten years, this apparatus is the biggest organ in the body. After fertilization the wings are cast aside and the muscles disappear, being replaced by little columns of adipose tissue. The disappearance of the muscles has been attributed to phagocytosis—that is, the absorbing of the tissues by leucocytes. Janet, however, shows that there is no phagocytosis, but that the material of the muscles goes to enrich the blood.—London Globe.

The Sights.

The Englishman—Oh, yes! America is a wonderful country.

The American Girl—What did you see there?

The Englishman—Ningara Falls, the Turkish room at the Waldorf and the Chicago stock yards.—American Spectator.

Now and Then.

Digenea (300 B. C.)—My lamp is nearly out and I have not yet found an honest man.

Subpoena Server (1906)—I have been everywhere, but they are too slick for me. I can't find those dishonest fellows.—American Spectator.

Has It Ever Occurred to You.

When the frost is on the pumpkin, And the fodder's in the shock, Then it makes a fellow figure, How to get his coat from "hook."—The Bohemian.

Being a hypocrite is bad enough, but it does not make as many people uncomfortable as brutal frankness does.

Old Favorites

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills, And o'er the moorland sedgey, Such heaviness my bosom fills Since parting with my Betsy. I seek for one as fair and gay, But find none to remind me, How blest the hours passed away With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well When she first owned she loved me, A pain within my heart doth tell How constant I have proved me; But now I'm bound for Brighton camp, Kind heaven then pray guide me, And send me home safe back again To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain Asleep or sadly waking; I long to see my love again, For her my heart is breaking. Whenever my steps return that way Still faithful shall she find me, And never more again I'll stray From the girl I left behind me.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish, Come, to God's altar fervently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying, Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—

"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us, What charm for aching hearts he can reveal, Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—

"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."—Thomas Moore.

MAKE CHILDREN POLITE.

Just by Way of Experiment Try Treating Them Politely.

There was company, and in what turned out to be an evil moment some one gave little Lucile a rose.

"Say 'thank you,'" urged her mother.

For some reason Lucile declined to deliver the small coin of courtesy. Her mother insisted. The child still refused. The company became uncomfortable and pleaded for Lucile that she was too young to understand.

"But I must make her understand," said the adamant mother.

"The 'making' went on till, according to the Housekeeper, Lucile grew desperate in her defiance and was carried from the room.

"You have such charmingly polite children," said a young mother to an older one; "tell me, do they all have to learn it by such painful methods?"

"No, indeed. I think painful methods are a great mistake. Fine manners must be learned by absorption. The child must be surrounded by good copies and he will get politeness without ever being reminded of it. That is the only kind that really soaks in."

"And did you never tell your children about these things?"

"Not of the little things that belong to the common routine of life. For instance, we never told one of the five to say 'thank you.' Instead, we said 'thank you' to them for every little service, and while they were yet babies unable to speak plainly, they said 'tanky' on all proper occasions. 'If you please' and 'I beg your pardon' were taught in the same way.

"That ladies must be served first was taught by their father's deference to me, and that ladies must be appreciative, that point so often neglected, I hope they learned from the gratitude I showed for his knightly little services to me. We never told the boys to get a chair for me, but you know that they always do it."

"They learned to acknowledge introductions and greetings properly by a game they used to play when they were very things. The two oldest played they were Mr. and Mrs. Merry and the others were their children.

"They would come to visit me, and I would receive them with all ceremony and introduce the entire family to my husband. As the result they never hung back and refused to shake hands with a visitor. When I introduced them they felt that they had a responsible part to take and behaved with a commendable absence of self-consciousness."

A Suspicion.

"This is the most avarelicious man I ever saw," remarked one business man.

"Yes," answered the other. "I sometimes suspect that his ambition to get to heaven is due to the fact that he had heard the streets are of gold. He thinks he may get a paving contract."—Washington Star.

Tallest Mountain in World.

Sunday Island, in the Pacific, is really the tallest mountain in the world. It rises 2,000 feet out of five miles of water, and is thus nearly 30,000 feet from base to summit.

Require Time.

The "sure things" at the racetrack. That certain of us know. Like certain other certain things, Are sure because they're slow.—Philadelphia Press.