

AFTER THE WRECK

By ARTHUR CLEVELS.

Jim Driscoll found himself upon his feet, staring at the wreck of the train in which he had been traveling. All about him lay the dead and injured, and the carriages, which were beginning to catch fire, illumined the night with a lurid glare.

It was in the middle of the mountain district of Pennsylvania. Driscoll had left his little town in Illinois to go to New York. It was his first journey in ten years. A discovery of oil upon his property had given him the promise of wealth, and he had set out to negotiate with a company.

Jim Driscoll, at fifty, was reputed the crabbed old man in Boxville. If Mary and he had had children he might have discovered that life is not wholly a vale of tears. As it was, he was a town character. He knew it, too; knew that Mary shrank from him and feared him, though loyalty kept her to him; knew that his presence anywhere chilled the mirth, that the children hated him, that his neighbors avoided him.

He gloried in it. He had the reputation of a vindictive man, and he gloried in that. He was close-fisted, hard as nails, and he hugged his sinister reputation to his heart.

The wreck had come suddenly. It had unsettled him. Of course, he was not going to interest himself in any of the injured. That was not Driscoll's way. But the physical shakeup had unsettled the habits of years, and for the first time in years Driscoll began to take stock of himself.

His thoughts were changed by hearing a child's cry at his side. Stooping down, he saw a pretty little girl of eight or nine years, lying beside the track. Near her lay the body of a man. He had been killed in the disaster, and the girl, who seemed only slightly injured, was stretching out her arms to him and sobbing.

Beneath his hard exterior Driscoll had a heart tender in one respect. He loved children. That was why he scowled at them, to hide his feelings.



Opened His Eyes and Stared Into His Wife's Face.

If Mary and he could have had a child like that!

He spoke gruffly to the little girl, but she did not seem to notice his presence. And at last, with a shrug of the shoulders, Driscoll turned his back on her.

He started away—not in the direction of New York, however, but back toward his home. A new idea had come to him. He would pretend that he had been killed in the wreck, and return home secretly, to discover what people were saying about him. He anticipated the jeers, the scoffing and congratulations, and his own triumph when he suddenly appeared in the midst of them.

The news of the disaster had spread rapidly, and five miles down the line, Driscoll passed a wrecking train, with a medical car attached. Behind it, along the wayside track, there came a man in a buggy, who pulled up his sweating steed.

"Have you seen the wreck?" he shouted.

"Yes," answered Driscoll. "I was aboard. My friend, Jim Driscoll, was killed, and that's enough for me. Are you a reporter?"

"Yes, I'm a newspaper man," answered the other. "Give me a short account while I rest my horse. Quick!"

"I will if you'll put Jim Driscoll down as dead," answered Driscoll. "Say Jim Driscoll of Boxville, Ill., was killed by breaking his neck, because I'm not going to break the news to his family."

The bargain was struck and Driscoll gave the other a five minutes' account of the wreck. Then he hurried along the line.

He caught a branch train at the junction, and finally, about eight o'clock the next evening, attired in a shabby suit which he had purchased at a pawnbroker's, he made his way in the dark through the streets of Boxville. Nobody who passed in the gathering darkness recognized Driscoll in the shabby, slouching stranger.

He pushed open the garden gate and crept to the outside of the parlor window. Inside he saw a small

crowd of neighbors, but his wife was not there.

"It'll be a hard blow for Mary," one of the crowd was saying. "Poor Jim!" Driscoll recognized him as the local druggist, with whom he had been on bad terms for years. He clenched his fists. He hated the man's hypocrisy even more than himself.

"Now there's many talks against Jim, but he wasn't such a bad fellow," broke in the shoemaker. He was a man named Austin, with whom Driscoll had had a feud of several months' standing, on account of a business misunderstanding. "When a man's cranky folks makes allowances for him. I tell you, a man who can keep the love of a woman like Mary Driscoll must have some good in him—it stands to reason."

"It's a pity there wasn't no children," sighed Miss Hemans, the sister of the butcher. "That's what ate into their hearts like acid. But I guess that if he loves Mary Driscoll will be so overjoyed that life'll take on a happier look for her."

"No chance of his recovering, is there?" asked Austin.

"A small one," said the butcher. "The doc says that if he recovers consciousness he'll most likely get well. It seems there's a splinter of bone pressing on his brain, and they can't tell how much it's injured him. If he recovers consciousness, the brain's all right; if he don't—well, he won't, that's all."

"Did Mary Driscoll write that?" asked another.

"Sure. She wrote to Miss Hemans here."

Jim Driscoll was conscious of mingled emotions. The first was of shame and humiliation. Of all the neighbors gathered there, not one had a bad word for him. But the second was of disgust. Could it be possible that his wife had gone to the hospital and actually mistaken another man for himself?

Or was somebody lying? That was a more probable explanation. Of course! It was a lie. His impulse was to run into the room, but he restrained himself, and he heard another speaker say:

"I tell you, Miss Hemans, when I saw Mary Driscoll start off this morning, she looked actually pretty in that black dress of hers, in spite of her sorrow. She was crying, and she couldn't hide it, but she looked like a girl again. Sorrow seems to bring back the youth in some people."

"She's had sorrow enough," broke in the first sneering voice that Driscoll had heard. "Living with a man like Jim is enough to make any woman wish she was dead."

Driscoll knew the speaker. He was the cashier of the local bank, and about the only friend he had in Boxville. And the sudden realization of the fellow's treachery almost unnerved the watcher at the window.

He, Driscoll, had been so wrapped up in his hatred and moodiness that he had never been able to tell his true friends from the false ones. He had acted like a fool. An overwhelming sense of remorse came over him. If he could see Mary now, and tell her what a fool he had been!

And, unable longer to restrain himself, he sprang for the door, opened it, and rushed into the parlor.

"I'm here, and I've heard every word!" he shouted to the assembly. "You, Mr. Nevins—" he turned to the cashier—"were my best friend, and you can walk right out of my house and never come—"

"Well, Jim Driscoll was a good man in his way," said Miss Hemans, wiping her eyes.

They had not heard him! Nobody had heard or noticed him! And, even as he stood there, bewildered, Nevins walked straight into him—and through him!

In an instant Driscoll understood. He was dead! He had died in the collision, and he was in his own home in the spirit, while the mangled flesh lay in the hospital, no doubt, where his patient wife was watching!

"I agree with you, Miss Hemans," the butcher answered.

Jim Driscoll turned slowly away, and, with the realization that his last chance to redeem his life was gone, an agonizing sense of hopelessness crushed him.

"Jim!"

Jim Driscoll opened his eyes and stared into his wife's face.

"O, thank God, Jim! You are conscious. You are going to get well. Jim, God has answered my prayers. I have prayed for you night and day these ten days past, and the doctor said if you knew me again you would recover. Jim, my dear—Jim, O, my dear!"

And, kneeling at the bedside she flung her arms round the sick man's neck.

"Jim, everyone is talking about it," she said later.

"About what?" whispered Driscoll feebly.

"The little girl in the next bed—look at her, Jim! Don't you remember? You pulled her from beneath the car which had fallen on her father and killed him. Nobody knows how you freed her, but it fell back on your head and injured you terribly. And, Jim—"

Driscoll could read the hope in his wife's eyes.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, patting her hand. "If you like, Mary."

"You'll adopt her, Jim? She has nobody in the world."

And that time Mary Driscoll read the answer in his.

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We admire a man who always laughs at our jokes, and never tells any of his own

HONOR IS FREMONT'S

"PATHFINDER" CREDITED WITH NAMING "GOLDEN GATE."

First Gave It Appellation of "Chrysopolis," Foreseeing That It Would Outlive Famous Golden Horn of Byzantium.

The name given to the entrance of the bay of San Francisco was not suggested, as is sometimes assumed, by the discovery of gold in California, although its bestowal occurred nearly concurrently with that event.

So far as we know, the first persons to enter the harbor through the Golden Gate were the crew of a vessel commanded by Lieutenant Juan Manuel de Ayala of the Spanish royal navy, says the San Francisco Chronicle. This was on August 5, 1775. They were shortly afterward followed by Bruno Hegeta, who was under orders to co-operate with Juan Bautista de Anza, who had been dispatched on the bay of San Francisco. Hegeta sailed from San Diego, and, after a protracted voyage, arrived in the harbor and laid the foundations of Fort Point.

So far as written records are concerned, they are silent on the subject of naming the entrance, and it is probable that no one took the trouble to apply a particular designation to it, although the islands and points about the bay were promptly supplied with appellations. De Ayala is credited with giving to what we call Angel island the name of Isla de los Angeles, but he forgot to christen the opening which gave access to it from the Pacific.

Numerous vessels passed through the entrance during the period between the foundation of the mission of San Francisco and the American occupation in 1846, but there is no intimation in the records which captains or their crews have left for us that it had been named. The opening and the bay were described by several skippers, and particular points were referred to in a manner that makes them recognizable, but no one seemed to think that it was necessary to confer a name on the front door of the harbor, whose beauties and importance they extolled, until an American thought it worth his while to do so.

To John C. Fremont belongs the honor of conferring the appellation Golden Gate, but curiously enough, in accordance with the tendency which had not yet run its course, he called it "Chrysopolis." This designation appears on the map of Oregon and California which accompanied the geographical memoirs published by him in 1848.

These memoirs were written before the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, which was made in the same year, and in them Fremont took pains to make clear why he had selected the Greek title. Like all the discerning pioneers, he was profoundly impressed with the belief that the harbor would one day bear a great commerce on its waters, and that it would outlive Chrysopolis, the Golden Horn of Byzantium.

The pioneers accepted the name, but promptly converted it into English, and doubtless many of them who had no acquaintance with the geographical memoirs of Fremont imagined that it was the steady stream of gold passing through the portal which suggested the happy title.

Wattersons a Fighting Race.

Col. Henry Watterson seems to have inherited his fighting qualities from his father, Harvey Magee Watterson, who was born in Beech Grove, Tenn., November 23, 1811. He was the son of W. S. Watterson, who served in the War of 1812 on General Jackson's staff. Harvey studied law and was elected to the Twenty-sixth congress, to succeed James K. Polk, who became governor of Tennessee. Re-elected, he retired at the end of his second term and became president of the state senate. In 1847 he bought the Nashville Union, and three years later was called to the Washington Union. He was a great friend of Franklin Pierce, but refused to support the administration on the Missouri compromise and the Kansas-Nebraska bill, returning from Washington, despite offers of high position in the government service. His personal popularity won him election to the Tennessee secession convention where, although he did his best, seeing there was no hope of keeping his state in the Union, he returned to his home. He died in 1891.

Define the Ideal Husband.

Happiness in married life depends first of all on the ability of the husband to maintain as ardent a wooing after marriage as during courtship. This is the opinion of 100 Detroit wives, expressed in letters to Rev. Howard A. Field, pastor of the Simpson M. E. church. The letters were requested by Mr. Field and the pastor based a sermon, "The Ideal Husband," on them. All agreed that the ideal husband must be an ideal lover. Other necessary qualities of an ideal husband in the order of their importance were fixed as follows:

He must be a lover of home. He must be industrious even to the extent of being willing to roll up his shirt sleeves and help tidy the house. He must be morally pure—there can be no double standard of purity. He must treat his wife as his equal—not as a servant. He must be temperate.—Detroit Free Press.

COTS AND BOSTON CULTURE

Los Angeles Matron Had Trouble in Making Her Wants Known—Finally Secured a Small Bed.

"Appropos of Boston and her R's," said a Los Angeles matron, "I had a very funny experience with them both last year. We were living in a cramped flat in Boston, and I needed a small cot-bed for Harry, who was four years old. So I went to a furniture dealer's, where I was told that they didn't keep cots. The obliging clerk, however, directed me to a store on another street, where, he assured me, I would find plenty of cots."

"It turned out to be an ordinary toy shop, and though slightly taken aback, I walked right in."

"Do you keep cots?" said I.

"Yes'm."

"Well, I want one for a small boy of four."

"The clerk came back in a moment, trundling a little red wagon after him!"

"When I want a cart," I explained, as soon as I could catch my breath, "I'll say so. What I really would like to get today, if the purchase is possible in this town of excessive culture, is a cot, cot."

"I was politely told that they kept cots, but not cots—and when I was directed to the store I had just left, where they kept cots, but not cots! I was confused, but determined, and I finally got a cot that had casters instead of wheels."

His Objection.

"What's your objection to women voting?"

"They haven't got industry enough," said the man with short hair and a large diamond pin. "I used to see men who would willingly vote six or seven times in a day. I've never heard a woman talk who would think of voting more than once at the same election."

PARADISE.



First Tramp—That man certainly is well satisfied looking.

Second Tramp—No wonder. He's connected with a brewery.

First Tramp—Wish I was on his supply line.

Didn't Mean It That Way.

"I'm sorry I can't go to the theater with you tonight," said Miss Peach. "I'm already engaged for the evening. But as long as you have the tickets I'll introduce you to a pretty girl and you can take her."

"But I don't want to go with a pretty girl," sorrowfully protested Mr. Lamb. "I want to go with you."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Getting a Start.

"How do you want your eggs?"

"Soft boiled."

"Yessuh. I'll boil 'em about five minutes."

"Five minutes!"

"Yessuh. Dese is cold storage eggs an' it's liable to take 'em a couple o' minutes to thaw."

Extreme Popularity.

"You seem to stand well with your wife's relatives."

"I'll tell you something that will surprise you."

"All right."

"There's hardly one of them I couldn't strike for a loan with reasonable expectations of getting it."

Suppressed Indignation.

"What do you think of that tenderfoot's having the nerve to spring a deck of marked cards on me?" exclaimed Broncho Bob.

"Did you shoot him?"

"What's the use of killing the goose that lays the golden egg? I held a gun in front of him and made him show me how he marked 'em."

Case of Thrift.

"A reception today, my dear, when you gave a party only last night?"

"Yes; I had a bowl of fruit punch left over, and I didn't see any use of wasting it."—Kansas City Journal.

Household Economy.

"You shouldn't permit the butcher to throw away all the trimmings after he has weighed your meat."

"I don't. I take them home and let the cook throw them away."

The Accompaniment.

"Who told Billy that the champagne supply would not give out after all?"

"I don't know, but I guess it was a little hot bird."

SMOOTHED PATH OF LOVE

American Naval Captain Rose Nobly to Occasion When Confronted With Unusual Problem.

The "floating court" is an institution founded by the United States government for administering judgment in the far North. An interesting example of the unusual problems that confronted Capt. A. J. Henderson, one of the first judges of the court, is told by Mr. Walter Noble Burns in the Wide World Magazine:

One day, at Point Hope, there appeared before the court, seated on the Thetis, Captain Henderson's ship, an old Eskimo and his wife. They were accompanied by their pretty daughter and two stalwart young men, who were suitors for her hand. In choicest Eskimo, that sounded like a series of explosions of vocal dynamite, the venerable father poured a voluble tale into the ears of the interpreter.

"This man, he say," began the interpreter, "these two feller want this gal for wife. One feller he offer a rifle, ten-pound whalebone, six walrus tusk, a dog team and sled. The other feller, he give kayak, two reindeer a bearskin, and six fox skin. This gal the old man's only daughter. He old, and he want good trade. But he not know which he best take. He say maybe you tell him."

Captain Henderson is no Cupid—he stands six feet two and weighs 250 pounds—but he determined to essay the role of Cupid's first assistant.

"You love this girl?" he asked one suitor.

"Yes," replied the interpreter, "he love her."

"And do you love her?" the captain asked the other.

"Yes, he love her, too."

The captain looked at the girl, who was a pretty little thing, something over four feet high, with coal-black hair plastered down over her temples and sloe-back, roguish eyes. Let no one doubt the vital beauty of Eskimo maids in the flush of youth and health.

"Here," said the captain to the girl, "which one of these men do you want?"

The interpreter put the question. The maiden's eyes grew brighter, her cheeks a deeper crimson, and a coy smile wreathed her lips. She stepped over to one of the young men unhesitatingly and touched him on the arm.

"This one," she said, and there was no need for the interpreter to translate.

"All right," said the captain, with a roar of laughter, "take him."

And he married them on the spot. Straight from the ship back to the village the newly wedded couple paddled, to set up housekeeping to live happily, no doubt, ever afterward. The bride's father touched off a few more explosions of vocal dynamite into the interpreter's ear.

"He say," declared the interpreter to Captain Henderson, "he satisfied."

Event in American History.

November 24, 1758, marked the evacuation and destruction of Fort Duquesne. A short time previous to this the British had initiated the work of fortification. The French, coming down the Allegheny river from their forts on and near Lake Erie, made a sudden descent on the small British garrison, and the latter was forced to surrender unconditionally. The French and their Indian allies completed the fortification and called it Fort Duquesne. A British force commanded by General Forbes was sent from the east to retake the fortification, and doubtless would have succeeded without the loss of a man had it not been for the impetuous Captain Grant. The fort was blown up while the main force was yet ten miles east of the site of the future great city. They heard a great explosion, saw volumes of smoke, and realized at once that the French and Indians had destroyed the little fortification and had taken to the woods and the rivers.

Edison a Peaceful Inventor.

Thomas Edison stated recently that "making things which kill men is against my fiber." Frank L. Dyer and Thomas C. Martin, authors of "Edison: His Life and Inventions," bear him out in this statement. They state, however, that he is joint inventor of the Edison-Sims torpedo, and that during the Spanish-American war the inventor suggested to the navy department the adoption of a certain compound which, placed in a shell and fired from a gun, would explode as soon as it struck water, producing a blaze that could not be extinguished, and which would make the enemy's ships visible for four or five miles. "In general, though," they say, "Edison has not paid much attention to warfare and has disdained to develop inventions for the destruction of life and property."

Killed by His Own Contrivance.

The body of Peter Abitzler, a wealthy retired tailor of Brooklyn, was found recently in a vacant lot. A heavy charge of bird shot had been fired through his heart. By his side was what seemed to be a thick walking stick with a curved handle. Examination showed that a 20-gauge shotgun barrel had been sawed off and inserted in the stick. A button in the handle, when pressed, set off the load of shot.

Abitzler was sixty-nine years old and had a wife and eight adult children. A. A. Abitzler said his father had made the gun, which he used on hunting trips. He thought his father must have accidentally discharged the weapon.—New York World.

TAKE TIME TO SMILE



PAPA'S SURGERY WAS ROUGH

Little Jessie Resented Manner in Which Fond Parent Was Wiping Tear From Her Eye.

An amused smile fluttered over the features of Congressman Samuel J. Tribble of Georgia the other night when the talk topic in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the wonderful sayings of the kiddies. He said he was reminded of a recent incident.

A fond father was taking his little six-year-old daughter downtown in an automobile, and on stopping in front of a store he noticed that the drive against the strong wind had made the youngster's eyes water.

"Just a minute, Jessie," said father, wrapping one finger and dabbing the little girl's eye. "Let me wipe that tear away."

"Say," was the rather amusing exclamation of Jessie, "what do you think that is—a push-button?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Worth Knowing.

"It is said that there are thousands of Greek boys held in bondage throughout this country by the proprietors of shoe shining parlors."

"Well! Well!"

"They work for meager wages and have to turn over all the tips they get to their employers."

"I'm glad you told me that. Hereafter I will be able to withhold a tip without feeling the least bit stingy."

To Be Expected.

"How was the man dressed who swindled you?"

"He wore a light gray derby, a flashy checked suit, a red tie with a diamond horseshoe pin stuck in it, a tan velvet vest and—"

"That's enough. If you tried to change a hundred dollar bill for a chap dressed like that you deserved to be swindled."

A Tactful Explanation.

"My dear, you are not thinking of going to savage islands as a missionary, are you?"

"Why not, sir? Don't you think I am capable of doing the work?"

"Oh, it is not that. I am only afraid the savages will agree with us at home here in thinking you are sweet enough to eat."

Father's Cooking.

"Of course, you and your wife are happy."

"Yes," replied the young man. "But she is a little thoughtless. Whenever I perform with the chafing dish she insists on talking about the superior Welsh rabbits her father used to make."

Minor Woes.

She—I think it is terrible that Russia joined in this war.

He—Yes, it is going to add vastly to the cost of humanity.

She—I wasn't thinking of humanity. I was thinking how hard it is to pronounce all those names.

COULDN'T RESIST.



Bill—Dey say dat a lot ob dem excursionists got left down de river las' night.

Joe—Of course dey did. A bunch ob dem struck a watermelon patch and de captain wouldn't wait fo' dem.

Plainly Evident.

Mrs. Lovewett (at 2 a. m.)—Where have you been?

Lovewett—Just fell in wiz an ol' frien', m'dear.

Mrs. Lovewett—Fell in, eh? I believe you. You're soaked.—Boston Transcript.

The One Exception.

"Americans are expecting to use cotton in every possible form hereafter."

"Yes," replied the patient native citizen; every form except guncotton."

Impudence.

"Smith took Jones apart to tell him the news."

"What happened then?"

"He told Jones to collect himself."