Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XXII.

Matthew Mark Easton was a quick thinker if not a deep one, and it is those who think quickly who give quickly. This man had something to give, something to tear away from his own heart and hold out with generous, smiling eyes, and, before Miss Winter's door had closed behind him, the sacrifice was made. He called a hansom cab and drove straight to Tyars' club. He found his friend at work among his ship's papers, folding and making up in packets his receipted bills.

"Morning," said the Englishman. "These papers are almost ready to be handed over to you. All my stores are on board."

"Ah!"

Tyars looked up sharply, and as sharply returned to his occupation. Easton was grave, and Tyars knew that he had come with news of some sort. He waited, however, for the American to begin, and continued to fold and arrange his papers.

"I have," said Easton, sitting down and tapping the neat toe of his boot with his cane, "hit quite accidentally upon a discovery——"

"Poor chap!" muttered Tyars, abstractedly.

"Which will make a difference in your crew."

"What?" exclaimed Tyars, pausing in the middle of a knot.

"One rule," continued Easton, his queer little face twisting and twinkling with some emotion, which he was endeavoring to conceal, "was that no sweethearts or wives were to be left behind."

"What are you driving at?" asked Tyars, curtly, in a singularly lifeless voice.

"Well, old man, I have discovered a sweetheart."

Tyars threw the papers in a heap and rose suddenly from his seat. He walked to the mantel piece.

"Of course," he said, "your discovery can only relate to one person."

"Yes; you know whom I mean."

Tyars nodded his head in acquiescence and continued smoking. The little American sat looking in a curious way at this large, impassive, high-bred Englishman, as if gathering enjoyment and edification from the study of him.

"Well," he drawled, at length, "you say nothing!"

"There is nothing to say."

"On the contrary," returned Easton, "there is everything to say. That is one of the greatest mistakes made by your people. I have noticed it since I have been in this country. You take too much for granted. You let things say themselves too much, and you think it very fine to be impassive and apparently indifferent. But it is not a fine thing, it is silly and unbusiness like. Do you give up Oswin Grace?"

"Certainly; if you can get him to stay behind."

"He will run his head against a wall if he can. That is to say, is there is a thick enough wall around."

Tyars hesitated. "I am not quite sure that it is my business," he said. "I hate meddling in other people's affairs, and, after all, I suppose Grace knows best what he is doing."

"Men rarely know what they are doing under these circumstances," observed Easton.

He waited patiently, hat in hand, to hear what Tyars had to say. While he stood there, Muggins, the bull-terrier, rose from the hearth rug, stretched himself and looked from one to the other in an inquiring and anticipatory manner. He took it to be a question of going for a walk, and apparently imagined that the casting vote was him.

"All right," said Tyars, suddenly, "I will speak to him again."

"To-day?" pursued Easton, following up his advantage, "or to-morrow at the latest."

"Yes; to-morrow at the latest."

Then the American took his departure, and Muggins curled himself up on the hearth rug again with a yawn of disappointment.

Oswin Grace was seated in the bright little cabin at a table writing out lists of stores. Many of these same stores were piled on the deck around him, and there was a pleasant odor of paraffine in the air. Tyars closed the cabin door with his elbow.

"I do not see," he said, slowly and uncomfortably, "how you can very well go with us."

Grace laid aside his pen and raised his keen, gray eyes. His brow was wrinkled, his lips set, his eyes full of fight.

"Because," suggested Grace, in a hard voice, "I am in love with Agnes Winters?"

Tyars nodded his head and stooped to pick up his gloves, holding them subsequently close to the bars of the stove, where they steamed gayly. There was a silence of some duration, and every second increased the discomfort of Claud Tyars.

"And you," continued Grace, at length, very deliberately, "love Helen!"

Tyars stood upright, so that his head was very near the beams. He thrust his gloves into his pocket and stood for some seconds, grasping his short pointed beard meditatively with the uninjured hand.

"Yes," he said, "I do."

Grace returned to his ship chandler's bills with the air of a barrister who, having established his point, thinks it prudent to allow time for it to sink into the brains of judge and jury.

"I do not mind telling you," he added, carelessly, almost too carelessly, "that Miss Winters is perfectly indifferent on the subject."

"Do you know that for certain?" asked Tyars, sharply.

"She told me so herself," answered Grace, with a peculiar little laugh which was not pleasant to the ear.

He waited obviously for a reciprocal confidence on the part of Tyars; but he waited in vain.

"Of course," he said, "I have no desire to meddle with your affairs. I ask no questions, and I look for no spontaneous confidences. It will be better for you to lose sight altogether of the coincidence that I am—her brother."

Tyars had seated himself on the corner of the cabin table, with his back half turned toward his companion. He had picked up a piece of straw, of which there was a quantity lying on table and floor, and this he was biting meditatively. It was as yet entirely a puzzle to him, and this was only a new complication. He could not understand it, just as better men than Claud Tyars have failed to understand it all through. For no one, I take it, does understand love, and no man can say whither it will lead.

"There need," continued Oswin Grace, perforating a series of small holes in his writing paper with the point of a cedar-wood pencil, "be no nonsense of that sort. I am going to take it upon myself to watch over Helen's interests; they are much safer in your hands than in mine."

Still Tyars said nothing, and after a little pause, Grace went on, in measured, thoughtful tones, carrying with them the weight of deliberation.

"There is one point," he said, "upon which I think there must be an understanding."

"Yes," said Tyars anxiously.

"Any risks—extra risks, such as boat-work, night-work up aloft—these must be mine. From what you have said, I gather that your intention was to be skipper, and yet do the rough work as well. When anything hazardous is to be done, I shall do it. You must stick to the ship."

"I have no doubt," said Tyars, seating himself at the table and beginning to open his letters, "that we are all constructing a very fine mountain out of materials intended for a molehill. I, for one, have no intention of leaving my bones in the far North. There is no reason why we should not all be back home by this time next year."

"None at all," agreed Oswin somewhat perfunctorily, adding, with a suspicion of doubt the next minute: "Suppose we succeed?"

"Well, what then?"

"Suppose we get there all right, rescue the men and go on safely; we get over the elemental danger, and then we have to face the political, which is worse."

"I do not see it," replied Tyars. "We sell the ship at San Francisco. Half the crew expect to be paid off there, the other half will disperse with their passage money in their pockets, and very few of them will find their way back to England. Our doctor is a German socialist, with several aliases; our second mate a simple-minded Norwegian whaling skipper. The exiles do not know a word of English, or pretend they do not, and none of the crew speaks Russian. There will be absolutely no intercourse on board, and only you, the doctor and myself will ever know who the rescued men really are. The crew will imagine that they are the survivors of a Russian ivory hunting expedition, and if the truth ever comes out, it will be impossible to prove that you and I knew better."

"But it will not be easy to keep the newspapers quiet."

"We shall not attempt to keep them quiet. It will only be a local matter. The San Francisco papers will publish libelous woodcuts of our countenances and a column or two purporting to be biographical, but the world will be little the wiser. In America such matters are interesting only in so much as they are personal, and there is in reality nothing easier than the suppression of one's personality. There is no difficulty in kicking an interviewer out of the room, just as one would kick out any intruder; and we are quite indifferent as to whether the American newspapers abuse us or not after having been kicked. As to the details of the voyage, I shall withhold those with the view of publishing a book, which is quite the correct thing nowadays. The book shall always be in course of preparation, and will never appear."

In this wise the two men continued talking, planning, scheming all the morning, while they worked methodically and prosaically.

The eleventh of March was fixed for the sailing of the Argo, exploring vessel, and Easton's chief thought on the subject was a vague wonder as to what he would do with himself after she had gone.

The Argo was to pass out of the tidal basin into the river at one o'clock, and at half-past twelve Easton drove up to the dock gates. He brought with him the last items of the ship's outfit in the shape of a pile of newspapers, and a bunch of hothouse roses for the cabin table, for there was to be a luncheon party on board while steaming down the river.

He found Admiral Grace strolling about the deck with Tyars, conversing in quite a friendly way, and endeavoring honestly to suppress his contempt for seamanship of so young a growth as that of his companion. The ladies were below, inspecting the ship under Oswin's guidance.

"She is," he said, addressing himself to the admiral, with transatlantic courtesy, "a strange mixture of the man-of-war and the yacht—do you not find it so, sir?"

"She is," answered the old gentleman, guardedly, "one of the most complete vessels I have ever boarded—though her outward appearance is, of course, against her."

"One can detect," continued the American, looking round with a musing eye, "the influence of a naval officer."

The old gentleman softened visibly. At this moment the ladies appeared, escorted by Oswin Grace—Miss Winter first, with a searching little smile in her eyes. Easton saw that she was very much on the alert.

"I feel quite at home," she said to him, looking round her, "although there are so many changes."

"So do I; the more so because the changes have been made under my own directions."

They walked aft, leaving the rest of the party standing together. As they walked, Oswin Grace watched them with a singular light in his clear gray eyes; singular because gray eyes rarely glisten, they only darken at times.

Presently the vessel glided smoothly between the slimy gates out into the open river. The tow-line was cast off, and the Argo's engines started. The vessel swung slowly round on the greasy water, pointing her blunt, stubborn prow down the misty river. She settled to her work with a docile readiness, like a farmer's mare on the outward road.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Had an acute but uninitiated observer been introduced into the little cabin of the Argo during the consumption of the delicate repast provided by her officers, he or she could scarcely have failed to notice a certain recklessness among the party assembled. Admiral Grace was the only one who really did justice to the steward's maiden and supreme effort, and he, in consequence, was singular in failing to appreciate the witticisms of Matthew Mark Easton and Oswin Grace. This was, perhaps, owing to the fact that when we have passed the half-way milestone in life, we fail to appreciate the most brilliant conversation. It is just possible that Admiral Grace did not think very much of the wit—taken as wit pure and simple. His position was not unique.

Once or twice Easton's words recurred to Miss Winter: "I intend to be intensely funny, and I guess you will have to laugh." This was her cue, and she acted upon it.

The meal came to an end and a move was made. There was nothing else to do but to go on deck. The moments dwindled on with the slow, dragging monotony which makes us almost impatient to see the last of faces which we shall perhaps never look upon again. Presently, the town of Gravesend hove in sight, and all on the quarterdeck of the Argo gazed at it as they might have gazed on some unknown Eastern city after traversing the desert. And then, after all—all the waiting, the preparation, the counting of moments, and the calculating of distances—the bell in the engine room came as a surprise. There was something startling in the clang of gong as the engineer replied.

Helen was the last to rise. She stood holding the shawl which Oswin had spread over her knees, and looked round with a strange, intense gaze. The steamer was now drifting slowly on the tide with resting engines. There were two boats rowing toward her from Gravesend Pier, one a low, green-painted wherry for the pilot, the other a larger boat, with stained and faded red cushions. The scene—the torpid, yellow river, the sordid town and low riverside warehouses—could scarce have been exceeded for pure, unvarnished dismalness.

Already the steps were being lowered. In a few moments the larger boat swung alongside, held by a rope made fast in the forecastle of the Argo. A general move was made toward the rail. Tyars passed out on the gangway, where he stood waiting to hand the ladies into the boat. Helen was near to her brother; she turned to him and kissed him in silence. Then she went to the gangway. There was a little pause, and for a moment Helen and Tyars were left alone at the foot of the brass-bound steps.

"Good-by," said Tyars.

There was a slight prolongation of the last syllable, as if he had something else to say; but he never said it, although she gave him time.

"Good-by," she answered, at length; and she, too, seemed to have something to add which was never added.

Then she stepped lightly into the boat and took her place on the faded red cushions.

The Argo went to sea that night. There was much to do, although everything seemed to be in its place, and every man appeared to know his duty. It thus happened that Tyars and Grace had not a moment to themselves until well on into the night. The watch was set at 8 o'clock. For a moment Tyars paused before leaving his chief officer alone on the little bridge.

"What a clever fellow Easton is!" he said. "I never recognised it until this afternoon."

(To be continued.)

ROUNDUP OF WILD HORSES.

Range in State of Washington to Be Cleared of Grass Consumers.

One of the most exciting chases, if it may be so called, that has taken place since the era of the grand buffalo hunt ended on the great plateau, is the proposed round up of 18,000 wild horses in Douglas County, Washington. As scheduled, 400 cowboys will take part in the ride after these wild creatures of the range. The purpose is to rid the range of this great band of grass consumers and the effort, presumably, will be to dispatch rather than capture the horses.

These untamed and practically untamable animals are the product of nature left to itself on the great range for thirty years. The stock is interbred and, of course, underbred, and has no place in the economy of civilized life. While its extermination will be a gain to the legitimate stock breeding and raising interests of the section over which the horses have so long roamed at will, the instincts of humanity are shocked at the cruelties that will be inflicted through the means by which this purpose is to be accomplished.

Perhaps this is the best that can be done at this stage of affairs to rid a wide section of the country of a veritable pest to the stock industry. Like many other scourges, the remedy for this plague of wild horses lays in prevention. The careless settlers of thirty years ago who allowed their ponies to run uncared for on the range year after year were culpable in this matter. The result has been a multiplication of unprofitable animals that have eaten out the grass on the range for years to the detriment of the interests of a legitimate stock industry. Now comes the necessity of repairing the consequences of the settlers' carelessness and a "roundup" looking to the extermination of thousands of these wild creatures, with such cruelties as will be necessary to accomplish that end. The chase will be an exciting one, no doubt, and the ultimate result will be beneficial.

Corn Growers Are Wasteful.

While fully recognizing the value of corn crop in all sections and particularly in the West, where it is so largely grown, the fact remains that more of it is wasted than should be. Western farmers wear out themselves and their horses plowing under constalks which could be put into the ground much more easily and inexpensively by cutting the stalks, shredding them and feeding them to the stock, so as to have the manure for the soil. If humus is needed it can be much more easily supplied than by plowing under cornstalks. Farmers of the East cannot understand why their brethren of the West follow corn with corn; perhaps, in the East, it is realized that the time has been when the changes was forced on them, as it must be, eventually, in the West. We may follow corn after corn now and for some years to come successfully, but we'll have to stop it sometime. Further, why should we continue it until forced to stop, either in the West or elsewhere?

If sections have found the rotation of crops profitable is there any reason to assume that it will not be equally successful elsewhere? On the other hand, if a soil is able to grow crop after crop of corn with success, is it not fair to assume that a short rotation, say three years, would give crops which would be more profitable and leave the soil in much better condition? Think it over, or, better still, experiment a little on small plots, and see what the result is.

Bone and Sinew.

"Do you see that distinguished-looking man over there with glue-colored whiskers? Well, he furnishes the bone and sinew of the nation."

"You don't say. Is he the head of a physical culture college?"

"Nope."

"Recruiting station?"

"'Way off."

"Then what is his line?"

"Why, he runs a 5-cent lunchroom."

Dead Game.

Gunner—They say, despite their lethargicness, the people of Philadelphia are dead game sports.

Guyer—I should say they are dead-game sports. They still play ping-pong.—Columbus Dispatch.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GOOD TRIUMPHANT OVER EVIL.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

REV. N. D. HILLIS.

True optimism is based on a survey of all the blackest facts in society, but it goes on to find a power that makes for righteousness and love, that can overrule these dark events and transform evil into good. Browning has followed the prodigal in his downward career. He has made his way into the wine shops, he hath stood midst the din of the market place and the stock exchange. He knows the haunts of vice and crime, and is familiar with the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the rich. He knows the newsboy, the working girl, the princess, the courtier, the soldier, the miser, the hero, and the patriot. At the end of his career he affirms that love is stronger than hate, that knowledge will make its way in the face of ignorance, that life is lord over death, that, come soon or come late, God will triumph. The best is still to be. Our times are in his hand. Youth shows the path, trust God, see all, nor be afraid. A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

That he may prove the ultimate inevitable triumph of good over evil, Browning takes the weakest possible embodiment of purity, goodness and love. He passes by the statesman, and takes a little friendless waif, named Pippa, and he tells us that this child of 16, this girl, friendless, homeless, untaught, can, by purity, prayer, faith and love in her, become the chapel through which God and his spirit work, so as to work miracles of transformation in this sinful world.

For in every realm God is stronger than the principle of Satan. Christ is victorious over sin, love conquers hate, and light smites darkness, and life is victorious over death.

SWEARING IN PUBLIC.

By William Wesley.

No greater annoyance exists to-day in public places, including the streets and conveyances, than the indiscriminate swearing on the part of men. Most of them are young, some of them are mature, few or none of them are old—and this is exceedingly suggestive; old men know too much to swear. Of course, much of it is entirely thoughtless, and the result of a vicious habit working itself out. "Profanity," says a wise man, "is more or less a profession of your loyalty to the devil." It is certainly only too true that the average man does not hesitate to use the most awful language and some of it he does not even seem to think is awful.

I recall asking a man of singularly uprightness of life what was wrong in cursing "it." He replied, "Who made 'it' and all there is?" I was a small boy, but it served to point out something that should be more or less obvious. Curses do come home to roost, if not in the way first thought, then in another way.

Men in the habit of profanity swear at those whom, in their saner minds, they would not think of cursing. It is certain that, if they had not the habit, they would never find themselves in as miserable a plight as they must be in if they have any thoughtful moments. A boy's swearing is largely due to a father's loose habits, and a boy who has heard his mother cursed is not likely to have any scruples afterward in cursing his father.

Some men swear in what they think is a gentlemanlike manner, by scrupulously omitting their oaths in the presence of women. For so much let thanks be given, since nothing is more annoying to a person of sensibilities than to hear those who have not even that much self-restraint. It is in many cases a sign that a man or boy swears at home and in the presence of the women of his own family when he does not hold in at any time; of course, if he is able to draw the line, it merely proves he has enough command over himself not to swear at all.

But in any event swearing is awful. The proof is to be found in the crawling repulsion felt when a woman swears.

WHY HUSBANDS DESERT THEIR WIVES.

By Ernest P. Bicknell.

One prominent Chicago society reports that one-fourth of the families which applied for its assistance in 1905 had been deserted by the husband or wife. Another society found that during the same period one in ten of the families asking its help had been deserted. Causes are subtle and complex. One man will go away from home in good faith in search of employment. Hard luck attends him, he drifts from place to place, gradually becomes alienated, and finally ceases to communicate with his wife. Another man will leave home in anger, in which case the deciding quarrel is usually the culmination of a long series of bitter wrangles.

A well defined class of deserters is composed of husbands who leave home just before the birth of a baby. The members of this class usually return after charity has seen the wife safely through the crisis and has paid all the accompanying expenses.

Certain European countries have laws against desertion which appear to be worthy of trial in the United States. Under their operation a deserting husband is sentenced to prison at hard labor. The state or municipality allows a daily wage for his work, but instead of paying it to him pays it to his family. It is said that when a man once finds that he cannot escape the support of his family, he prefers to labor outside, rather than inside, the prison walls.

TRUE BASIS OF THE HONOR SYSTEM.

By Prof. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton.

The honor system is the name given to the practice of conducting examinations under the self direction of the pupils themselves. If those who take the examinations are expected to cheat and watchers are set to prevent them, the more adventurous and less sensitive among them, the lazy men who are sharp witted and those who regard examinations as a mere official inquisitorial process at best, feel that a sort of challenge has been flung out to them to circumvent their academic masters if they can. The only thing that can prevent cheating is a strong feeling on the part of the students themselves that it is dishonorable.

That feeling must precede the establishment of the "honor system." That system is a method of self government. Under it every student of conscience feels bound to take notice of and report any irregularity on the part of a fellow student, and the student convicted of offense is dismissed as a person who has broken the understandings and fallen short of the standards of the little community. In such an atmosphere offenses grow very rare indeed and practically never escape detection.

THE TERRIBLE SALISBURY WRECK.

SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

A terrible railway accident occurred at Salisbury, England, when the special boat train from Devonport, left the rails with disastrous results. The train was making a non-stop run to Waterloo and was carrying forty-two of the first-class passengers from the American liner, New York, which had arrived at Plymouth a little behind time. The train appears to have passed through the station at Salisbury at a high speed and then to have jumped the track at a point where a severe curve begins. The engine crashed into the rear coach of a mail train traveling in an opposite direction and then collided with the low girders of a bridge. The girders deflected the engine from plunging into the street, and it finally collided with the engine of a stationary train on a third set of rails. The noise of the catastrophe was heard all over the cathedral city, and doctors, officials and breakdown gangs were soon upon the scene. It was some hours, however, before the powerful cranes could clear away the wreckage for the removal of the dead and dying from the remains of the train. The death roll amounts to twenty-seven.

AMERICAN GRIT.

Was Well Shown in English Wreck When Twenty-eight Were Killed.

It seems the irony of fate, says a London writer, that after repeated expressions of satisfaction on the part of the British press that the great train disasters in America were not duplicated in this country the majority of the victims in the first serious railway disaster of recent years should be Americans.

I was at Salisbury that Sunday morning, a few hours after the terrible tragedy in which twenty-eight people were killed, and the scene well nigh baffled description. Two features of the catastrophe especially impressed themselves on the British mind. The first was the absolute sang froid of their American cousins who were caught in the wreck and escaped with their lives. Perhaps the most remarkable exhibition of "nerve" was that of a New York business man, whose first thought after extricating himself from the debris was for his camera. "It will be daylight in a few hours," he said coolly, as he rearranged his necktie, "and I'd like to get some snapshots, just to show people at home that there are railway wrecks in this country."

The splendid courage of little Miss Anna Koch, of Allentown, Pa., won the admiration of everyone. Her father was instantly killed and her mother taken to the Salisbury hospital with severe injuries, but this brave girl, alone in a strange land for the first time, never lost her spirits. She was badly bruised, her right eye being discolored and useless as the result of a heavy blow. But she went about the old cathedral town with a smile on her lips, though with sorrow in her heart, trying to cheer up the other women who lost relatives, and staying for hours beside the beds in the hospital wards where her friends were fighting for life.

Taken all in all, I think this wreck has given Britons—at least those who have never visited America—a new insight into the American character. Many people have been inclined to gauge all Americans by an objectionable few who wear the Stars and Stripes on their coat sleeves and talk loudly in the London bars about the great American eagle. But the Britons admire pluck, and there was plenty of pluck exhibited at Salisbury.

Noised Abroad.

"Last night, George," said the sweet girl, "you told me you loved me more than tongue could tell, and O! George—that wasn't true."

"Why, darling, what do you mean?" protested George.

"I mean that it wasn't more than my little brother's tongue could tell. He heard it all."—Philadelphia Press.

It is hard to keep kin from quarreling.

The Name Tuxedo.

The Tuxedo coat got its name from the fashionable colony of Tuxedo, and the original name of the place was Duck Cedar. Lots of the old natives still call it Duck Cedar. George Tidabech, one of the original settlers of the country, named the place. The lake was then much smaller than it is now and was simply known as the fish pond. One day old Tidabech and his sons had gone there to shoot game. The ducks were very plentiful; numerous cedar trees were growing out of the rocks along the shore.

"Let us give this place a name," said the old man. "Let us call it Duck Cedar."

So Duck Cedar it was and continued to be for many years until the name was changed to Tuxedo.

Two Sides of the Picture.

Knicker—Rockefeller said that mere money-getting wasn't all there is in life.

Bocker—He's right. There's an awful lot of mere money-losing.—New York Sun.

Dear.

"This is such a dear little home you have," she cried, enthusiastically.

"Yes," her friend sadly replied, "the landlord has just raised the rent $10 a."

There is one very pleasant feature met in the reminiscences of an old couple: They were not married under a canopy.

RECLAIMING ARID LAND.

Is Dry Farming the Solution of a Number of Pressing Problems?

Contrary to commonly accepted ideas as the statement may be, it is, nevertheless, an amply demontrated fact that wherever in this great arid empire the annual rainfall averages as high as twelve inches, as good crops can be raised without irrigation as with it, says the Century. This means that almost every acre of the great plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, and most of the intermountain parks and plateaus between the Rockies and the Pacific, will produce as abundantly as will the rich prairie lands of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, and much more abundantly than the richest of the lands in any of the older States along the Atlantic seaboard; that there is enough land now utilized, if at all, only for grazing to make possible the trebling or quadrupling of the present farming population of the United States; that outside of comparatively small areas in western Texas and in portions of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, South Dakota and southern California there is little arable land in the great west that may not be divided into forty-acre farms, each one of which will be capable of supporting an average-sized family.

Probably there is no exaggeration in the statement made by one writer that the region between the foot hills of the Rocky mountains, bounded on the south by the Rio Grande and on the north by the Canadian border, is capable of producing fruits, cereals, vegetables and live stock, sufficient for the support of the entire present population of the globe. This vast area of fertile, and as yet almost unutilized land, is the foundation upon which the American people must build for the continuance of their prosperity for at least a century to come. Properly utilized, it may solve many perplexing problems. It will relieve the congestion of the cities, provide an outlet for superabundant capital, and afford opportunities for the enterprising and discontented for decades. It contains the richest resources, the most fertile soil, and the most genial and salubrious climate on this continent. What its development and exploitation would mean to the transportation, manufacturing, mercantile, financial and labor interests of the nation cannot be even dimly foreshadowed. It would furnish a stimulus that would be felt not merely in the great centers of population and industry, but in the remotest hamlet and on the most isolated farm in the republic.

FIRST AID TO UNINJURED.

Every one knows that measures for the relief of the San Francisco sufferers were put into operation with a promptness quite unprecedented in the knowledge of men. But there is a point before which even this promptness seems slow—a point which Aunt Martha Hitchcock, of Hitchcock's Corners, would like to have explained.

Aunt Martha and her husband were seated at the kitchen table, looking over some illustrated periodicals giving detailed accounts of the destruction and desolation in San Francisco, and of the measures for relief of the people. Presently the "Oh my's" and the "Bless my soul's" ceased on Aunt Martha's side of the table, and she bent in silence for some time over one page.

"See here, Cyrus," she broke out after a little. "I just want you should look at this! Have the magazine folks gone plumb crazy, or what does it mean?

"Right along here with the pictures and stories about helping those poor folks I found this funny-looking map. I can't make head or tail of it. It looks like one o' the old bird's-eye views you used to see hanging on walls. See, it's all kind of speckled and mottled-like. See these little x's here and there? Well, first I thought mebby they could be the places where the Red Cross folks are distributing victuals.

"It's got something to do with distributing supplies, of course, because it's a relief map. But, Cyrus, see here. It says 'Relief Map of San Francisco Before the Earthquake.' Now, what does that mean? What could they be doing about relief there before the earthquake?"

How to Save the Young.

Fairies still play a prominent part in the life and belief of the Irish people. It is lucky to spill milk, a servant assured her mistress, when she once dropped a jugful. "Them little people will be pleased with th' sup ye're lavin' them," she added. It was the same servant, says a writer in the Grand Magazine, who said that the good folk were very dainty in their habits, and would not touch anything that was soiled or dirty.

"Let me tell ye," she continued, "Me own little nephew in the County Tipperary, a lovely young b'y of three weeks, was pinin' away, an' th' poor mother was distracted to know what was ailin' him, till she called in a woman who had th' name o' bein' wise—an' she told me sister th' fairies was takin' th' child.

"'An' what'll I do?' asked me sister.

"'Smear him wid dirt,' said th' woman, 'for whatever's annyway dirty th' fairies'll lave after them.'

"Me sister done that, an' th' young child recovered, for when they seen th' dirt th' fairies let him be."

The Result.

"My first husband," she sobbed, "was a kind, gentle man, always considerate of me. He always let me have my own way."

"Yes," growled the second, "and look at the result."

"Result? What result?"

"Why, he's dead!"—Cincinnati Post.

Got the Worst of the Bargain.

He (tauntingly)—Your father was in trade when I married you, wasn't he?

She (bitterly)—I suppose so. He was sold, in any event.

A man said to this reporter to-day: "How do you pronounce the word 'hospitable?'" "I don't know," the reporter replied; "I would like to know myself."