The Observer
MORO, OREGON.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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The Wise Fool.

"Blessings often come disguised," observed the sage.

"Maybe," commented the fool, "but troubles never bother putting on any makeup."

An Epitaph.

Beneath this sod sleeps pretty Grace.
She's in the heavenly fold,
For she forgot to paint her face
And caught an awful cold.

Described.

"What kind of a man is Bill?" asked the old fogy.

"He is one of those lads who talk so much about what he is going to do that he never gets time to do anything," replied the grouch.

You Know Him.

An egotist is Mr. Pine.
With self pride he is blinded.
The hat he wears is No. 9,
Yet he is narrow minded.

Welcome!

Dear Luke—Dr. Dye, a physician; Dr. Root, a dentist, and A. Trout, who has a fish store, would like to join the Springfield (O.) delegation in the Names Is Names club.—N. E. D.

Huh!

Oh, place no trust in Oswald Blee
Or you will sure regret it!
He always says, "Leave that to me!"
And then he will forget it.

Why the Editor Left Town.

E. A. Lewis figured in a runaway here Tuesday p. m. What the animal became frightened at is not known.—Georgetown (Ill.) News.

Thanx!

When you feel bad, why Luke McLuke's
The greatest doctor, I will say.
He makes you roar
Till you are sore
And keeps you happy every day.
If laughing's good for health, you see,
That Luke's the really great M. D.
—E. R. G., Business Men's Club.

Thanx!

Dear Luke—Any time the heat worries you just think of Miss Icie Luke, who lives at Caldwell, O.—Cambridge Reader.

Huh!

He couldn't beat a rug—not he!
Work was beyond his powers;
His back was very weak, you see,
But he'd play golf for hours.

The Cheerful Pedestrian.

Auto accidents multiply, especially on Sunday. When the machines were first introduced they seemed likely to kill all the pedestrians, but now the owners are killing themselves much faster than they are killing us. If the statistics continue we shall be ahead in the game ultimately.—Fredonia (N. Y.) Censor.

An Immortal.

Dear Luke—Every time I read one of your Names Is Names I think of dear old Quintus Quintillion Quigley of this city, who was for many years a state senator from this district.—Paducah, Ky.

Names Is Names.

Pink Green lives at Greenville, Ky.

Things to Worry About.

There are 111 distinct species of snakes in the United States.

Our Daily Special.

A soft mark is a hard loser.

"Prolonging" the Rabbit.

At chafing dish suppers it is almost impossible to serve a second portion of Welsh rarebit because it gets tough as soon as it cools. If a beaten egg is stirred into what remains and it is covered closely and reheated a moment over a small fire, using the hot water pan, it will be found quite as good as when first made.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Luke McLuke Says:

When a woman who has three or four summer skirts tells her husband that she hasn't one that is fit to wear on the street she is often telling the truth without knowing it.

The nearest some men ever come to getting their pictures in the papers is when a cross (X) is shown on the half tone to indicate where the innocent bystander stood when it happened.

If a man's thermometer registers 105 on a hot day and all the rest of the thermometers in town register 95 he knows that he has the only accurate thermometer in town.

Daughter can't bear to see her poor old mother slaving over a washtub on Monday. So daughter gets up early on Monday and stays downtown the rest of the day.

If you are denying your wife a lot of pleasures so you can lay up something for a rainy day, always try to remember that it is not going to rain every day.

A woman will get mad if you insist that she is contrary. But she wore low cut waists all winter, and this summer she is going to wear waists that button up all the way and fasten at the throat.

A liar is a man who arrives home about 2:30 a. m. and begins to explain to his wife how it happened.

A married woman likes to feed tramps because it is a relief to have a man eat a meal and not complain about the cooking.

Always try to remember that when you say nice things about people you will never be forced to eat your words.

Most of us are run down because we are always climbing hills that are not there.

Father will go to sleep resolving to cut out the use of cuss words. And when he wakes up in the morning he will discover that mother has spilled a whole box of face powder all over the only decent tie he has to wear.

The Dragon Seal

Its Mystery and Its Solution.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mason tilted back in his chair and stared across the China sea, where a passing steamer slid through the oily waters. The little whitewashed hut with its tiny veranda facing the sea and its bit of garden looked like a dozen others of its kind which formed the muddy little Chinese village.

Albert Mason had lived there ever since the late uprising. He had become separated from his tourist party and, to his own great amazement, discovered himself a prisoner on a piratical looking craft which fled before the wind at night and lay hidden in obscure harbors during the day.

One day the junk had nosed into the soft mud of the Chekiang shore, and Mason had been conducted to the little hut.

"Here," said his captor, a bland looking, cold eyed Celestial, "here you stay, thief of the world, until you give up the dragon."

"Dragon?" echoed Mason, hearing for the first time the charge against him. "Do you believe that I've kidnaped part of your menagerie?"

The official shrugged his shoulders, and his companion pulled his sleeve, speaking in Chinese, which of course Mason did not understand:

"Let the foreign devil stay here awhile enjoying his own company. Soon he will disgorge."

"He may escape," said the other cautiously.

"He will not," said the villainous looking captain. "He cannot go beyond the confines of his own garden. The place is guarded night and day."

So Mason stood on the veranda of the hut and watched the junk go teetering away to the dim north whence they had come.

He never forgot that first evening when, after he had eaten fish and rice and drunk tea, he had stepped on the veranda.

He walked down the path to the end of the garden and looked at the moon. Why not escape tonight—or must he wait until his guards relaxed their viligance and then make the effort?

"Now or never," he muttered and pressed against the gate that opened upon the muddy bank above the restless waves.

The gate resisted his efforts—it was as if some great weight held it closed.

Then came a bloodcurdling growl, and there stepped into the moonlit space before the stockade a huge striped form with eyeballs like flame and a breath like pestilence.

Mason fled to the other gate, and again he met the flaming eyes and the jungle smell.

Men guarded him by day; a man eating tiger and his mate kept watch by night.

Like a madman he flew into the house and locked the doors.

A year and a day passed, and the captain of the junk came and asked him if he would give up the dragon. And Mason, raving with anger, bitterly refused, although he knew not what the man meant. And the captain smiled and went away.

And now two years and two days had passed and the junk had not made her second visit to the prisoner.

His position was a singular one. He was innocent of having broken any law of the country—of having committed any crime. In his baggage there was not a single thing that he had not brought from home, except a few toys, grotesque straw animals, gayly colored, which he had purchased from an insistent street vender. The very next day he had been trapped with some hand luggage and spirited away from Shanghai.

"It's a case of mistaken identity," he told himself over and over again as he restlessly tramped the garden paths, envying the freedom of the birds swinging in space and the fishermen off shore.

Back home there, in New Hampshire, his wife and children were mourning him as dead. It was an agonizing thought.

He went to his worn traveling bags and listlessly turned over the contents. There was little clothing left. That which he wore was in tatters. There were pictures of his family, his case of medicines for an emergency, the straw toys—that was all. His trunks, if unclaimed, were still in Shanghai.

The medicines were getting low. He had been obliged to take most of the quinine pills during his frequent attacks of chills and fever. There was a little brandy left—he was saving that for some great emergency—and two unopened bottles of chloroform. These were tightly sealed with wax, and the contents appeared to be inviolate. He had brought it to use when adding to his collection of lepidoptera, but his cases and his butterfly nets and his pins and other paraphernalia were in the trunks.

Chloroform, a willing servant, he mused, his dark thoughts running on, eliminating himself from his horrid existence.

And then, like a lightning flash revealing unsuspected avenues of escape, came the idea.

The remainder of the day he was nervously excited. He took the pictures of his family, the brandy bottle and the quinine, the straw toys and his one clean shirt and made a package, which he belted around his chest under his clothing. He cooked and ate an enormous quantity of rice and fish; then he threw himself into his hammock and slept heavily until 10 o'clock.

He shook himself into wakefulness, slung a jug of cold tea from his shoulder and went into the garden.

In one hand he carried a large bath sponge tied to a strong stick. In the other hand he carried a bottle of chloroform. At the nearest gate he paused and looked through at the outstretched form of the jungle cat. She was accustomed to Mason's presence there and did not even stir. With steady hands he soaked the big sponge with chloroform—the bottle was large, and the sponge was dripping.

Carefully he poked the stick between the bamboo uprights and pressed it close to the nose and mouth of the sleeping tigress. She stirred and, as if enjoying the unaccustomed sensation, grasped the sponge in her huge paws and muzzled it sleepily. She did not even stir when Mason squeezed a heavy duck bag through the palings and tossed it over her head.

He hastened to the gate at the end of the garden and performed the same operation with the fiercer male beast.

His hands were trembling now, for he must make haste. He could not hope that the anaesthetic would do more than stupefy the beasts for awhile. There was not enough of it, and the conditions were not favorable.

"Just ten minutes—give me ten minutes' start and I'll take my chances with sharks rather than stay here another minute!" he muttered savagely.

The garden gate opened, and he stepped over the inert form of the striped guardian.

He slipped and slid down the muddy bank until he reached the water's edge. The full moon guided him to the group of fishing boats drawn up on the beach. In a moment he had pushed off from shore and was poling his frail craft into the track of moonlight that led to freedom.

Off to the southeast there showed a faint light—some northbound steamer. So fearful was he that he might miss the precious opportunity and so absorbed was he in the management of the strange boat that Mason failed to notice the ominous silence that brooded over the waters; the shuddering, licking sound of the oily waves.

Suddenly the moon was blotted out by a swift onrush of inky clouds and the hot breath of the wind.

Surely death stared him in the face. It was riding now on the wings of the approaching typhoon.

And all the while that red light bobbed and disappeared, and now the steamer showed a blessed green light. He could see them alternately—port and starboard. She had changed her course and was coming before the wind, straight toward the tiny sampan tipping up and down on the swell.

One minute after Mason had been rescued by the great ocean liner the typhoon struck with shrieking force.

Perhaps the tidal wave that followed tossed the sampan back on its native shore; perhaps the hungry wave leaped the embankment and tore away Mason's hut and the snarling guardians. He never knew. He never cared.

They put him in a cabin and gave him what he asked for—hot water and soap and clean garments—and he cared not for fifty typhoons. He was back among civilized people. He was free from that mysterious imprisonment.

* * * * * * * *

A year later he had almost forgotten it. He was back in New Hampshire, going daily to his business in Concord. His family welcomed him home as one from the grave, and his children played with the straw toys he had bought from the street vender.

Albert Mason had other troubles now. Business was bad, and bankruptcy stared him in the face. Unfortunate investments had depleted his assets. The years he had wasted in the hut on the China sea had undermined his prosperity.

He went home and talked it over with his wife, a helpmate indeed.

They smiled at the children playing on the floor. The youngest brought a broken toy to his father. It was one of the straw animals Mason had brought home from China.

"The frog and the cat and the bird are quite well," said the baby earnestly, "but my dragon feels very sick!"

"The dragon, eh?" repeated Mason, examining the hollow interior of the curly tailed, red fanged toy. "I don't wonder. Molly, look at that!"

He withdrew his fingers and dangled before his wife's amazed eyes a golden chain, from which hung a magnificent girdle clasp of jade set with diamonds and rubies, the insignia of some Chinese military official. And carved on the face of the jade was the deep cut figure of a dragon inclosed in a seal.

"The dragon!" he muttered dazedly.

"You were carrying it all the time," his wife added. "It must have been within the toy when you purchased it. What a mystery it all is!"

"Some one has palmed off incriminating evidence upon me," laughed Mason. "I'll write to Wayne in Shanghai and see if there is any chance of finding the owner. If there isn't—well, Mason & Co. will continue to do business. Hurrah!"

Two months afterward came Wayne's letter, from which I quote:

"Impossible to trace. China has turned over, you know. Mandarins have been suicided, been assassinated and others cashiered. You better keep it as a reward for your time of imprisonment."

"But I wouldn't go through the experience again for double the price," said Mason grimly.

Clever Pickpocket

"Just to illustrate how clever pickpockets are," said a police official, "let me tell you of an incident which occurred one night while I was behind the desk. A young fellow came in who had complained that his pocket had been picked while riding on a surface car. He had a wallet in his inside pocket in which was some money in bills. The car was crowded, he couldn't get a seat, and occasionally he reached up and held on to a strap. On one of these occasions a pickpocket extracted the wallet from his inside pocket, took the money out, slipped a folded newspaper into the wallet and put the wallet back in the victim's pocket. Can you beat that?"—New York Sun.

Rather Offended.

"I like acting with spirit to it," said the great star, "but that girl has too much spirit to suit me."

"How so?"

"In the third act she is supposed to resist my kissing her, and the vim she puts into it is far from flattering to my personal pride."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Old Hope Chest

Held a Charm That Helped a Girl to Find Her Heart.

By AGNES G. BROGAN

The young man stood regarding the girl, whose eyes flashed back defiance. "And so you will not go with me?" he asked unbelievingly.

"Go with you"—the words were flung at him in contempt—"into that godforsaken country? I, Eleanor Stevens, to rough it in an engineer's cabin! Why, Billie Dare!"

"But," he gently reminded, "you must have known it had to come some time, Nell. That is part of our engineer's life. And, knowing, why did you wait for me all these college years, spurring me on with the promise of yourself?"

"I didn't," the girl insisted stubbornly. "Civil engineers do not always choose to live in wild lands. It was an office here in the city which I had pictured for you, Billie, and a home in the suburbs, where we might still have our friends, with the theaters near to enjoy and rides in and out in father's car. I want to live a civilized life!" she finished passionately.

The man's good natured mouth closed in firm, unwonted lines.

"It was the life you chose, then, Nell, and not—myself. Well, this is my great opportunity. For this commission I have studied and planned. Now I intend to accept it." He paused in an effort to control his voice. "And I thought you would be so glad, Nell—why, I hurried over to tell you."

His passing bitterness was overwhelmed by tender longing. "Dear," cried the man, "won't you come? The 'hope chest' must be ready, you've been packing it so long. We could take it on with us tomorrow."

The girl turned away with an impatient gesture. "My hope chest," she mocked, "yes, I've been preparing it long. 'French lingerie,' and satin heeled shoes—what shall I do with them in your swamp?"

Billie Dare's face grew white. There was an odd glint in his clear, boyish eyes. "You understand, Nell," he said slowly, "that refusal to accept conditions now is refusal for all future. I might deceive you by occupying for the present the city office, but the other things, the big things, would only come later. Railroads must run through the wilderness, tunnels beneath the land. It is in me to construct and build, Nell, and I must do it."

The girl's flaming cheeks paled to the whiteness of his own. "Then I will never go with you," she said and placed her ring in his hand.

For a moment he stood looking down upon the sparkling thing, then silently

"I WRAPPED MYSELF IN THIS," SHE SAID, "CREEPING OUT WHEN ALL SLEPT."

left the room. Through the curtains the girl watched him go, then a quick confident smile sprang to her drooping lips. "He will come back," said Nell. Billie had always "come back." His had been the concession after each lovers' quarrel. With penitent grace, he would assume her chosen routine of office and home. But for the first time in his generous, unselfish life Billie disappointed. As weeks passed with no word or visit from him, the disappointment turned to alarm, and when one evening Nell read in the paper a notice of his departure upon the following day for an extended time abroad, she went white lipped to her mother.

"I am tired," said Nell. "I am going to visit Aunt Millicent in the country."

So that evening Eleanor Stevens arrived at the home of her aged relative, a saddened and contrite young woman. She almost hated herself for her selfishness and was humiliated by the sense that she had proved herself incapable of meeting a crisis in her life that perhaps would mean future happiness or the reverse. Besides, she loved Billie Dare, and the thought that she might never see him again filled her with unutterable despair. The thought came that she should go to him, but she remembered that he had let a week go by without sending word to her, and indeed if he had already left home she knew not where to find him. Thus she reproached herself and wept in futile despair.

From the days of her childhood Great-aunt Millicent had been to the girl a panacea for all ills. No trouble, however darkly looming, could live long in the sunshine of the old lady's presence.

"Dearie," greeted Aunt Millicent, her white curls bobbing above her dark, undimmed eyes, "I am so glad you came! We are sewing for the soldiers, for, though they are no countrymen of ours, still are they not our brothers? Perhaps you'd like to take a needle and help. Seems as if every stitch carries me back to that awful war when I was a girl. Tears were mixed with the stitches then, honey. But"—her merry eyes twinkled mischievously—"probably you'd rather be sewing on the dainty things for your wedding chest."

Nell caught her breath painfully.

"Aunt Millicent," she cried, "I shall never sew upon them any more!" And then she told her story.

Quietly the old lady listened, pausing to fasten a thread.

"Reckon I know just how you feel, child," she said at last, "for long ago I, too, dreamed my dream and had it shattered." She laughed blithely. "One doesn't connect romance with a little seventy-two-year 'old maid.' But I had

"NELL," EAGERLY ANSWERED THE YOUNG MAN, "DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT?"

my love story, dear, and my 'hope chest,' too." Impulsively she arose. "Maybe you'd like to see it?" she suggested. "It's a fine day to go up in the attic."

Through the dormer windows as she flung them wide came the mingled fragrance of spring flowers. Then down upon her knees she drew forth the little old trunk.

"More like a leather valise," Aunt Millicent explained. "But you see this was my second 'hope chest.'"

"Why," questioned Nell, "did you have two?"

The old lady smiled as she caressed the worn top. "That, dearie," she said, "is my story. I was a Stevens, you know—daughter of the county judge. This in those days meant a good deal. It meant rich brocades for the 'hope chest' of a judge's daughter, plumed hats and needlework of the finest. So the great chest was joyously packed to await its time. My lover was a man to be proud of, though he did come from a northern family.

"When we cantered out upon our ponies in the morning to view our own house which was building life itself seemed very happy and complete. Near to my old home the new house was to be and near to those of my friends."

Great-aunt Millicent gazed unseeing over the top of the tallest pine. Her voice fell sadly. "Then," she said, "came the war. He had to go back to the north to fight with his countrymen, while I was left to grieve—left with the unused treasures of my 'hope chest,' and 'hope' so far away." Eagerly she leaned forward. "Oh," cried Aunt Millicent, "if I could but have gone with him, there to suffer at his side! And after the terrible time of suspense came a letter. He was wounded, lying alone in a miserable hut where they had carried him, his only help an old woman who had given him shelter. But there was no complaint in his letter. He was grateful for the roof above his head, 'though it was a leaking roof,' he wrote jokingly, 'though the wind whistled through the rifled rafters.' When he might be removed to a place where the roads were passable, where travel was not so hopelessly dangerous, he would send that I might go to him."

A bright tint of color showed in the wrinkled cheeks. Aunt Millicent's laugh after fifty years rang tenderly triumphant. "As though difficulties could have held me back!" she cried. "Why, I was almost glad at the thought of giving him service! That very night I decided to be on my way. The money saved from my unfinished trousseau would pay the journey, and my family should not know in time to forbid. A note left behind could tell them where I had gone, so to the attic I ran, tumbling excitedly the heavy silks from their chest. This smaller box must suffice for my scant needs—the stout boots for rough roads, this old poplin dress, the bandages of linen—they must not be forgotten—many of them and carefully rolled.

"Here they are, honey—yellow with age." From the bottom of the chest Aunt Millicent lifted with almost reverent touch a gray woolen cloak with a scarlet lined hood.

"I wrapped myself in this," she said, "creeping out when all slept into a night of storm. There were no telephones in those days to inquire when a train might leave or to call for a taxi, so I must needs walk to the crossroads, there to board the train when it should come. Down the garden walk I moved stealthily, the little chest clasped in my arms. Near the great gates I fell back, a-shuddering. A lantern was flashed in my face. But it was only old Jim, the negro messenger.

"'For you, missie,' he said, and thrust a slip of paper into my hand. And there beneath his swaying lantern, my cloak flapping in the breeze, I read the message. My lover was dead! Poor child!" murmured Aunt Millicent softly. "Poor young broken thing! That was I. Back to the house I went somehow. But later came my comfort. He had asked her (the old woman who cared for him) to tell me that he had gone to sleep knowing that I would have come. 'That's the way my girl loves,' he told her."

Briskly the old lady pushed back the trunk.

"Dear, dear!" she admonished. "You mustn't cry, honey. Remember, this all happened over fifty years ago. And now you come right downstairs. The ladies will be here to sew and have a cup of tea."

But even as Great-aunt Millicent went forward to greet her guests Nell was at the telephone.

"Main 1500!" she called. "Mrs. Dare, is that you, and—and has Billie gone?"

"He has," Billie's mother responded coldly. "I have just left him at the station."

"Oh!" came back a pitiful wail. "And I did so want to see him!"

The voice of Billie's mother changed perceptibly.

"Then I'll tell you what to do, Eleanor," she hastily added. "You may call him up at the junction. He has a tiresome wait there of an hour."

Gracelessly the girl banged back the receiver. Wildly she dashed out to the garage.

"I want," she breathlessly directed the chauffeur, "to be taken to the junction!"

Past the rooms of chattering women she crept as stealthily as Aunt Millicent of old. Nell's own suit case was in her hand, but over her light spring suit was wrapped the old gray cloak. Its crimson lined hood had slipped back from her wind blown hair as she faced an astonished and very despondent young man at the junction.

"Nell!" he cried unbelievingly, then rapturously, "Nell!" For, regardless of the wide eyed station agent, the girl's arms went about her lover's neck, her rumpled head pressed close against his breast.

"Oh, Billie," she cried confusingly; "I'm so glad you're not dead, and, Billie dear, I'll go with you any place—to a desert or a jungle."

"Nell," eagerly answered that amazed young man, "do you really mean it?"

Softly shining, her eyes met his. "I think," Nell assured him solemnly, "that I meant it all the time, but I hadn't quite found my heart. I found it yesterday—oh, Billie, you dear—in a trunk in Aunt Millicent's attic."

And a little old lady sitting beneath her evening lamp reread a telegraphic message:

"I have married my 'soldier of fortune,'" it said. "Will write later. Lovingly, Nell."

"It's a changing world," smiled Great-aunt Millicent, "but I reckon there's always just one kind of love."

Piling It On.

He had been on a hunting expedition for several days in the backwoods, roughing it rather severely, and on taking a seat in a railway carriage returning homeward he looked as begrimed and weatherbeaten a trapper as ever brought his skins into a settlement.

He happened to find a seat next to a young lady—evidently belonging to Boston—who, after taking stock of him for a few minutes, remarked:

"Don't you find an utterly passionful sympathy with nature's most incarnate aspirations among the sky topping mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon touching forests, my good man?"

"Oh, yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman, "and I am also frequently drawn into an exaltation of rapt soulfulness and beatific incandescent infinity of abstract contiguity when my horse stumbles."

"Indeed!" said the young lady, much surprised. "I had no idea that the lower classes felt like that."—Cleveland Leader.

Quite Unexpected.

"When he bought dear little Bobby the electric flashlight he had been begging for so long," says a south side mother, "we never anticipated that the first time we had company he would hold it up to the guest's ear and say: 'Oh, I just want to see if your ear is clean!'"—Kansas City Star.

His Business.

"Who's that portly man with the prominent stomach?"

"Dat am Colonel So-and-so, sah," answered the courtly colored gentleman addressed.

"And what is his business?"

"Jest being a colonel, sah."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Steps to the Presidency.

"Pa," said little George, "I've chopped down your favorite cherry tree."

"That's a good start toward the presidency, son," responded wise Mr Washington. "Now split it into rails."—Pittsburgh Post.

THE NATION'S CAPITOL.

Main Dimensions of Our Beautiful Building in Washington.

Our national capitol at Washington is a beautiful and impressive building. It fronts east and stands on a plateau eighty-eight feet above the level of the Potomac. The entire length of the building from north to south is 751 feet 4 inches, and its greatest dimension from east to west is 350 feet. The area covered by the building is 153,112 square feet.

The dome of the original central building was constructed of wood, covered with copper. This was replaced in 1856 by the present structure of cast iron. It was completed in 1865. The entire weight of iron used is 8,909,200 pounds. The dome is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom, which is 19 feet 6 inches high and weighs 14,985 pounds.

The height of the dome above the base line of the east front is 287 feet 5 inches. The height from the top of the balustrade of the building is 217 feet 11 inches. The greatest diameter at the base is 135 feet 5 inches. The rotunda is 97 feet 6 inches in diameter and its height from the floor to the top of the canopy is 180 feet 3 inches.

The senate chamber is 113 feet 3 inches in length by 83 feet 3 inches in width and 36 feet in height. The galleries will accommodate 1,000 persons. The representatives' hall is 139 feet in length by 93 feet in width and 36 feet in height.—Philadelphia Press.

DIVERGENT PATHS

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Having business in a small town in the west I found within its limits a very pretty park bounded by substantial improvements. In its center was a bronze statue of a man in civilian's dress, in one hand a roll of parchment. I fancied that the original was either a distinguished public man or a philanthropist—quite likely the latter. Meeting a man who appeared to occupy an average position in the town I accosted him and asked him whom the statue represented.

"There's a story connected with it," he replied, "and if you will sit beside me on one of these benches I will tell it to you."

We seated ourselves, and he told me the following story:

"This is Rogers' park, and that is a statue of Ben Rogers, who founded it. More than fifty years ago Ben and Sam Rogers were boys, somewhat ragged, playing marbles and ball and such other boys' games right here where this park is now located. It was then a vacant tract and considered worthless. Now the property bordering on it is worth millions.

"Sam Rogers, the younger brother, was picked out for a failure in life because he couldn't hold on to his money. He was what was called chicken hearted, and whenever he saw any one in trouble for want of money down went his hand into his pocket. Ben, on the contrary, was marked for a rich man. He looked out for himself and rolled up money in a small way from the time he was ten years old.

"Ben Rogers stayed right here in this town and accumulated money slowly till the man who owned the land on which we are sitting died, and it was sold out for a song. Ben bought it and conceived the idea of making a park of it. He secured options on all the bordering property, then gave his original purchase to the town on condition they would make a park of it.

"Sam Rogers when about twenty-five years old left the town, regretted by every impecunious person in it. The more successful citizens said, 'A good riddance.' At the end of a dozen years Sam came back and surprised every one by bringing a fortune with him. When asked how he got it he said it was by pure luck. This was all they could get out of him, but I learned the truth long after his death. He had loaned a man a hundred dollars to save a piece of property he owned, the property afterward became very valuable, and when the owner died, having no one else to leave it to, he left it to Sam Rogers.

"Sam on his return resumed his giving to needy persons, only he now gave $10 where formerly he had given 10 cents. His brother, Ben, had been saving his money and had got enough together to begin to think about making an investment on a larger scale. It was soon after Sam's return that the original owner of this property died. Ben not having enough money to carry out his enterprise called on his brother to go in with him. Sam said that he didn't want to make any more money than he had already, but he would loan Ben all he wanted.

"I was then studying law with Ben Rogers' attorney and know whereof I'm going to tell you. Sam paid no attention to the securities his brother gave him and one day woke up to learn that he had been swindled out of all he possessed. He never told any one how he lost his fortune and enjoined secrecy on his brother's attorneys. By this time he was too old to make another fortune and lived a precarious life till he finally died from want of proper sustenance and medical attendance. A number of persons whom he had befriended bought a lot in the cemetery and buried him there.

"Ben Rogers became the most influential man in the town, and when any important town matter was to be decided he was called upon for his opinion. He built a church on a worthless tract of land he owned and sold off the rest of the tract for another fortune. He established other institutions, contriving to make money out of all of them.

"When he died he left money for a suitable monument, desiring that he should be buried in the park that bore his name and which it had given him so much pleasure to have provided for the enjoyment of the people of his native town. His executors had been instructed by him before his death to provide that statue, for which and its pedestal $50,000 had been provided in the will."

When the narrator had finished his story I expressed a desire to visit the grave of Samuel Rogers. He told me that the cemetery was not half a mile away, and I determined to take a stroll in that direction. He also told me where to find the grave in among the less desirable lots. I thanked him for his story and passed on.

When I reached the cemetery I asked a well to do looking person I saw there if he could direct me to the grave of Samuel Rogers. He looked at me doubtfully, then said:

"I reckon you're looking for the monument of Benjamin Rogers, the philanthropist and founder of Rogers park. It's in the center of the town."

I passed on and presently at a little distance saw a grave covered with flowers. Approaching it, I read on a cheap headstone the name "Samuel Rogers, the friend of the poor."

AMBITION.

It has been well said, "It is better to have a high standard and strive to reach it than to have a standard so low that our ambitions never look up." Ambition in itself is no sin. It is only when we subordinate everything else to an ambition which does not "look up" that it may become sinful.