

### I'VE GOT THREE SWEETHEARTS.

I've got three sweethearts and I'm a married man.  
Now think of something worse than that  
if any of you can.  
My wife is pure and faithful, she's always good and true.  
And her hair's like burnished sunshine,  
her eyes are honest blue.  
She's the queerest little woman, she don't mind this mix at all;  
One sweetheart "taught me how to pray"  
that he knows the sparrow's fall.  
She's old and wrinkled, bent and gray; I love her like no other—  
One sweetheart that my wife don't mind is my own, my darling mother.  
The next one is a "terror," full of happy, childish glee,  
And the picture is a sweet one when he's at his "grandma's knee."  
He calls my wife "his mother" and we know him as "our boy."  
So I can love this sweetheart and my wife without alloy.

Oh, thou who guardeth the angels, hover  
with thy wing.  
Grant all three Thy blessing in every lit-  
tle thing:  
Guide me to know "the only way," so  
when my life is past  
I may join the woman, boy and girl at  
Thy "gates of pearl" at last.  
—Denver Times.

### THE REDEMPTION OF RALPH MORTON

WHEN Miss Amy Warden, only child of the wealthy broker, Anthony Warden, tripped into her father's office one December afternoon she was the embodiment of beautiful, beautiful 18. Nodding kindly toward the clerks, who had for a moment ceased their scribbling, she approached the door of her father's private office. A privileged character, as she well knew, she turned the knob gently, intending to surprise him in the usual way. As she peeped into the dimly lighted room she discovered at a glance that her father was not there; but his confidential clerk, Ralph Morton, a good-looking young man of 25, was standing before the desk. For a space she was puzzled by the young man's peculiar actions—for he raised his hand twice to the side of his head, then, as if undecided, slowly lowered it again, and each time she caught the gleam of polished metal as it flashed in the rays from the electric bulb. Then, as if fully decided upon his action, he partly turned his face toward her; but she, noting the tenseness of his white features, realized in a flash the awful import of his action, and darting across the room snatched the deadly weapon from his hand and held it behind her. For a space he stood, regarding with wild eyes the beautiful, terrified face before him, then, uttering a low groan, he sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands.



RALPH MORTON WAS STANDING BESIDE THE DESK.

She stood looking at him, the color gradually returning to her face; then she said, a wondering pity in her tone: "O, Mr. Morton! How could you think of such a thing?" He slowly raised his head and met her plying gaze wildly. "Why do you stop me, Miss Warden?" he said, brokenly. "I am a thief! I caught the accursed fever of speculation and used your father's money. I prefer death to discovery and dishonor." His eyes closed, as if blinded by her accusing gaze. "And do you imagine this will save you from dishonor?" she said, gently, holding out the revolver. "O, Mr. Morton, do you not realize that it will only add to it? Will such an act restore my father's money or absolve you in the eyes of the world and—God?" Infinite pity shone in her eyes as she softly breathed the last word. He did not look up, and she continued: "You are young and talented, Mr. Morton, perhaps above the average. The world is before you. Do you presume to dictate in this way to the tender mercy that has bestowed such priceless gifts upon you? My father may not overlook this, but there is one, at least, who will. How much money have you?" He threw out his hands despairingly. "More than I can repay," he faltered. "Two thousand dollars at least." She remained silent so long that he ventured to look at her. She seemed to look beyond him, a smile like that of a pleased child on her now flushed face—the warmth of a high, noble resolve. "Your case requires no such desperate remedy as this," she said, turning her face a little from the growing eagerness of his gaze. "Supposing that I—I replace this money, would—"

He sprang to his feet. "No! no! Miss Warden," he cried, entreatingly. "You must not think of such a thing. I have sinned; I must suffer." "You must do as I say, Mr. Morton," she firmly replied. "My father, I know, would not forgive you; but that is no reason for sacrificing your future career. Besides, you can repay me some day." He regarded her through a mist of tears, then held out his hand. "I will accept your offer, Miss Warden—the offer of an angel," he said, huskily. "But I must leave this place and redeem myself among a strange people." She started a little, but, laying her soft hand in his, whispered: "It may be for the best; but, wherever you go, God be with you," and she left him. Five years had passed by when Ralph Morton again entered the city of his past folly. He did not bring the proverbial fortune, but he had amassed a competence which many less fortunate might envy. During all this time he had never forgotten the sweet-faced young girl—his savior. Thrice had he written to her, but no answer came; and now, when he went to the old office, he was told that Anthony Warden had fallen three years previously and had died, leaving his daughter penniless. He determined to find her if money, backed by love, could do so; but all search was unavailing. She had disappeared, like many unfortunates, into that mysterious realm where despair, perhaps, is the larger portion. "You will find her yet, Ralph," said his friend, Dr. Banks, to whom Ralph Morton had confided his story. It was a bleak winter evening, and they were on their way to the doctor's house. "Heaven will surely guide me to her," answered Ralph. As they turned into a side street a young woman a short distance ahead stopped and uttered a low cry. A drunken ruffian had barred her path. He had already grasped her arm when Morton, running forward, planted a well-directed blow that sent him reeling. Ralph caught the young woman, half fainting, in his arms; then, as the doctor hurried up, he turned her face to the light. It was a thin, pale face, though beautiful—a beauty matured by days of struggle and sorrow. Ralph Morton almost dropped the light burden as he gasped: "It is she—Amy! O, Fred, thank heaven I have found her at last!" It was in the doctor's cozy house, after he and his wife left them alone, that he said: "You were my guardian angel once, Amy; will you continue to be such? The debt I owe you can only be repaid with a life's devotion. Will you accept it, dearest?" And she whispered: "I believe I loved you then, Ralph; at least I was sorry to have you go."—Boston Post.

### Hobo Crime Experts

**Are Known to Detectives Under the Name of "Yeggmen"—Rival Other Burglars or Cracksmen in Fearlessness—Careless with Nitro Glycerin.**

"Once more 'Topeka Joe,' the notorious 'hobo' burglar and cracksmen, is under arrest," said W. A. Pinkerton at his office in Chicago the other day. "The latest crime of this crook calls attention to the fact that the 'hobo' criminal is becoming pretty ubiquitous, not only in the Chicago region, but everywhere else in the country. As an oper-

ator he is getting to be more formidable and more to be dreaded than the gentleman burglar. 'Topeka Joe' has been in trouble before and has twice been behind prison bars. He is a perfect type of the 'hobo' safeblower. A few weeks ago he robbed a bank in Williamsburg, Va., by blowing open the safe. The other day only we succeeded in catching him away out in Portland, Ore., where he is now under arrest awaiting extradition to Virginia. The appearance of large numbers of criminals from the tramp class is a recent development. Six or seven years ago the modern 'hobo' expert was comparatively unknown in criminal circles. To-day

When the later is prosperous and has plenty of money he lives on the fat of the land and dresses in the most extravagant style. On the other hand, when the pockets of the yeggman are bulging with money he continues to dress like a mechanic in hard luck and never displays the least evidence of his wealth.

Atitudinous. I have accomplished right here in Denver more than Dogenes could do lantern and all, in all his life. I have found an honest man. I was walking up Sixteenth street, near Curtis, and asked a passer-by the time of day. He hastily looked at his watch and said: "Ten thirty." I thanked him and walked on. At Champa street I felt some one touch me on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon," said the party who had given me the time. "Near Curtis street I told you it was half-past ten. I was mistaken; it was only ten twenty-eight." I stood open-mouthed, expecting to see a chariot of fire descend and take him up, Elisha-like, but he had disappeared in the throng of his dishonest fellow men.—Denver Times.

Spectacles for Horses. It is asserted in Popular Science News that spectacles for horses are among recently patented inventions. The purpose is said to be not to improve the sight, but by causing the ground in front to appear nearer than it really is, to induce the horse to take high steps. After a training with such spectacles, it is asserted, the horse acquires and retains the habit of high-stepping.

The Value of Speed. "Who came out ahead in that street row between Blowly and Bluffy?" "Bluffy did, but he had nearly half a block the start."—Detroit Free Press.

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### MANY BANK ROBBERIES TRACED TO THIS CLASS.

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CHARACTER STUDY IN "YEGGMEN."

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"YEGGMAN" PLIES HIS VOCATION.

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### SHAFT MENDED AT SEA.

Exciting Experience in Mid-ocean of the Steamer Border Knight. Kipling's "dour Scotch engineer," McAndrews, could hardly have acquired himself more creditably than did Mr. William Gerrie, chief engineer of the British steamer Border Knight, which arrived at New York a few days ago after an exciting experience in mid-ocean. The Border Knight is a steamer of the genus tramp, a nomadic freighter that set out from Natal in ballast for New York. All went well with her until one afternoon, when there was a sudden jar and a shock, a whirling of machinery and a hiss of steam. "Shaft's broke," explained Third Engineer Findlay briefly, as he closed the throttle on racing engine. Examination showed that his diagnosis was correct. For no ascertainable cause the tail shaft, a twelve-inch length of steel, had snapped just outside of the propeller, releasing the eight-ton propeller, which went spinning to the bottom. The ship lost her headway, and, having no sail power to give her steerage way, sat provokingly a-rocking in the sea, biding the outcome of the misadventure. The usual procedure in such cases is to haul fires and hoist your flag upside down, by way of a distress signal, by day, and to burn blue lights at night. But these men of the Border Knight did nothing of the sort. The engineer went manhandling on his back to the end of the tail shaft, and then came back with an idea which the captain gave him permission to put into effect.

The first step was to uncouple the intermediate shaft, and to do this expeditiously a battering ram was improvised from the anchor stocks. The coupling bolts forced out, the intermediate shaft was lowered clear of the fractured tail shaft, and that piece of metal was knocked from the opening in the stern. A wooden plug the exact size of the shaft was forced into the hole, and then a spare tail shaft was lifted into position and coupled onto the intermediate.

All this work occupied three full days. With both shafts in place again the work of fitting on a spare propeller, which the vessel carried, was commenced. To lift the stern out of the water all of the water ballast was pumped into the forward hold. This lifted the stern until the opening was within four feet of the surface. Meanwhile the six-ton propeller had been lowered over the port quarter, suspended from a cargo boom and guyed with heavy tackle. Chief Engineer Gerrie and Chief Officer Mathie then took positions on the rudder pintles and, standing waist deep in water, guided the big piece of metal to its place on the tail shaft. The massive nut which was to hold it in place was then screwed tightly on by a giant spanner, worked by tackles from the quarters.

The work of the two men in the water was made somewhat entertaining by the active presence of several sharks that played around the stern of the ship. Mr. Mathie was once washed overboard and nearly drowned before being rescued. But that was only an incident, as Messrs. Gerrie and Mathie explained, neither making much of it.



REPLACING THE SCREW AT SEA.

The church was the triple-story tower of which our English colonies were so fond. It can still boast of mahogany pews. The aisles were paved with flagstones. On the walls are some quaint mural tablets reciting the virtues and piety of worthies of the old dominion. Williamsburg was the quiet capital of Virginia, and in the quiet churchyard of Bruton Old Church the tombs of the Parke Custis family and those bearing well-known Virginia names of Page, Burwell, Lyttleton, Savage and Nelson are found.

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### LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

Caucasian Tribe Which Lives in Inaccessible and Antiquated Fifth. The laziest and dirtiest people in the world have recently been discovered in the Caucasus. They live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, and as they were 2,500 years ago, so they are to-day. Seen from without there is a certain picturesqueness about a Svantian village, although it merely consists of miserable stone hovels without any attempt at form or adornment. Within the houses are inconceivably filthy. They are filled with rags, vermin and dirt of every description. They possess no fireplace or chimney. All the cooking, in fact, is done over a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor. In these houses men and women and children are huddled together; during the long winter months they are shut in for days at a time, the cattle often sharing their quarters. Every aperture has to be closed on account of the cold. This long imprisonment is, perhaps, the cause of the degradation of the people. Horrible diseases result from it, which are aggravated by abnormal consumption of arrack, the strong distilled drink of the Asiatics.

Besides this, it is an invariable rule to make four days a week holidays, with saints' days as extras. Since they have adopted the holidays of every other country with which they have been in contact, it is not surprising that the men find little time for work. Farming, bee culture and cattle breeding are the only industries of these people, while throughout their territory there is not a single manufactured article.—New York Ledger.

A Remarkable Colony. There is a colony of Jews in Toledo, Spain, who were allowed to remain in that country when the remainder of their race were expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella, because they showed satisfactory evidence that they were descended from a priest of the court of Caliphah, who alone of the sanhedrin of priests and elders protested against the crucifixion of the Savior. It is said that the evidence upon which they were exempted from the edict of expulsion was accepted by the hierarchy at Rome as genuine and truthful. It is supposed to be now on file among the archives of the vatican. This little colony of Jews has grown and prospered, until now it is one of the wealthiest and most influential communities on the Spanish peninsula. Several of the members in times past have achieved high rank and reputation under the Spanish government.



BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, ERECTED 1640.

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