RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XII,- (Continued.)

Duponceau to hide his chest. I scarce dared turn and crawl away housekeeping. us to remove it. Suddeniy I felt Rodney

grip my arm. "Listen," he breathed. Off in the distance, clear and long, rose danger.

We wriggled away from the hemlock, crawled back through the woods, and stood erect only when we reached the as the descrt.

"Shall we run for it?" I asked. "No," said Rodney; "if there are any in the dark." men there, they're between us and the boat, or on the boat; we'd best keep close to the Cliff until we get our bearings."

The advice was good; like Indians we sea. made the fringe of the woods, keeping in are the rest of the crew working?" shadow. When we were forced to leave crouch back at a call or to rush forward. | night, and it kept them awake." As we neared the shadow of the headland we saw figures climb over the rocks of the little inland sea and head up the That's the reason I'm bere." beach-four men, silhoutted black against the white sand, and not one of them as tall as Duponevau.

"They haven't got him." I whispered; "at least, be is not with them." "That's queer," said Rodney, "I haven't heard a shot fired. They must have

boarded the Ship. We crossed the causeway, running lightly, and climbed on board. The deck was as empty as the beach had been when we first crossed it. I rushed below and poked in all the bunks, but not a trace of Duponceau was to be found. Rodney and I stood in the bow and peered across the rocks. We could see nothing save the woods and the sky.

"Well," said Islip at last, "that takes the cake. He's vamosed, vanished, cleared out, and I dare say we'll never see hide or hair of him again. This thing's getting positively spooky, Selden. Are you sure that the man was flesh and blood?" "I certainly thought so," I answered. "But he came in the middle of the night,

and he's gone at the same time. Strange! Where on earth could be go?" "Search me," said Rodney, "I thought the adventure was almost too real to be true. Such things don't happen, you know-that is, not consecutively-within face, while her eyes shrank, a day's ride of New York." He considered the matter gravely. "But what will

Barbara say if she finds we haven't kept by him?" "I was thinking of that myself," I an

swered, looking blankly at him. Islip broke into a laugh-such an in fectious laugh that I couldn't help joining him. "I dare say we're different in most ways, Selden," he said, "but we're alike Well, here's how !" and he held opposite. out his hand to me.

We shook hands, half seriously, half in jest, and I took back all the unkind things I had ever thought about him

We turned and went down the deck on the outer side of the mast. I heard Rodper exclaim and saw him stop and look at the rail where his hand rested. A small gold chain was fastened to the edge. He peered over the side, and then, to my

ney only chuckled, and finished undress, and that is probably why you are now in ing. Then from somewhere out in the sea love with the waves and the sanshine and came the osprey's cry, clear, quavering to a minor cadence. Islip slipped over the whisper. She raised her eyes to mine for side, crossed the rocks, and dived into a fleering second, then dropped her lashes.

I pulled on the chain and up came a bundle of clothes wrapped in Duponceau's cloak. Then I understood, and toflowed Rodner's example.

Never have I known such a swim as that, in the mystery of starlight, through a sea that seemed made of silver. found Duponcean by his cry and followed him, resting now and then to float on the silver surface, and again racing hand over hand out through the mysterr. We were no longer men, but free sea creatures, in our own element, andismaxed

We swam in a great circle, and at last Duponeean led us back to the Ship. Day was breaking far out, beyond the Shifting Shoal. "I saw them coming," he said "and so I hing my clothes from the side and prove my meaning to you." and took to the waves. They found nothing: perchance now they think me a like that," she said.

ing in regard to it then,

It was my turn below, and I fell asleep. in a glorious glow from the swim, just as loved Wall Street. the sky was shading pink.

CHAPTER XIII.

When I awoke I found Rodney seated on the cabin table.

"Morning, Selden!" he exclaimed. "By the way, who is Monsieur Dupobceau?" I shook my head. "I gave that question us some time ago. How about breakfast?"

"I was thinking of that myself," said Rodney. "I don't mind being a hero, but I prefer to play the part on a full stom-

"I'll signal Charles." I went up on deck, and found that the sun was high up, and shining on a glorious summer over the possibility of losing the contents world. I fastened a napkin to the broken of his precious chest, and an after some stump of the mast.

steal cautiously about the point of the that night. I pointed our the fact that cliff beyond my house and poke its nose in all probability the enemy knew nothing in the direction of the Ship. Charles whatever of the chest's position, and hal person. 'The moment the day breaks declare, I've lost two buttons off my brought the tiny craft alongside of us. simply happened to camp in the neighbor-Mr. Felix," he said. "It was all I could poweran's fears were aroused, and it was do to get down to the river without their or 'out that he would be satisfied with following."

The cance had brought us hot coffee, under his eves. eggs and rolls. We breakfasted in side in the cabin, with Charles to wait u us. He had little news, beyond the fact about them?" I asked Rodney when we that the pines were patrolled by a num- were alone. ber of men.

best we could, but the morning went been studying him closely all day, and slowly, and we were glad when lunch was some experience with Wall Street has put The former's sure to break her heart- on all I intend to from Him!" ready. This was a meagre meal, made me wise on cranks. No, there's a real, The latter to break her pursa.

up of the scraps of the provisions Bar-Motionless, we listened, and caught the bara had brought us. I told Charles that regular breathing of a sleeping man, then I preferred to have him stay with us, as distirguished that of another, and finally there was no telling when we should hears some one turn and grunt. In some need every able-bodied man we could find, inexpiicable way, these men had happened and so he brought the canoe on board, to the hemlock we lay four abreast and to camp just above the spot chosen by stowed her on the after-deck, and devoted himself to the small duties on his new

from fear of waking the sleepers, and so | Duponceau and Islip had slept little the lay still, wondering if by any chance they night before, and shortly after lunch they of the tent, and then beckoned to me to could have already found the treasure, or took up their bunks to nap. I was on do the same on the opposite side. When if there might yet be an opportunity for guard on the forward deck when I heard I had wriggled forward some ten feet I a voice call, "Ship alop!" and looked up could look in at the tent, the sides of to see Barbara on the cliff.

the osprey call. Duponceau was in some for a few moments and sallied forth to clear that the enemy had not expected shore. Barbara joined me at the foot us. of the headland. "Well? she asked eagerly.

edge. There we swept the beach and vious night, and when I came to the ear- movement he was over the sleeping man, what we could see of the Ship for signs ly morning swim her eyes danced as she and had pinned him to the bed, while he of men, but the shore was still empty clapped her hands with delight. "Oh, I thrust a handkerchief into his mouth. wish I had been out there with you!" she The sheeper started, struggled, moaned, cried. "I've always wanted to try a swim and lay still; I had held my revolver in

"The rest of the crew are sleeping. this shelter we skirted the cliff, ready to They had too much coffee for dinner last "And what is Charles doing?"

I pointed to the deck. "He's on guard,

came to see me. "And so I did. Suppose we sit here at | watch. A foot down and my spade struck the foot of the cliff, where we can look wood. out to sea and can't be seen. There's a uncovered. Carefully we raised it and little nook I know of."

cret crevice in the rocks-and there we Duponceau gave a little sigh of relief. sat and watched the tide do its best to reach us as it bounded landward. The afternoon drifted past, and we, borne on its tranquillity, were now talkative, now silent. Barbara rolled her sleeves above her elbows, and played with the water in a little tool beside our tedge of rocks. Her dreaming eyes brooded over the corns. I atched her, tried to turn my eyes seaward, felt the irresistible call, and came back to watching her. The time har, come when I could think only the one thought.

The sun was low, Barbara was bur ming a little French song. The whole world was adorable.

"Bartara, I love you!" volition, all of themselves,

She looked up; her singing stopped and the deep blush-rose crept into her

"Barbara, I love you. I have loved you since I first found you on the Ship, and I shall go on loving you until I die. can't belp it; it's not only conscious, it's partly unconscious; it's just you calling to me. Barbara dear, you are all my hope in the world. You are the world Will you marry me?"

I was leaning forward, thinking only of that sweet, that infinitely sweet face

She smiled, her eyes turning to watch | would have been better." the waves, and I waited spellbound for

"I haven't known you very long," she added, her voice low; "and what do you know of me?"

"Everything. All I could ever knowthat you are the one woman in the "But it's summer, and it's easy to say

utter amazement, began to throw off his such things in summer. It's all part of the setting. I told you once you were a "What on earth-" I began, but Rod- dreamer. Dreamers are apt to romance, -with me." The last words were just a

"Believe me, Barbara, it's not that: it's the truth-the truest thing in the world." She played with the water in the pool

at her side "I like you-but, then, I like many, There's Rodney I like also, Perhaps I like con better berause I have never seen ron in town, not anywhere but in your hosen country. But I can't forget that there are other treasures in the serhow can you be sure you won't come upon another and a finer? Then, too, like men who do things, men who fight and win out-and so you see," she finished, with a slight smile, "it's not that like any one in particular less, but the ufinite possibilities more."

"Then," I said stubbornis, "I will wait, She raised her eyes frankly to mine "

After a time we walked back to her We told him our experience in search- path and said good-by. The beach was ing for the chest, and he showed a great | cepty. Islip was sitting on the Shin's deal of perturbation, but finally came to deck, and Barbara waved to him and be the wise conclusion that we could do noth- waved back. I felt sorry for him, somehow, for now I knew what he must feel, No wonder he couldn't go back to his be-

> "Good-by again," she said, and then that the parting might no: be too abrupt. she added. "I think I am growing almost as fond as you of your little kingdom. Rule it well.

"I shall. I have a great leal to prove

She smiled, "Felix of Alastair;" then she turned up the path, I went back to the Ship mighty with resolves; I thirsted for great deeds o do. When I came on board I found plans for such deeds brewing.

CHAPTER XIV.

Paponcean had been prooding all day argument, Rodney and he had decided to Fifteen minutes later we saw my canoe make the effort to move it to the Ship "They're watching the house closely, hood of that particular hamlock; but Dung short of having the strong-box

"What the dence do you suppose those are are, that he should be so fearful

He shrugged his shoulders, "Heaven After breakfast we passed the time as knows! The man isn't crazy, for I've

live mystery somewhere, and our friend Pierre is a somebody, though whether the Wandering Jew or the lost Napoleon ! can't say. Suffice it, he's got a treasure chest, and it's up to us to sit on it so tight that none of its pleces-of-eight cam filter through."

Fortunately the night was cloudy, and about eleven we were ready to start. I had never felt so completely the desperado before. We were all three armed with revolvers, I carried a coil of rope wound about my waist, and Rodney a dark lantern which Charles had found in the cottage. Duponceau was the least excited. He took command of our expedition with the assurance of a born leader, and, in fact, it was only his overweening confidence that gave the scheme the least prospect of success,

Just before we left the Ship Charles joined us with two spades, and so, a party of four, we stole over the beach and into the dunes. Duponceau led us to the pine, thence we crawled inward, lying silent after each cracking twig, straining our eyes and ears for news. When we came so peered over at the tent that loomed vaguely white ahead. The only sound was a loud and resonant snore.

Duponceau crawled forward on one side which were open to the summer breezes. I called to Charles to take my place | One man lay within, sleeping. It was

Duponcesu stole to his feet, I did likewise. He entered the tent from one side, I told her the adventures of the pre- and I from the other. With a swift his face. In a twinkling we had him "It's just as well you weren't," I an- bound and gagged, rolled from his bed of boughs, and haid at a little distance. She looked somewhat longingly out to While we did this Islip and Charles cut "What a beautiful afternoon! And the guide-ropes, and the house of our enemies fell, collapsing like a great white balloon when the gas escapes. We cleared it away, and the place where the chest

was hidden lay before us. Then followed a strange scene for those unhistoric pines of Alastair. With ears keen for the slightest alarm, Duponceau "Oh, that's it, is it? I thought you and I dug, Rodney holding his black lantern so as to aid us. Charles keeping In five minutes the chest was placed it on the ground. As his hand I found the place that I sought-a se- touched the unbroken lock I thought that (To be continued.)

## programme and the second THE ESCAPE.

Stater's Disparaging Comment Was Sidetracked Just in Time.

Little Mrs. Walter Burnett, coming down stairs in her new winter suit glanced with shy delight from her husband to her sister-in-law. The Burnetts were young, and would have been poor had they not been so rich it other things than money. Mrs. Walter had not had a winter suit since her marriage two years before, and the sensation of feeling herself again in The words were out, spoken without the style made her pretty face under the brown hat as vivid as a rose. Her husband looked at her adoringly, and remarked that she was "a stunner. Her sister-in-law's approval was more classically expressed, but no less warm. "Even your sister Sue can't find any

fault with that," she said. A bit of the brightness faded from

Mrs. Burnett's face. "Oh, Sne!" she said, with a laugh that she tried to make light, "It would be too much to expect Sue to like it She always thinks the other thing

The sister-in-law eyed her shrinking young relative sternly. A

"Now, Elsie," she said with decision, "if is time to stop this." "Stop what?" Elsie parried, feebly,

"This allowing Sue to spoil every thing for you. See is a fine woman I appreciate her thoroughly, but she has fallen into the habit of skimming the cream of everylody's pleasure by belated advice. Your only chance of comfort in that suit is to stop her hefore she says anything. Here she is the way, coming up the path this minute. Now remember-this is your chance to strike for freedom."

"Oh, I couldn't!" Mrs. Burnett faltered, as a clear voice sounded in the

"Strike for your alters and your fires." her sister in law whispered, and then some one else was in the room. "How do you do, everybody?" Sue called, cheerfully, "Isn't this glorious weather? Well. Elsie, so your suit has come home. I wonder-" She eved

the new suit consideringly, a frown creeping between her brows. Elsie caught her breath, and glanced desperately at the two ailies.

"Sue, please don't!" she faltered. "Don't what?" Sue asked, in surprise. "Don't say it-what you always do. ron know-about thinking the green would have been better, after all. You see-" and there was a quiver in her roice, "it seems so nice to have a whole new suit, and I just love it, and I want to think I look nice in it, and-" Her sister looked at her sharply.

For a moment there was silence-then she laughed. "What nonsense, child! I was just going to say that brown was your

color," she declared .- Youth's Com-

Sounded Romantie.

"There was one time in my life said the fussy old bachelor, "when really wanted a better half." "Tell me about it," cooed the senti mental widow.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," answered the f. o. b. "Some chap stuck me with a bad 50-cent piece."

Saving the Pleces. "Every little fragment of time should he saved," said the home-grown phil-

A Hot One. Clara (after she has refused him). never gave you any encouragement. Charles-Yes, you did. You intimat

His Choice of Evils. Shall I forever from her part, Or wed her, for better or worse?

ed that your father had money.

DOES THIS PICTURE ACCUSE ANY OF YOU. GIRLS



the kitchen.

HE story told by these two pictures is not a rare one; it is, unfortunately, altogether too common. Little girl, de you ever think, while you titivate yourself

in finery and allow your mother to slave in the kitchen, what a grave injustice you are doing yourself, as well as her. It is she who ought to be resting while you do the work. She is old and frail and tired, and you are young and strong. Her wrinkles and bent shoulders and work-roughened hands have all come through willing service for you and the rest of the family. In every way since you were a tiny baby she has sacrificed herself for you.

She has worn shabby clothes in order that you might wear pretty ones, and, mind you, in her woman's heart she probably loves pretty things just as much as you do.

She is willing to work because she wants you to look pretty and go out and have a good time, free from worry and responsibility. She wants your hands to look white, and dish-washing might redden them

You are the one to take things in your own hands and insist that she should take a well-earned rest. Let her sit in the parlor while you wash the dishes. I wager that at this moment you have far more pretty things in your top drawer than she has had in the last ten years.

How often do you wear a hat two seasons and how often does she get a new one in less than four seasons? The entire household grows accustomed to the mother doing all the

drudgery; they take it for granted that she would rather work than play. Apart from that, she must always be ready to sympathize and advise and comfort. Hands and hearts must be constantly at the service of the

And then some day the patient, loving spirit slips quietly away and the dear, toil-worn hands are at rest at last. The smile on the still lips means peace and rest, for she has been tired, so tired, for such a long time. Then the family awakens to the knowledge of what that marvelous love

and tenderness has meant to them. Now, when it is too late, they would crawl on hands and knees to save her one pang. But don't wait until after death to appreciate your mother. Do it now. A grain of service while she lives is worth an ocean of tears after she has gone. I would say to all young men about to marry, find out how the girl

treats her mother. If she is a good daughter she will make a good wife Call on her in the morning and flud out if she reads a novel while her mother cooks the dinner. Also note whether she is as neat in appearance in the morning as she is when you call upon her in the evening. A great many girls get into the habit of looking upon their mothers as

old-fashioned in ideas. There is just one thing of which all girls may be sure, and that is that

their mothers' ideas are always the best ideas to follow. I hope that none of my girls are allowing their mothers to slave while they play

You may be too young to do all the work, but you can help, and just notice how your mother's face will brighten when you tell her that after this she is going to be the one who is petted and taken care of. Beatrice Fairfax, in the Chicago American.

<del>\*</del>

LACK IN WOMEN'S LIVES.

\*\*\* ~~~~~~ A writer in the Atlantic Monthly agrees with the general opinion that the masculine half of manking has considerably the best of life, but adds that the question, Which of woman's ways supplied with money by his fathalleged disadvantages has operated the most seriously against her? is one of

individual opinion. For myself, she writes, living as 1 have done in a village of small size and few diversions, the thing I have resented most, hated most, has been, and is now, that it is not possible, that it never has been possible, for me to hie me with my menfolk to the village store, or to the shoemaker's shop, or to the railing of the old creek bridge, every evening of my life and

Take these menfolk of mine! In the pauses of gossip and of yarns, old and new, they have more or less thoroughly exploited, take It the year round, every event of importance that has occurred on the face of the earth during their entire lives; and echoes of the past and portents of the future have not been lacking.

Here they have forged their heltefa, and here they have nerved themselves to action. No wonder I have envied them! Nothing like it ever came into the life of any woman since the world

It couldn't, you know; there has not been time. Things at home had to be looked after even if the menfolk did become-patriots and leroes.

The bables had to be born and rear ed and fed; the food had to be pre pared, the dishes washed, the clothes made and mended, the house looked after, and all the other odd jobs done that nobody wanted to do. This, you will admit, has taken time, lots of time, all the time of nineteen-twentieths of all the women who have ever lived, some one says. And although I am the last to suggest that it has turned out so badly, either for the woman or for the race she has reared. I must yet insist that, as a rule, it has been dull for the woman.

Rin Day of Reckoning. As the stout man whose appetite had excited the envy of the other boarders turned to leave the parlor. "Sure it should," rejoined the cynical he looked down at his waistcoat. "I it's up to us to begin saving the vest," he said, ruefully. He was a new boarder, but his land

> in showing her banner, "Watchfulness and Economy for all." She gave him the benefit of the chill gaze so familiar to her older boarders. "I think without doubt you will find them both in the dining room," she

lady saw no reason for further delay

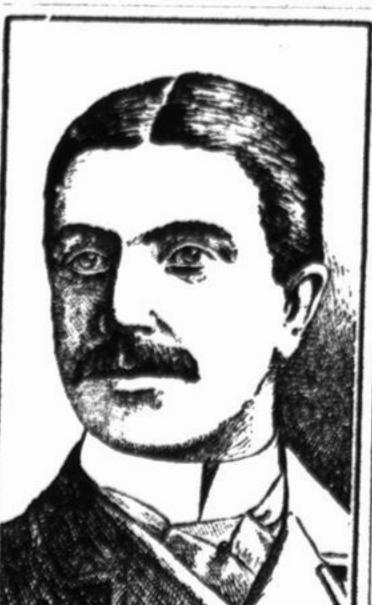
announced, clearly. You often hear men say: "I've tak-It is the faithless person who ham't any faith in his faith.

NEVER WORKED.

One of the Few Gentlemen of Letonre United States Has Produced. As is pretty well known, Foxball

appear periodically, show the old battleship Maine, both before and after Keene is one of the few gentlemen of leisure the United States has had time the explosion in Havana Harbor. On the back of the clock is disto turn out. He is a son of James R. Keene, the Wall street speculator. Alplayed the Lord's Prayer, inlaid with er, he has devoted his whole life to | ican poets, musicians and the presisport. He is well known as a gentle dents also appear on the back. A'l man rider and has played polo with of these portraits are in motion and travel at the rate of twenty-five feet into ours." a minute. Pictures of Presidents Lincoin. Garfield and McKinley are shown

collect them.



FOXHALL KEENE.

and shipping advantages. distinction on both sides of the Atlan tic. For a time he ran in motor cup races, but his great interest has always been in the horse. This snapshot was made when he was officiating as judge at the Rackaway Hunt Club like a hundred billion feet of standing race meet at Cedarhurst. standing timber in Oregon and one-

"A Miss as Good as a Mile." We have all used the saying, "A miss is as good as a mile," yet it is doubtful if many know the origin of this proverb. Before the days of the great Charlemagne, when King Pepin ruled the Frankish Empire, there dwelt two friends, Amis and Amile. According to the story of Turpin, these men were so strongly attached to each other that Amile risked his life to save the life and fortune of Amis, and later, when Amile was suffering from leprosy, Amis sacrificed his own children in order that his friend might be bathed in their blood and cured. Thus, came that peculiarly true proverb which will no doubt remain with us until the end of time.

hard hearted "Pagani" or wreckers Might doesn't always make right; ochad their settlements. Many are the geo casionally it falls down while trying to vessels that have been fured to de make good. struction by their false lights; many Gre

through the preschery of those to ted

WONDERFUL CLOCK

MADE BY A CRIPPLE Gives the Weather Predio ions and a Contin.

**《李成帝报李成李成李成李成李成李成李成李成李成李成李成李成李** 

Negotiations are under way by the

management of a fashionable New

York hotel for the pur hase of what

is said to be a unique and remarkable

clcck which the management hopes

to have in the hotel as surprise for

its patrons. The clock was made in

a little Ohio town by a crippled work

man who spent four years in its con-

struction, and whose only tools were

a scroll saw, a jack knife and a

"I have just returned from the

West, where I heard of the clock, and

after an inspection of it offered to

purchase or lease it. The offer met

with favorable consideration and I ex-

pect to have it here soon," said the

Manager. It is twelve feet four inches

wide and twenty-nine inches deep.

One large dial gives the standard

time, while directly beneath it is a

dial which shows the changes of the

moon and gives the Government

weather indications for twenty-four

"By watching the clock one sees

handsome pictures of the ships in the

glass. The History of Christ is shown

from the nativity to the ascension by

is a miniature Niagara falls, with

real water, the color of which appears

to change. Just below is an electric

fountain and an arch which produce

a beautiful effect. Flags appear on

staffs in front of the dial and indicates

the kind of weather expected twenty-

four hours in advance. The weather

reports are produced by a thermome-

ter, a barometer, a hydropeter, a

spirit level and a compass arranged on

The front of the clock is lighted by

fifty small electric lights, thirty-five

of which are arranged around the Ni-

araga Falls and electric arch. The

history of the United States from the

landing of Columbus to the present

time is shown by ninety-six paintings

attached to a ribbon 108 feet long

which is moved by electricity. When

the clock strikes the hour the figures

of Uncle Sam and the Goddess of Lib-

erty past out of an electric elevator

on one side, down a stairway, around

and enter another elevator. A min-

attachment is brought into play, send-

"An Numinated picture on one side

of the dial shows Washington crossing

boots are portrayed with Washington

and at the hour of their death a light

a phonograph announces the occasion.

The face of the clock contains a

piece of wood from every State and

territory in the Union, including the

"All the mechanism for running the

feet of electric wire and 412 e'ectrical

connections. The current is obtained

from an ordinary electric light connec-

The clock will be set up in the main

GREAT TIMBER COUNTRY.

A Hundred Billion Feet of Lumber

Available About Coos Bay.

ber in the Coos Bay country can

scarcely be realized for there is prob-

ably not another place in the world

where so much timber is found near

tenth of that in the entire United

The principal variety is fir intermix-

are also maple, ash, alder and myrtle,

TRICK OF BRETON WRECKERS

tion on a Dangerous Coast.

Along this dangerous coast the

States is here.

tional Makazine.

The vast quantity of standing tim-

drawing room of the hotel.

the front of the clock.

"An interesting feature of the clock

United States Navy pass behind

pictures painted by the maker.

hours in advance.

drive him slong the stumbling movements of the nous Show of Movbeast agitated the lantern in an INE PIOSUPOS. manner that to those at sea it PLAYS DELIGHTFUL MUSIC. sembled the light of a ship pi and tossing on the waters. Oth Shows Niagara in Operation, a vessels would feel that they could sale Naval Display'and Uncle Sam in the direction of this light in per-Taking a Walk- St. Refect safety, only to find that t gis To Have It. had been treacherously lured to de

A favorite device

lantern to a bull's hor

the animal's head to his i

struction. Of late years tales of bravery in saving life, of kindness toward the shipwrecked, have softened the memory of a past recutation. Cares have been known where the people have given their most treasured costumes to clothe the poor bodies that have been washed ashore, but even in these days inhabitants of this wild region are extremely tenacions of their rights of wreckage.-Tregastel correspondence New Orleans Times-Democrat.

y looked for

GETTING WEIGHED.

One Patron Whose Metive Micht Have Puzzled Any Weighing Machine.

If the weighing machines that stand around in public places with mouth ever open for cents could talk odd tales could they tell of the many and varied people that step upon their p'atforms-of the stout lady who steps down with a smile glad that she has lost one pound out of 300, of the stout gent!eman who fumes because he has gained one, of the s'im gentleman who steps up wi'h a forty pound suit case in his band and is astounded to find himself gain'ng weight so rapidly, of the merry parties of young men and young women who, some plump, some lean, step up one a'ter another; of the proud parent who sets little Willie there and then litt'e Ethel, of the keen small boy who tries to get his grandfather to let him step up before the old gentleman steps down so that they can both get weighed for a cent, and all that sort of thing.

In short the weighing machine meets all sorts and varieties of people, and it comes to know them all, or nearly all; and it knows as a rule just what prompts them to weight themselves, whether it is idleness, interest, curlosity, fear or just fun. But probably it would puzzle even a weighing machine, though it knows so many people, to tell just why a woman walking along a street on a rainy night and carrying an umbrella should halt at a machine standing out on the eldewalk and step up in the rain to weigh herself.-New York Bun.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON FOOTBALL

Says Force Spent in That Game Can-

the base of the ministure cataract and not Be Recalled for Study. electric fountain to the other side Declaring that in the case of uniwhere they ascend another stairway versity men muscle does not count for much in life and that energy spent nte after the hour strikes fifty lights in forthall cannot be recalled. Goldappear around the dial and a musical win Sn'th, in a short letter to the Cornell Era, tells of his ideal in ath-

ing forth delightful airs. At the halfletics. The letter follows: hour the cathedral gong strikes once "I see that the number of athletes and the musical attachment is started failing to pass a university examination is less than it was. The shade of Exra Cornell will rejoice. What our founder wanted was not show the Delaware with his army. Three of muscle, but preparation for life, in which in the case of university men standing in the first one. This scene muscle does not count for much. The is repeated every hour and forty minforce spent in football cannot be reutes. Other illuminated pictures, which called for study. Let us have games by all means, but games which exercise not exhaust and in which all allke can take part. Besides there is milltary drill, good in itself and not to 212 pieces of wood. Pictures of Amer. be neglected if the force of the country is to be kept in the right hands Into some universities the betting ring seems to have crept; never I hope

GRIZZLIES EAT VIOLETS.

appears on the face of the clock, while Or Lunch on Young Shoots of Other Spring Flowers.

In one locality the grizzly of the Rockies is found eating the fresh sprig of the dogtooth violet and the green leaves of the spring beauties, island possessions, and it took three years for the maker of the clock to says Fur News, while a few hundred miles further on, to the north or south as the case may be, the grizzly

doesn't touch them. clock is in the base and includes 640 Instead he may be discovered munching at the young shoots of the shooting star, down in the Bitter Root Mountain country, for instance, among the towering peaks of the higher Rockies. Upon this question of locality, which is often overlooked or even ignored by nature writers, lies the solution of many warmly disputed points between those who tell the pub-He at large all about nature and its

Mr. Chamberlain as the Butlery

animals.

The foreign office staff of the king's home service messengers has just lost one of its members, to whose nicka fine harbor affording manufacturing name, "Sir Joseph," a story belongs. It occurred when Mr. Chamberlain It is estimated that within a radius was at the colonial office. One night, of sixty or seventy miles from Coos or rather very early in the morning. Bay and so located that the harbor is a natural outlet there is something the messenger was sent to Prince's Gardens with an important "cabinet timber-that is, about one-third of the circulation." Mr. Chemberiain was working late and had sent all his servants to bed, and the messenger had to wait a long time before getting an enswer to his knock. At last he gave a thundering rat-tat, and presently had ed with apruce, red cedar and the Port Orford or Coos Bay white cedar, the satisfaction of seeing some one which is very valuable in ship building | whom he supposed to be the butler apor wherever the lumber is to be sub- pear in answer to his call, wearing a jected to the action of water. There plain smoking jacket and smoking a clay pipe. "Oh," said the messenger, the latter admitting of a beautiful "you have come at last, have you? polish and being expensively used for There's no hurry. It's only a meafurniture and residence fittings.-Na. sage from the prime minister; The "butler" smiled serenely, and the senger, then recognizing his stammered out: "I beg pone Str Joseph, I have a di How They Lured Mariners to Destruc- you."-Bristol Boho.