

Verdict for Dr. Pierce

AGAINST THE Ladies' Home Journal.

Sending truth after a lie. It is an old maxim that "the will travel seven leagues while truth is getting its boots on," and no doubt hundreds of thousands of good people read the unwarranted and malicious attack upon Dr. R. V. Pierce and his "Favorite Prescription" published in the May (1904) number of the Ladies' Home Journal, with its grotesque display headings, who never saw the humble, groveling retraction, with its inconspicuous heading, published two months later. It was boldly charged in the slanderous and libelous article that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of woman's weaknesses and ailments, contained alcohol and other harmful ingredients. Dr. Pierce promptly brought suit against the publishers of the Ladies' Home Journal, for \$50,000 damages. Dr. Pierce alleged that Mr. Bok, the editor, maliciously published the article containing such false and defamatory matter with the intent of injuring his business, furthermore, that no alcohol, or other poisonous, or habit-forming, drugs are, or ever were, contained in his "Favorite Prescription"; that said medicine is made from native medicinal roots and contains no harmful ingredients whatsoever; and that Mr. Bok's malicious statements were wholly and absolutely false.

In the retraction printed by said journal they were forced to acknowledge that they had obtained analyses of "Favorite Prescription" from eminent chemists, all of whom certified that it did not contain alcohol or any of the alleged harmful drugs.

These facts were set forth in the retraction in the action in the Supreme Court. But the business of Dr. Pierce was greatly injured by the publication of the article with its great display headings, while hundreds of thousands who read the wickedly defamatory article never saw the humble groveling retraction, set in small type and made inconspicuous as possible. The matter was never brought before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York state which promptly rendered a verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce. Thus his traducers came to grief and their blasphemers were refuted.

Passengers for Train.

The average number of passengers in each railroad train in the United States in 1904 was 5.25. This represents a growth from about 39 a train in 1898, but is still far below the development attained abroad. In 1898 Germany carried an average of 71 persons in each train, and India had the large figure of 189. The development of the electric railway in the United States and the frequent train service help to keep down the average. On each of the 212,000 miles of railway in 1904 there were carried on an average of 104,198 passengers. That is to say, the aggregate passenger mileage of the country, according to the Railway World, divided by the mileage of the track, gives the figure named. In Germany, as far back as 1898, this figure was 342,000 persons; in France it was 283,000 in 1897; in India, 289,000, and in Austria, 214,000. The figures for Great Britain are not obtainable.

Remarkable Echoes.

President Murphy, of the Chicago National League Club, told at a baseball dinner a remarkable echo story.

"There was a man," he began, "who had a country home in the Catskills. He was showing a visitor over his grounds one day, and coming to a hill place, he said:

"There's a remarkable echo here. If you stand under that rock and shout, the echo answers four distinct times, with an interval of several minutes between each answer."

"But the visitor was not at all impressed. He said, with a laugh:

"You ought to hear the echo at my place in Sunapee. Before getting into bed at night I stick my head out of the window and shout, 'Time to get up, William!' and the echo wakes me up at seven o'clock sharp the next morning."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Love, but Business.

"That's Mr. McFront. His daughter is one of the most charming—"

"Yes, I've been out at his house and he has asked me to call again."

"Get out! You can't make me believe you call on his daughter—"

"No; I didn't call on his daughter, but to collect a bill."—Philadelphia Press.

Her One Thought.

"M-m-m!" mused the doctor, with a serious face, "the glands of your throat are coated—"

"The idea!" gurgled Miss Woody. "Stylishly coated, I hope."—Philadelphia Press.

Drawing the Line.

"I like to believe that all men are honest," said the moralizer.

"Same here," rejoined the demoralizer. "Still, I always draw the line at taking the same patent medicine for liver complaint that I use for toothache, no matter how the label reads."

STOMACH PAINS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Brought Relief, and Cure for Spitting Headaches as Well.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a remedy which has been before the American people for a generation, is still accomplishing wonderful results as is evidenced by the following interview with Mrs. Rachael Gardner, of Wiley, Kans.

"It was very strange," she says, "I never could tell what caused it and neither could anybody else. For a long time I had bad spells with my stomach. The pain would commence about my heart and was so deadly agonizing that I would have to scream aloud. Sometimes it would last several hours and I would have to take laudanum to stop it. Besides this I had a headache almost constantly, day and night, that nearly crazed me, so you see I suffered a great deal. And when I think of the agony I endured it still makes me shudder."

"Doctors," did you say? Their medicine made me sick! I couldn't take and I kept growing worse until a friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did. I began to feel better and was soon wholly cured of this wonderful medicine. It did me more good than I had ever hoped for. I kept on with the pills and now I recommend them to all who suffer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured severe cases of indigestion, biliousness, influenza, headaches, backaches, lameness, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness and spinal weakness. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or any harmful drugs and cannot injure the most delicate system. At all druggists, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50.

QUEER STORIES

F. J. Farrar of Troy, N. H., has a crimson rambling rose bush which has 5,170 blossoms on it, by actual count, which took four hours. The largest cluster has fifty single roses in it.

Among European States Russia has the longest telegraph lines, a total of 100,375 miles. Next is France with 93,750 miles, Germany with 83,750 miles, Great Britain with 49,375 miles. More than twice as many telegrams are sent in Great Britain as in Germany, and nearly double the number in France.

All the stores and other places of business in Garden Plain, Kan., ceased business for three days recently, and the whole town went into the fields to help the farmers harvest their grain. The merchants say that the trade has been so good since they have reopened that they are sure they have not lost through closing.

A Maine woman owns the best protection against the ubiquitous fly. It is nothing but a simple hornets' nest, that hangs just outside the louse door. Its inmates are so tame by the kindness of their owner that they never molest or sting her. Not a fly has entered the house since the installation of this unique flytrap.

William Rowe, a merchant in Highland, Doniphan County, Kan., says that the farmers around there do nearly all their shopping after supper, and that they come to town as late as 8 or 9 o'clock and that the buying is often kept up until after 11. The practice has become so general that there is little country trade during the day.

A letter has just been received in Montpelier, Vt., that was mailed in Ireland, fifty-two years ago. It was sent to Montpelier, but from there went to the dead letter office, where it has remained. The letter was mailed to Catherine Burgen by her daughter, but as Mrs. Burgen is dead, it was delivered to the sender's sister-in-law when she was found by the faithful dead letter office.

A bald-headed resident of North Adams has invented a means of protecting his head from the flies. The device consists of a piece of cardboard through which a hole is cut the size of his head, and over this is pasted sticky fly paper, sticky side out. An elastic cord holds the contrivance in place. The man says the flies do not detect the deception until it is too late, but shoot for the shining surfaces with as much avidity as they do for the most polished pate.

IS A "CHEERFUL LIAR."

Druggist Helps Customers by Pretending to Have Ills.

A pale, weak girl entered a downtown drug store the other day, says the New York Press. She seemed about to collapse. The proprietor assisted her into a chair and prepared a mild stimulant for her. The druggist's manner was so sympathetic that a little later she confided to him that she suffered with her heart and feared she had not much longer to live.

"Heart disease?" inquired the druggist gently. "Why, I have heart disease myself—have had it for years. That's nothing. I don't worry myself about it—I don't look like a man with a load on his mind, do I? You probably think that you are liable to drop off any time. On the contrary, any doctor will tell you that the average person with heart disease generally lives to a good old age. The very care that a sufferer from heart disease takes of himself or herself is calculated to lengthen his years indefinitely. You see a man with a weak heart naturally is careful of himself a bit, he doesn't commit any excesses, never overdoes anything, lives in moderation and thus keeps his vitality unimpaired. That's all you have to do, just take care of yourself. What's the use of worrying."

The druggist's cheerfulness was infectious, the genial interest of his talk made depression appear foolish, and the girl soon began to look more hopeful and even smiling. After the druggist had gaily chatted with her a while she rose and walked out of the store with firm step.

This druggist, though he would scorn the idea if suggested to him, is a benefactor to humanity. He is a believer in the power of cheerfulness, and the good that he does in his peculiar way is not easy to estimate.

Keeping Cool.

A popular article of household furniture among Americans in the Philippines is said to be the "refrigerating stove." This stove is designed to keep people cool instead of hot. Just as we heat our houses in the States in winter with coal stoves, so the wanderer who has set up housekeeping in the Philippines cools his house with a cold stove. These cold stoves are made to look something like an ordinary stove, and being fed with ammonia and chemicals, give out radiations of cold waves instead of heat. One can imagine a family gathering around the refrigerating stove for coolness on a hot night in the Philippines just as on a cold night in the States they had been accustomed to gather around the parlor stove for warmth.

Man and Woman.

How modest man is—look at him; Three letters spell his name; And his creator, higher still, Is pleased to have the same. But gentle woman—look at her; For goodness' sakes alive! She's not content with only three, But spells her name with five. —William J. Lampton in the Bohemian.

Started the Doctor.

An Aberdeenshire doctor who recently attended a woman was somewhat staggered at receipt of the following epistle from her: "Please come and vaccinate the child you gave birth to last week."—Caledonian Medical Journal.

Don't be mad if you are interrupted when you are talking. It may have prevented you from saying something foolish.

Some people always take advice from a stranger.

AGRICULTURE IN HAWAII.

Soil and Climate Adapted to the Cultivation of Tobacco.

Tobacco growing and other agricultural pursuits in Hawaii are treated of in a report that has just been issued by the department of agriculture, says the Washington Star. The report goes into great detail as to the growing of tobacco and the preparation of the soil and the curing of the crop. The results of a number of experimental plants are given and the conclusion drawn is that the soil of Hawaii and the climate and rainfall are all adapted to the cultivation of a high grade of tobacco on a paying basis. It is said that there are 100,000 acres of land adapted to tobacco growing in Hawaii, with considerable tracts in the adjacent islands. The cost of producing tobacco is put as low as from 2 to 2½ cents a pound for the green leaf. It is said, however, that the fields have to be poisoned before planting, owing to the prevalence of the cutworm, Japanese beetle and other insects. Directions are given in detail for doing this and the process is said not to be expensive.

Considerable attention was given by the experiment station to the growth of rubber. It is thought that owing to the subtropical character of the climate probably only two varieties of rubber will thrive, the Assam and the Ceara trees. Both of these are doing well and one company on the island put in 100,000 seed trees last year and expects to have half a million growing in two years.

The bee-keeping industry in the Hawaiian Islands represents an investment of approximately \$150,000. With the exception of a few Japanese who are engaged in the work individually on a small scale and certain others who produce comb honey for local consumption, the industry is in the hands of three corporations, one of which equals in production the combined product of the other two. It is apparent that with the completion of the plans of expansion now under way by these corporations the next year or so will see the various honey-producing localities of the islands well covered and the limit of production attained.

WALKING ON HOT STONES.

Men of Tahiti Still Believe in Magic.

In Tahiti men still believe in magic, according to the World To-Day. At certain celebrations they make a bed of red-hot stones. A neomancer raises his bamboo wand, moves it slowly from side to side, mounts slowly to the top of the causeway, stands for an instant with arms raised aloft, lips moving rapidly; then deliberately and carefully steps from stone to stone. A second time he crosses the path of red-hot fire, followed by his four disciples.

Through an interpreter all are urged to have faith and tread the neomancer's fiery path. A young Frenchman steps forward, defiantly twirling his little mustache; an American tourist follows; then one or two natives, whose daring is applauded by their fellows.

Once more the neomancer steps up the incline of the causeway, always waving his wand. With set lips the novices follow, shrinking fearfully at first, then proceeding with confidence, shading faces and eyes from the fierce radiation of the heated stones. Accomplishing the transit, they show that their shoe soles were not even singed, but they offer no explanation further than, "Don't ask me how it is done; I can't understand it."

A bucket of water is brought, one of the red-hot stones dropped into it and up spouts a cloud of steam. The neomancer walks through the crowd, offering himself for inspection and for touch. Like the three children of holy writ, upon his body fire has had no power, nor is a hair of his head singed, nor has the smell of fire passed on him.

Not All in the Air.

The incident below—which Daniel Coit Gilman, LL. D., late president of Johns Hopkins University, has incorporated in his recently published sheaf of remembrances, "The Launching of a University and Other Papers"—could not happen at the present time, when each new institution of learning has its pioneer period of education, when starting a college meant breaking the wilderness.

A gentleman, President Gilman says, once introduced himself to Dr. Day, then president of Yale, as chancellor of a Western State university.

"How large a faculty have you?" President Day inquired, with genuine interest.

"Not any," answered the Western gentleman.

"Have you any library or buildings?"

"Not yet."

"Any endowment?"

"None."

"What have you, then?" persisted President Day.

The visitor's countenance brightened. "We have a very good charter," said he.

Where Nature Stopped.

The single woman was protesting against increased water rates, and the town clerk was waiting his turn, but not expecting to get it.

"It's a shame, anyway," she concluded emphatically, "to have to pay for what nature supplies so bountifully."

"But nature doesn't supply the pipes, ma'am," replied the town clerk.—Youth's Companion.

Quite So.

Mr. Dresser—Your hat looks very well with that wing in it.

Mrs. Dresser—Yes, but it would look better with two wings in it.

Mr. Dresser—Oh, that's merely a matter of a pin.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Heard.

"Ever have an heart trouble?"

"Nope, it is all liver and prune trouble at our boarding house."—Houston Post.

A cranky old bachelor says the Lord probably made some girls homely because there were not enough chaperones to go round.

AN EXAMINATION.

In common with others of her sex, Isabel McIntyre—with academic honors to spare and a degree from a foreign university—relied on the eternal feminine intuition to take her through the complexities of life as the housekeeper has to face it. "When the occasion arises I shall be equal to it," quoth Isabel, confidently.

The occasion arose when her friend Harriet Jacques fell ill. Isabel immediately volunteered her services, which were accepted, and with copy of the "Odyssey" in the original and a recipe for deviled lobster in her suit case, she duly set forth for Seymour, where Harriet passed her summers in a re-decorated farmhouse. At the last moment she tucked in Anatole France's latest romance, reflecting sadly that poor Harriet might not be up to classics; women so often deteriorated after marriage.

"Now, my dear," said Isabel, at the bedside of the invalid, "what can I do for you? Do you think you would like a little deviled lobster?"

"Lobster? Why, we're a hundred miles from the coast; we never have lobster."

"Oh!"

"There's really nothing; nurse does everything. Unless—"

"Yes, what is in your mind?" Isabel asked, encouragingly. "I've some books in my bag. Perhaps—"

"Oh, no, I can't bear to have anybody read aloud," declared Harriet. "That's the reason your sent Joe away; he would read to me. It was his idea of first aid to the convalescent to read the books he wants to get through this summer."

Harriet laughed weakly, then went on:

"Of course nurse is dear, but she keeps Bridget so busy washing and boiling—for the air is the only thing she doesn't insist on sterilizing—that there's no time for housework, and I just know Joe's den is a sight. I can see it—with little mounds of cigar ashes and big lumps of clay caked together on the carpet."

"And you would like to have me make it all nice?" hazarded Isabel.

"Oh, if you would! I'm sure I could sleep to-night if I knew that room was clean and in order."

Two hours later Isabel, aching in every joint and spent in spirit, tiptoed into the invalid's chamber. Harriet's eyes were closed, but she opened them quickly.

"Was there much dirt?"

"Very little, I should say. One of the drawers in the high-boy half full, perhaps."

Harriet looked puzzled. "Did you sweep the drawers in the high-boy?"

Isabel looked pained, even vexed.

"Certainly not, Harriet. I put the dirt I got off the floor in the high-boy drawer, out of sight."—Youth's Companion.

FREIGHT CARS WITH HATCHES.

New Methods of Unloading Found Necessary by Railroads.

Of recent years models of boats in use on the great lakes have been changed in the effort to facilitate the operation of loading and unloading, with the result that where formerly a boat was tied up at the wharf for days at a time the same labor is now performed in a few hours. The carrying capacity of the craft for the season is greatly increased, says the Philadelphia North American.

The changes are of such a character as to not readily be noticed by the casual observer and they generally contemplate a redesigning of the interior construction so as to permit of the practical removal of the deck in order that the big machines used for unloading may eat their way from one end of the boat to the other with the least possible delay.

So successful has been this idea that it has been found profitable to extend a similar scheme of construction to freight cars. Box cars are now being built with an opening in the top just like the hatch of a vessel.

The opening is ten feet wide, and extends the entire width of the car. It is covered by a door which is slid aside on a cog track and the freight can be removed from the interior of the car through the opening much more easily than through the usual side door. The latter is still provided, as well as the hatch.

A number of these cars have been constructed by an American car-building firm for the Tehuantepec railway of Mexico and are now in operation on the tracks of the company. This line engages principally in an interoceanic business.

The Best Polter.

Having picked up a fat roll of bills, a boy diligently sought and found the owner.

Counting the bundle carefully, the owner put it in his pocket.

"My son," he said, benignly to the boy, "I am rejoiced to see that you are guided by lofty principles and as an earnest of my approbation shall refrain from changing your interest for the time you have had my money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where Amber is Found.

The shores of the Baltic Sea are the world's principal source of amber. Here a large number of people earn a precarious livelihood gathering the precious substance along the shore. At some points along the coast divers search the bottom of the sea for lumps of amber hidden in the seaweed or jammed between rocks. The largest piece ever found weighed eighteen pounds, valued at \$30,000. It is now in the Royal Museum in Berlin.—Technical World.

An Unfair Advantage.

"Mrs. Nagg is the most inconsistent woman I know."

"How's that?"

"She had the words 'Rest in peace' carved on her husband's tombstone, yet she visits the grave every day."—Translated for Tales from Megendorfer Blatter.

If some people should make it a rule to pay as they go they would never get very far from home.

THE MITTEN.

There was the ring of steel-shod feet. There was the winter sun's last glow That lighted up the happy feet Of skaters fitting to and fro; There was the sound of voices low, I heard Dan Cupid laugh in glee— I, victim of his dart and bow— When Betty gave the mitt to me!

Ah, me! she was so small and sweet. Her lips like rosesave o'er a row Of pearls, her hair like ripened wheat. Some voice that seemed to me as though Some far-off organ's note did blow, That I fell straightway on my knees, With pulses at fortissimo.

When Betty gave the mitt to me!

Oh, ask me not did I retreat. For I am not a man to go Because a woman might repeat— A naughty, willful little "No." We lingered 'till night's position Fell wide; what must your wander be, That I should stay on with her so!

When Betty gave the mitt to me!

LEUVOY.

Ah, Prince, 'tis vain to hide, I know. What eyes as keen as yours must see; Her hand was there inside—(oh!)— When Betty gave the mitt to me!

—Yellow Book.

Tom's Money.

MRS. LAUGHTON had found out that she had been looking for all her life—the man under her bed.

Every night of her nearly thirty years of existence this pretty little person had stooped on her knees, before saying her prayers, and had investigated the space beneath her bed; had then peered beneath the dark recess of the dressing case, and having looked in the deep drawer of the bureau and into the closet, she fastened her door, and felt as secure as a snail in a shell. As she never, in this particular business, seemed to have any confidence in Mr. Laughton, in spite of the fact that she admired him and adored him, neither his presence nor his absence ever made any variation in the performance. She had gone through the motions, however, for so long a time that they had come to be in a manner perfunctory, and the start she received on this night of which I speak made her prayers quite impossible.

What was she to do? She, a coward par excellence, known to be the most timorous of the whole family; and here she was now, the two maids away in the little wing, locked out by the main house, alone with a burglar, and not another being nearer than the works, a half-mile off.

How did this man know that she was without any help here? How did he happen to be aware that Tom's money was all in the house? If that money was taken, nobody would believe the story; Tom would be cashiered; he never could live through the disgrace; he would die of a broken heart, and she of another. What a mischance for her to be left with the whole thing in her hands—Tom's honor, his good name and his success, their fortune, the welfare of the whole family, the livelihood of all the men, the safety of the enterprise! What made Tom risk things so?

It was worse than any loss of money to have such a wretch as this so near one, so shudderingly, so awfully near, to be so close as this to the bottomless pit itself!

Light and electricity are swift, but thought is swifter. In the fraction of a second Mrs. Laughton was on her feet, and before a pendulum could have more than swung backward, she took the light brass bedstead and sent it rolling away from her with all her might and main, leaving the creature unaccounted for. He lay easily on one side, a stout little club in his hand, some weapons gleaming in his belt.

"You look pretty, don't you?" said she.

Perhaps this was as much of a shock to the man as his appearance had been to her.

"Get up," said she. "I'd be a man if I was a man. Get up. I'm not going to hurt you."

The idea of this little fairy queen of a woman, almost small enough to have stepped out of a rain lily, hurting him! But it was so different from what he had been awaiting, that it startled him. He was on his feet now, towering over her.

"No," said he, gruffly; "I don't suppose you're going to hurt me. And I'm not going to hurt you, if you hand over that money."

"What money?" opening her eyes with a wide sort of astonishment.

"Come! None of your lip. I want that money!"

"Why, I haven't any money! O yes, I have, to be sure, but—"

"I thought you'd remember it," said the man, with a grin.

"But I want it," she exclaimed.

"I want it, too!" said he.

"O, it wouldn't do you any good," she reasoned. "Fifteen dollars. And it's all the money I've got in the world!"

"I don't want no fifteen dollars," said the man; "and I don't want none of your chinning. I want the money your husband's going to pay off with—"

"O, Tom's money!" in quite a tone of relief. "O, I haven't anything to do with Tom's money. If you can get any money out of Tom, it's more than I can do."

"Yes, I see, you little hen-sparrow," his eyes coming back to her from a survey of the room, "that you've got Tom's money in the house here and would like to throw me off the scent."

"If I had," said she, "you'd only get it across my dead body!"

"Come," said he, again; "I've had enough of your slack—"

"You're not very polite," she said, with something like a pout.

"People in my line ain't," he answered, grimly. "I want that money; I'd rather come by it peaceable," he growled, "but if—"

"Well, you can take it; of course, you're the stronger. But I told you before, it's all I have, and I've very particular use for it. You just sit down!" she cried, indicating a chair, with the

air of really having been alone so long in these desolate regions as to be glad of having some one to talk to, and throwing herself into the big one opposite, because in truth she could not stand up another moment.

"There it is," said she, "right under your hand all the time. You won't have to rip up the mattress for it, or rummage the clothes press, or hunt through the broken crockery on the top shelves of the kitchen cupboard," she ran on, as if she were delighted to hear the sound of her own voice, and could not talk fast enough. "I always leave my purse on the dressing case, though Tom has told me, time and again, it wasn't safe. But out here—"

"Stop!" thundered the man. "If you know enough to stop, Stop! or I'll cut your cursed tongue out. That's not what I want—though I'll take it. I've told you, time and again, that I want the paymaster's money. I'll put daylight through that little false heart of yours, if you don't give it to me without five more words—"

"And I've told you just as often that I've nothing to do with the paymaster's money; and with the great blimp tears overflowing her blue eyes, Rose Laughton knew that the face she turned up at him was enough to melt the sternest heart going."

"Do you mean to tell me—?" said he, evidently wavering and possibly inclined to doubt it, after all, she were not telling the truth.

"I don't mean to tell you anything!" she cried. "You won't believe a word I say, and I never had any one to doubt my word before. I hate to have you take that fifteen dollars, though. You never would in the world, if you knew how much self-denial it stands for. Every time I think I would like an ice cream, out here in this wilderness, I've made Tom give me the price of that. There's only powder and twecers and frizzes in those boxes," as he went over the top of the dressing case, still keeping a lookout on her. "That's my lace, and I wish you wouldn't find

it. I don't believe you would find it clean. What makes you look at me so?" For the man had left his search again and his glance was piercing her through. "O, your eyes are like angels turning to live coals!" she cried. "Do you look at your little children the same way?"

"I'm sure that's fortunate," said Mrs. Laughton. "A family wouldn't have any peace of their lives with you following such a dangerous business. And they couldn't see much of you either."

"Look here!" cried the man, his patience gone. "Are you a fool, or are you bluffing me? I've half a mind to knock your head in," he cried, "and hunt the house over for myself."

"You wouldn't find anything if you did," she returned, leaning back in her chair. "I've looked often enough, when I thought Tom had some money. I never found any. What are you going to do now?" with a cry of alarm at his movement.

"I'm going to the you hand and foot."

"O, I wouldn't! I'd rather you wouldn't—really! I promise you I won't leave this chair—"

"I don't mean you shall."

"O, you can't treat me so!" she exclaimed, lifting up her streaming face. "You don't look like a person to treat a woman so. I don't like to be tied; it makes one feel so helpless."

"What kind of a dum fool be you, anyway?" said the man, stopping a moment to stare at her. And he made a step then toward the high chest of drawers, half bureau, half writing desk, for a ball of tape he saw lying there.

"Oh," she cried, "don't! Don't go there. For mercy's sake, don't go there!" raising her voice till it was like the wind in the chimney. "Oh, please don't go there!" at which, as if feeling morally, or rather immorally, sure that what he had come for was in that spot, he seized the handles of a drawer, and down fell the lid upon his head with a smack that jammed his hair over his eyes and blinded him with pain and fury for an instant. "I know it!" she cried. "I know it would! I told you not to go!"

"You shut your mouth quick!" roared the man, with a splutter of oaths.

"That's right," she said, her face like a pitying saint's. "Don't mind me. I always tell Tom to swear when he jams his thumb. I know how it is myself when I'm driving a nail."

The man went and sat down in the chair on whose back he had been leaning.

"I swear, I don't know what to make of you," said he, rubbing his head ruefully.

"You can make friends with me," said she. "That's what you can do. I'm sure I've shown you that I'm friendly enough. I never believe any harm of any one till I see it myself. I don't blame you for wanting the money. I'm always in want of money. I've told you you might take mine, though I don't want you to. But I shouldn't give you Tom's money, even if I knew where it was. Tom would kill me if I did, and I might as well be killed by you as by Tom—and better. You can make friends with me, and be some protection to me till my husband comes. I'm expecting him and Jules every moment."

The man started to his feet.

"Do you see that?" he cried, holding his revolver under her nose. "Look right into that gun! I'll have no more fooling. I'll be your last look,

if you don't tell me where that money is before I count three."

"I've looked into those things ever since I've lived on the prairie," said she. "And I dare say it won't go off—mine won't. Besides, I know very well you wouldn't shoot a woman, and you can't make bricks without straw; and I've told you I don't know anything about that money."

"You are a game one," said he.

"No, I'm not," she replied. "I'm the most tremendous coward. I'm alone a great deal, and I quake at every sound, every creak of a timber, every rustle of the grass. And you don't know anything about what it is to have your heart stand still with horror of a wild beast or a wild Indian, or a deserted Apache down there now, stretched out in his blanket on the floor before the fire in the kitchen. And I came up here as quick as I could, to lock the door behind us and sit up till Tom came home, and I declare I never was so thankful in all my life as I was just now to see a white face when I looked at you!"

"Well, I'll be—!"

"See here, little one, you've saved your husband's money for him. You're a little double-handful of pluck. I haven't any idea but you know where it's hid—but I've got to be making tracks. If it wasn't for waking that Apache, I'd leave Red Dan's handwriting on the wall."

And almost while he was speaking he had swung himself out of the window to the veranda-roof, and had dropped to the ground and made off.

Mrs. Laughton waited till she thought he must be out of hearing, leaning out as if she were gazing at the moon. Then she softly shut and fastened the wash, and crept with shuffling limbs to the door and unlocked it and fell in a dead faint across the threshold. And there, when he returned some three-quarters of an hour later, Tom found her.

"O Tom!" she sobbed, when she became conscious that she was lying in his arms, his heart beating like a triphammer, his voice hoarse with fright, and he implored her to open her eyes; "is there an Apache in the kitchen?"—The Housewife.

PURSE A TREASURE TROVE.

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A witty little Irishman and a Metropolitan street railway inspector spied at the same instant Monday a purse in a seat on a Lexington avenue car crossing 42d street. The inspector reached