NO MAN'S LAND

A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter. Coast fails to convince her that Blackstock is unworthy of her friendship. At the party Coast meets two named Dundas and Van Tuyl. There is a quarrel, and Blackstock shoots Van Tuyl dead. Coast struggles to wrest the weapon from him, thus the police discover them. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Dundas names Blackstock as the murderer and kills himself. Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katherine Thaxter and fled. Coast purchases a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a distant boat. He rescues the fellow who is named Appleyard. They arrive at a lonely island, known as No Man's Land. Coast starts out to explore the place and comes upon some deserted buildings. He discovers a man dead. Upon going further and approaching a house he sees Katherine Thaxter.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"By boat," he returned stupidly, only irritated by this persistence in raising what to him, in his humor of the moment, seemed trivial and inconsequent issues—"my boat. We got lost and ran aground in the fog last night. I came ashore to try to find out where we were."

"Then you have escaped!" She went directly to the sole explanation of his presence there that lay within her understanding.

"Escaped?" He shook his head, not in negation but testily. "Yes, of course; or I shouldn't be here." It was plain enough to him that he had escaped the fate to which he had been sentenced. To what else could she refer? "But you—he—that dog Blackstock—I want to know—"

"Garrett!" she cried sharply; and he fell silent beneath the challenge of her eyes. "Mr. Blackstock is my husband. "Please," she continued, more gently, "don't forget that."

"Is it likely?" he sneered. "But where is he? What made him leave you here?"

"Garrett!"

Her tone would have warned him, but he was able to see but one thing, the conclusion to which his reason, spurred by his inclination to credit the worst to the man, had jumped the moment he realized her existence in surroundings so foreign to her kind: that Blackstock, true to type, having persuaded Katherine to their clandestine marriage and gained his end, the control of her little fortune, had abandoned her even as he had abandoned Dundas, even as he would have discarded an old shoe or anything that had served his purpose and worn out its usefulness to him, leaving her to languish in this forlorn and desolate spot, out of his way and out of the world's way. . . . He hesitated to collect his wits, then pursued doggedly:

"Tell me where to find him," he said, his voice shaking—"give me the least hint to go by, Katherine, and I'll—I'll hunt him down, wherever he may be. I'll bring him back, I'll—" In his agitation he verged on incoherence.

Quietly but effectively the woman brought him to his senses. "I shall have to ask you not to continue in that tone," she said with disconcerting dignity. "You must not misconstrue matters arbitrarily to suit your prejudice. My husband has not left me, as you insist; there is no need for you to contemplate 'hunting him down.' He is here."

"Here!" Involuntarily Coast's glance veered to the house, suspicious and alert.

"On this island," she affirmed.

"What island?" he demanded, turning back to her.

"No Man's Land."

He accepted this confirmation of his conjecture with an inconclusive, "Oh!"

"You didn't know—?" she asked, incredulous.

"How should I know?"

She watched him, distrustful. "You didn't come here on purpose . . .?"

"It was chance," he asserted. None the less an unformed suspicion involving Appleyard crossed his mind. He considered, rejected and forgot it all in a breath.

"We bought the island last spring . . ."

"Yes," he said listlessly.

Her nervousness drove her on in rambling, inconsecutive and unnecessary explanation: "After we returned from Germany, on account of Douglas' eyes. . . . He is quite blind, you know, and the shock of losing his sight almost prostrated him. He is permitted no excitement, no social life—just peace and such mental employment as his work affords. So we heard of this place, looked it up and bought it. The Standard Wireless people installed an experiment station for his use. But it isn't generally known—the vice-president of the company, one of his best friends, managed it all for us. The necessity for seclusion, you understand . . . Even the servants know him only as Mr. Black."

"I understand," he said in an expressionless tone. "And this"—he nodded toward the farmhouse—"is your home?"

"Not exactly." Already she was regretting the intimacy her breathless explanation had implied. She hesitated, seeming reluctant to continue. "We—Douglass and I—occupy two rooms of the bungalow, where the wireless station is, up on the hill. There are no facilities for housekeeping, so we come here for our meals. The servants live here—and Mr. Power, my husband's assistant."

He looked away from her, avoiding her eyes, while the struggle for mastery of self went on within him. To make time, "You—you don't find it lonely?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"And yet—cut off from the world—I should think—"

"I have sufficient to occupy me," she interrupted. "And we're not wholly out of touch. A boat brings us provisions and whatever else we may require from New Bedford every week."

"You see the papers, then?" he asked with a trace of eagerness.

"No; they are prohibited—doctor's orders."

"And no one writes you?"

"Nobody knows where we are . . ."

"An admirable arrangement: I congratulate Mr. Blackstock," Coast commented—contemptibly, he felt.

She gave him a look of slow, withering scorn. "Do you think he fears you?"

"Me? O!" He laughed shortly. "Probably not."

"Why should he? We both know you too well to believe you would—repeat your mistake, in cold blood, for sheer revenge."

"My mistake?" he parroted blankly. "Oh, to be sure . . . No; hardly that." He waited a moment, noting how strained and tense she was. "Nevertheless," he added quietly, "I should like to see him for a moment."

"Is it necessary?"

"I should like to see him," he repeated.

"He—isn't here just now." She met his keen, questioning look with a proud lift of her head. "On the island," she continued, "but not here. He'll be back before long."

"Thank you," he replied evenly; "I'll wait."

"But Garrett!" She seemed to overcome an inward resistance and, reentering the dooryard, stood near him, touching his arm with a gentle, persuasive hand, her eyes imploring. "Must you?" He nodded gravely. "But why—why rake up this buried grievance?" she protested. "Is it wise, right? . . . It's true, he testified against you. But what else could he do? You had your chance—he gave you your chance to escape, before the police came. After that, he had no choice. You shouldn't hold that against him, Garrett; if only you knew how he hated to take the stand against you, how terribly he felt it when you were convicted practically on his evidence . . .! But now that it's all over and past remedy, wouldn't it be better not to reopen that old wound? Kinder, Garrett, and more generous . . . to me? You are free, can go where you will . . ." She broke off with an anxious thought: "The detectives don't know where to look for you?"

"What? No." He laughed aloud, but mirthlessly "Oh, no, I gave them the slip some time ago."

"I'm glad. But now, please, Garrett, won't you give this up. . . ."

She said more, much more, continuing to plead with him in a fever of distress, able only to comprehend one thing, that she must somehow avert the encounter he desired. But her rapid, stumbling accents were all meaningless in his understanding, which seemed to reel, dumfounded by this revelation of the incredible. She had said enough to bring him face to face with the hideous, infamous fact that she still held him blood-guilty, still honored and believed Blackstock. He struggled to shake his wits together and think coherently, but to little purpose. If the world was mad and topsy-turvey—a mad, mad world, wherein all truth was false, faith was treachery, justice parodied, honor deep dishonor. For a little he felt that his reason hung in the balance, teetering between wild laughter and still wilder tears. If man can be hysterical, Coast was near to it.

And Katherine, witness to his excitement as evidenced in the working of his features, his shifting gaze, his hands so tightly clenched that the nails (she thought) must be biting deep into his palms, saw presently that he no longer listened to her.

She ceased to speak and waited, hoping against hope for what she deemed the best.

He was (so ran her thoughts, distracted, like wild things in a panic) not reasonably to be held in strict account for his attitude toward her or for his actions. In such men as he there must inevitably be something lacking, something like an abiding consciousness of right and wrong, the ability to distinguish between them: that rudder of the soul. In simple charity she must accord him patience.

If her eyes told her he was more a man than the Garrett Coast of old (and she saw him now in the fullest flush of health and vigor, sun-browned, weather-seasoned, glowing with strength and vitality) her mental vision clothed him with an aura of abnormality like a shroud, awful and repellent. He figured in her sight a murderer, a man who could strike to death an unarmed and defenceless friend, for a trifle. Nothing might ever avail to erase that fact from her consciousness.

Unconsciously she drew a pace or two away. The action roused him. He lifted to hers hagged eyes set in a haggard face; and their look was one of discernment. She knew instinctively that he divined her thought, that he knew why she had drawn away from him. And so pitiful he seemed that before she knew it her mood melted and knew only compassion for him.

"Oh, Garrett," she cried impulsively, "I am so sorry!"

Visibly he took command of himself. "I'm sure of that," he said slowly; "and I don't want to distress you. My coming here was pure accident, as I've said; and presently I'll go and . . . Blackstock need never know I've set foot on the island—since you wish it."

"Oh," she cried, half sobbing, "thank you—thank you!"

"But first I want you to tell me one thing."

"Yes—anything!" she promised gratefully, heedless of his sober scrutiny.

"Are you happy?" he demanded forthwith; and held his breath, for on her answer everything he prized depended. "Are you happy with him—Blackstock?"

It was like cold water in her face. She gasped and drew herself up, straight and slim, defiant. "What right have you to ask me that?"

"None but that of a man who loved you once, and who, though he may not, loves you still—whatever you may think him, Katherine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Tell Me Where to Find Him."

YEAR JUST GONE ONE OF REVOLTS

Marked by Unrest Involving the Entire World.

"REBELS" ALWAYS VICTORS

Chinese and Mexican Revolutions and Strife Against Graft and Monopoly—Great Strides Made in Aviation.

When the historian of the future records the events of the year 1911, he will lay particular stress on the political and social unest throughout the world. This was not confined to any one country, nor to a few countries; it was world-wide, involving practically every nation, both civilized and uncivilized. It included revolutions against long-standing governments, battles of labor and capital, wars between different nations and, in short, everything that could be branded as strife against existing conditions or growing conditions.

Most significant of all the events of the year was the explosion in open rebellion of the hatred, that had been accumulating through the ages, of the Chinese against the despotic Manchu dynasty. Passive, unresisting, yet at the same time loathing and despising the power that held them in subjection, the millions in the Far East empire had for centuries submitted to being trodden on by unreasoning, overbearing, all-potent self-styled demigods. But China was gradually awakening and, when the first flames of revolution burst forth, it was the signal for the conflagration to become general.

Rebels the Winners Everywhere.

But the Chinese insurrection was but a larger edition of dozens, yea, scores, of upheavals of various kinds in other parts of the world. They broke forth with such suddenness that it was almost impossible to realize what was occurring until the whole thing was over. Without exception, every one of the great disturbances of the year that reached an ultimate result, wound up in favor of the party or element rebelling against the condition. In not one did the defense win over the offense.

The Mexican revolution, near to our own doors, was a striking example of the overturn of regime. Nearer still was the successful culmination of the battle for statehood of Arizona and New Mexico.

Other struggles of equal magnitude developed during the year, many of them with sensational effect, in which the issue is still being fought. Among these are the battle between labor and capital, the "people" and monopoly, and advocates of popular government as opposed to representative government. Campaigns on graft have been waged with fierce resolution by city, state and federal authorities, not only in all corners of the United States, but abroad as well.

The McNamara dynamiting case, the growth of sentiment for popular election of all federal officials, the progress of the woman suffrage movement, trust prosecutions, the campaign for currency reform and that for lower tariffs—all these typify the unrest that exists in our own country.

Year's Important Events.

Aside from the numberless conflicts, many noteworthy things have been penned in the diary of 1911. Science has witnessed vast strides, particularly in the field of aviation. The flights of Atwood from St. Louis to New York and of Rodgers from New York to Pasadena, Cal., were the crowning achievements in this line. About all that remains to be accomplished in aviation, as a feat, is the crossing of the ocean.

When all that is good and all that is bad are considered together, it cannot be said otherwise than that the year was one in which the good predominated.

A chronological table of the important events of 1911 follows:

JANUARY.

1—Juan Estrada inaugurated president of Nicaragua.

2—President Taft officially recognizes the Estrada government.

3—W. E. Corey resigns presidency of the United States Steel corporation.

First postal savings banks opened.

4—Senator Elkins of West Virginia dies.

10—Tobacco trust dissolution suit started in United States Supreme court. President Taft sends congress special message urging fortification of Panama Canal.

14—Battleship Arkansas launched at Camden, N. J.

19—Paul Morton, president of Equitable Life Insurance company and former secretary of the treasury, dies.

23—David Graham Phillips, noted author, shot in New York by a mad violinist; died a day later.

26—Canadian reciprocity agreement presented to congress by President Taft.

31—House of representatives votes the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 to San Francisco, defeating New Orleans' efforts.

Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry dies.

FEBRUARY.

7—Miss Vivian Gould married to Lord Decies of England in New York.

11—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia dies.

21—Premier Asquith introduces in-to English house of commons bill abolishing veto power of house of lords.

MARCH.

1—Senator Lorimer of Illinois retains his seat by senate vote with margin of six.

4—Reciprocity fails in senate. Sixty-first congress adjourns.

President Taft makes good on extra session threat, setting special session at April 4.

8—United States troops ordered to Mexican frontier.

11—Trial of the Camorrists begins at Viterbo, Italy.

18—Supereme court sustains constitutionality of corporation tax law, increasing national income by $27,000,000.

25—Triangle Shirt Waist company fire in the Asch building, New York, resulting in 141 deaths.

APRIL.

4—Special session of Sixty-second congress convenes.

10—Tom L. Johnson, former mayor of Cleveland, dies.

12—Canadian reciprocity bill and farmers' free list bill introduced in house.

13—House approves direct election of senators by 296 to 16.

14—David Jayne Hill resigns as ambassador to Germany.

21—House passes Canadian reciprocity, 265 to 89.

22—McNamara brothers arrested in Chicago and Indianapolis; rushed by automobile on way to Los Angeles to face dynamite charges.

29—Jay Gould marries Annie Douglass Graham of Hawaii, in New York.

30—Bangor, Me., devastated by fire.

MAY.

2—Chinese rebellion begins in Kwantung province.

3—House orders investigation of steel trust.

8—Battle of Juarez begins, resulting in capture by Mexican rebels two days later.

12—J. M. Dickinson resigns as secretary of war; succeeded by Henry L. Stimson of New York.

15—Standard Oil company ordered dissolved by Supreme court decision.

17—Porfirio Diaz announces he will resign presidency of Mexico.

23—New Mexico and Arizona statehood resolution passes in house.

25—Diaz resigns presidency of Mexico.

29—Tobacco trust ordered dissolved by Supreme court decision.

JUNE.

8—W. E. D. Stokes shot in New York by Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad.

10—American polo team beats British in deciding game of international series.

13—Resolution for popular election of senators passed by senate.

18—European aviation circuit race begins at Vincennes, France. Three aviators—Captain Princeteau, M. La Martin and M. Lendran—killed when machines fall to ground.

19—President Taft celebrates his silver wedding anniversary.

21—Arrival in New York of Olympic, largest passenger boat in world.

22—Coronation of King George of England.

28—Cornell crew wins Poughkeepsie regatta.

JULY.

2—Harry N. Atwood flies in biplane from Boston to New York.

8—Lieutenant Conneau ("Andre Beaumont") wins 1,000-mile aviation circuit race, from Vincennes, over France, Belgium, Holland and England.

12—American Harvard-Yale athletic team defeated by Oxford-Cambridge team at London.

14—Investiture of prince of Wales.

18—Henry Clay Beattie shoots his wife.

22—Canadian reciprocity passed by senate.

27—President Taft signs Canadian reciprocity treaty.

AUGUST.

10—London dock strike begins.

15—Harry N. Atwood starts flight for New York from St. Louis.

19—English dock strike settled.

23—Special session of congress adjourns.

22—G. A. R. special train wrecked near Manchester, N. Y., 37 civil war veterans and members of their families being killed.

27—Atwood arrives at New York, finishing his flight from St. Louis.

SEPTEMBER.

9—Col. John Jacob Astor marries Madeline Talmage Force.

10—Cross-continent aeroplane flight for Hearst $50,000 prize officially begins.

12—H. H. Hilton of England wins American golf championship at Apawamis links.

15—Premier Stolypin of Russia shot while attending opera at Kiev, dying two days later.

President Taft starts on trip through west.

17—Cal P. Rodgers leaves New York on cross-continent flight. Rodgers was the only one to complete the trip.

21—Canadian voters reject reciprocity bill.

25—French battleship Liberte blown up in harbor of Toulon, killing three hundred.

29—Italy declares war on Turkey, as result of Tripoli controversy, and rushes troops to Tripoli.

30—One hundred killed by breaking of dam at Austin, Pa.

OCTOBER.

2—Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley dies.

13—Republic of China proclaimed at Wu Chang.

14—Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan of the United States Supreme Court dies.

19—Aviator Eugene Ely killed at Macon, Ga.

20—Rev. C. V. T. Richeson arrested in Boston as slayer of Avis Linnell.

21—Rev. Frand W. Sandford, leader of the Holy Ghosters, arrives in Portland, Me., aboard the Coronet, on which he starved the fanatical members of the party. He is arrested.

Chinese national assembly convenes.

23—Winston Churchill is made England's first lord of the admiralty, being succeeded as home secretary by Reginald McKenna.

26—Philadelphia Athletics win world's baseball championship from New York.

29—Joseph Pulitzer, noted publisher, dies.

Names of 18 new cardinals-designate announced.

NOVEMBER.

1—President Taft reviews great battleship fleet at New York.

2—Kyrle Bellew, famous actor, dies.

4—Chinese rebels capture Shanghai, controlling mouth of Yangtse-Kiang river.

5—Cal P. Rodgers arrives at Pasadena, Cal., concluding his epochal flight from New York to Pacific coast.

Ambassador Guild at St. Petersburg protests to Russia against alleged insults to American Jews.

6—Persia refuses Russia's demand to remove W. Morgan Shuster, young American in charge of Persian finances.

7—New Mexico's first election as a state results in Democratic governor.

Italian advance in Tripoli begins.

8—United States circuit court at New York approves tobacco trust dissolution plan.

16—Chinese republic appeals for recognition by the world.

Russia starts troops for Persian frontier.

19—President Caceres of Santo Domingo assassinated.

24—Henry Clay Beattie executed.

25—Miss Mildred Sherman marries Lord Camoys of England in New York.

30—Public consistory creating 19 cardinals at Rome.

DECEMBER.

1—McNamara brothers change pleas in dynamite case to "guilty."

2—King George arrives in India for the Durbar.

4—First regular session of Sixty-second congress convenes.

5—J. B. McNamara sentenced for life, John J. to 15 years. President Taft sends congress message devoted entirely to trust problems.

6—Beef trust suit begun at Chicago.

8—Investigation board reports battleship Maine was destroyed by outside explosion.

9—207 miners entomber at Brieville, Tenn., by explosion.

Constitution of Chinese republic framed.

12—Durbar at India held by King George emperor of India.

Republican national committee names Chicago, June 18, for 1912 national convention.

13—Sulzer bill abrogating passport treaty with Russia passed by house.

17—Alfred G. Vanderbilt weds Mrs. Margaret McKim in London.

Ambassador Curtiss Guild at instruction of President Taft, notifies Russia of intention to abrogate treaty of 1832.

19—Senate approves President Taft's abrogation of Russian treaty. President sends congress special message on wool tariff.

John Bigelow, America's "grand old man," dies.

21—Russian forces open hostilities with Persia, bombarding the governor's palace at Tabriz.

Again the Poor Fat Man.

Among the passengers on a downtown car the other evening were a fat man, a lean man, who proved to be deaf, and a couple of giggly girls. On one of the side streets a German band was engaged in making life miserable for the residents of the neighborhood. The fat man shifted uneasily in his seat and remarked sarcastically to the lean man in a low tone, "Music!"

The lean man put his hand to his ear and said, "Eh?"

"Music," repeated the man in louder tones.

"Beg pardon, I am not able to hear," said the lean man.

"Music," yelled the fat man, so loud that the passengers all tittered and the little giggly girls all grew red in the face.

"Oh," said the lean man as he turned around and looked about him. The little German band was out of sight by this time, and the passengers laughed immoderately at the vain attempts of the unfortunate man to find the object of the fat man's comments. Fat men are proverbially good natured, and by that time the oddity of the situation had dawned upon this particular fat man.

"Hum," he said, "you folks needn't laugh. Our friend saw fully as much music as you and I heard."

Natural Timepiece.

There is no need for clocks on the Aegean sea any day when the sun is shining. There nature has arranged her only timepiece, one that does not vary though the centuries pass. This natural time marker is the largest sundial in the world. Projecting into the blue waters of the sea is a large promontory which lifts its head 3,000 feet above the waves. As the sun swings round, the pointed shadow of the mountain just touches one after the other a number of small islands, which are at exact distances apart and act as hour marks on the great dial.

The Lesser Evil.

Marks—Why do you allow your wife to run up such big bills?

Parks—Because I'd sooner have trouble with my creditors than with her—that's why.

FIGHTS POSTAGE INCREASE

American Newspaper Publishers' Association Committee Attacks Plan to Double Rates.

Washington.—A warm attack on Hitchcock's plan to increase the second-class postage rates is contained in a bulletin just issued by the postal committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' association. Don C. Seitz of the New York World is chairman of the committee. The bulletin says:

"The extent to which the post office department does not carry second-class matter is well revealed in the following abstract of inquiry of publishers conducted by house committee on expenditures in the post office department (William A. Ashbrook, chairman) concerning the volume, weight and handling of the output of publications entered as mail matter of the second-class for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911:

"'Inquiry was made of all publishers, approximating thirty thousand, of which nearly seventeen thousand are weekly publications.

"'More than ten thousand returns were received, embracing sixty-six plus per cent. of all tonnage of publications.

"'The publications reporting represent an annual output of more than six and one-half billion copies, the weight of which was one and three-quarter billion pounds.

"'These publications delivered by mail in such period weighed 633,012,902 pounds.

"'They delivered by their own carriers, newsboys, and news companies 840,466,574 pounds, of which an unascertained percentage was carried to destination by express and other rail shipments outside the mail. They delivered by express, 202,729,510 pounds, and by other rail shipments 121,491,748 pounds. The rate by express and rail varies from ¼ to 1 cent per pound, but the bulk of these shipments went at a rate of ¼ to ½ cent per pound.

"'The post office for the year ending June 30, 1911, handled 951,001,669, and excluding one-half million pounds free in county matter, it received one cent per pound.'

"All this goes to add to the absurdity of the proposed Hitchcock legislation doubling the second-class rate from one to two cents per pound, and limiting the 'privilege' to publications that carry as much reading matter as they do advertising.

"The proposition was stupid enough when the postal deficit reached $17,000,000 two years ago. It becomes preposterous in face of a surplus.

"What business has a transportation corporation, which is all the post office is, to prescribe how a business shall be conducted?

"Newspapers cannot afford to expand their columns beyond the call of the day's news, nor can they be expected to control the requirements of their advertisers who have a right to reach the public as copiously as they care to.

"It cannot be assumed that such legislation will ever get by congress. But publishers are requested to fight the theory that the right to send their output by mail is a "privilege." The figures show it is not.

"The post office is a badly managed business. That is all. We should fight its dictation, its censorship and its inefficiency."

Impracticable Suggestion.

Robert Henri, the artist, was talking at a tea at Sherry's, in New York, about the Latin quarter.

"In the Latin Quarter," he said, "in little streets off the Boule Mich, it is possible to get a good dinner for 15 cents—and even at that there's many a Latin Quarterite goes dinnerless."

Mr. Henri smiled and sighed.

"One spring afternoon," he resumed, "as I was sketching the horses of the green bronze fountain in the Luxembourg Gardens, a youth stopped and talked awhile.

"The spring sunshine on the youth's coat brought out all its shabbiness mercilessly, and I ventured to hint:

"'Look here, old chap, why don't you have that coat turned?'

"He smoothed the shabby sleeves ruefully.

"'I would,' he said, 'if it had three sides'"

The Connoisseur.

Joseph E. Widener, being congratulated at the Ritz-Carlton in New York on the excellence of his father's pictures, smiled and said:

"Yes, my father has been a discreet collector. He is not like the New York millionaire whom Sargent visited.

"Sargent was taken by this millionaire through a huge gallery of dubious Rembrandts, Titians, Raphaels and Murillos.

"'Mr. Sargent,' the millionaire said, gazing pompously at the long lines of vast, dingy canvases, 'I have decided to leave my pictures to some public institution. What institution would you suggest'

"'I suggest,' said Mr. Sargent, 'an institution for the blind.'"

Turn to Wooden Flooring.

The use of wooden flooring is on the increase in Italy, taking the place of the former extensive demand for marble, tiling and cement. Oak, larch and pitch pine are mostly adopted, and but little, if any maple, birch or beech has been brought to the market.

What Was In Her Heart.

"Tell me," he sighed—"tell me, beautiful maiden, what is in your heart?" The girl gave him a look of icy disdain, and then vouchsafed the monosyllable, "Blood!"

Young Offender.

A woman left her baby in its carriage at the door of a department store. A policeman found it there, apparently abandoned. As he passed down the street, a gamin yelled: "What's the kid done?"—Collier's.

The Man of the Hour.

The country is filled with reformers. But where is the man to be found that will stand for the things proposed by another faction aside from his own because it is everlastingly right?—Des Moines Capital.

Close Call From Death

Boston Boy Has Hair-raising Experience at Night in Manila Bay.

Letters received by E. S. Perkins of Savin Hill from his twenty-one year old son Lester, brother of the kite expert and aeronaut, Samuel F. Perkins, tell of an experience which he calls more "hair-raising" than kite flying Young Perkins visited one of the fortified islands in Manila bay last month on a 60-foot tug.

On the return trip a storm came up and the boat was wrecked on a fish trap. Perkins managed to get hold of a life preserver and drifted about all night, being at one time within a mile of shore, but prevented from landing by a shift of wind. He clung some time to a fish trap, fought off a Chinaman and a Filipino woman, who sought his life preserver, and was finally picked up in the morning completely exhausted after having been 14 hours in the water. After ten days in the hospital he wrote to his father that it was a "grand experience."

Young Perkins had done considerable kite flying with his brother and had developed a strong physique, which undoubtedly enabled him to come through the ordeal. He went out to Manila last September and is employed in the custom house there.—Boston Transcript.

Of Two Evils.

Speaking of jumping from the skillet into the stove, there is the gent who takes to chewing tobacco as an antidote for smoking.—Atchison Globe.

A Vain Effort.

"Why don't you take an interest in affairs?" said the offhand adviser. "Why don't you read the newspapers so that you can converse intelligently with your husband?" "I tried to," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "but I made a mistake. I read the president's message instead of the football news."

Axiomatic.

Most of us forget rather than forgive because it is easier.—Puck.

Blind Inference.

Doctor—"Thomas, did Mrs. Popjoy get the medicine I ordered yesterday?" Thomas—"I b'leeve so, sir, I see all the blinds down this morning."

Unkind.

"Bliggins thinks he is keeping his light under a bushel." "Perhaps he is wise," replied Miss Cayenne; "his light is probably so small that it would go out if he let a draft get to it."

Obstinacy.

"Why in the world did you make that formal application to have your salary cut?" "Because," replied the meek yet obstinate man, "I wanted to be sure of having my own way about something."

A Personal Question.

"Hello, hello, Central! Give me my husband."

"What number?"

"Oh, the fourth, if you must know, you impertinent thing!"—Judge.