

PLAYMATES



Old Ocean, let me spend with you
These autumn days so bright and blue.
For though your beard is white, I see
You're not too old to romp with me.
You play at tag, and try to reach
My feet that fly along the beach;
Then we are soldiers, and you take
The little sand forts that I make.
When in your waves I venture out
Oh, how you tumble me about!
For you are old, but merry, too,
And so I love to play with you.



After Forty Years.

BY D. H. T. LIMAGE.

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There died not long ago in a certain home for soldiers a certain man who shall here be nameless. He died in his bed at night, with none watching beside him. He left no word. He did not struggle. So nearly did the death calm resting upon him resemble the slumber of life that one of his comrades, a jest upon his lips, shook him by the shoulder in the morning. And then the word went forth that another worn and weary one had passed through the Valley of the Shadow without suffering, and silently the prayer went up, "O Lord, will that as he was taken so also may it be with us."

They buried him with military honors, and then wrote to his mother announcing briefly the facts. They gave no details. And presently a letter written by the faltering hand of age was received.

"Tell me, please," it said, "how my boy died, and let me know what belongings he had."

The answer was necessarily short, there was so little to tell. He had been buried in his only suit of clothes. There was a sum of money, amounting to thirty-six dollars, in a tin box beneath his bunk. In his valise were two shirts, a suit of underwear, two pairs of socks and one brown cotton glove, nothing more.

The official making the inventory contemplated the glove somewhat curiously when he came to it, and scratched his head with the blunt end of his pencil.

"One glove," he said, half aloud. "Evidently a woman's. Wonder how it happened?"

He continued to wonder for several days. Then the matter was explained to him.

A woman, leading by the hand a child, appeared in the commandant's office, seeking information regarding the departed soldier. She was not a relative. Neither was she a friend—at least she had not been a friend. She had known him in his youth. She had seen him march away to the war. She had not seen him since.

The official questioned her guardedly, and learned largely by inference, from her replies that the soldier had been her lover, but that his idea of loyalty had not been her idea of loyalty. They had lived in the borderland between the North and the South. Her father and her brother and another

son also was dead, and her son's wife and she were not in sympathy. The child she held by the hand was her grandchild, her one comfort. She had come to see the soldier who had been faithful to the flag of victory. She had known where he was throughout all the years. She had saved a little money—enough, if eked out by a small pension, to carry two people of sixty to the end of their lives. Would the official be so kind as to call the soldier at once?

The official cleared his throat vigorously and scowled. He always scowled when he had a painful duty to perform. And this woman, with the love of forty years ago intact in her bosom, was so pitiful a spectacle under the circumstances that his courage was hardly equal to telling the truth. But he was not a man to shirk a duty.

"My dear madam," he said, "I regret to inform you that your friend is dead."

She seemed not to understand at first; but gradually the import of the statement was borne in upon her, and she moaned hopelessly, trembling as the leaf of autumn trembles in the north wind. The official said nothing more. He was waiting for her to speak.

"Did—did he leave anything—anything marked for 'Sarah'?" she asked at last.

"Not anything," replied the official. And then, as gently as he might, he recounted the circumstances attending the soldier's death.

"He went alone," whispered the woman—"alone—O God! But you say he left a glove?" Was it a brown glove, such as women used to wear?"

The official nodded. "I have the mate to the glove," she announced calmly, the look of weariness and despair coming again to her face. "It is bloodstained and falling apart, but I have preserved it because something here—placing her hand upon her breast—"told me that the other would be found some time, and I would know the truth. And I know the truth now."

She raised her eyes, and for an instant her lips moved silently.

"My husband brought it with him when he returned, wounded, from Shiloh. A Union soldier whose name he would never tell me had stood between him and death there, fighting hard against his own people—that the rebel's wife might—not be deprived of her



"Anything marked for Sarah?"

husband. The gloves were mine. He reached out from the ranks and pulled them out of my hand the day he went away to join Grant's army, and I struck him in the face when he did it. One of them he used to stanch the flow of blood from my husband's wound, and then stuffed it into the pocket of my husband's coat, where I found it. The other he kept—forty—years."

She quite broke down at this juncture, and the official essayed to comfort her.

"His mother still lives," he said, and named the place. "If you wish, you may take his things to her."

She readily accepted the commission; but of the meeting between the two women only themselves know.

Where Romance Is Recalled.

The Windsor library is one of the most perfect retreats in all England for a rainy day, says a London newspaper. It has a superb outlook across to Stoke and away to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and as the privileged ladies and gentlemen of the court lol in its cozy chairs, leathered in brilliant scarlet, and rest their books upon its polished ebon tables inlaid with ivory, the spirit of the past—of Anne and the duchess, of Elizabeth and her tiring maids, of Charles II. and Lely's beauties—seem to pervade the fireplace and oreil, alcove and mullion. Little wonder that such a corner became a favorite retreat of Sunday afternoons.

Introduced Christmas Trees.

Empress Frederick, according to the London Daily Chronicle, was the cause of the introduction of Christmas trees into England. Her father, Prince Albert, insisted on having a German Christmas tree with its lights and decorations for his baby daughter in 1840, and the fashion spread quickly.

Perhaps This Writer Knows.

The Lapps, a people of northern Europe, never wash. They abhor water, and from infancy to age their clothing is never changed except when it is worn out. They wear the same garments, made of reindeer skin with the hair next to the flesh, day and night, winter and summer.

Vitality of Typhoid Germs.

Typhoid germs retain their vitality for many weeks; in garden earth, twenty-one days; in filter sand, eighty-two days; in dust of the street, thirty days; on linen, sixty to seventy days; on wood, thirty-two days; in ice, a year or more.

THIEVES OF BOMBAY.

THEY PRACTICE THE ART OF BECOMING INVISIBLE.

Dangerous Work in Which the Dacoit Seldom Falls—Clever Device Practiced by the Mooches in Throwing Pursuers Off Their Track.

A very interesting and valuable report was issued several years ago, by the inspector of prisons of the Indian empire, in which almost incredible accounts are given of the practice of this extraordinary art by the thieves of lower Bombay, says a writer in the New Penny Magazine. The thieves themselves, with better reason, feel doubly secure; for if, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unlucky chance, one is seized, his oily body slips away like an eel; and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip, he has, slung by a slender cord about his neck, a little knife with an edge as sharp as that of the keenest razor, with which he cuts the tendons of the intruding wrist. This, however, he considers a last resort, for he prides himself upon doing his work without inflicting bodily harm upon his victims. To enter a zenana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This, however, is no easy matter, for the zenana is in the center of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever-watchful sentinels. In order to reach it the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at one end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief, the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secretes himself; or, finding everything already favorable for this purpose, proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking. This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears and arms and nose the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles and nose rings of the sleepers without awakening them, and to get safely away with his plunder. Who but a dacoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dacoit seldom fails. "These adroit burglars," says my authority, "commit the most daring robberies in the midst of the English army. Knowing the position of the tents, they make out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent, their sharp knife makes them a door in the canvas, and they glide undiscovered into the interior. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watchdogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known to actually step over a dog without disturbing the animal."

But the most marvelously clever device practiced by the thieves of lower Bombay is that used by the Mooches in throwing pursuers off their track. The Mooches come down in gangs, from the back country, and raid the settlements; their specialty is poisoning cattle. They smear plantain leaves with their own particular brand of cattle exterminator and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning, as many of the cattle as have partaken are dead, and have been abandoned by their owners. The Mooches flay the dead animals and sell their hides. Pursued, these honest creatures make at full speed for the jungle. If they reach it, all hope of capturing them is at an end, but even when they discover that they must be overtaken before they reach it, they by no means lose heart, and are measurably sure of escaping, especially if, as is very often the case in India, the surface is burned over and the trees and bushes that have not been consumed are charred and blackened and bereft of their foliage and many, perhaps, reduced to little more than blackened stumps by the fire which the fields are annually burned over. If hard pressed in such a country as this, they cease to fly, and immediately disappear. For a long time, the English troops which policed the districts where they made their raids were completely nonplussed; again and again, on the very point of being captured, the Mooches escaped by miraculously vanishing and officers as well as soldiers became superstitious. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable postures, in which their race seem to excel, these Indians grasping in their hands such blackened branches as they pick up in their flight, can instantly assume, and retain for a long time.

When a woman stoops over to pick up something on the floor why does she always balance herself on one foot extending the other outward and backward as a counterpoise? This question not new never has been satisfactorily answered—New York Press.

Millions of Cats' Tails Are Worn. A hundred tons of cats' tails were recently sold in one lot in New York for ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel. This means that no fewer than 1,792,000 pussies had been killed to supply this consignment.

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STEVENSON'S MEMORY.

It Is Still Dear to His Samoan Friends Says a Writer.

Mrs. Isobel Strong tells several anecdotes which show the warm affection in which the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson is held by his Samoan friends. In Scribner's Magazine she describes one scene that is infinitely touching: After Mr. Stevenson's death so many of his Samoan friends begged for his photograph that we sent to Sydney for a supply, which was soon exhausted. One afternoon Pola came in and remarked, in a very hurt and aggrieved manner, that he had been neglected in the way of photographs. "But your father, the chief, has a large, fine one." "True," said Pola. "But that is not mine. I have the box presented to me by your high-chief goodness. It has a little cover, and there I wish to put the sun shadow of Tusitala, the beloved chief whom we all revere, but I more than the others because he was the head of my clan."

"To be sure," I said, and looked about for a photograph. I found a picture cut from a weekly paper, one I remembered that Mr. Stevenson himself had particularly disliked. He would have been pleased had he seen the scornful way Pola threw the picture on the floor. "I will not have that," he cried. "It is pig-faced. It is not the shadow of our chief." He leaned against the door and wept.

"I have nothing else, Pola," I protested. "Truly, if I had another picture of Tusitala I would give it to you."

He brightened up at once. "There is the one in the smoking room," he said, "where he walks back and forth. That pleases me, for it looks like him." He referred to an oil painting of Mr. Stevenson by Sargent. I explained that I could not give him that. "Then I will take the round one," he said "of tin." This last was the bronze bas-relief by St. Gaudens. I must have laughed involuntarily, for he went out deeply hurt. Hearing a strange noise in the hall, an hour or so later, I opened the door and discovered Pola lying on his face, weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying about?" I asked. "The shadow, the shadow," he sobbed. "I want the sun-shadow of Tusitala."

I knocked at my mother's door across the hall, and at the sight of that tear-stained face her heart melted, and he was given the last photograph we had, which he wrapped in a banana leaf, tying it carefully with a ribbon of grass.

CLOTHES AND CHARACTER.

None of Us Free from the Influence of Garments.

The philosophy of clothes grows out of their relationship to our personality and temperament. Not many of us are independent enough to declare ourselves free from the influence of the garments which clothe and adorn us; not more so than of the other environments which prove such potent factors in the formation of our life and character. Personality and temperament are revealed by clothes; but what seems more important in the whole philosophy of the subject is that the outer garments affect our individuality, so that we are changed and transformed by what we wear. What clothes have done for civilization in the formation of character, morals, manners and conventional ideas of living is a subject too broad for superficial consideration. The susceptibility of some to the influence of clothes is so keen that all individuality would be lost without the power to express themselves in this way. A woman may make clothes the artistic expression of her personality, which in no other way could assert itself. It has become to her a daily need, and the loss of it would take from her life its mainspring of action that would leave her stranded. There is a difference between the attempt to express in artistic form in dress an inward personality and the extravagant waste of money for clothes which have no direct bearing upon one's mind or idea of the harmony of things. Lavish expenditure of money on dress for the mere sake of copying another, or for the selfish and foolish purpose of being dressed as expensively as the richest, is not only reprehensible, but is deficient in originality and art expression.—A. S. Atkinson, M. D., in Ledger Monthly.

The Cut That Hurt.

Lillian Russell, during one of her walks the other day, met a little chap whose small trousers had evidently been made at home. The front and back of them had been cut exactly alike and for a much broader boy. They were puffed at the back and the small wearer seemed ill at ease in them. Miss Russell stopped for a moment to chat with him, and at parting handed him a nickel, saying: "By the way, sonny, who made your trousers?" "Mudder—goll darn her!" answered the boy in a most ungrateful tone of voice.—New York Clipper.

Charlemagne Liked Perfumes.

Charlemagne is said by his biographers to have been extravagantly fond of almost any kind of perfume. One of his courtiers said that the approach of the Emperor could always be detected by the odor of perfume that invariably accompanied him.

Hood's "Bridge of Sighs."

Hood wrote "The Bridge of Sighs" in, it is said, a single afternoon. Another account declares it to have been written in a day, and that much time subsequently spent in revising it.

VERY METHODICAL.

Only Thing She Forgot When Going on Journey Was Her Ticket.

The young woman was getting ready to go for a short trip, and was holding forth to some friends, as she made her arrangements, upon "the way to travel without luggage."

"I'm very methodical, you know," he remarked airily, "and I do congratulate myself that there are few eminent creatures who have the science of packing down to as fine a point as myself." With this she wrapped her toothbrush up in a bit of white paper, secured it with elastic bands and tucked it in her shirt waist. Then she put three or four extra handkerchiefs in the crown of her hat, larded it and pronounced herself ready to depart.

"I feel as if I had forgotten something," she said, pausing at the door to give a backward glance into the room.

"Your purse?" asked one solicitous friend.

"No, I have that," replied the young woman.

"A book to read on the train?" "Surely not your box of chocolates?" "Not your veil?" chorused the others. No, the woman had these, but all the way down to the trolley car she was oppressed with the idea that, despite her boasted experience as a traveler, he had left something behind. As soon as she entered the station and found that she had but three minutes in which to make her train, she remembered what it was.

"I've forgotten my ticket!" she gasped.

"Now you haven't" said the man with her, disgustedly.

"I have, indeed!" she wailed. "I bought it yesterday, so I wouldn't have any trouble, and now I've come away and forgotten it, and I'll have to take the next train, which will put me in my town at midnight, and I think it's a great pity that some one couldn't have thought enough to ask me whether I had it or not, for goodness knows it is more important than chocolates, and everybody remembered them. I hope you'll have more consideration hereafter."

Then she paused for breath, and as he man only laughed immoderately he rode all the way home in scornful silence. But when she went to the station the next time she had her ticket clasped firmly in one hand and she yielded it reluctantly even to the gatekeeper.

GOT EVEN WITH RANDOLPH.

Inkeeper Who Would Not Be Bluffed by the Statesman.

One night when traveling through Virginia, John Randolph stopped at an inn near the forks of two roads. The innkeeper was a fine old gentleman, and, knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill and paid it. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation, asked him again:

"Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?"

"Sir!" said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way you are traveling."

"Have I paid you my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I am going just where I please. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But, to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes he sent one of the servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph still being within hearing distance, the landlord yelled at the top of his voice: Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; take whichever road you please."

A Case of Bee Instinct.

The Pacific Rural Press tells of what it calls a rare case of bee instinct. In a hive was found what appeared to be a great piece of wax, but on investigation there was found the dead body of a rat. It had strayed into the hive and probably was stung to death by the bees. As the body was too large for them to remove they had enclosed it in wax to prevent the odor from escaping to be offensive. It is rare that a rat is caught in that way, as they are apt to vacate when first stung, but we have heard and read of many cases where a mouse had been provided with a wax coffin when he made his way into a hive. They will do this with almost anything likely to cause an offensive odor if they cannot remove it from the hive.

Approach High Economy.

Contrary to the general belief, the engines of torpedo boats are not at all extravagant in the use of steam, but approach high economy, considering that they are driven regardless of cost, the sole view being to get the highest possible piston speed in the shortest time with forced draft of greatest intensity. The coal burned per initial horse power in the case of one boat recently constructed was only 1.88 pounds per hour, with a consumption of sixty-eight pounds per square foot of gas.

Emperor's Sister a Colonel.

The German emperor recently appointed his youngest sister, Princess Margaret of Hesse, to be chief or honorary colonel of the Eightieth Foot, in accession to her deceased mother.

No Tobacco at Italian Court.

The King and Queen of Italy cannot endure the smell of tobacco, and none of their ladies and gentlemen in waiting are permitted to smoke when doing their turns in service, and no smoking is allowed in the royal apartments. This aversion of the royal couple for tobacco is the more surprising when one recalls the fact that the young queen's mother and sisters all smoke cigarettes, that she was brought up at the Russian court, where smoking by ladies is the rule rather than the exception, and when one remembers how passionately fond of his cigars was the late King Humbert.

The Booming West.

"I was in a little Wisconsin town the other day," said a Boston man recently, "and know of a gentleman who came there with some stock of an eastern concern to dispose of at par. It was good property, to be sure, but in that one small town he sold \$6,000 worth of the stock in less than a half day. The West is far more prosperous this year than last, although last year was looked upon at the time as a record breaker. The railroads are carrying a vast amount of produce to the Orient, and, mind what I tell you, our exports by the Pacific coast before many years will equal and surpass our exports from the Atlantic seaboard. Only two or three years ago nobody ever dreamed of a mighty export trade on that side."

She Danced for Charity.

A French woman has invented a new plan for securing contributions to charity. She is a great favorite in her own circle. Recently while staying at a country place near Paris she attended a charity fete. One of her men friends sought her hand for a dance and the lady said: "With pleasure. Twenty francs, please." "I beg your pardon," said the puzzled man. "I had the honor to ask you for a waltz." "To be sure," said mademoiselle. "I thought it was a quadrille. A waltz will be 40 francs." Then she explained that for that evening she was dancing for the poor and her partners must contribute. The other belles took up the idea and the result was a handsome increase in the fund.

A DISTINGUISHED MISSIONARY.

Washington, Ind., Sept. 23d.—There is at present, living at 106 East 15th street in this city, a most remarkable man. He is Rev. C. H. Thompson, and he came to Washington from Little York, Ind., a short time ago.

Rev. Mr. Thompson spent many years of his long and useful life as a missionary among the Indians of the West. The great exposure and the drinking of so much bad water brought on Diabetes, and at Wagoner, Indian Territory, he was struck down while preaching.

Physicians, one of them a Chicago specialist, pronounced his case hopeless. Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended, and as a last resort he tried them. He was completely cured, and restored to good health and his case and its cure has caused a sensation among the physicians.

His Silver Wedding at 80.

Most Reverend Frederick Temple, archbishop of Canterbury, who is 80 years of age, has been celebrating his silver wedding. He was not married until he was 55 years of age, yet he is an excellent specimen of Queen Victoria's favorite type of a bishop and happy family man.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Ants Damage Brick Paving.

A curious menace to brick street paving has come to light in Council Bluffs, Ia. Numerous ants began burrowing into the sand beneath the bricks and removed so much of it to other and unknown quarters that the city engineer was called in to repair the damages. One street was made unfit for travel for several blocks.

Incubator Triplets.

The triplets of Morris J. Cohen, who were sent from New York to Buffalo to be placed in the baby incubators there, are expected home in a few days. The little things not only lived but have more than doubled in weight and are as fine a collection of babies as could be found anywhere. They would undoubtedly have died had it not been for the incubators. The triplets are the first in this country and the second in the world to go through the incubator process.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Won His Wager.

A wager was made by a resident of London that he could cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames. He won the bet by placing the pudding in a tin case and putting the whole in a sack of lime. The heat of the lime, slacking when coming in contact with the water, was sufficient to cook the pudding in two hours.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

"Heart shakes" are splits which radiate from the center to the circumference of a tree.

We thank you for trying Wizard Oil for rheumatism or neuralgia, then you will thank us. Ask your druggist.

Live on \$90 a Year.

Life on \$9 a year was the experience of A. M. Torrance, chairman of the London county council, when at the age of 16, his career began in Glasgow. Mr. Torrance made \$90 meet all his needs, and he bought a book or two besides, which he almost learned by heart. He admires punctuality, loves a Scotch song above all things, and tells a Scotch story with no end of "pawky" humor.



"Evidently a woman's glove."

man had gone out to battle for the South, while this man had remained faithful to the old flag. She had given him to understand plainly that he must choose between the flag and her. And he had chosen with maddening promptness.

The other man had returned from the war, and she had married him. He was sadly crippled, and her pity went out to him, masquerading as love. That was years ago. Her life had not been an unhappy one, she said, although the drawn face, the lack-luster eyes, the stooping shoulders and the dragging footsteps told a story of toil beyond her strength and of devotion forced beyond the promptings of her spirit. Her husband was dead. He had been buried but three days ago. Her only