

The EDITOR

Who writes the editorial page,
The story that is all the rage,
The advertising puns and squibs,
The funnygrams signed "Royal Nibs"?
The editor.

Who versed must be in printers' lore,
Must fold the papers, 'tend the door,
Receive advice from every fool,
And then be styled a public tool?
The editor.

Who writes of all that wealth can do,
And wonders how he can pull through,
And prays subscriptions may be paid
Ere irate landlord makes a raid?
The editor.

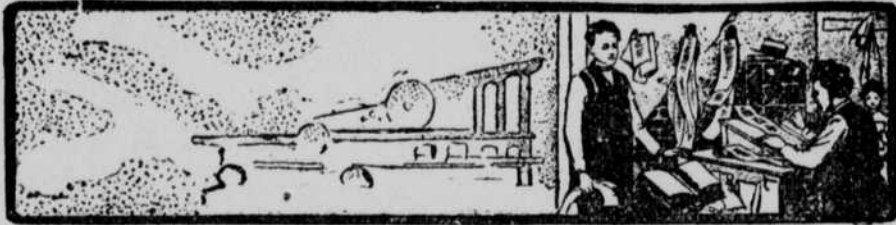
Who, keeping pens and inkstands clean,
Must still preserve a smiling mien,
And dares not say he owns his soul
Before the man who has control?
The editor.

Who every day is overrun
With ancient wit that's meant for fun,
And quires of sentimental trash,
A heterogeneous rehash?
The editor.

Who watches for the junkman's round,
Because he gives a cent a pound,
And takes all manuscripts away
For which he will not, cannot pay?
The editor.

Who only asks, if'er he gains
The rate at which St. Peter reigns,
That he may find a little spot
Where scribblers and their wares come
not?
The editor.

—Denver Mecca.



In the Forest.

BY LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Star Pub. Co.)
Phil Paquette, woodsman, never loved any girl until he saw Annette, the brown-eyed daughter of the boss of the Michigan lumber camp in which he and a hundred others worked all winter.

He came upon her in a clearing one day where she was spreading a feast of grain before a flock of birds. With her was Hammond, the only man in the world that Paquette had time enough to hate.

Hammond was tall and fair and perfectly familiar with the English language. Phil was big, with broad shoulders and clear eyes, and to the strong man's contempt of the weak he added the hate of a man who thinks he should have the something that another has.

So he stood with folded arms and watched the girl's snugly fitting jacket brush close to Hammond's arm and saw her laugh into Hammond's face, and he vowed that he would save the girl from Hammond. Paquette had let into his wild brain the idea that the girl was as far above the assistant boss of the camp as the stars are above the Saginaw river, by whose banks he and the rest labored. So he watched Hammond.

He saw that the girl talked to him often and carelessly he listened once or twice. The talk was about books of which he had heard but dimly, and of plays of which until then he had never heard at all. One day he said to Annette's father:

"I'll want to go to town today."
He wanted to tell him his errand, but refrained.

In his pocket he had the savings of the winter, and he meant to spend it in books that he, too, might read and be worthy of talking to the boss's daughter. But he had never bought books before and he had often bought whisky. So to get courage enough to go into a shop and ask for a book he spent some of his money for drink. Then he postponed buying the books for an hour or two and drank more.

He went into a gambling place that



With her was Hammond.

he knew. He wanted to see, he told himself, if any of his friends were there, but he knew that the truth was that he wanted to play long enough to increase his savings till he was able to buy the girl a fine gown he had seen in a window down the street. He did not intend to give it to her himself. He meant to slip it into the house and ask one of the women to put it in her room and she would come in and find it and not know who had sent it. Then he could look at her when she wore it and say to himself that she was wearing something that he had given her and then he knew that in his mind he

would feel much superior to Hammond, who had never given Annette anything.

He found no friends in the gambling place, but he stayed and put his money on the roulette wheel and in exactly twenty minutes he had only enough left to buy a very little book. When he walked out into the frosty air and saw the sleighs cut through the snow his mind cleared itself of the fumes of



"I am lookin' for Mr. Hammond," the drink and his conscience reproached him.

"If she knew what an unworthy man I am," he said to himself bitterly, "she would not care if I never bought a book."

He purchased a copy in English of Montaigne, that poet of whom he remembered that his father in France had often spoken, and all the way to the camp he tried to read by the unsteady kerosene lamp in the smoking car.

He looked about for Annette as soon as he reached the camp, but she had gone to town, they told him. Then he looked to see if Hammond was about. As he expected, Hammond was in town also. He flung the book into the snow and it lay there an hour before he went for it.

Every night after that he read the book or asked the men who knew English to help him. Every day he looked at Annette and saw that the air of the pine forests was making her more beautiful and that Hammond clung closer to her than ever.

One night when the stars were brighter than usual he lay out near the river bank and hugged himself for joy. He had learned the meaning of every word in that book of essays. He could pronounce most of them and there were a great many he could spell in English off hand. Surely, he thought, Annette was closer to him than she ever had been. Besides he had not gone to town since that day he had lost his chance to buy Annette a dress and he had saved his money till he had much more than he had on that day.

"Not only," he said proudly, "can I buy more books but I can buy a gown better than the first and I can buy new jackets for myself and new shoes to wear nights when I come out of the woods and when she may see me."

The crunch of footsteps on the snow close to him brought him to his feet.

A woman in ragged clothing and with lips almost blue reached out her hand to him, then tumbled at his feet.

"Who can you be?" he asked. "You do not belong here. No, I never saw you before. How have you come all the miles from the town?"

She could not speak and he poured whisky down her throat. She revived a little.

"I am looking for Mr. Hammond," she said. "They told me in the town

that he worked out here. I am his wife. Here is my ring. He left me a year ago and told me never to follow him, but I love him and have come to ask if he will not come back to live with me."

"Hammond!" Paquette sniffed; Hammond!

She fell back as if he had struck her.

"He is my husband," she said proudly. "I love him."

Then was Paquette confronted with the opportunity of his life. He knew that to bring the poor, tired woman to the bright room in which Hammond was sitting with Annette was to crush Hammond and to save Annette. But what if Annette should love Hammond? It would break her heart to see this woman claim him.

The woodsman took off his cap and ran his fingers through his curly hair. "Hammond," he said, as if trying to think, "Hammond. I am sorry, but there is no one here by that name. I am sure. But you have come too far and you are tired. Take my sack and this money, and I'll go with you to the railroad station."

During the walk he told her that she might find Hammond some place in town and the money he gave her was more than she had seen in months.

When the rear lights of the train were swallowed up in the shadows toward town Paquette walked slowly back to camp. As he passed the lighted windows of the front room he looked in shamefacedly. Annette with flushed cheeks was talking to Hammond and her hand was in his.

Paquette swore under his breath and then walked fast to the river bank. He flung his precious copy of Montaigne far out into the black river and then turned back to his cabin.

"Annette loves him," he said doggedly. "I did right."

BOYCOTT THEIR MINISTER.

Man Threatened with Starvation by His Dissenting Parishioners.

A remarkable boycott has been begun on the island of St. Kilda, off the coast of Scotland, against the Rev. Mr. Fiddes. It is a forcible expression of the opposition of his parishioners to the religious views of the minister, who now is threatened with starvation by reason of the refusal of the islanders to help him transport his winter supply of provisions.

Mr. Fiddes, who was a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, joined the majority of the General Assembly in forming the United Free Church along with the United Presbyterians. The Highland congregations of the Free Church refused to join the new body. The people of St. Kilda have taken a similar stand, and bitterly resent the attitude adopted by Mr. Fiddes.

The steamer Hebrides called at St. Kilda on Thursday with stores. The islanders took away their own goods, but stubbornly refused to take their minister's stock of coal and provisions ashore in the ferry. Consequently they had to be kept on the vessel.

Mr. Fiddes sent a message to the captain stating that he would have men and boats waiting to take the goods on the vessel's arrival at Obbe, but when the steamer reached there no one appeared, and the goods could not be landed.

As this was the last trip of the vessel this season, Mr. Fiddes is in danger of being left without his usual supplies for nine months.

It is stated in Glasgow that the United Free Church will not allow their representative to remain in this awkward predicament, and that a relief expedition will be organized.—New York Press.

BALLOON EXPERIMENTS

Serve to Point a Moral by Bringing Undesired Compliments.

How completely and honestly people can deceive themselves, and how risky it is for one to "believe his own ears," was illustrated the other day by an experiment of the Rev. Mr. Bacon, an Anglican clergyman, who is engaged in experimenting with wireless telegraphy and war balloons for the British War Office. He sent notices to the papers throughout the kingdom that he would on a certain date, at a certain hour, ascend in a balloon from the Crystal Palace and fire off a collection of fog signals from beneath his car. People were asked to listen for the sounds of the explosions and to report the results of their observations.

Mr. Bacon made his ascension all right, and when some 100 feet above the earth applied the electric current to one of his bombs. The result was nil. He tried another, and that, too, refused to explode. In fact, no one of his signals would work, and he descended to earth again.

In due time there came in to him from all over the country letters from persons who had heard the explosions which did not take place and who were able to give any amount of data concerning them.—New York Press.

Demand for Apartment Houses.

In view of the enormously increased activity in building apartment houses in New York in the last three years, the statement of real estate dealers that the supply is still inadequate to the demand is significant. Moreover, prices of apartments have increased very materially. An average apartment, as the average was five years ago, might have rented for \$300 to \$1,000. Apartments that are now merely "average apartments" rent for nearly twice as much. Of course, they are much more attractive and convenient. Not only is better taste shown in designing them, but more money is spent in finishing them. For the best apartments in New York one must pay six or eight times that amount of rent.—New York Sun.

The Scourge of Damascus

A Story of the East...

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER XXII.

The Executioners.

At an early hour the following morning he sent for Omar, who soon answered the call.

"I have one word to say—one request to make," said Horam, after the morning's greetings had passed. "I wish you once more to tell me the story of Helena's innocence, and thenceforth to remain silent upon the subject. I may have dreamed some of the things that now startle my thoughts; for I am not clear at what point you left me last night."

Thus called upon, the king of Aleppo related all that he had told on the previous evening, and then made some further explanation of incidents which he had not before revealed. It was a plain, simple statement, bearing the stamp of truth upon every word.

"O!" groaned Horam, clasping his thin hands together, "what would I give to call Helena back to life! But it cannot be. She is gone—and she was innocent!"

He started up from his seat, and walked several times across the floor; and when he next approached his royal guest, he had grown calmer, and his lip had ceased its quivering.

"Omar, I have no blame for you. Henceforth let the book be sealed." He had taken one or two more turns up and down the apartment, when a messenger entered with intelligence that Benoni had arrived, and desired audience.

"Send him in at once. Good brother, you will remain with me." This last was spoken to Omar, who had turned to leave.

In a little while Benoni made his appearance, and Horam was sure he could see the flush of victory upon his brow.

"Now, my captain, what word do you bring?"

"Good word, sire. We have captured those whom you desired to see, and have also brought an old man and old woman who resided in the cave."

"Have you brought the Lady Ulin—and the robber chieftain—and Osmir and Selim?"

"Yes, sire." "And these others are the old hermit, Ben Hadad, and the woman who lives with him?"

"Yes, sire." "By the crown I wear!" cried the monarch, leaping up and clapping his hands, "this is enough to make me forget the wrongs I have suffered. Let the robber chieftain and the two treacherous guards be brought before me. But—hold. There was one other spoken of by the Arab—the lieutenant—Hobaddan his name was."

"He was not in the cave, sire; nor was he about the place." "Very well. Let the chieftain be brought in."

The captain retired, and presently returned, followed by Julian and the two guards. They were heavily ironed, and six stout soldiers walked behind them. The youthful chieftain had schooled himself for the ordeal, and no sign of fear was manifest. Osmir and Selim stood like two deaf mutes, seeming to care nothing for the fate that surely awaited them.

"That is all," said Horam, after he had looked at the prisoners. "Take them out, and guard them well. Place twenty of your most trusty men over them, and remember that those twenty heads shall answer for the safety of the charge."

"Shall I conduct them to a dungeon, sire?"

"No,—there is no need of it. They will not live to behold the setting of this day's sun!"

Ben Hadad did not tremble when he stood before the king; nor did Ezzabel seem much frightened.

"Old man," said Horam, "I understand that you have harbored and protected the notorious Scourge, Julian."

"He hath found shelter with me, as have all who ever sought it," replied the hermit.

"And you also harbored the lady Ulin. You knew who she was, and that she had fled from her home."

"Yes."

"And perhaps you knew why she fled?"

"She told me her story, sire." "It is enough," cried the king, impatiently. "I wish to hear no more. You both stand condemned, and the degree of your punishment shall be made known to you soon enough."

Omar was upon the point of making some remark, when Benoni entered.

"Now, Benoni," said Horam, with more nervousness in his manner than he had before exhibited, "I have a serious question to ask you; and I desire that you should answer me promptly and truly. You have noticed the conduct of the princess Ulin?"

"Yes, sire, she is in love with Julian the robber."

Benoni again went out; but he did not have to go far, as he met Aboul coming towards the royal apartment. The king greeted him as he entered, and asked him if he had seen his daughter.

"Yes, sire," replied the minister. "I have just left her."

"Have you talked with her?"

"Yes." "Then you must have discovered the secret which hath been imparted to me. Did you speak with her of this robber chieftain?"

"I did, sire."

"Well—what did you observe?"

"O, mercy, sire—spare my child!"

"That is not the answer to my question, Aboul. I asked you what you discovered."

"I discovered," returned the minister, in tones of deepest dread, "that her love had been turned from you."

"Aye—and upon whom?"

"Upon Julian, sire."

"That is it, Aboul," cried the king, again starting up. "That is the thing that enters most deeply into my soul. And now I will tell you what the girl's punishment shall be. She shall witness the death of her robber lover; she shall see his head severed from his body—and then she shall be shut up, to lead a solitary life, through the rest of her days! None of her own sex shall attend upon her; but black guards shall be her sole companions. What say you to that?"

The executioners were not long in obeying the order. A large mat was brought in and spread upon the floor, and three stout baskets of palm-leaf were placed upon it. The mat and the baskets were darkly stained, and even Omar, used as he was to such scenes, shuddered when he beheld the preparations. When all was ready, Horam turned to his captain and ordered that all the prisoners should be brought in.

At length they came. Julian and Osmir and Selim came first. Then followed Ben Hadad and Ezzabel, with Shubal and Ortok. And lastly came Ulin and Albia.

The robber chieftain was led up to the block. His arms were folded upon his broad bosom, with the heavy chains hanging almost to his feet, and his head was borne erect. There was a deep pain-mark in his face, but it was not of fear for himself.

"Outlaw!" spoke Horam, through his shut teeth, and with his thin hands clenched, "the hour has come in which you are to close your career of rapine and robbery; and these people who have been friends to you, and who have given you protection in your crime, are to see your head fall. Perhaps you would ask for mercy."

"No!" said the chieftain. "I ask no mercy at the hand of Horam of Damascus. Let the work be finished as quickly as possible, and thus shall one more be added to the list of thy bloody deeds. I could wish to live that I might take more vengeance on thee."

"And is there not one thing for which you would live?" asked the king, bending a searching, burning glance upon him.

Julian started, and struggled; but made no reply. And in a moment more Horam turned to his chief executioner.

"Bel Dara, go now to your work. Let this man's head fall first. Your arm is strong, and your hand is sure. Bend him upon his knees, and watch for my signal."

There was a low, wild cry breaking upon the air; and as Julian turned his head, he saw Ulin, white and faint, in the arms of her attendant.

Before the grim executioners could bend the robber chieftain to his knees there was an interruption in the proceedings. The voice of Ben Hadad, stern and authoritative, sounded above all else:

"King of Damascus, ere you stain your hands with that man's blood, I must reveal to you a secret which it is fitting you should know."

"Old man," he said, "you speak a secret. Do you think to trifle with me?"

"I have to cause a simple story to be unfolded to your majesty," replied Ben Hadad; "and if you will grant this woman speech, she will give you light."

The king looked hard into the face of Ezzabel, and for the first time he seemed to be struck by something familiar in her features. A moment he sat as if irresolute, and then he said, starting up as though his mind were fixed:

"Let the woman approach."

Ezzabel came near to the throne, Ben Hadad walking close behind her.

"Woman, what is it that you have to tell? Speak, and let not the words lag upon your lips."

"I speak by the request of Ben Hadad," replied Ezzabel; "and the story which I shall tell you is known only to the old hermit and myself. Even Julian himself knows not the secret I have to impart, and were he now upon the verge of death, no persuasion should draw it from me. It may be that the disclosure will consign me to your executioner; but I care not. I shall waste no words. I was born in this city, and was married at an early age. One son was born to me, and then my husband died. Shortly after this bereavement I was called to nurse a sick child—a girl, some three years old—who was suffering from an accident. The child recovered under my care, and as I had formed a strong attachment for her, and as she had also conceived the same for me, I was retained to attend upon her. Her parents were of the wealthiest of Damascus, and while they made it very pleasant for me to remain with their daughter, they also provided a good place for my son, Hobaddan. My charge grew up to be a beautiful maiden, and became my mistress; and I served her with joy, for she was good and kind and generous; and I knew that she loved me. In time my mistress became a wife, and I went with her to her new home. For a few months all went pleasantly under this

new relation; but finally a dark cloud arose to obscure the heaven of my lady's joy. Her husband became jealous of her—became so jealous that his soul was fraught with deadly vengeance. He fancied that his wife's guilt had been proved, and he resolved to put her away from him forever. Her protestations availed nothing. He would not listen to her—he would not even allow her to approach him; but he gave her into the hands of his executioners, and bade them drown her in the waters of the Parphar. I discovered what was to be done, and slipped away from the home of the cruel husband, and sought my son, who had then become a stout youth. Hobaddan and I hid ourselves near the gates of the city, and when the executioners came out, we followed them. They had with them a large sack, and I knew that my mistress was in it. We saw them sink that sack in the river—they sank it where the water was dark and deep—sank it in the middle of the night—and then went away. As soon as they were gone we hurried to the shore, and my son plunged into the stream, and succeeded in bringing the sack to the land. We opened it, and my sweet mistress was taken forth, cold and senseless; but she was not dead. Her heart still had motion, and after much labor we succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness. The next need was to find a safe shelter for her. We dared not take her back to the city. I thought of the hermit, Ben Hadad. I had heard that he was a benevolent man, and I resolved to seek him. We found his cave; and when he had heard my story, he promised to give us shelter, and to protect the unfortunate lady.

"My mistress so far recovered as to be able to sit up; but she could not get well. Her system had received too great a shock, and her poor heart was broken. In two weeks from the time when she entered the cave she gave birth to a son, and shortly afterwards she died. She died as pure and true as heaven itself, and her child was the offspring of an honor which no temptation could have tarnished. She died; but the child lived and thrived—lived, and grew strong, and noble, and bold. We told him how his mother had been wronged; but we did not tell him all. We did not tell him who his father was; only we told him that he owed his orphanage to the king of Damascus. When he grew up he resolved that the king should suffer for the deed he had done, and subsequent events have proved that his resolution was not vain.

"This, sire, is the son of the woman who was my mistress. Julian, the Scourge of Damascus is the child I have reared. Would you know more?"

Horam sat in his great chair, with his hands clutched tightly upon the golden arms, and his whole frame quivering.

"O," he gasped, "the secret is nigh to the surface! What shall I ask?"

The king of Aleppo moved to Horam's side, and whispered in his ear.

"Aye," exclaimed the quaking monarch, when he had listened to the words of his brother, "it shall be so. What ho! Benoni—clear this chamber of all save this old man and woman, and this—this—Julian! Lead them out quickly, and remain with them to watch them."

In a few moments the two kings were alone with the three prisoners who had been designated.

"Now—now—speak!"

"King of Damascus," said the aged hermit, taking a step forward, "allow me to tell you the rest. The suns of almost a hundred years have rolled over my head, and not yet have I willingly deceived a fellow creature to his injury. What this woman has told you is true. The lady who was brought to my cave three-and-twenty years ago—who gave birth to a child there—and who died in Ezzabel's arms, was Helena, Queen of Damascus! And the son which she bore was the son of the king—I swear it; and in support thereof, I pledge my soul's salvation!"

(To be continued.)

Evidence of Desire to Sell.

Wu Ting-fang, who was a guest at a recent wedding in Washington, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and jocularly asked to go over to the young couple and pronounce a Chinese parental blessing.

The obliging Wu immediately complied. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking groom, he said:

"May every new year bless you with a man child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man-children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grandchildren and may these grandchildren —"

It is said that the little bride grew hysterical about this time, says the New York Times, and the best man made another request of Wu—this time to desist.

Not the Girl for Him.

The father was quite anxious for his son to marry, and on every occasion he was picking out what he thought was a suitable girl. One night at a dinner the old gentleman sat next to a very attractive young woman, and on his way home he was loud in his praises.

"My boy," he said, "she's the very girl for you." "Not much," replied the boy, with peculiar emphasis. "But I say she is," insisted papa. "And I say not," insisted the son. The father became testy on the subject. "You're too hard to please. You don't expect a woman to be perfect, do you?" "No." "Then why isn't this one just the girl for you?" "Because," replied the young man with an effort, "she's for some other fellow. She told me so last night."—Chicago Tribune