

### He Knows, of Course

"No, love," she said, "I do not say that I will give you all the space in my closet, bureau, trunk—I may ask for myself a little space. But you shall have your very own. The thing that you have languished for; yes, you, because I love you, love, shall have the lowest bureau drawer."

He thanked her. What else could he do? For well he knew her fond intent. To prove her love was wondrous true, of sacrifice and yearning bent. "Oh, love," he said, "I'll well know. The wondrous love, affection sweet. That prompts you now to promise me a bureau drawer as mine, complete."

"Was almost ten sweet years ago. And ever since when he has gone. Unto that drawer he found you know. Satins and laces, silks and lawn. And women's gloves, and bric-a-brac. And things no man would ever disclose; But still he missed it not at all. For he is married and—he knows."—Sunset Magazine.

## AMINE ROMANCE

BY FRANK R. SHEET

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"That is all, I believe," said Battlesea, as he rose and buttoned his coat across his breast. "I saw the Englishman in New York, and he will be on here next week. Have the report very specific, this and that vein out-cropping at the surface, so much ore to the ton, and so many tons excavated with but a minimum of expense. He has unlimited money to squander, and is wild to throw it into mine holes; but he likes details. Give it to him in the way of veins and promising indications and computations. And, oh, yes, while about it you might take a peep in Faxon's mine adjoining. Make a few golden notes about that also. After purchasing from me, the Englishman may as well buy out Faxon. The two mines could be operated as one. We will impress that on him—after we have sold Old Faxon can't afford to hire a mine expert himself and I shall be glad to help him a little. Make the reports all right. The Englishman has heard of you and will accept the report without question. You understand?"

Yes, Clint Bayland understood, and he understood the significance of a small roll which Battlesea's hand dropped carelessly upon his desk as he turned and went out. It was a first installment for his reputation. And Clara Faxon, the most beautiful girl in twenty miles round, was the daughter of the old man whom Battlesea would be glad to help.



He walked irritably to the window of the office and looked out, not daring to trust his eyes with a second glance at the small roll on his desk. He did need the money, sorely, more than he would care to have any one know, and it was only an indication of what would come. With Battlesea, who owned more mine and town property than any ten men in the country, as his friend, his prosperity would be assured.

But somehow, the thought of the prosperity did not give him the pleasure that it ought. Oddly enough his mind went over the snow-capped peaks to the mother he had left in the East, and from her to—Clara Faxon. What would they think?

A smart runabout swung up to the office door, and a handsome young fellow of about his own age raised a beckoning finger. The other occupant of the runabout was Clara Faxon. Clint left the window and went to the door.

"Hello, Bayland," the man called affably, "be busy to-morrow?"

"In the morning, yes. But I can spare you part of the afternoon, Mr. Deale, if that will do."

"Nicely. I want you to take a run through my mine and make a report of its general characteristics. I haven't opened it much yet, but the indications I think point to a good thing. However, there's a rumor of a big syndicate's buyer approaching and any of us will sell if we can get our price. Say two sharp, and I will be there to go through with you."

"Very well. You may look for me."

As the runabout whirled away, Clara Faxon's eyes flashed him a kindly glance over her shoulder. Of late he had thought her manner a shade more friendly. Perhaps even Battlesea and Mr. Deale—But pshaw! and he turned abruptly and went back into the office. At the desk he stood for fully a minute, gazing down at the roll, the fine wrinkles again coming between his brows. Then with an impatient movement he swept the roll into his desk and turned the key. Some chance visitor might come in and notice it lying there.

The next day his examination of Battlesea's mine turned out as he



It was a first installment for his reputation. The clerk seemed in doubt, but he mixed the phosphate. The fastidious man sipped it with appreciative smacks and glared contemptuously the while upon the common herd who took their refreshments from drug store glasses.

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"Tommy, for the land's sake, where have you been for the last two hours?" "Been having a good time with an automobile."

"You don't mean to say you've been taking a ride in one?"

"Now! Standin' off an' hollerin' 'get a horse!' at a feller that was tryin' to make a busted machine go."—Chicago Tribune

### PAT RAFFERTY AND THE TELLER

Doubt as to His Identity Worried This Irishman.

There is a rule in one at least of the savings banks in Massachusetts that when a passbook is presented with an order for payment from the depositor the identification of the payee is required for amounts exceeding \$100.

One day an Irishman, evidently not long in this country, appeared at the paying teller's window for a draft of \$123, presenting a passbook and an order from the owner of the book to pay Patrick Rafferty the amount.

The order was in proper form, but the payee was not known to the teller. "Do you know any of the officers here?" he asked of Pat.

"No, sir," replied Pat.

"Well, then, you will have to be identified to us in some way."

"What's that?" asked the now confused Irishman.

"Why," explained the teller, "you will have to get some one whom we know and who knows you to come in here and identify you. You might be anybody, and we want to be sure that we are paying Patrick Rafferty."

Pat looked dazed and went over to a seat and for ten or fifteen minutes looked stupidly at the passbook and order.

Finally he approached the window again, with the most dubious look imaginable on his face, and said, "Say, young feller, if I'm not Pat Rafferty, who the devil am I?"

### HIS CLIENT WON THE CASE.

Impressive Appeal Backed Up by Defendant's Appearance.

The late Charles P. Thompson of the Massachusetts supreme court at one time in his practice had a client named Michael Dougherty, who had been arrested for the illegal sale of liquor. The police had no evidence except one pint of whisky, which their search of his alleged kitchen bar room revealed.

In the superior court this evidence was produced and a somewhat vivid claim made of prima facie evidence of guilt by the prosecuting attorney. During all this Mr. Thompson was silent. When his turn came for the defense he arose and said:

"Michael Dougherty, take the stand." And "Mike," with big red nose, unshaven face, bleared eyes and a general appearance of dilapidation and dejection, took the stand.

"Michael Dougherty, look upon the jury. Gentlemen of the jury, look on Michael Dougherty," said Mr. Thompson. All complied. Mr. Thompson himself, silently and steadily gazing at "Mike" for a moment, slowly and with solemnity, turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, do you mean to say to this court and to me that you honestly and truly believe that Michael Dougherty, if he had a pint of whisky, would sell it?"

It is needless to say "Mike" was acquitted.

### Dead or Not, He Was Buried.

Over twenty years ago S. P. Ives, a well-known legal light of Essex county, and Charles P. Thompson of the superior court were pitted against each other in an important life insurance case at Salem, Mr. Ives for the company and Mr. Thompson for the plaintiff. Mr. Thompson was very anxious to put into the case certain affidavits and Mr. Ives was equally strenuous in opposition.

After lengthy arguments the judge decided in Mr. Thompson's favor, and he proceeded to read, with much emphasis, depositions relating to surgical treatment, death, funeral and last interment of the insured.

As Mr. Thompson finished reading this, which was from a sexton of the cemetery, giving name, date, number of burial lot, etc., he threw the papers upon the table and, addressing the judge, said, with a bit of impediment in speech which sometimes bothered him: "There, your honor. P-perhaps Mr. Ives don't believe this man is dead! B-but we've buried him, anyway."—Boston Herald.

### Why He Hadn't Kissed Her.

On Sixth avenue yesterday afternoon a handsomely dressed woman with a profusion of blonde hair was walking by the side of her husband. As the couple passed a department store the woman's attention was attracted by a tall-made gown, and she left her husband to examine it more closely. When she returned she seemed annoyed. "You never look at anything that interests me any more," she complained. "You don't care how I dress. You don't care for me any more. Why, you haven't even kissed me for a month."

"Indeed, I am sorry, but it is not my fault," said the man to whom she had just been speaking.

Turning the woman looked at him, gasped and mumbled out an apology. She had taken the arm of a stranger.

—New York Press.

### A Modern Convenience.

When Albert Bigelow Payne, the experienced author of "The Van Dwellers," was looking about him for a home in suburban New York before he found his nest on Long Island, he was interviewed by a farmer who had a house to sell somewhere up the country. He described the place in sunset and sunrise and green field and yellow grain colors, and Mr. Payne listened.

"Has the house any of the modern conveniences?" he asked.

"You bet it has," replied the farmer with enthusiasm.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, siree; it's got the very latest—there's a trolley car runs within a half mile of the front door."

Good Night! So low and sweet  
The homely phrase resounds  
With her re-echoed plaint  
Beyond the garden bounds.  
"Good night!" the jasmine sighs,  
"Good night!" the rose replies.

"Good night!" as sad and clear  
As song of nightingale  
The two brief words I hear,  
While west the moon doth sail.  
"Good night! Alas we part!"  
"Good night! O dearest heart!"

"Good night!" the moon does wane;  
More purple grows the sky,  
And darker the blue stars  
Where sleeping farmsteads lie.  
"Good night!" and dreams of peace  
Till darkness have us seized.

Al, long have gone their way  
Fair sun and red Mars;  
Yet for us shine for aye  
Love's everlasting stars.  
So, whilst time takereth flight,  
"Good night!"—and then "Good night!"  
—Wm. R. Roston Transcript

## Various Kinds of Ivory

Enormous Amount Is Exported from Africa Yearly for Use in Europe—Large Deposits of Mammoth Tusks.

Ivory is, strictly speaking, obtained only from the tusks of the elephant, the finest of which comes from the coast of Africa. This hard, heavy, fine-grained green or guinea ivory is esteemed for its transparency, and because its light yellow or pale blood tint, unlike the whiteness of other kinds which becomes yellow, bleaches with age. The different species of African elephant supply almost all the ivory used in Europe. Its quantity is enormous. The British importation 1900 was 1,175,000 pounds, which represented 60,000 tusks. One London firm sells 10,000 tusks yearly in billiard balls. Under so heavy a drain the supply must fall, but to fall back upon remarkable deposits of mammoth tusks which have accumulated on the rivers discharging into the Arctic ocean.

Since man began to express himself in art he has made use of ivory. Here, however, the term has a wider application. It covers the teeth of the hippopotamus, the long tusks of the walrus, and even the single tooth of the narwhale. Under the description of ivories come carving in polished

## TOLD OF THE VETERANS

In the vague, misty map of my dreams  
There's a place that I know, where it  
seems  
That I never is night, but a mellow  
half-light  
Through the dim, shifting trees ever  
streams.

And there's always a song in the air  
As of birds, and the flowers are few  
And the houses of Dorchester hide  
from the years  
And to sleep through eternity there!

But the roads to it turn so, and wind  
Through perilous passage and blind,  
That I never can tell, though I know it  
so well,  
How to reach it—so hard 'tis to find—  
So far off from dying and birth,  
And the houses of Dorchester, that  
But I'm happy again, for she comes to  
me then  
Whom I never may see on this earth.

She comes, and all sorrowing ceases,  
And she pays that debt but increase  
is stilled for a while by her wonderful  
smile—  
By her tenderness hushed into peace.

And oh! if some power could make  
Me dream on to death for the sake  
Of my dream-bridge's embrace and her  
flower—  
I would pray I might never awake.

I would pray I sleep on in the beams  
Of that dim, mellow half-light that  
gleams  
Like the light of her eyes, in the region  
that lies  
On the vague, misty map of my dreams!  
—Cleveland Leader.

### Deeds That Won Honor Medals.

No veteran of the civil war won his medals more fairly than did Gen. John F. Weston, now commissary general of subsistence. In the summer of 1864 Weston was a major of cavalry attached to Wilson's division. He and his men were in Alabama, some forty miles from Montgomery. Word reached Weston that there was a Confederate transport laden with supplies somewhere near the junction of the Tallapoosa and Coosa rivers. Weston was ordered to locate and capture it. While marching along the shore of the Tallapoosa he saw on the further side of the river two or three canoes which he thought might be useful to him in hunting the transport. Strapping his revolver on the top of his head, and ordering his men to do likewise, the major, with six followers, plunged into the river, swam to the opposite bank and secured the canoes. He rowed back for the rest of his command, and, leaving a few troops to guard the horses, went on up the stream. At the mouth of the Coosa he discovered the transport in a bayou a short distance ahead. Beaching his canoes he began to make signals to attract the attention of those on board the transport, and presently saw a gig push off and pull toward shore. When the gig ran upon the beach the first man to step out of it was the captain of the transport.

"What do you want with me?" asked the captain.

"Who may you be?" asked Weston, answering one question with another.

"I am the captain of the boat out there," was the reply.

"Then you are just the man I wanted to see," said Weston. "I command the advance of Wilson's cavalry, which will be along here in a few minutes, and must ask you to surrender yourself and your transport."

The captain, after a moment's thought agreed to an unconditional surrender, whereupon Weston with a portion of his command boarded the gig and, rowing to the transport, told the officer in charge that the captain had surrendered, and that he had come to take possession of the boat. The transport was promptly turned over, taken to Montgomery and destroyed. It was for the success and daring of this undertaking that Gen. Weston was awarded a Medal of Honor.

Another man who wears his medal as a result of heroism on the same field is Col. Edward Knox of New York. Knox was then captain of the Fifteenth New York Battery and barely twenty years of age, but he made a victorious charge in the face of a galling fire. When the order was given him he tightened up his belt, and, waving his sword, shouted to his men to charge. It was one chance in ten of getting back alive, but Knox took it and lives to wear the Medal of Honor. The medal worn by Capt. Abram P. Haring, another New York veteran, recalls one of the boldest exploits of the civil war. For upward of an hour on the first day of February, 1864, with a handful of men belonging to the One Hundred and Thirty-second New York Infantry, in which he was serving as first lieutenant, he held a bridge across Bachelors' Creek, North Carolina, against 11,000 men under Pickett and thus prevented the surprise and capture of Newbern, then one of the most important Union strongholds in the south.

### Could Not Recover Chickens.

"Speaking of things happening after the war," said E. A. Gardner of New Hampton, Iowa, "reminds me of a case in point on the Red river expedition. Our officers' mess had some chickens cooked, ready to eat. When the cook went for some water the teams came along and one of the teamsters put the chickens in his wagon and went on without remark. When the loss of the chickens was discovered the officers gazed, but that wasn't the end of the story.

"Twenty-five years after the war the teamster who stole the cooked chickens was at a G. A. R. camp fire and heard a comrade tell of his bad luck in losing chickens ready to eat through some light fingered teamster. He added that if he ever learned who the rascal that stole his chickens he would choke them out of him. While the teamster was thinking of what ought to be said next, another comrade stood on his feet and said: 'I didn't steal the chickens, but I helped eat them, and I am keen to swear they were very good. But as to choking them out of anybody, that can't be done, because, don't you see, they were eaten twenty-five years ago.'"

"While we were in the rear of Vicksburg, after our trip to Jackson, the boys learned a good deal about baking. They made what they called outdoor ovens by digging holes in the side of a bank or hill. They would build fires in the holes, and when the earth was hot take out the fire and

put in the dough or whatever was to be baked. The success was surprising, and one of the boys came to the conclusion it would be no trick at all to make and bake a lemon pie.

"As he was short on flour the boys suggested that he pound hard tack into powder and use that with the flour. Powdering hard tack proved slow work, and the pie-maker broke the crackers in pieces and put them in on the theory that they would dissolve and be the same as if pounded into powder. But they didn't. When the pie was baked a piece was sent over to the Colonel, and he finding the broken crackers, treated the pie-maker as a joke. This didn't suit the pie-maker, and he tried again, leaving out the hard tack. Greatly to the surprise of the colonel, the result was good lemon pie, and no joke."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Past Commanders Gone.

Announcement is made by the commander-in-chief of the death of the following comrades:

James H. Seymour—Past Department Commander, Department of Ohio, died at Akron, Ohio.

Matthew T. Benton—Past Department Commander, Department of New Hampshire, died at East Derry, N. H.

Alvin Coe Voris—Past Department Commander, Department of Ohio, died at Akron, Ohio.

David W. Thomas—Past Department Commander, Department of Ohio, died at Baltimore, Md.

A. F. Dill—Past Department Commander, Department of California and Nevada, died at San Diego, Cal.

Richard A. Donnelly—Past Department Commander, Department of New Jersey, died at Trenton, N. J.

W. B. E. Miller—Past Department Commander, Department of New Jersey, died at Camden, N. J.

I. M. Christy—Past Department Commander, Department of Arizona, died at Phoenix, Arizona.

John Palmer—Past Commander-in-Chief, died at Albany, N. Y.

Amos M. Thayer, Judge Advocate General, died at St. Louis, Mo.

Joseph P. Cleary—Past Department Commander, Department of New York, died at Rochester, N. Y.

Stephen M. Long—Past Department Commander, Department of New Jersey, died at East Orange, N. J.

### Was Very Much Alive.

A veteran tells of an experience in hospital at Nashville after Shiloh. "I was in the convalescent ward, recovering from a wound, and had become well acquainted with a jolly fellow from my own county. One day, while he was reading the Nashville morning paper, he cried out in alarm. When I went to him he pointed, with wide eyes, to the list of deaths, and in it was his own name. He said that would scare his poor mother to death, and was in great distress.

"I advised him to write his mother at once, which he proceeded to do in this wise: 'Dear Mother: I take my pen in haste to tell you that the statement published in the Nashville papers this morning that I am dead is the most scandalous lie you ever heard of. Don't you believe a word of it. I am alive and kicking (with one foot), and am well cared for. A man who knows me well will swear that I am not dead, and I can get the affidavit of the doctor if you want it. But what's the use? If any man says I am dead, bet him a hundred dollars I am not, and send winnings to me.' Thirty years after the war I saw that letter in the hands of the daughter of the man who wrote it. It had come down to her as a precious gift from her grandmother."

### Nurse Hays Still Living.

Mrs. Margaret Messerol Hays, went out as army nurse from Mendota, Ill., and was also assigned to the Adams Hospital in Memphis, her commission dating from Feb. 17, 1863, to July 2, 1865. She served two years in the Adams Hospital and was then transferred to the Gayoso Hospital, where she finished her term of service.

"I was in Memphis," said Mrs. Hays, "when Gen. Forrest made his raid on the city and when the steamer Sultans was blown up six miles up the river with 1,900 paroled prisoners on board who had been brought to Vicksburg from Andersonville and Macon prisons. The poor fellows were so emaciated and weak that they were being sent to their homes up the river. All on board were lost except four or five hundred, and they were brought to Memphis and cared for in the different hospitals."

Mrs. Hays has been a resident of Los Angeles for seventeen years. She is a native of Chautauqua county, N. Y.—Los Angeles Times.

### The Colonel's Superior.

During the civil war soldiers were very apt to become intoxicated, as liquor was sometimes the only drink they could get. One soldier who was in the habit of becoming intoxicated was remonstrated with by the colonel of his regiment, the conversation which took place being as follows:

"You are a remarkably clean man, sir."

"Thank you, colonel."

"But, sir, you have bad habits."

"I am sorry for that, colonel."

"You drink, sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"Oh, I know you are sorry, but why don't you drink like me?"

"Colonel, I couldn't do it; it would kill me."—Boston Herald.

### Found Comfort in the Bible.

Forty years ago a wounded union soldier, who was undergoing treatment in one of the army hospitals, was presented with a copy of the Bible by a lady visitor. He has remembered the comfort and cheer which the reading gave him, and now he has sent \$300 to the American Bible society to be used as speedily as possible in distributing the New Testament among wounded soldiers in Japanese hospitals.

## Preparing the Raw Opium

How the Drug Is Extracted From the Poppy and Made Into Balls—Will Keep Its Properties Fifteen Years or More.

The preparation of "raw" opium in North India is carried out as follows: In February, as a rule, the juice is gathered, the poppy plant being then in full flower and of a height of three or four feet, each stem having from two to five capsules of the size of a duck's egg. Before the Tropical Agriculturalist. Before the capsules are pierced the fallen petals of the flowers are carefully gathered and sorted according to conditions, in three grades, and then are heated over a slow fire and formed into thin cakes, or to be used for the covering of the drug when collected. The piercing of the pods requires great skill and upon it largely depends the yield. The opium farmer and his assistants each carry a small lancet-like tool, which has three or four short, sharp prongs and with these a half-dozen perpendicular cuts are made in each capsule or seed pod of the poppy. The juice begins to flow at once, but quickly congeals. The day after the thickened juice is carefully gathered, being scraped off with a small iron trowel, and the mass thus gathered is put into an earthen vessel and kept carefully stirred for a month or more, great care being taken to have it well aired, but not exposed to the sun. The material is now examined by expert testers, who determine its grade or quality, and then the whole is put into a large box, where it is worked very much in the same fashion as baker's dough, to give it the required consistency. The opium is now made into balls for export; the natives trade about in the large vats containing the paste-like drug and hand it out to hundreds of ball-makers sitting around the room. Every man has a spherical brass cap, lined with the poppy flower petals, before him. Into this is pressed the regulated quantity of opium. From this brass cup, when properly pressed, the opium ball is transferred to another man, who gives it a coating of clay. This gives the drug, when ready for shipment, the appearance of a fat-sized cannon ball. When well prepared in this manner opium will keep its properties for fifteen years or more. Before it can be used the opium balls have to be broken up and further treated.

## Manila Now Well Governed

It Is Asserted That Complete Order Prevails in the Filipino City—Improved System of Land Registration.

Judge James Ross of the Court of First Instance of the Philippines is at the Raleigh in Washington. He went to the island in 1899 from Tacoma, Wash., where he had been an attorney, as captain of volunteers. From that position to governor of the province of Ambos Camorlanes in southern Luzon and assistant attorney-general and judge-at-large were the successive steps won by his efficiency. He has his headquarters at Manila.

"The judicial system of the Philippine islands," said Judge Ross to the Washington Post, "is working and successfully, with nine natives and fifteen Americans on the Court of First Instance and three natives and four Americans on the Supreme court. The first series of courts is about the same as the state superior or district courts in the United States. During the past two or three years, since the establishment of peaceful conditions, the number of criminal cases tried has decreased. To-day it is safer to walk at midnight in the streets of Manila than in the streets of Chicago. There was a time when there were many marauding bands, but they have been apprehended, except possibly in certain districts in Samar, and the people have settled down to abide by the laws of the new regime. Ordinarily they are quiet and passive in disposition.

"The greater part of the business of the courts at the present time concerns land cases. Under the old Spanish system for centuries an intricate system of land registration was in vogue and therefore there is now much litigation over the settlement of titles. This is being adjusted also through the court of land registration and the Torrens system. Each title is properly registered and simplified practically. Though conditions are settled, the administrative and judicial officers of the government find plenty to do. The governors are mostly natives now."

## Silly Old English Custom

Example of the Follies That Prevailed During the Reign of Charles II—Sir Charles Sedley's Grim Joke.

Amongst other follies of the days of Charles II, it was the custom when a gentleman drank a lady's health as a toast, by way of doing her greater honor, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his friends were bound to follow by consuming the same article of their apparel, whatever it might be.

One of his friends, perceiving at a tavern dinner that Sir Charles Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat when he named his toast, committed his cravat to the flames as a burnt offering to the temporary divinity, and Sir Charles and the rest of the party were obliged to do the same. The poor hero's loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time.

He watched, therefore, his opportunity when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne, or some other beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth, which long had plagued him. The rules of good-fellowship, as then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but they very naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Sedley, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions and entreaties, he saw them, one after another, put themselves into the hands of the operator, and whilst writhing with pain, added to their torments by exclaiming:

"Patience, gentlemen, patience; you know you promised that I should have my frolic, too."

## Prime Causes of Suicide

Avoidance of Physical Labor, It Is Declared, Is a Large Factor in Shaping Conduct of Those Who Are Tired of Life.

Throughout the literature of suicide one will find that the attitude toward wage-earning and work is a larger factor in shaping motives. The dread of being forced to work after a period of leisure, the mad desire to get money by tricky and gambling devices, the scorn with which manual labor is regarded by the "successful," is emphasized by the stories of the newly rich become suddenly poor, and who then deftly escape into the unknown and live on pensions and polite beggary.

But nothing is surer than that work is the primal condition of health and the love of life. It is the doing-nothing, the fashionable, the "retired," the woman freed from necessities and duties, that are the disease-breeds and the miserables. The attitude of