

"I met a man once, up in New England, who discovered that I had the requisite temperament and gave me a little instruction for ten dollars. It was the best investment I ever made."

"And you have never found anyone possessed of sufficiently greater power to influence you?"

"Never; when I chose to exert all my strength."

Mr. Southmead had been watching the broad line of sunlight creep slowly along the window casing until at last it touched the edge of a glass prism on the electric light bracket. When he saw that it would completely illumine it in another moment, he asked carelessly:

"Have you ever noticed the peculiar mesmeric effect produced upon the human eye by a brilliantly lighted object, placed somewhat higher than the head?"

"Never—that's something new to me. Don't think I quite understand what you mean, but I should say it was impossible for an inanimate object to exert a mesmeric influence. Vital strength is absolutely necessary."

"Oh, of course. Anyone knows that. But let me illustrate my point. You see that piece of glass up there on the bracket? Well, you can distinguish all the prismatic colors in it, can't you?"

"Perfectly."

"Quite so. But if you look at it steadily for a few moments, the colors will all merge into a vivid orange, and two black spots will appear in the center. Those spots are caused by the paralysis of certain nerves. Ah, I see you catch the idea."

Braume, becoming interested in what he took to be scientific phenomena, had been looking fixedly at the sparkling prism until he saw the color and spots Mr. Southmead had described, and a peculiar sensation seemed to be soothing him into drowsiness. He made an effort to shake it off and look at the millionaire, but it was difficult to look away from the beautiful bit of glass, and he was conscious, by means of a secondary impression, that the other was leaning comfortably back in his chair, apparently thinking of nothing but the subject under discussion. His eyes, however, were looking steadily into Braume's;

"Those spots," he continued, will remain, growing slightly larger as long as you stay at the same distance from the object, but the moment you approach it, say to within three feet, they will disappear, and the soporific effect will be entirely dispelled. Try it and see if I am not right."

"But this is, as you say, merely the effect of paralysis upon certain optic nerves. I see nothing mesmeric about it."

"Of course you don't—yet. But you will in a moment. Try it. Perhaps it would be just as well to leave your bag on the floor. If you should happen to stumble against anything the result might be more or less uncomfortable."

Braume gently placed the satchel on the floor by his chair and started to walk toward the prism. He had a feeling all the time that he was doing an unwise thing, but Southmead was so apparently harmless and the glowing light seemed to exert such a powerful fascination over him, that he did as the other suggested. When he approached the window his brain cleared in an instant, and with a powerful effort to pull himself together, he turned to spring back to his chair. But that fraction of time was all that his cool antagonist needed. He drew a revolver from underneath the check books in the drawer, and warned Braume not to move a step. Then he advanced upon him, forcing him back until he stumbled against a

heavy chair. Before he could recover his balance the millionaire struck him a powerful blow which stretched him upon the floor, partially stunned, and when the clerks rushed in to see what the trouble was, his arms were tied behind his back with a silk handkerchief and their employer, coolly brushing his clothes and rearranging his necktie, was saying:

"I took lessons of that ten-dollar man of yours myself, Mr. Braume, and the last time I saw him I made him hold an old boot in his arms and dandle it under the impression that it was one of his own children. The general depression has struck your business as well as other lines."

AFTER MANY YEARS.

With a sad cry she fell forward in the direction of the man she had spurned less than a quarter of a century previous.

"I have changed my mind," she faltered, tumultuously, before he had a chance to say a word.

"I am glad," he answered in a hollow voice, "I felt hopeful all along that you would reconsider your determination to keep that ring."

With a look, assisted by the janitor, she froze his blood.

THAT YOUNG NAN.

"Did you ever pay any attention to theosophy, Mr. Slogo?" she asked with a deadly sweetness in her tones.

The young man admitted that he had not.

"Oh, its just lovely," she continued. "I have often thought how perfectly charming it would be to send one's astral self down into the parlor to entertain, while one's real tired self was sound asleep."

The ticking of the little clock became so painfully loud that the young man was forced to look at it and suddenly discover that it was really growing so awfully late.

THE COURIER voting contest closes Monday, when the prizes will be awarded to the successful contestant.



Santa Claus—There's something wrong here A boy with one leg cut off by a threshing machine and two stockings hanging up.

The young man who is continually looking for a soft thing will find it under his hat,

But

The young man who is looking for the best place in the city to have his clothes made will find it at

L. H. MEYER

1144 O STREET.

Don't revenge yourself on your pocket book by paying more elsewhere.

The boundless variety, the dazzling aggregation of holiday goods should not let you forget the practical goods for holiday presents for which Herpolsheimer & Co. are headquarters.