

COMPETITION.

The race is won
As victor I am hailed
With deafening cheers
from eager throats; and yet
Gladder the victory
could I forget
The strained white faces
of the men who failed!

—Julia Schayer, in the October Century.

TEARS.

When charrs the heart to ashes in its pain,
Or withers in its vain desire,
Tears are the benediction of the rain
Falling to quench the fire.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in October Lippincott's.

STORIES IN PASSING.

Of all the men on the road who, in the early nineties, when the times were good, made the western territory, young Arthur Graham of Chicago, was the most popular. He played a fair game of billiards, was an even hand at the whist-tables, and moreover having travelled over nearly all the globe, was a man much sought after on a long run across the states. His taste in dress was excellent. In fact, he was rather proud of his personal appearance, but never in a way that made him at all offensive. He was one of those mortals who had the faculty, (rare enough in a man as everyone knows) of looking perfectly cool and comfortable either in extreme heat or extreme cold. Never but once did I ever see him in the least ruffled or disturbed in his appearance, and that once is the theme of this story.

It was one scorcher of a day in July when we were making a little town down in the hottest part of Kansas. The mercury had gone gliding up the thermometer tube to the blood heat mark and was resting there preparatory to another climb up the scale. The south wind came through the car windows like the blasts that are fanned from the open door of a furnace. And the desert dust of the prairie was formed in little gray ridges over the windows and the cushions and all the car.

But in all that heat and dirt Graham looked as cool as an iceberg, if you can imagine it. He even wore his coat. His tan shoes were highly polished, and his straw hat, high collar and light blue tie were spotless, for it seemed as if the cinders and particles of dust were repelled.

At LeGrand Junction a farmer came in and took a seat opposite Graham. The old gentleman pulled off his coat and hung it upon the hat-rack overhead. He settled his bundles and grips and began mopping his wrinkled, sun-burnt face with a red bandana.

The old gentleman's entrance brought round the eyes of a little yellow-haired girl in the seat in front. The child ceased pulling at the stringy hair of her mother and rubbed the sticky lips with still more sticky fingers. Graham's gift of a bag of "all-day-suckers" was the cause of the child's appearance.

As the train left the station at Le Grand Junction, the old gentleman turned to Graham.

"Goin' to Delmar?" he asked.

"No," replied the young man, "this train don't go there. We are making for Voca."

"Voca? Thunder and mud! I'm goin' to Delmar."

It was the last car of a short "stub train" and the old gentleman seized his coat and bundles and made a rush for the rear door. Graham, always accommodating, jumped up to help the farmer and hastily gathering up a paper package and a valise from the aisle hurried after him. He reached the platform in time to see the old gentleman swing clear of the train and plunge headlong

into the bushes alongside of the track. Graham tossed the package and valise after the man, who picked them up and then began calling after the train and waving his arms excitedly in the air. But in the roar of the train, Graham could not understand and went back smilingly into the car.

"Narrow escape," he said, brushing a bit of dust from his sleeve. "It's a wonder he didn't break his neck when he took that jump. Went backwards, of course, turned over in the air once and landed full on his head. Then I tossed the grip after him and that hit him square in the back. He didn't seem to like it for he got up and began yelling at me and waving his arms and shaking his fists."

The woman with the stringy hair and the sticky child leaned across the aisle. Up to this time she had looked on without a word, for it is often the way of women to gather together the ends of her wit-strings, when it is all too late and will always cause more trouble.

"Say, young man," she said, with fire coming into her hard, dark, narrow-set eyes, "what made you throw off my valise?"

"You're valise, madam, you're valise!"

"Yes, my valise."

"Well, of all the fool's on God's earth—why didn't you say so before?"

Graham now understood the old man's waving. He jerked the bell-cord and the train slowed down and the conductor came in. Graham explained the situation and asked that the train be run back.

"Can't do that," said the conductor, biting the end of his blue pencil, "No. 49 backs right in after us for local freight and the road's blocked. But you go back and we'll wait here for you."

So Graham had to go after the valise. He rolled up his trousers, tucked a handkerchief about his collar and went back along the track. The sun beat down until all the earth baked and turned brown in its glare. Along the rails the white heat quivered uncertainly but unceasing. The wind struck against his face until it produced that peculiar effect of being stung by a hundred red hot needles.

At the end of the half mile, he found that the farmer had returned to the station and taken the valise with him, and Graham had to trudge on for another half-mile. He could feel little rivulets running down his back and breast, and he was feeling mean and sticky and altogether uncomfortable.

Down at the station he found the valise—and a big heavy one, too, as all women's valises are—with a shawl strapped on one side and a shoe box of lurch on the other. After a drink at the depot, he took off his coat and placed it over one arm, and with his free hand seized the valise, and started back to the train. Every fifty feet he had to change loads, and every ten feet he lost his temper and swore at everything in mind—the farmer, the railroad company, the woman with the stringy hair, and himself.

All the passengers were out to meet him, as he came around the curve. They were cross and angry at the wait but Graham cared not for that. He pushed his way into the car and dropped the valise beside the woman with the stringy hair, breaking open the lock and throwing the lunch over the floor. And the woman actually thanked him.

Graham was a picture! His suit was black with dust. The cinders had scratched great raw places across his tans, and his tie had melted blue channels down his shirt front. His hat had run a black, slimy mildew over his forehead and face, which, with the perspiration and the dust of the rails, made him a sight to see.

Graham tried to keep the matter under cover, but somehow it leaked out and rapidly ran about the hotels until it was the talk of the road.

—HARRY G. SHEDD.

Painting Your Home

Is a matter of man, brush and paint more or less. The paint is not the least important of the three. You want paint that sticks and paint that has color. The main point in paint besides prettiness is perfect body and paint that holds on. We sell the famous

MOUND CITY HORSESHOE BRAND.



and pride ourselves on selling the best paint in the city. We warrant it to be the ideal paint. Of course we sell brushes and everything for painting purposes. We also line up in the front rank with the largest glass and paint houses in the west. Estimates cordially furnished.

Standard Glass and Paint Co.

Wholesale and Retail.

1312 to 1316 O street.

Phillip Matter, Proprietor.

J. B. Meyer, Manager.

We defy the Experts

We have demonstrated, experts admit, and every one is convinced that Genuine White Topaz cannot be detected from real diamonds. White Topaz is the stone you have read so much about. The one that has fooled the pawnbrokers. Place them side by side with genuine diamonds and no one can tell the difference. We have sold thousands of these stones at from one to ten dollars, but in order to introduce them quickly as well as to find out the advertising medium best suited to our business, we make this

GIGANTIC OFFER.

We will send you a beautiful, brilliant, genuine White Topaz, which can be mounted in a ring, scarf or necktie pin, stud, cuff buttons, locket or pair earrings, like any article in this border on receipt of \$25.00. These stones are exactly the same as those we have advertised at one dollar.

This Offer for a Few Days Only

Cut out this advertisement and send it to us together with \$25. in coin or stamps and we will send you a White Topaz by return mail; a stone that you can be justly proud of and one that positively cannot be detected from a real diamond. In ordering, be sure and state whether small, medium or large stone is desired. **NO ORDER FILLED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY THIS ADVERTISEMENT.**

GENUINE WHITE TOPAZ

bears no relation to other so-called imitation diamonds no matter under what name they are advertised. They are the hardest of semi-precious stones, impossible to detect from real diamonds and warranted to retain their brilliancy. All others pale to insignificance when compared with White Topaz.

OUR GUARANTEE:

We warrant each and every Topaz to retain its brilliancy and the mountings to give perfect satisfaction. We will give you One Thousand Dollars if you can show that we have ever refused to replace a White Topaz that was returned as unsatisfactory.

DIAMONDS DUPLICATED IN WHITE TOPAZ.

Royalty and the four hundred who own celebrated and costly diamonds set in necklaces, tiaras, brooches, bracelets and giroules, keep them in burglar proof vaults, while they wear in public the exact duplicates in White Topaz and no one ever detects the difference.

WHITE TOPAZ ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ROYALTY; ARE THEY GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

THE OPPORTUNITY Don't Miss It.

Send us Twenty-five Cents in coin or stamps and you will be delighted with the White Topaz that you receive.

MONEY REFUNDED IF GOODS ARE NOT SATISFACTORY.

THE DIAMOND PALACE,
AMERICAN EXPRESS BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLS.