# THE FIELD OF BATTLE massa dat died when I was a gyrul,

NCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

tles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc. | yo' fergit if, honey, come a-shootin'."

Dave Jenkins was just past 16 years old when he enlisted in a Federal regiment in his native State, Missouri, as and heard some of them question the a volunteer at the commencement of old negress, but none of them entered the Civil War. Dave was a bright boy. strong as a horse, quick as a cat, and had not an ounce of superfluous flesh clon she would shelter an escaped prison his bones. He passed unhurt oner. This last party he saw, through through a number of the severest battles of the war, among them Pittsburg Landing, but at last he was captured by the Confederates and taken to Andersonville, Ga.

When captured he had about one hundred dollars in United States ent direction. money-greenbacks-on his person, and some trinkets of different kinds, all of which he was allowed to keep; he also had a big knife with a blade about five inches long. The handle of this knife was so made that it could be separated into two parts, and when so separated, the big blade was in one part and in the other part were a fork which could be opened and shut like a knife blade, and a German silver spoon whose bowl was as large as that of an | into his eyes, and telling him it would ordinary tablespoon, and which opened make his skin darker in color. She and closed along the side of the handle with the hollow part of the spoon next the knife handle. Many old soldiers yet living will remember this kind of pepper; keep it dry, an' ef yo' fine dat

knife and will tell you what a very useful implement it was. The Confederate soldiers, many of them, wonted to buy this knife from

Daye, but he refused all offers to purchase it, though he sold off many other articles

Dave reached Andersonville and was turned lorse in the stockade; here he spent many long months, saw much misery among his fellow prisoners, aided many of them with his money, noticed that attempts at escape were usually frastrated in some way, and at length came to the conclusion that attempted escapes failed because too many persons were concerned in them.

His but stood not far from one corner of the stockade, and he had looked over the ground many times without seeming to do so, and had concluded that escape was possible by means of a tunnol. The prisoners in Andersonville used to dream of tunnels, see them in their waking hours, have visof babblings of green fields, and abseut friends, and far away Northern homes, Their words were of tunnels as the breath left their bodies. Hence there was nothing unnatural in the determination of Dave Jenkins that he would make a tunnel and that he would es--cape, Accordingly he set to work and Phyllis' cabin, using the fork and spoon part of his

yon talks jis' lak him, an I'm boun' to he'p you out ef it's in de wood to do it. Now yo' jis lay low an' keep quiet; no mattah what yo' heahs, don't yo' come out ontil youse onkivered, an' if yo' does come out, yo' come a-shootin', hekaise yous sh' to be killed ef dey the Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of kotches yo' and yo' might jis' as well Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayo- take a few of 'em wid you as to go nets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Bat- over de river by yo' lone se'f. Don't

All that day Dave lay in his narrow quarters, suffering intensely from the "I'm going to have a look at Mason's | heat.' He saw and heard partles pass, new baby this evening" said the commuter in the crash coat. "Say, if ever to a lack of beauty. If the infant has you saw a proud parent it's Mason."

the cabin. It seemed to him all of "Man who lives next door to you?" turned purple a man isn't apt to feel asked the week-ender with the golf flattered when he's told it looks like them knew her, and none had a suspibag. "Yes. The kid's nearly two weeks old now and the madam and I have an like it. If you say the baby's like her the chinks in the clapboards, was reinvite to inspect it." turning toward Andersonville; he "Boy or girl?" asked the week-ender. baby beautiful, but on the other hand could bear the soldiers talking as they passed, and he heard some of them say they believed they were on the wrong

"Girl." "First baby?" track, and that he had gone in a differ-"Yep, Why?" About 10 o'clock, the old negress

"Oh, nothing," said the week-ender. "Only I notice you don't seem at all whose name, she told him, was Phyllis, Pervous." came up and told him he had better "I don't see why I should." get out, as if the search should be re-"Well, suppose it's a homely baby newed the next day he might be disand you're asked to express yourself. don't think he likes to have little girls covered, to his destruction and to her What are you going to do then? You climbing up on him.' You've heard the ruin. When he came down she told say it's a girl baby." him to wash his face, neck, hands and "What if it is? I can say it's just arms in a basin of some fluid which too cunning and sweet for anything. she set before him, cautioning him at

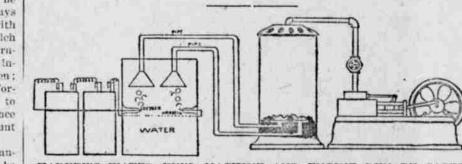
can't I?" the same time not to allow it to get "No, sir. Your wife will say that. You've got to think up something else If you want to be popular. I'm glad also gave him other clothes and a difyou mentioned the subject now. Just stitution.' If it's small I shall say it's ferent hat, and at last handed him a as likely as not you'd have made some "Honey, dis yer bottle am full o' red

break and queered yourself." "'Well, isn't she a bright little thing?" How's that?"

"It may be all right, old man, if she its little feet. You're always safe callis awake-and if she isn't undersized. Ing its feet little. But I'd say that it If she's small, the word 'little' will be was pretty anyway, and I'd say it with construed as an underhanded fling at an enrhestness that would carry inthe darling." stant convlction of my sincerity."

"What are you talking about?" "You walt and see. You may get through with it all right, but you want in the crash coat. "Did you tell the to think it over beforehand. You've truth with regard to the child you are got to speak up quick. If you take talking about?" more than ten seconds to consider before you explode into admiration your | ender. remarks will be thought to lack spoutanelty. Do your considering beforehand. If she is absolutely and unde-

WORLD DREAM OF WATER AS FUEL AT LAST TRUE.



HARVEY'S WATER FUEL MACHINE AND ENGINE RUN BY GASES FROM WATER.

Water as a fuel has been a world-dream for centuries. Now comes the perfected water-fuel, and a machine that evolves its own fuel while driving the wheel and the plane.

Edward D. Harvey, chemistry student and recluse, long acquainted with



Love.-Love is the shortest, safest, surest road to heaven .--- Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

"Why not put it onto her father?"

its face twisted up into knots and has

him. Mason isn't any prize beauty

either and the fond mother wouldn't

that might imply that you consider the

it might be an insinuation that the

lady has an insignificant nose, a defi-

clency of eyebrow and a vacant ex-

pression. I'm only saying this to warn

you. I got into all kinds of trouble

with a neighbor in just that way once.

To this day if the child runs up to me

"I think you alarm yourself unnec-

crash jacket. "I don't care how home-

'There's lungs for you! There's a con-

"Whether it was true or not?"

"Why, certainly," said the commuter.

tone, haven't you?"

"The father is generally less blind

Vision-Seeing .--- To fail to use our visionary powers is to limit our human nature and make an incomplete man .---Rev. I. J. VanNess, Baptist, Nashville, Tenn.

Morality .- Our present problem is to hold the moral mastery over ourselves while the world is still false and evil .---Rev. J. W. Cooper, Congregationalist, New York City.

Weak and Unstable .-- Wealth is weak tself, in that it is unstable. It has been said that all of the wealth of this nation passes through the probate courts in each 35 years-Rev. B. A. Dames, Methodist, Louisville.

her mother says : 'Come away, dearest ! The Saloon .-- I believe we can win in You mustn't bother Mr. Billings; 1 the temperance cause if we go about it wisely and in earnest. The saloon handles matters in politics with shrewdness. So must the church .-- Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago.

last winter.

world."

out of bed on the stroke of the clock

"And 'we could travel a little, you

essarily," declared the commuter in the Proof .- Men talk much of proof ; but It is a cheap thing; you can only prove ly the kid is, I shall say that it's a hard, dead things, like mathematics. peacherino. If it's yelling I shall say, The warm, live things can only have degrees of probability.--Rev. Frank Crane, Independent, Worcester, Mass.

just exactly the right size and that 1 Material Welfare .--- The bodily and could never understand why people material welfare of men and women longer? wanted infants to weigh from eleven and children everywhere is fundamentto fourteen pounds. I shall ask to see al to all the higher interests of the moral and spiritual life .- Rev. Horace Porter, Congregationalist, Montclair, N. J.

whip, first, because it cannot be done without developing anger, both in the teacher and the pupil, and anger is a as if the fate of nations depended on curse physically, mentally and spiritu-it, choking down breakfast, sprinting ally .- Rev. G. F. Hall, Independent, for the train, fussing around all day "Of course I did," said the week-Chleago.

> serve both God and mammon we find back? Why not lie abed and get my an equal amount in our surroundings, natural rest, eat my meals leisurely, The devil is still alive with us so long putter around in the garden, read some as we act him, and the Christ nature books in the library, loaf and enjoy my is repudlated .- Rev. F. E. Mason, Sci- soul?" entist, Brooklyn.

riod in human history when animals have been so abused, so maltreated, so neglected, treated so inhumanly, as they have been in Christendom for the last 1,900 years .- Rev. M. J. Savage, Unitarlan, New York City.

The Great Healer .-- How often does the Lord lead a soul away from the crowd and the world by placing it in the sollinde of a sick chamber, or in lowliness of spirit, in order that He may speak to it and heal it ?- Rev. U. S. Bertolet, Lutheran, Philadelphia.

Discipline .- Difficulties are only another name for discipline. The best men have started life with what appeared like handicaps which afterward proved to be real helps. The only handicapped boy in America to-day is the son of the

# THE DREAM-SHIP.

A blue and golden ocean, a blue and golden sky, A ship with white sails filling as the summer breeze blows by, A ship that is laden with pleasures, with hopes that are foolish and fond, That sails from the port of Nowhere and is bound for the great Beyond, On board are lovely women and noble and clever men, Who never before were together and never will meet again. Their faces fade and alter with the thoughts of him who beholds, As the pennon at the mast-head is shifting its airy folds; But in the midst, more distinctly, are ever visible two-A man who, for once, is happy-a woman, for once, who is true. An afternoon stolen from Lotus-Land this radiant voyage might seem, But the ship and the man and the woman are but part of a waking dream.



One of the oldest residents of Bibber- | lips. Even before he had finished he ley Heights is Samuel Crispell, who rose from the table, taking his semainlives in the hip-roof house with the ing half slice of toast in his band, white portico, the third block from the Hilds, the maid, giggled and he frownstation down Aspen avenue. Crispell ed at her and sat down.

retired from active business life early He went back to the library with his paper, but he did not enjoy it as usual. He had been with Weist & Kingston | Pretty soon he felt the need of somein the title, mortgage and bond guar- thing close-fitting on his feet and kickantee line for about twenty years and ed off his slippers and laced on his he got tired. His only son was out in shoes. Occasionally he would look at Tacoma doing a flourishing business the clock and think :

in real estate and he himself had "Now the train would be pulling into enough money saved and invested to the station. Now I would be getting keep him comfortably the rest of his out. I would be crossing Van Buren life. What was the use of working any now. And now I would be shooting up in the elevator to the alle."

For an hour he imagined the dally He asked himself and his wife that question a great many times, and he re- routine, including a talk with Weist on plied and she replied, "No use in the the W. & P. D. business. Then he yawned and going to one of his book "Why not settle down to enjoy life a

cases pulled down the first volume of Anger.-It is wrong for a teacher to little now? Is there any sense in a his half-morocco bound set of Balzac. He had had the set for five years and man of my age killing himself, jumping had always intended to read It. Now was his chance.

In a little while he put the first volume back and tried the second. When in a dingy office and nine times out of Mrs. Crispell called him to kench he God and Mammon.-Because we ten having to run to catch the 5:30 had switched to his Thackeray is art buckram and was yawning over "The Newcomes."

After luncheon he took a walk. It was surprising to him how desstate Bibberley Heights looked.

At the end of the week, when his Cruelty .- There has never been a pe- know, my dear," suggested Mrs. Cris- wife asked him if he wasu't enjoying



She gave him the first full meal he had had for months, and another tied up in a red handkerchief, and directions to a certain negro living about twenty miles away. Dave gave her one hundred dollars in Confederate money ; she refused greenbacks, saying if she were seen with Yankee currency in her possession she would be compelled to explain how she got it, and it would cause her much trouble to do so. Dave left the cabin and walked all bles." the rest of the night, at length reaching the cabin of the negro to whom

de bloodhoun's am atter you, before

dey comes in sight of yo', sprinkle

some of it in yo' tracks, an' when dey

suiff's dat ar' stuff into der noses it am

all up wid dem houn's fo' dat day.

Don't yo' fergit to remember what yo'

ole aunty am a-tellin' yo.""

Aunt Phyllis and sent him. Here he was treated kindly, remained two days and nights, and the negro went with tons of them in delirium, and instead him during a part of the day on which he resumed his journey, at length turning him over to an old negro with instructions where he should be taken; but before he left the cabin of the former negro he was again directed to wash in a fluid of similar appearance to that which he had used in Aunt

small bottle, saying:

Without entering into a circumstanbig knife as spade and mattock, he tial detail of his journey, it will be worked night after night, for days and sufficient to say that, with the help of weeks and months. The most embar- the negroes, who everywhere were rassing part of the undertaking to him kind, reliable and trustworthy, ready was the disposal of the earth that Ze to share their humble cabins and their excavated ; some of it he placed in and food with him. Dave at last reached under the wretched collection of rags, the lines of the Federal army, and he has been heard to say that never in ted, some he carried away in his pock- his life did he feel so thankful as he ets, while he hit about his hut, always did when he saw the Stars and Stripes a very entered to do nothing to ex- floating in the heavens, found his own with max enveloped among his captors as regiment, reported himself as a pristhe work he was dather, and on the 10th oner escaped from Andersonville, and received a furlough of sixty days and plated and all that remained was for transportation to his home in Missouri. At the end of the period of his furlough he returned to his regiment and served out his time of enlistment, and when the war was over a year or more he went back to Andersonville and found old Aunt Phyllis, whom he persuaded to return with him to his own home, where he provided for her as the undertaking was enough to bring though she had been his mother, and when she died in 1882, she had a flood of tears wept over her by Dave's whole family, and he himself, strong man as he was, wept as though she had been his nearest relative; and there in a little graveyard-they don't call them cometeries out there-she rests beneath a beautiful little granite shaft on whose base is inscribed "Sacred to the Memory of Aunt Phyllis," and Dave's grandchildren go every Sunday and scatter flowers on the grave and talk of how old aunty saved grandpa's life away off in Georgia during the war .--Pennsylvania Grit.

"It's no wonder you got yourself disliked, then," said the man in the crash cont. "Say, you certainly have your niably homely you don't want to com- nerve, undertaking to give an intellimit yourself as to whom she resem- gent man advice."-Chicago Daily News.

bru-h and straw that served him for a or August, 1864, his tunnel was comhim to enter it and break his way out at the end of it, and then find his way to the Federal lines; this was all, but when yon reflect that he was a boy reared in the country, without any knowledge of geography, in a strange State, surrounded by vigilant and relentless enemies, you will agree that misgivings to the stoutest heart,

4

He measured his tunnel internally with the greatest care, and he was satisfied that its length was sufficient. He determined to make his attempt that vory night, as he did not want to t the tunnel lie numbed for any length of time lest it might be discovered. He waited antil just after midnight, when he entered his tunnel, wormed his way to the end of the passage and very cautionsly opened a small hole. To his horror a guard passed within less than ten feet of him. While the guard's back was toward him he pushed his way out, making no noise as he did so, and stepped behind a small bush, and the guard passed, going in the opposite direction to that which he had been walking before. Dave clutched his knife tight in his hand and buried the keen blade between the guard's shoulders; he sank down, a shudder passed over his body and he died without a sound. Dave was about to take the guard's gun and cartridges, but abandoned them when he found he had a revolver belted around his walst. He took this and the belt, dragged the body a short distance away, and hurried from the scene. He knew that escape was an absolute necessity. He had killed a guard, and should he be recaptured he would be summarily executed. For more than two hours he had walked, when suddenly he heard the boom of a cannon in his rear and knew it had been fired to notify the surrounding country that a prisoneer had escaped from Amfersonville.

He pushed on carefully, husbanding his strength as best he could, and ever on the lookout for pursuers, at the same time watching lest he should meet a party coming toward him, but Just before sumrise, he reached a little cabin and saw it had but one occupant. an old negress. He did not hesitate, but entered and said :

"Aunty, I've escaped from Andersonpay you well for ht"

The old woman took him into a low, dark loft, going through a very small poands. He carried the stone for two trapdoor, and covered him with some days before he ate down to it, and refuse cotion which she had stored when he did, was mad enough to eat there, and as she was doing this she that, too. said

to' you; of dey finds you dey'll lis nat'- he had hidden enough under his ally lam de life outen yo ole aunty; blanket to carry him through the came but youre de bawu intage of my young paign.

## Extra Rations.

An amusing incident of a Confederate camp during the early days of the war is given in "The Story of a Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson." There belonged to one mess a man not very desirable as a companion, who tried to take too good care of himself. We had halted one morning to cook several days' rations, says the author, and a large pile of bread was placed near the fire, of which we were to eat our breakfast, and the rest was to be divided among us.

This man came, we thought, too often to the plie, and helped himself bountifully. He would return to his seat on his blanket, and one or two of us saw, or thought we saw, that he concealed pieces of bread under it. Nothing was said at the time, but after he had goue away, Bolling. Packard and I concluded to examine his haversack, which looked very fat. In it we found about half a gallon of the for coffee, a slab of bacon, a number of home-made buttered biscuits, a hen's egg and a goose egg, besides more than his share of camp rations.

Here was our chance to teach a Christian man in an agreeable way that he should not appropriate more than his share of the rations without ville. I'm a Union soldler; I want you the consent of the mess. We set to to hide me until night, at least; I'll and ate heartily of his good stores, and in their place put, for a ballast, a river-jack that weighed about two

We then told him what we had done "Honey, I'te takin' a powahful risk and why, and added that we thought

the ease that water can be separated into its two gases in the ratio of one part of oxygen to two parts of hydrogen, has invented a machine which can be operated by water gases burned as fuel. Water is composed of two gases, one being hydrogen, which burns readily with a fierce yellowish white flame, while oxygen burns with a pale blue frame, truly as hot as "blue blazes."

The separation of water into its two gases is done by electricity. The Harvey machine contains a most powerful little battery which easily decomposes water that is treated with iodine and salt. As the two gases are obtained they are piped into storage reservoirs ready for use. Burners and pipes are so made as to be readily carried to any convenient point for action. Further developments are being worked out wherein the machine becomes a practical steam engine, water being constantly dcomposed, and the two gases are directed as flames upon a boiler to generate steam. Experiment shows that a machine representing a one-horsepower force can be run a day at the cost of 1 cent an hour.

The inventor is claiming that water as fuel gives the world as near perpetual motion as the world can ever hope to have, and a fuel that no trust can ever corner, for it will even rain on the just and unjust alike.

were.

Women Tire of Marriage.

all that, and now that woman is com-

ing uearer to man, marriage is becom-

ing of her life a thing apart also, and

so she is not so keen and eager to snap

up the first man that comes her way

Woman is being educated; she is

learning to read and write in the school

of Life. She is tired of being dubbed

Mrs. Grundy, of posing as an objection-

able mother-in-law, as a painted dott,

mere household drudge, a general ser-

vant without wages, only doles; or,

as a great writer put it, "the white

Unconscious Criticism.

Dr. Whipple, long bishop of Minne-

sota, was about to hold religious serv-

ices near an Indian village in one of

the Western States, and before going

to the place of meeting asked the chief,

who was his host, whether it was safe

to" him to leave his effects unguarded

"Plenty safe," grunted the red man,

No white man in a hundred miles

All the people will not love you, no

matter what you do, so you might as

well make up your mind to be pitched

from here,"-Woman's Home Compan-

In the lodge.

ion.

into.

slave who wears a wedding ring,"

#### TYPES OF WOMEN IN EGYPT. | 1906,' to have the same engraved on the bowl. As I started to leave the

#### store the Chinaman called me back and The Aristocrafic Male Egyptians in asked for a deposit. I gave him 75 Cairo Marry Turkish Women. cents ,and made a note of the fact on

There are seemingly more types of women in Cairo, all of them natives the paper on which I had written the of Egypt, than in any other city of like population in the world, says Leslie's Weekly. Their variety is due largely scribed in the bowl: 'Hong Kong, 1906, to the difference in costume, which is | Paid 75 cents."" regulated by religious beliefs. All the women of Mohammedan faith wear

Feminine emancipation, extravagance vells. Some wear queer little spools and athleticism are all blamed for the of brass or gold, which are attached to decline of marriage, but all of them the headplece and which hang down to cover the nose. 'This signifies that the, in one won't tell the whole story. though each contribute a triffe to this wearers are married. Others wear veils without either headpiece or nose desolution of love. You remember what Byron wrote on covering. The veils of the Turkish the subject: "Man's love is of man's women are handsomest and they are life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole also the most coquettish, for occasionexistence." Yes, but we have changed ally they are thin enough to show the

outline of the features beneath. Nearly all of the aristocratic male Egyptians of Cairo are married to Turkish women, who are supposed to be superior to the natives in both beauty and intelligence. The majority as those who went before her certainly of Turkish girls of wealthy families

are educated as are their European sisters and many of them are talented in music and painting. This enlightenment which allows the daughters to be educated applies only to those families which have had the advantages of a toy, a plaything. She is tired of be English association. But this class is ing always a mere dependent and advery rarely seen by the tourist, unless junct of man, and tired of being a he gets just a flash of their velled faces showing through the closed windows of a carriage in which they enjoy their daily outing on the fashion-

able Gazera drive of Calro. It is the middle class which one will see on the streets and in the bazaars

in the native quarter. Occasionally the aristocrat visits the jeweler, but when she does she is ushered into a private reception room, and is so hedged in by ceremony and servants that the European customer in the same shop cranes his neck in value to get a glimpse of her.

Striking Case of Accuracy. "I had often heard of the literal

quality of the Chinese mind, and had a personally delivered sample of it one morning," says a writer in "The Trayel Magazine." I went into a jewelse's shop to buy a souvenir spoon. The se-

lection made, I wrote upon a plece of Any boy can make a hit by being paper the inscription, 'Hong Kong, attentive to his mother in company.

rich man .- Rev. C. B. Mitchell, Meth odist, Cleveland, Ohlo.

Marriage Laws .- Many a man has married without finding a wife, You will only secure a good wife by being a good husband, and it were well for two souls if you consider carefully before the proposal is made whether it will mean profit or loss .- Rev. R. H. Sawyer, Disciple, Missoula, Mont.

Womanhood .- Organization is the watchword, and if the womanhood of the country would do this, the salvation of the world is assured. The women of to-day do not realize that theirs is a God-given mission, but upon the womanhood and motherhood depend the destinles of the nations.-Rev. W. W. Nevins, Baptist, Washington,

to learn is that a selfish war, a war of greed, a war to satisfy the pride and personal ambition of a politician or ruler, an unnecessary and ill ordered war is a great crime in the sight intended inscription. When I called of God. Our great duty is to put good for my spoon the next day it was in-J. H. Percival, Episcopalian, Boston, clock again. Mass.

Church Tramps.-Behold an evergrowing lot of church tramps who wait last night?" Then he threw off his to see which church will run after them the hardest, offer the biggest social inducements and honor them with the most conspicuous position! When these ecclesinstical catches have finally located somewhere, and begin to find themselves less ardently besought, they commence a flirfation with another church, -Rev. S. E. Young, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

Evil.-If you strike evil, evil will strike you. If you rebuke sin, sin will scalle you. Many a preacher has found that out to his sorrow. Many a reformer has suffered because he dared to expose the works of sinful men in bigh places. But if you have the friendship of the world you cannot have the friendship of God. Real kingliness comes only along the pathway of loyalty to the white life -- Rev. P. H. Swift, Methodist, Austin, Iff.

The Negro Question .- The negro question should be faced squarely. It is one of the great questions of the country. Attenuated theories of abstract justice or drastic resolutions adopted by northern philanthropic agencies will not solve the problem. The negro is in the South. If he will prove himself entitled to respect, the opportunity is better for him there than in any other section of the country. If he is to be a beast there is no hope for him anywhere .- Rev. J. B. Kirbye, Congre gationalist, Atlanta.

### One Visit Plenty.

Ah wish Jack Fres' would come just "Twould sholy he a treat-To drive de posky skeeters out An' make pehsimmons sweet. -Kansas City Times.

woman's head every Sunday moraing is to get the brocen and begin sweeping the spot where her husband is sitting.

21 "WE NEED TO ENLARGE OUR HORIZONS."

pell, "We need to enlarge our hori- himself, he told her that he was "getzons."

ing a gray side whisker. "When a onous. "Then we ought to go someman has worked steadily and industri- where," declared Mrs. Crispell. ously till he's sixty-four he's entitled thought it was rather a mistake drop-

to a rest." "It would be so lovely to have you life." at home all the time," said his wife.

The firm was sorry to lose him. He and Corny Benham met then at the had been a valuable man, but the firm LaSalle street station. Orispell was acknowledged that he was right and fairly radiant. entitled to a rest.

On the morning of Dec. 11, at 6:30 o'clock, the clatter of the alarm awoke A War of Greed .- A lesson we have Crispell from a light slumber. Before the alarm had ceased ringing his feet were on the rug by the side of the bed you?" asked Benham. and the next instant he was in his dressing gown with a big bath towel kied his face into a look of disgust. over his shoulder, starting for the door. As his hand touched the kuob he stop-

will above jealousy and greed .- Rev. ped and, turning back, looked at the "Now, what did I want to set that for I want to tell you."

dressed himself and went downstalrs, islness and didn't pay. Breakfast was not ready. There had

the financial page. The first thing he of hurrying back." noticed was that the closing quotation stantly busy with the situation and the time had certain little drawbacks. likelihood that Weist would take too pessimistic a view of it, in which case on the 7:30 and saw Weist. he would suggest-----. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had not the slightest interest in the matter I'm not old enough. There's twenty Nevertheless he finished the page be- good years of work in me yet" fore turning to the commonplace news

At that moment be heard hurried ing.

footsteps on the sidewalk outside, and, looking out of the window, saw Blan- lyzed." cham skating for the station at a lively rate with Wyncoop and Merrick close behind him. For a second the lapuise

membered and began to chuckle at the

The first desire that enters every

ting the jim-jams," by which he meant "I'm sixty-four," said Crispell, strok- that he found existence slightly monotping right from business into home

Well, they went to Florida and ca So in December Crispell resigned, back at the end of May. Feiton Smith

"You look as if you'd been enjoying yourself," said Smith.

"I am," Crispell returned. "It's like heaven just to see things moving." "But you had a good time, didn't

Crispell raised his hand and wrin-"Don't speak of it," he said. "I'm crazy to get back to the lieights and have solid comfort and something to eat; no more travel for me. I'm going "Sugar i" he exclaimed, petulantly, to have the prize garden this year, boys,

He pottered about quite a little with dressing gown and got back into bed. the garden through June, but by the It wasn't the least bit of use, of middle of July he had a man in to atcourse. He couldn't go to sleep again, tend to it and pronounced the awful and so after about fifteen minutes he heresy that having a garden was fool-

Shortly after that the Crispells closbeen an understanding that it should ed the house and Crispell said he was be at 8 o'clock for the future. The going to make his son lighert a long paper had arrived, though, and Crispell visit. "We'll stay till late in the fall, took it into the ibrary and turned to anyway," he said. "There's us need

On Aug. 3 they returned. On Aug. on the London exchange on W. & P. D. 5 Mrs. Crispell remarked to a friend at stocks was only 31%, and he gave a a reception the club gave in her honor gasp of dismay. His mind became in- that having a man in the house all the On Aug. 20 Crispell went up to town

> "I want my old job back." be said. "I made a mistake, I find. in retiring.

"Do you mean to say you want to work till you're S1?" asked Weist, smil-

"Longer than that if I'm not para-

"H'm !" said Weist. "What salary would you expect now, Mr. Crivpell?" "Salary !" said Crispell-almost to dash through the hall, selzing his shouled It-"you just let me work, and hat and coat from the hatrack as an | if it's necessary I'll work for nothing." express train catches a mail sack, was -- Chicago Daily News.

A Stud in Zoology.

Dressed in the latest and mest apjoke. As he stood at the window the chuckle died in his throat, for the 7:30 proved motor cycling costume, with gogtrain was pulling out. Puff ! puff ! puff gles all complete, the motor cyclist gal-There was no catching it now, sprinted by toot-tooted his way toward the zoo. he never so lively. It gave him a hor- Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, rible sinking sensation, the sight of and said to a small grubby urchin: "I that train leaving the station. Leaving say, my boy, am I right for the 2007" The boy gasped at so strange a sight.

He ate his breakfast hurriedly in and thought it must be some new anispite of his wife's laughing remon- mal for the gardens. "You may be all strance. It seemed impossible to walt right for the gardens. "You may be for the coffee to cool. Mechanically he all right if they have a spare cage." poured it into his saucer, as was his he said, when he could find his tongue, bad habit, and raised the saucer to his | -Answers.

strong upon him. But again he re-

of the world.