Professor F. E. Clements, the state botanist of Minnesota, has attracted attention by his estimate in a recent bulletin that the annual waste of mushrooms in the United States equals in value the entire agricultural product of the country, says the Mancheater Union It is easy for an enthusiast in any line of thought or endeavor to lose the sense of just proportion, and it may perhaps be taken for granted that Professor Clements has permitted himself to be carried away by the contemplation of the waste of a natural food product which is more or less abundant everywhere and which has an unquestioned food value. Beginning with early summer and continuing until late fall, the production of mushrooms in woods, pastures and waste places is something enormous, and a large proportion of them are not only edible, but nourishing. In so far as they are not made use of-and a small proportion of them is ever gathered—they of course, represent a loss of possible food supply, but some account must be taken of the cost of collecting and distributing them to consumers, as well as of the danger from some specles which are harmful and of at least two which may be classed as deadly. These are easily distinguished, to be sure, by any one who has made a study of the mushroom tribe. but until Americans, as a rule, are much more familiar with the subject than at present, a great proportion of the edible varieties will continue to go to waste.

Basing calculations on the estimate that the number of American tourists in Europe in a season is 300,000 and that the average individual expendi-ture by these tourists is \$750, some one has easily figured that about \$225,-000,000 of American money is spent abroad in the course of a season; and this does not include the cost of steamship tickets. Bankers who handle the letters of credit for wealthy American tourists are quoted to the effect that \$3,000 is a fair average for the value of these letters, says the Manchester Union. Among tourists of the wealthy class, says the report, it is common to place from \$25,000 to \$75. 000 in the hands of the bankers, and. es a rule, fully two-thirds of the amount is drawn. Possibly the major premise of this main proposition has been overdrawn; possibly the minor premise; possibly both—and possibly neither. In any event, it must be adinitted that \$225,000,000 is a tremendous sum of American money to be taken to Europe and left there in a single senson.

An appeal for American-made rub ber tires is made by the United States consuls in Germany, who say that a rich market is being overlooked by the people at home. These advance agents of trade point out that in some of the cities on the high road of tourist travel there are for sale but two makes of automobile tires, and those of French and German brands. The use of the bicycle as a means of transportation is reported on the increase. and, as if to add to the field for explottation, many of the smaller cities are just beginning to awake to the advantage of rubber tires as a part of the fitting of general vehicles.

An ungallant New Jersey farmer dressed up his scarecrows in hobble skirts and basket bats, and declares that the crows are too panic-stricken by the fashionable frights to come near his fields. Many men will think more of the intelligence of birds after this display of the crows' antipathy to hobble skirts.

A Chicago teamster has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for stabbing a horse to death because the animal would not stand quietly beside a hitching post. No doubt he deserved what he got, but if he had merely killed a man he might be out

Since the means of identification by finger and thumb marks, New Jersey burglars are wearing gloves. It is a pity more commendable ambitions are not equally quick to take up-to-date advantage of all the resources of the

A Connecticut woman has been cured by a surgical operation of her mania for playing the plano. De mands for similar operations will probably now come pouring in from all parts of the United States.

Blue paint, we are told, will drive away flies. If red paint would do the same a good many of our citizens would be willing to give up their sleep and make the town immune.

Fifteen Philadelphia bakers have been arrested for dyeing their ples. Yet anyone who has tried to eat a Philadelphia pie will realize the necessity for disguising them.

It is never too late to learn. The papers tell us that a New Yorker. inety-five years old, has just learned

The man who cut off his nose t ite his face is outclassed by the

All dogs that walk abroad in the hot

## THE SWAG OF THE TROPIC DAWN

By Bernard Meer

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)



sellated ceiling, with its glittering mosaic domes, massy pillars of onyx, that chilled and frightened the common person who, by any accident, happened to find his way into the plutonic precincts of the bank itself.

Bostwick lived up town in one of the handsomest houses in New York. He sported a line of touring cars, for which he had paid the usual \$14,500 per car, any one of which, even without the use of its honker, was suffisient to make the average man feel low and contemptible in his own opinlon. He contributed lavishly to the campaign funds of both parties, and was just a trifle bothered whenever the president of the United States would say anything strong enough to attract the attention of the public at large. He sometimes would condescend to utter a few words on the business situation to the National Commercial Drummers' association, or to some other equally important organization, and his thoughts on such occasions were carefully considered by all the business interests in all parts of the country, and were cabled to London, Paris, and Bernin to be carefully considered there.

When Bostwick took his annual little jaunt to Europe he paid for his cabin accommodations a price that would buy a suburban home for one of his clerks; tossed to the head steward a hundred-dollar bill, and flung to the other serfs on the boat a fat bundie of fives to divide among themselves.

Bostwick was as solld with all the ministers of all the denominations as the Apostle Paul himself; perhaps a little more so; and when he went to church re se Sabbath his refined susceptibilities were never assailed by anything he did not care to hear. His name was always well up in the lists of those who gave to religion or to charity, and he took an active interest in all forward movements that almed at the thorough reform of corrupt political life, and at the swift and signal punishment or the prompt exdrpation of crime.

In the course of several years of this kind of existence Bostwick had formulated for himself an estimate of his own position in the world, in which he figured himself as one of the pillars of the social fabric and one of the necessary organs of the nation's industrial vitality.

The fundaments on which this catimate were based were these: He had financed some of the biggest tunnels in existence; he was the controlling hand in a score of street railroad syswas a partner in nearly everything that had been paying twenty per cent. on the par value of the stock before it was watered; and when he wanted to know how many were the companies, corporations, concerns, and coalitions in which he was one of the big chiefs, he had to send for his personal bookkeeper to supply

And yet, do you know, I never particularly cared for Bostwick, not even before Longwood told me that story about the Tropic Dawn, when Bostwick had tried to squeeze him in the panic of 1907, and came very nearly running Longwood over on the rocks, when a little money and a little time would have floated him out clear and fair into safe and open wa-

Considering that he was a pillar of the social fabric, Bostwick had the queerest face you ever saw. His eyes were set so close together that he had to have the frame of his eyeglasses built on a special model. His cars were large and stood well out from the side of his head, and one of them was a good bit lower than the other. His face below the nose was so long that you would just naturally look at in wonder; and if you drew i line through the point where the middle of his mouth ought to be, you would find that the mouth was about twenty-five per cent, too far on the oft side of the diagram.

Before the panic of 1307 Bostwick ras known in business as the "friend of the little fellows." Merchants and manufacturers whose myriad traveling men radiated from New York like light of the vernal sun had learned to depend upon Bostwick as they depended upon the regular? recurrent sequence of the spring and the der the fire. And then did Bostwick fall trade. Did Bostwick agree to give you cash at discount on the notes you brought in from your customers up to say a hundred thousand or more, he would smile on one side of his face and let you double the account-if you found yourself doing business greater than your capita afely warranted. Did you need a little money for a proposition that figured out a quick return, although a little risky for a really conservative and moss-backed old timer, Bostwick would take your notes for it and let you have the cash. Did you fail for a million, Bostwick would take you over, set you up on your feet, and let you have enough coin to begin your

life anew. Therefore, I say, Bostwick was the hero if not the demigod of the "little fellows" whose payrolls did not run up higher than forty or fifty thousand a week, and who, in their own confintial opinion, formed the backbone and the stomach of the country's

Now Longwood, whose printing and its eeven per cent. for a matter of twenty years, since Longwood ght into it to become finally its e proprietor, was one of the first of the little fellows for whom Bostned in the early days of the penic and informed, with a wickof look in his close-set eyes and a vic-

VE days a week Bostwick, | that they could not get another dollar until they had "out down their discount to where they could see a little light."

"Cutting down his discount," which, in common human speech, means converting credit into cash, was just about as pleasing and as possible a proposal for Longwood as would be an invitation to eat up and digest the machinery in the ten prodigious stories of his own printing and binding plant. And Longwood, for the first time in his business career, was learning what a pante really means to the man who is compelled to crawl into the bank on his knees, instead of walking into it with a bag in his hand and taking what he needs for ready money transactions.

When Bostwick wanted to be mean he would wrinkle up his face as if he were trying to look at the sun. His raised upper lip displayed a row of yellow teeth, the general effect being one of depression in an infinite degree to the party who was second in the contract. That party Longwood now found himself; and when he let himself take in the visage of the banker, and measured up the meaning of it, he knew that an appeal to his sympathies would be about as effectual as a brilliant argument addressed to the Saskatchewan wind in midwinter

While the printer and binder was staring into the black abyse of absolute failure, he was simultaneously figuring on the close contiguity and the quick continuity of the results that he knew would follow the smash. When you are kicked out into the street a pauper at the age of fiftyfive, with a wife twenty years your junior, who has stuck to you just for the sake of the money, and who will abandon you like a shot the very moment the touring car and the house go up in the flames, and particularly when you have a little failing for the liquor, the prospects are, if a financial panie happens to be overshadowing the world, that you will rapidly degenerate into a greasy hobo upon whose mystic atmosphere of total irresolution and of beds in strange places neither gods nor men car smile

That was the way it came up to Longwood, or at least that is the way he told me it came. But as he was swallowing the brackish thought. and trying to reconcile himself to the notion of that sort of thing as an everyday diet, with the poorhouse and the dissecting table at the end of it. his attention was suddenly diverted by the sight of Bostwick's right ear. The top of the ear was customarily obscured by the rather long hair of the banker, and in the careless motions he had been making with his hand Bostwick had accidentally brushed the hair aside, and Longwood for the first time observed that about half an inch of the top of the

Longwood could hear Bostwick's voice telling him about the "reduction of discount," and "money on three's," and other things of the kind that everybody talks about when a panic is in the land, but he was not paying the slightest attention to what the banker was saying. He was trying with all the vigor of his brain to reconstruct in his imagination a thing the dim, gigantic outlines of which flung their shadows across the background of his memory, as if the thing itself had happened to him in a vague past in some other life on some other planet, a thousand years before the world was created, when banks were not and the reduction of dis-

count was a theory yet to be tried. In the very middle of it he felt a strange apopletic choking and the oncoming of a storm in his head; and when the storm and the choking had cleared away he looked Bostwick squarely in the eye and laughed

"You think it's a joke, do you?" Bostwick said to him, with his solar grin and yellow teeth well to the front. "Well, you will dam soon find that It isn't."

He rose and began to finger the napers on his desk as a clear invitation to Longwood to take himself away

"Bostwick," said Longwood, as if he were recalling a pleasant little incident of a hunting trip in the Canadian wilds, "I wonder wnatever happened to the fellows that came that time for the men of the Tropic Dawn? I'm hanged if I wouldn't like to

He had his eves trained on Bost wick's face and the face blanched unin his own turn train his eyes on Longwood's features and stare at them with the penetration of the subtlest and most quick-acting poison. But it was clear that Longwood to him was a totally indecipherable writing. He gently moved himself round to his chair and let himself lapse into it, with a perceptible shaking of the knees.

"The Tropic Dawn?" he queried looking away from Longwood as if to try out his memory. "That Tropic Dawn business was a long time ago. I suppose you mean the fellows that were picked up. Yes, it was a long time ago. Outlawed long ago."

His eyes were still trained on Long wood's face, his memory wringing it self without the slighest issue. "What do you know about the Trop

to Dawn !" "Not much," replied Longwood but enough to know that a man has got to keep reading all the time if he doesn't want to fall behind the news of the day. I was never aware. for instance, that murder was ever cutlawed. Guess they must have passed that law out there in the last

year or two." "Bit still, Longwood. Don't go just yet. I want you to tell me about the Tropic Dawn. I want you to tell me all you know. It's funny, isn't it, how a man's memory will get the best of

to Bostwick was not precisely the story he told to me. Longwood was a business man who had a knack of getting prices which his heaviest competitors would not even dream of asking, and I fancy that he kept his business wits about him on that important day-the most important day since his mother gave him birth. But you will never be able to understand how the game was spread between them until you have learned what Longwood did in San Francisco twenty years before; for it was then that he cam's by the money that gave him his little start-I mean after he lost his job in Boston and went out to the coast with all his belongings converted into ready mone".

To Longwood's fancy San Franciso, while he still had money, was a Garden of Eden in which men had been placed for the sole purpose of seizing with both hands the pleasures of the world and the flesh. When the ozone poured in from the ocean, and the crystalline weather cordialed his brain and his spinal cord, the shacks of which Market street was built were turned by the sun into palaces of mere joy. The restaurants, with their lights and linen, were, for him, the supping rooms of kings. The painted women who clustered in the streets of evenings were the dainty princesses of a fairy realm. The houses on the hill tops were transformed into the buoyant dwellings of glad and airy gods. But Longwood was not aware that he was thinking in these extravagant terms. His edu cation had never been carried beyond the grammar school. And yet had he been able to do so, that is the way he would have phrased it-while his money lasted.

When his money was all gone he pegan to realize that the geographical position of San Francisco had been chosen for the quick accomplishment of one or the other of two specific things: Suicide or seafaring. And when Longwood, indorsing the second alternative, started to walk to the water front in search of a job as a satlor before the mast, he was clothed in the raiment of a tramp. On the whole, he seemed to be glad

of it anyway. Printing and binding -up to that time had not been for him the golden purse of Fortunatus. He knew the business well; knew it from the tannery up; knew it in its practical and theoretical phases; the

he went to the back door, which he pushed open with his foot, and then on down the steps that led to the

At night of the black pit below Longwood paused, forgetting for the moment that his negligee outfit was the union card of his perfect safety; but down he followed on the heels of his guide until he was stopped by the bulk of him where he was standing in the darkness knocking

When a door opened Longwood could see a light so thickly shrouded n tobacco smoke that it seemed to be a mile away. It came from a coal-oil amp that swung from the celling over a table about which three good men were sitting with glasses and liquor for all; and as Longwood pushed past his companion and into the room, the man who had opened the door for him banged it shut, turned the key, seated himself at the table, and around at his frier ds.

"Five!" he said, filling himself a drink and pointing to a chair. "Set

down and get busy with the booze." There was a false front on the whole affair; an appearance of ease and good fellowship that covered over the fluttering heart of canker and expectation. It was the dismal phantom of conversational politeness such as you see at the race track when the horses are coming through the stretch and the bettors are propping themselves up with the broken reeds of hope. Longwood drank and

vaited. The door-opener led the way. "Men," he said, "I have drank good iquor in every latitude and close to near every longitude in the world, but this here liquor is the best liquor ever tasted."

He spoke of the liquor, but he was not thinking of it.

"This here is good liquor," added another of them, not seeing it and not thinking of it, "but it ain't the finest of the fine by a long ways. It ain't got the taste that mo-qua has got. Mo-qua is the Chin-Chin champagne, and I once drank it in Canton, but it'll put you to sleep for four days If you snuff up enough of it at a setting.

It was gritty work this polite conversation-gritty and unprofitable for plain blunt men accustomed to the printing part, the binding part, the alternatives of speaking their minds inance But nothing as doing in or remaining dumb like the beasts.

were sesailed by the tobacco smoke, gently into the room. He took up the sixth and vacant chair by the back and placed it before him as if he were about to deliver a lecture; and his eyes having become adjusted to the fog of the smoke, he deliberately looked at each of the five men in turn, trying, it would seem, to recall whether he had ever seen them before.

They were staring at him as if their eyes would fall out of their heads, so still that you would hardly believe they were breathing. straightened the chair in front

"I come, ' he said, "by agreement with your principals to close up a little profit-sharing investment that was embarked upon a few months ago, and I am pleased to see that your principals have been as true to their word thus far as I have been to mine. The agreement --- and I take you all as witnesses of what I am going to sayprovided that after our last business meeting previously to the last investment, we would never again seek to see one another on the forfelt of our lives. The profits are to be divided equally, share and share alike, and I take it that the men here present are all duly qualified and authorized to act as agents with full nower?"

They fidgeted in their seats and grunted their replies in the affirma-

"I have the profits here under my coat," he went on, "but it will be necessary first—as a mere formality, you understand, a meaningless formality to ascertain whether you have all been supplied with the password agreed upon. I will ask that each of you withdraw with me or a moment in order to get this little matter off our hands."

The door-opener was nearest to him, and when the two removed themselves a few feet from the circle and put their heads together. Longwood felt his life slipping away from him, although it was a blessing that neither of them had the voice of a baby, and that Longwood had all his life been fortunate for his over-acute sense of hearing. He could make out in the challenge of the stranger the single word, "sign;" and in the response of the door-opener the two words "ask" and "job;" and it occurred to him then that the caprice of the hideous hazard was playing directly into his hands

Could this be the challenge and the nimble password that had caused the walrus man to pilot him into this black diverticulum of danger? challenge and a response that had been thrust upon hin, by accident for better or worse?

Did you sign with the Tropic Dawn? Why do you ask? Have you got a

He would try the issue in any event, while commending his soul to its maker. Try it he did and make good.

But the game was not yet begun. "I will state it right and fair." continued the stranger, resuming his lectorial attitude at the back of the chair. "Right and fair. We are to Blown to slivers with nitro-glycercount them out, share and share alike in five shares, and no man is to lay his hands on any part of them until they are all counted and divided so that each can see that no man is getting more than his share and no man kept back from him-agreed with less. If any man lays his hands on them before the count is made he is to suffer the penalty agreed on by the principals in the speculation, for I take it for granted that I am doing

He thrust one of his hands into the front of the storm coat, drew out a wallet of leather as blg as a hat, and placed it on the table.

business with men who have power to

"I may say," he added, as if it were thousand dollars."

The words were not uttered when his chair behind him, and clapped his left hand on the wallet.

"You're a liar, mister!" he roared "You're a thieving liar of the eternal fires! It wasn't no hundred thousand. it wasn't! It wasn't no such thing! If you want to know how much it was for a betting proposition, it was two hundred thousand, and not a centime less! Ain't I right, men?"

Their knives were at the stranger's throat like a semi-circular collar of glittering spikes, the points directed inward. He looked them round and smiled at them as you smile at children that are angry at something

"If I had a baseball bat I would beat you with it," he calmly chided with an indulgent little laugh. "Do you think that I don't know how to count money? Take down your knives en in Boston at which the first step and let us get to work and count the

money! They all tell back, but nobody seemed to have observed what was done, at first, between the dooropener and the stranger What they saw and heard a moment afterwards was the door-opener's knife singing past the head of the stranger, and the stranger's head tipping like a shuttle from one side to the other. while the hammer of the forty-eight which the stranger was holding pointblank at the door-opener's heart was so deftly "fanned" by the paim of the stranger's right hand that the three shots sounded almost like one. As he backed to the door of the thick and pungent haze, he gently addressed himself to the four men before him.

"Tell the Five," he said, "that the bargain was broken and the penalty paid.

And the door hid him from sight. They were looking at the wallet on the table.

"Men." suggested the weather man "it's my heartfelt motion that count this here goods and divide & fair and square into four equal parts. which'll make a quarter of a part extra for each man, and let the big five do the double-entry bookkeeping on it if it suits their fancy. I never see a cleaner job in my life."

They counted it and split it into quarters of twenty-five thousand. Neat and nice goods it was all to

quart glasges of at am beer and with | "I am over nere on my side of the | clean new slips of yellow which told pale whisky sold by the measure as fence, and you are over there on the bearer that there were deposited an encouragement to the trade. On yours." He winked hard as his eyes in the treasury of the United States so and so many dollars in gold, to all and he coughed . little, stepping of which this document certified. But as Longwood, with his own share in the pocket of his coat, was about to pass toward the door, his eye fell on a queer thing that lay on the chair of the stranger.

What's this?" The weather man took it, inspected it, and gave the table - tremendous volar slap.

"What do you think of that?" he cried. "Did you ever see the like of that? Hold me, boys! Hold me careful or I'll die with strangulation from laughing. He took it off as clean as a whistle! As clean as if he was the visiting doctor at the hospital."

. . . . But what did Longwood do, after he had broken his first fifty for a complete now outfit, and his second for a sleeper on the first train for the east out of Oakland, and later, after he had bought into the printing and binding plant, which was then a small affair of its kind, but an affair that promised well if handled under careful management? Longwood naturally worried.

Of evenings when he would go home and lay aside the business cares of the day, he would figure for hours on the problem of the five, and the Tropic Dawn, and the man with the forty-eight. What was the Tropic Dawn? A ship, no doubt, that had been worked for the old gamealthough there were objections to that theory too. Still, if it were assumed that it were a ship, with a consignment of specie, or something like that, and a substitution of the goods, with the big five scuttling her at sea and getting away on a boat, and the lecture fellow doing the dirty work for the consignors, with a payment of marine insurance, and so on. But he was never satisfied with that ingenious explanation.

Longwood grew fast and prosperous, and one day after he had acquired complete control of the plant. so that he could have a little holiday for himself without danger of being robbed by his partner, he took a trip to San Francisco and put up at the Palace hotel. You must understand that the Tropic Dawn had become for him a problem that cried out for clearness, but he would never trust the business to any mere erring human agency. He would look into it with his own eyes; and the first night he was in San Francisco he took it up with the clerk of the hotel. "What was that business about the

Tropic Dawn?" He put the question as a boid chance.

"The Tropic Dawn? Don't you know about the Tropic Dawn? She was blown to slivers as she was passing the presidio on her way from stream to sea. Blown to slivers. Some of them said it was her hollers and some of them said it was nitro-glycerine. Whichever it was, she was blown to slivers as she was going from stream to sea."

Longwood thoughtfully made his way to a chair by the log fire in the lobby.

It was a fine problem-to let alone! But that was how Longwood-figuring what was coming to him if they compounded the interest on his own share of the swag that Bostwick had Bostwick that he would settle for a reasonable amount of stock in the bank and an unlimited line of dis count on his paper.

New Scheme to Water Flowers.

One of the most effective window demonstrators now entertaining gaping New Yorkers moves not, speaks not and draws no salary, but interests the crowd. The exhibition takes place in a florist's window. It cona bare afterthought. "that the total sists of a huge tin pall of water standamount of the profits was a hundred ing on a table about four feet from the floor. Hanging over the edge of the pail are strips of muslin varying the door-opener jumped up, kicked in width from one to three inches. These muslin strips are firmly anchored at one end inside the pail by means of weights, while the other end rests on flower pots which are arranged in a circle around the table.

"We are giving this demonstration," the florist said, "to show people how to water their plants when they shut up their apartment and go away for four or five days at a time. The water soaks slowly through the muslin into the earth and keeps it at a uniform moisture. The width of the muslin strips varies with the size of the flower pots. A pail of this size will supply all of these flowers for a week." New York Sun.

Business Women Organize. Mrs. Robert A. Woods presided at the recent gathering of business womwas taken toward forming a permanent organization. With the exception of a few women lawyers all the women attending this meeting occupy executive places in the business world of Boston. Addresses were made by Miss Bertha Slennon, Mrs. Mary A. Moran, Mrs. Alice Parker Lesser, Miss Alice Grady, Miss Mary A. Mahan and Miss Josephine Brourtan. A committee to investigate and report on further plans was appointed and a meet ing called for this month, when a permanent organization will be made, probably under the name of the Down

Sanitation is Salvation.

Disease germs are invisible, it is true, but they find shelter and breeding places in dirt, which is easy to see. If cleanliness is made the rule of life innumerable seeds of possible illness and death will be washed away without opportunity to do their destructive work. Sanitation is the salvation of many lives. It is science applied to the conquest of death, within the allotted normal span of human existence. But plain, ordinary, old-fashioned cleanliness goes far to accomplish the same purpose and do the same service for mankind

Post (at luncheon)-I wonder what our new cook will be like? Mrs. Post-Oh, John! She left this



"TELL THE FIVE THAT THE BARGAIN WAS BROKEN AND THE PEN-ALTY PAID."

San Francisco in that line, and so far | But they played the game, though as Longwood was concerned, nothing | with the obviousness of infants. was doing in San Francisco in any line at all, if you made an exception | er as we're having these days?" spoke of suicide and seafaring.

And even at that, as he neared the vater front, it became questionable with Longwood whether suicide would not be preferable to seafaring-all things weighed. Two months of pawning and selling bad picked him clean of his clothes and of every other thing of value he had; and a similar term on the bad whisky and Spanish free lunch they were offerng at the Slovenian homes for the friendless near the water front had mottled his face and imparted to his eye the alertness and permanent anticipation you see on the visage of duced to strangers." the man without a name. San Francisco had danced him on her knee. vissed him and sang to him. And now he was hustled and shoveled about, not because he was counted as worth the shoveling, but merely be cause he seemed to be in somebody's

What an accommodating town, to be sure! In the days of his preternatural joy the lustrous weather touched him with its wand of gold and quickened the streams of his the door. blood. In the time of his adversity the rain fell on him day after day, as if the ocean had been transplanted to the sky and was vainly endeavor-

ing to get back. Seafaring? Yes. To be kicked by the mate actually kicked; to say nothing of falling from the top of a mast some day to find your home in the bounding deep. He was trying to use himself to the thought when he felt a touch on the shoulder and heard a voice in his ear.

"Did you sign with the Dawn ?"

He was a man you would never have loved for his open and sunny countenance, having on the contrary the general aspect of a walrus dripping and new-seated on its wavewashed toy throne. He had not questioned Longwood with his eyes, but gared with a stupid stare stupid and cunning-while waiting for the answer, into the thick mist and sifting rain that were blowing in on a soft breeze from the bay. The style of his dress whatever it may have been. was hidden by his glittering rain coat: and his sailor belmet conspired with the coat to obliterate all traces

of a neck. "Why do you sak? Have you got a

He motioned to Longwood with his fat body rather than with his head, and waddled swiftly away along the water front, never turning to never drawing a breath until swung into a barroom called the Cove of Rest, half filled with men who

"Did you ever see such fine weath a third. "This here weather is enough to make a man contented with his lot in life if he was a convict a Chile. It makes me think of when I was a little child on my own mother's knee at home, so it does." The door-opener was dragging at his pipe.

has weapons," he said. you're going to need them special only I've always been in favor of a man having a weapon on him, if it's nothing but a lady's pen-knife, especially when you're going to be intro-And then followed another round

about whether the king of England wasn't the pope of the Protestant The weather man absently swal-

"Religion is a thing I never with," he said. "Bill didn't bother with it neither, assented the door-opener. "He was a good man. Bill was his name. His name was Bill Brown. Come from

died. But he was a good man." "There was a vessel in the stream vesterday," the weather man ventured, "that was four months from Santiago with ten inches of barnacles and the master dead in the

"I see a Whitehall for sale for \$25 this morning," said the door-opener, with his head cocked to one side,

But a knock at the door steadied

"I was wondering if all you

of the "eather. "Speaking of weapons," resumed the door-opener, "I once knowed a man who got hurt fearful in Callao

by not having a thing on his person

by a Portuguese in an argument

lowed a few ounces, staring hard at | they do not understand.

Kentucky. He was drunk when he

"There be is now!" exclaimed the por-opener, and he let in an individual in a loosely fitting storm coat -a man of a social species different from that of the men who were sitting here. He had about him a way that Longwood recognised as that of business man in a transaction

cabin. The biscuits was full of weevils."

> listening with his entire body. It was indeed a hard and gritty game; a game of dismal emptiness, ghastly pretense, and mocking unreality—the poisonous thin vapor that swims over the crater's rim before the volcano belches up its world-destroying fire. Longwood figured that if a man should happen to get himself killed in such a place and th such a company it would be the equivalent of wandering away unseen to the heart of the Sahara desert.