

BLIND-FOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WILCOFF

SYNOPSIS.
 Giles Doolittle arrived in San Francisco to join the famous and successful real-estate company of Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in all important and profitable real-estate work. He was accompanied by his only son, Dick, who was a year or two older than he. They were a team with a remarkable reputation of the two men in the city and were well known to all eyes on the coast. They were a team with a remarkable reputation of the two men in the city and were well known to all eyes on the coast. They were a team with a remarkable reputation of the two men in the city and were well known to all eyes on the coast.

"Here we are," said Corson. "We pushed upon the door and entered. The place had the same appearance as the one to which I had been taken by Dick's father."

"A fine night," Mother Borton said cheerfully, as he was the first to enter, and then added under his breath, "for the devil's business."

"What have you done that I should help you?" she broke forth in a harsh voice, her eyes still fixed on my face.



"SHOW US THE NOTE," SHE SAID GRIMLY.
 Then started up in remembrance of the occasion of our being in this place as the shadow of Mother Borton fell across the table.

"Well?" said I inquiringly. "Well, honey, you're having a run of the cards," she said at last.

"So you didn't write?" I said coolly. "I had an idea of the kind. That's why my friend Corson is smoking his pipe down stairs."

"Good reasoning. But Henry Wilton was killed." "Yes," admitted Mother Borton; "they thought he carried papers, and maybe they ain't got over the idea yet."

"By the way," I said, "that reminds me. The men haven't been paid, and they're looking to me for money."

"Dick Nahl?" "Why, yes. He asked me for it." "And you gave it to him?" she asked sharply.

"I declined the proffered hospitality with thanks, and as a compromise agreed to call for my bodyguard in the early morning. Rejoining Corson, I explained Mother Borton's theory of the plot that had brought me thither."

"She's like to be right," said the policeman. "She knows the gang. Now if you'll take my advice, you'll let the rats have your room for this night and come along up to some folio hotel."

"The advice appeared good, and fifteen minutes later Corson was drinking my health at the Lick House bar and calling on the powers of light and darkness to watch over my safety as I slept."

"Whether due to his prayers or not my sleep was undisturbed, even by dreams of Doddridge Knapp and his charming but scornful daughter; and with the full tide of life and business flowing through the street in the morning hours I found myself once more in Mother Borton's dingy eating room, ordering a breakfast."

A LESSON IN SCIENCE.

Simple Apparatus for Generating Hydrogen Explained by Prof. Michaud.
 Broken pieces of aluminum table or kitchen ware can be used for several interesting chemical experiments. The following is a simple one: Buy from a drugist a foot or two of rubber tubing, a stopper with a small glass tube running through it and a few ounces of caustic potash or soda. Select a bottle to match the stopper and in it place the broken pieces of aluminum. Pour over them some lukewarm water and add a few spoonfuls of caustic soda. (This chemical is not so dangerous to handle as sulphuric acid, yet contact with the skin should be carefully avoided). An effervescence will at once take place



A Simple Apparatus for Generating Hydrogen.

and will last for several hours in spite of the fact that the liquid is no longer lukewarm.

Hydrogen gas will be generated, escaping through the rubber tube, and the gas may be used for any of the experiments described in books on chemistry. It should not be ignited directly at the end of the tube unless fully a quarter of an hour has elapsed after the beginning of the effervescence. Disregard of this caution might cause an explosion on account of the oxygen left in the bottle.

A PUZZLER.



"How old is this lady? What is her favorite study? Will she succeed? Answers—She is over 40. She is in-tent on letters. She is bound to excel.

His Vehicle.
 Smith (to Jones, who has not visited his club for some time)—Well, old chap, where have you been all this time?
 Jones—O! I've been doing a bit of traveling lately and finished up by seeing a piece of Africa; and, I say, I crossed the Niagara Falls in a—there, I was just going to tell you what I crossed the Niagara Falls in: Can any of you fellows guess?
 Smith—Never in a boat?
 Jones—No, try again!
 Barney—An airship!
 Jones—No, something more aerial than that! Give it up!
 Smith—Yes, I suppose so.
 Jones (triumphantly)—In a dream!
Better Than Writing Poetry.
 Literary work is all right, but the surest way to make your name a household word is to advertise extensively—Somerville Journal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BESSIE AND THE FLOWERS.

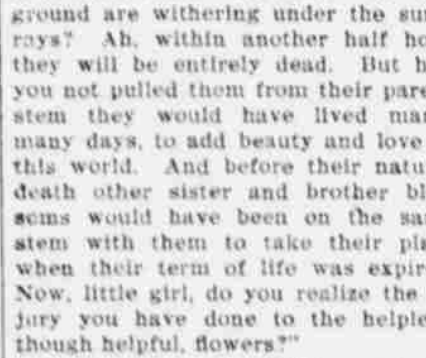
A Little Convention in the Garden That Did Good.

Bessie went into the garden to play. It was the big flower garden, and many, many of the blossoms were just coming into beautiful bloom. Bessie loved to look at the blossoms, but she did not consider their rights, so she began pulling them off and throwing them on the ground. After she had destroyed a great number of the most beautiful blossoms that had been smiling so sweetly at her she heard a voice saying just at her elbow: "Now, little girl, since you have killed so many of my beautiful and innocent comrades, how do you feel? Are you glad to look at those dying blossoms lying about on the ground? Were they not much more pleasing to your eye when they were living and nodding in the breeze and smiling toward blue heaven? And how sweet was their fragrance, too, for it floated about in the air making it delicious to the human nostrils. Ah, little girl, do you know how wicked it is to wantonly destroy these dear flowers?"

"But how can they be dead when they never breathe?" asked ignorant Bessie. "Flowers don't live—they can't walk."

"Yes, we do live, little girl," explained the voice which came from a tall tiger lily. "We all live and grow. We eat from the soil and drink of rain and dew. We come from tiny seeds and grow into flowering plants to make the world more beautiful. Did not your mamma want us here? If she had not loved us she would not have had the gardener plant us and tend us so industriously. And here within a few minutes you have destroyed the lives of flowers that have been growing all through the spring, putting forth their fresh, soft leaves and blossoms to help make this garden a place of beauty and purity. See

Placing the Half-Wilted Flowers in a Dainty Bowl of Cold Water.



how those little blossoms on the ground are withering under the sun's rays? Ah, within another half hour they will be entirely dead. But had you not pulled them from their parent stem they would have lived many, many days, to add beauty and love to this world. And before their natural death other sister and brother blossoms would have been on the same stem with them to take their place when their term of life was expired. Now, little girl, do you realize the injury you have done to the helpless, though helpful, flowers?"

Bessie stood quite still for a minute, then she replied: "Yes, I've been a naughty girl this morning; but I shall never, never kill another flower just for the fun of pulling it off the stem. Of course, if mamma says to gather some flowers for the dinner table or to carry to a sick friend that will be different. Then, with your permission, good Mr. Tiger Lily, I'll gather a few of the full-blown blossoms, for they wouldn't live much longer, anyway."

"Flowers love to be gathered to adorn the dining table and to make the room of a sick person cheerful," said the voice. "They are then put into nice fresh water and do not die for ever so long a time, and their being in water prevents them from suffering. Indeed, they enjoy themselves very much when doing good. It's only when being ruthlessly destroyed—as you destroyed so many of them this morning—that they suffer."

"Well, never again will a dear little blossom suffer at my hands," declared Bessie. "And if I could put those poor heads back on their necks again I'd do so." And so saying she picked up the withering blossoms from the ground and held them tenderly in her hands. "I know what I can do, though," she said. "I can put them in a bowl of fresh water and set them in a cool, shady place in my room, where they may feel happy in adding their fragrance—what isn't already destroyed—to the delicious morning air."

And then Bessie ran to her room, placing the half-wilted flowers in a dainty bowl of cold water. And almost immediately they began to open up and look refreshed and happy. "Oh, you dear things," exclaimed Bessie. "I shall love you always and always after this morning's chat with old Tiger Lily."—Washington Star

Seeing the Sights.
 Little Boy (to his mother, while both are on a visit to London, pointing to Big Ben)—Mumver, do you see that big clock over there?
 Mother (beaming on her little son)—Yes, darling?
 Little Boy—So do I, mumver.

First Punctuation Marks.
 Punctuation marks were first used in 1490.