

I knew a man who thought he knew it all.  
He knew how earth became a rolling ball.  
He knew the source and secret of all life.  
He also knew how Adam came to fall.  
His knowledge was of such stupendous girth,  
It took in everything upon the earth  
And in the heavens; but most strange to say,  
He didn't know a thing of real worth.

He knew where people go when they are dead.  
He knew all wonders ever sung or said.  
He knew the past and future; but for all  
He didn't know enough to earn his bread.

He was a marvel of omniscience.  
He knew the secret of the whence and hence.  
He was a bundle of great theories;  
The only thing he lacked was common sense.

—Denver News.

## LOVE'S SACRIFICE

GILBERT RAWSON was chief accountant to the firm of Jasper Denman & Bro. People called Jasper a hard dealing man, but two loves were woven into the warp and weft of his life—his daughter Mabel and his younger brother and partner, Horace.

There was indeed something almost fatherly about Jasper's love for his brother. He had never forgotten his promise to the mother who bore them both. After long years, the mean little room up an all but endless flight of stairs was still visioned for him as the place where he had looked into her dying eyes, and kissed and fondled her frail fingers, growing colder as he held them in his own. He still heard her voice as he heard it on the day he bent over her for the last time—"Take care of Horace, Jasper, don't desert the boy."

As he had given his bond, so he kept it. From that day Jasper shared everything with his brother. In the days of his poverty he hungered that the lad might eat. In the days of his prosperity he had raised him up, educated him, taken him into partnership. But Horace did not care for business. He drank early and gambled late. And Jasper's love was blind.

In these circumstances, it was inevitable that the neglected work of the junior partner should fall upon Gilbert Rawson. Horace Denman worked, when he worked at all, by fits and starts. What he left unfinished Rawson had to complete, and the difficulties of seeing a straight path through the muddle and confusion of accounts and correspondence thus made him many a sleepless night.

But there was another side to Rawson's responsibility which paid for all. It often happened that Rawson had to go to Jasper Denman's home to talk over business, and going over business led to his going over as a guest, for Jasper had begun to make a friend of this keen and able young man for whose shoulders no responsibility seemed too heavy.

After awhile Jasper's daughter Mabel crept into his life almost imperceptibly, almost before he was aware of it. Her big, deep eyes seemed always brighter for his coming, and by and by he took courage to hold her hand a little longer than a formal greeting warranted, and to press the white fingers gently, and to look into her face till her eyes seemed to melt before his gaze. At last he had to confess the truth to himself and speak.

"Mabel," he said, "I have come to tell you just one thing—I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She was happy at the words, and her happiness shone in her face.

"I—I seem to have loved you since first I saw you," she said, with a courage which surprised herself. "I will be to you all—all you wish."

And the next moment she was trembling in his arms.

That night Rawson returned to his rooms treading on air. Business was banished from his mind. He drew up his chair by the fire, lit his pipe, and weaved his romance into the circles of smoke he blew from his mouth. It was a splendid thing, was love. How it heartened a man for his life's work!

The bell of the outer door clanged through the hall. Rawson awakened from his ecstatic reverie with a start. He turned round in his chair to hear the maid's knock at the door, to see the next instant the figure of Horace Denman moving unsteadily towards him. His face was white, like the hue of chalk.

"It's all up!" Horace greeted without preliminaries. "I know I can't hide it any longer. But it's only a thousand or two. Jasper won't miss 'em. He's rich. He can afford to lose a bit, Rawson."

"You've the advantage over me, sir," said Rawson, fixing the pitiful figure with his keen eyes. "Perhaps you will be more—more explicit."

"Thunder and lightning, man," came

the reply in a truculent tone, "am I not plain enough? I've been juggling my accounts! That's English, anyhow."

Rawson gasped and stared. "Juggling your—the—firm's accounts—robbing your brother? Is that your meaning?"

"That's more brutal than the way I put it," said Horace, "but it'll serve."

For a while Rawson stood staring at the creature like a man hypnotized. Then his features set hard, and from under his brows there came flashes as of glittering steel.

"Your brother has succored you from boyhood," he said slowly. "He's been blind to what's bad in you in manhood. He's trusted you because he loved you. What you've done will cut into his heart like a knife. And then there's—there's Mabel—Miss Denman. You'll shame them to the dust."

The man now began to whine.

"Yes, I've seen that. But don't tell them, Rawson. Don't let them know—they needn't know. You can cover it all up. Jasper will never know if you make it right on paper. That's why I came!"



RAWSON WENT INTO THE DARKNESS.

Rawson did not remove his eyes from the man's face.

"In plain English, once again, Horace Denman, if you please," he said.

"You're a clever chap, Rawson," Denman answered, shuffling and hesitant. "and it wouldn't be difficult for you to make—to make things balance."

Rawson strode to the door and opened it.

"Get out!" he said, with wrath in his face.

Denman heard the words dazedly. He stared at Rawson open mouthed.

"Get out!" rang Rawson's voice again.

"I'll repent, believe me," whined Denman. "I'll turn over a new leaf, I'll—"

"You'll get out, now—at once—or by all that's holy I'll throw you out, you— you blackguard!"

Denman saw the flash of the steel in Rawson's eyes, steel which seemed to pierce him through and through. Then, affecting a jaunty air, he passed through the open door.

The next and two following days and nights Rawson spent in going through Horace Denman's defalcations, which ran well into nearly \$20,000. It was quite the usual thing for him to take over the junior partner's uncompleted work and enter up the partner's balances, but he had much else to do, and after covering several pages he had to break off and leave the final balancing to a more convenient time. One thing seemed clear to him. To save the love of Jasper from shock and shame—the man who had honored him with confidence and friendship, and thought him worthy of the hand of his only child—Horace must somehow be shielded.

Rawson had less than the necessary amount of his own, and the problem to him was how to get the rest.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he left

the office to think out the problem in the quiet of his own rooms. He locked the books and accounts in the safe, intending to return later in the evening, when all the clerks had gone. His brain was in a whirl, his heart torn with conflict. As he walked through the streets, with his head bent down, his light body seemed weighted with lead.

Jasper Denman entered the office a few minutes after Rawson had left. He found among his letters an invoice from a firm with whom he had done business for many years. It was marked "To account rendered." Now Jasper always paid accounts when they fell due, to the day. To him "account rendered" was an engagement unfulfilled, and an engagement unfulfilled was unthinkable to him. Moreover, he was certain this particular account had been paid, and he was irritated and annoyed.

He went to Rawson's office, opened the safe, and taking out the books and accounts, began to examine them. There was the payment entered, clearly enough, and yes, here was the receipt. He turned from the books to lock the door, then turned to the books again. He was engaged upon them when the chief clerk knocked. Unable to enter, the clerk called from the outside.

"Are you staying, sir?" The hoarse voice of Jasper answered him.

"Yes, for awhile! Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir."

Jasper heard the retreating footsteps with a sigh of relief.

How weirdly silent everything seemed now! Alone with these records of shame and guilt in that great office, every breath he took scorched him like a flame. The man he had trusted, who was engaged to marry his daughter, whom he had decided to take into the business, was—an unscrupulous thief.

At about 9 o'clock Jasper heard the key turned in the outer door, and then the sound of footsteps in the corridor. He drew back the crimson curtain from the glass in the door, and the light from the room flashed on Rawson's white face. Jasper unlocked the door quickly. Rawson staggered in—staggered in to see the open books and accounts before his startled eyes.

"Well, Rawson," was Jasper's greeting, "do you often work as late at nights?"

"It—sometimes happens, sir," said Rawson, pale to the lips.

Jasper took up the receipt which had

"Dear!" it said, "I have gone! Perhaps it is better so!"

She returned to find a man at the door.

"Mebbe you're Miss Denman?" he questioned.

"Yes," she said. "Have you a message?"

"Well, miss, I have, but it isn't a pleasant one, and I ain't much of a hand at breaking things gently. But there's been a railway accident, and the gent at the hospital says another gent what got hurt wants yer!"

"I'll come at once!" replied Mabel. She felt she dare not ask who the man was. But her thought told her it was her lover!

But when the doctors led her to the bed another sight was for her eyes. Horace Denman lay there, a life flickering out in pain!

"They—they said I couldn't last long?" he whispered hoarsely. "I daren't send for—your father! But I want to tell you that—that I was the—cause of Rawson's going away! I robbed the firm and forged receipts, and—and he took it—took it upon himself to save your father—my brother, from the disgrace and—the shame, and—"

Even while he was speaking, with the truth out at last, her anger and contempt flashed up for a moment in her eyes.

"Say you'll forgive me!" he pleaded. With her own life in dust and ashes, for she knew not whether the injury he had done herself and her lover would be repaired in this world, she bent down her head, and laid her lips against his forehead.

"I forgive you, Horace!" she said.

And with his hand in hers, she sat by the bed till the hand beckoned, and the voice called to the judgment afar off.

Rawson had been in New York a fortnight when he read the account of the accident and the list of killed. Wondering if by any chance death had laid the secret bare, he wired to Jasper his message of sympathy.

"Please accept all regrets for terrible news!" And he meant what he said.

A few hours afterwards came back a message to the address he gave:

"Forgive me, and return.—Jasper! Come back, Gilbert, I am waiting and longing.—Mabel!"

When he returned it was to see Jasper a changed man—a man bent and bowed, with whitened hair, with an unspoken sorrow stamped in suffering on his face.

"I've lost a brother and—and found a son!" he said in greeting. "I'll make amends!"

And presently Mabel was throbbing in happiness close to him.

"I have never wronged you in a thought, Gilbert!" she quavered. "If they had told me you—you had done it, I would not have believed till you had spoken!"

"To hear you say that pays for all!" he answered as he pressed his lips to hers.—Chicago Tribune.

### FEW AUSTRALIANS HERE.

One Part of the World Which Doesn't Send Its Sons to America.

There are only a few Australians distributed throughout the United States, and their number is so small that in most of the official bulletins they come under the head of "unclassified."

There are in New York City less than 500 Australians, and the majority of these are such "in name only," having been born in Australia during the temporary residence of their parents. One such case is that of Mme. Melba, the prima donna, who was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1866, though her home is in England.

The only city in the country in which there is any considerable number of Australians is San Francisco, in which there are about a thousand. Chicago has some 300, and Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco, 250. Once every year the Australians in New York City assemble for fraternal meeting, and it is found usually that the larger number of those present are traveling Australians.

### Volcanoes and Earthquakes.

Apropos of the recent earthquake shocks in Calabria and the simultaneous eruption of Vesuvius and Stromboli, a remarkable example of the close connection of volcanoes and earthquakes was observed by the early Spanish settlers in San Salvador. When the water in the crater lake of Ilopango rose above a certain level earthquake shocks always followed. So they cut a channel to allow of the escape of the water and prevent it rising in the crater. And for a hundred years there was no earthquake in that district. Then the precaution was neglected, the water rose in the crater, and presently a violent earthquake shook the country. At the same time, the lake was blown out by a volcanic eruption.

### Characteristic.

Stella—What is Cholly's auto like?  
Bella—Just like him; it doesn't know when to go.—New York Sun.

When you speak of hearing the approving voice of your conscience, your neighbors are apt to think it doesn't know what he is talking about.

### ABOUT JUMPING OFF CARS.

Safe Methods Used by Some Prominent Railroad Men.

Millions of dollars are paid in damages annually to fools who have never practiced the art of alighting from a moving car, says the New York Press. If the railroad managers had the courage of their convictions or the foresight of a John D. Rockefeller, they would establish schools in all parts of the world to educate patrons in this important matter.

Watch, for instance, some of the noted railroad men. Let us take big, jolly, serious, hopeful, restless President Underwood of the Erie. He is a strapping big man, as strong as President Roosevelt's bull moose, and came up from the cross ties. No one in the entire railroad world is his superior in hard and practical experience. Does President Underwood wait on the platform until the train is under way before he decides to get on? Never! No fancy work with him. When the engineer pulls open the throttle you can bet all you own on earth and part of your salvation that F. D. Underwood is comfortably ensconced in his corner of the president's private car.

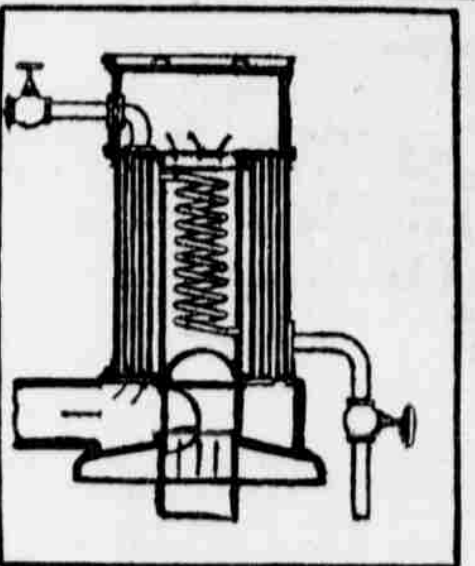
Underwood is said to be the strongest of all railroad presidents. He is a Sandow, without being muscle bound. In early youth he was a scrapper from way back, could lick thrice his weight in wildcats and looks as if he could do it now. Tom Lee is a bigger man. Tom is 6 feet 4 inches. Did anybody ever see him run for a train or jump off when his car was in motion? No. He leaves those feats for fool passengers. Did George H. Daniels, dean emeritus of passenger agents, ever try to catch a train? Never. Or leap off before a dead stop. Not on your life. What of Charlie Lambert? A train would have to get off the track to pass over him, yet he is ever careful.

President Baer of the Reading system lifts up his voice to heaven before entering a train and is sure to be in his seat ere the bellrope is pulled. His able and accomplished vice president and general manager, W. G. Palmer, is a handsome, stocky man, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and has the shoulders of Ajax. Besler could lie on the track and let one of his 340,000-pound engines run over him without fear of evil, but whoever saw him jump off a moving train or try to catch one? President Cassatt, the most interesting of all railroad presidents, has not tried to jump off a train in motion since he ran a level in the construction department of the Pennsylvania system.

### FEED-WATER HEATER.

Invented by a Japanese and Patented in the United States.

A feed-water heater, invented by a Japanese and patented in the United States, should prove of interest. It was the object of the inventor to devise a heater in which the products of combustion utilized for heating the water are brought into contact with the largest possible area of heating surface, and full and complete utilization of the heat unit of combustion effected. The outer shell, or casing, of this heater is divided by partitions, top and bottom, into the water, smoke and draft chambers. The water chamber is provided with a number of combustion tubes, terminating at the partitions and bringing the smoke and draft chambers into communication. In the center of the heater is the flame trunk, broken away



IMPROVED WATER HEATER.

at its lower end to receive the products of combustion from the furnace. The flame trunk delivers into the smoke chamber at the top of the heater, the heat combustion then being directed downwardly through the tubes into the draft chamber. The flame trunk is relatively large in diameter, but in order that the products of combustion which do not come directly in contact with the wall are utilized, an auxiliary heating coil is employed. This heating coil is placed within the flame trunk and communicates with the water chamber. A great advantage is obtained in providing the products of combustion with a circuitous or double path of travel, and bringing them in contact with all of the heating area of the water chamber. By this means the heating properties are fully expended and the greatest economy and the highest efficiency are obtained.

Along about meal time a man begins to attach less importance to curls and the latest fashion in dress.