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CHAPTER XI-(Continued.) Well, let them watch it. We shall not oper it down.

I would not be too certain of that, "They have learned many things at Paris. Goujon boasted that, even un-armed, the people had taken a great prison called the Bastille-but most

robably he was lying." "No." said his master in a low tone, "In that particular, at least, he spoke the truth. But miracles do not repeat "mselves." "They no doubt have other means at

command," responded Pasdeloup, grim-ly, "without calling in the aid of the good God.

No doubt they have," agreed his ter, "but at least we can reduce number of these assassins," and drew his pistols. was he intended to do. He thought to night, he convinced me more and master

the number of these assassins," and he drew his pistols. But Pasdeloup laid a warning hand upon his arm. "Not yet, monsieur," he said. "I may be mistaken. Perhaps there is yet a chance. Perhaps those others will refuse to join them, perhaps they will grow weary, after a time, and depart for home, content with such plunder as they can carry away with them. But if we begin the attack they will be on fire in a moment." "You are right," agreed his master and slowly returned his pistols to his be h. "Let us wait, then. And in the meantime. Pasdeloup, do you tell us how you came to know so well what Goujon was planning-and more especially, why, since you did know it, you did not give me warn-ing?" Pasdeloup, hesitated a moment."

Pasdeloup hesitated a moment. "I will tell you, monsieur," he said at last, "and you will see that I am not to blame—that I did what I could. You perhaps know the inn of the Belle" "Bul Image at Dange?

have heard of it."

"I have heard of it." "I was there one evening a week ago, drinking a glass of wine dur-ing an hour Laroche had taken my place at the gate. It was the first time that he had ever proposed such a thing, but that night he came to me and told me of the wonderful new wine at the Belle Image, so good and so cheap, since it no longer had to pay tribute to the church and to the aristocrats. He ended by saying that as he had nothing to do for an hour he would take my place at the gate while I went to the Belle Image and tasted the wine. I confess I was surtasted the wine. I confess I was sur-prised; he saw it and explained that he wanted me to test for myself one of the benefits the republic had con-ferred upon the people. So I went, I saw afterward that that was not bis nurrose at all."

his purpose at all." "I can guess what his purpose was," said M. le Comte, "but con-tinue vous story."

was," said M. le Comte, "but con-tinue your story." "I was, as I have said, drinking my wine," continued Pasdeloup, "which was truly of a surprising excellence, when a man came and sat down be-bide me. For a moment I did not know him; then I saw it was Goujon. He greeted me with a kindness which surprised me when I remembered He greeted me with a kindness which surprised me when I remembered that it was I who had helped to cap-ture him; but he seemed to have for-gotten that. I saw that he was well dressed and that his hands were white. He ordered a bottle of wine even superior to that which I was drinking, invited me to 'oin him, and began to tell me of the wonderful events which were happening in Paris -events a hich word end by making events which were happening in Paris -events which would end by making us all free and rich and happy. He said that the aristocrats and the priests had been starving and robbing and killing us for 500 years, and that

now it was our turn. "You remember that your own mother was starved to death Pasdeloup,' he said "'Yes,' I said. 'I remember that.'

what Goujon had said, and I confess, M. le Comte, that it appeared to me reasonable. So long as I had imagined open it, and they can never break lown." I would not be too certain of that, sweer as they were because the good God so willed it, I had not questioned them; but now I began to questioned that perhaps the good God had no hand in them at all, and that the only thing left for us was to do what we could to help ourselves. The next night, I inquired for Laroche, but no one had seen him; so, leaving the gate one had seen him; so, leaving the gate open—the first time that I had ever done so—I hastened to the Belle Image. Goujon was awaiting me; again he bought wine and again he laid before me the wrongs of the peasantry. At last I told him that I would join the society which he was organizing at society which he was organizing at Dange. It was not until I had taken the oath, that I discovered what it

ours

"'Of the chateau?" "'Certainly, it is of the chateau I am speaking. We are going to at-

"'But M. le Comte is not there,' I

protested. 'No,' said Goujon, with a triumph-

No, said Goujon, with a triumph-ant smile, 'nor will he ever again be there. I have attended to that. La-roche has lured him into our hands. First, I will bring him here in order that he may witness my revenge—my triumph; then I will send him on to Paris to calchate his nurticle with Paris to celebrate his nuptials with Madame Guillotine.' "Then I saw the trap into which I

had thrust my foot. As he sat there leering at me, I was tempted to bury my knife in his belly; but I managed to control myself. It might be that there were other things which I should know should know.

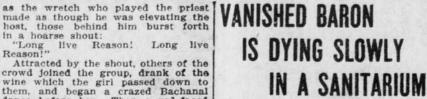
"Well, then,' I said, 'since you al-ready have him, why attack the chatau?

"The leer on his face grew broad-

"You forget, Pasdeloup,' he said, 'that the women are there.' "Well, what then?' "What then, head of a pig! You are stupid tonight! Do you suppose I have forgotten? You do not know the sleepless nights I have spent tossing on my hed hitms my nillow at thought sleepless nights I have spent tossing on my bed, biting my pillow, at thought of what one day should be mine! Well, my day has come—that woman is going to be mine now—that is the triumph which Favras is to witness! Will it not be a pretty revenge? Could you think of anything prettler?' and he leered at me again and licked bis lips with a tongue which seemed strangely red and swollen. 'You shall have the other; she shall be your reward—and pardleu! it is not to be laughed at. You do not know, Pas-

your reward—and pardieu: It is not to be laughed at. You do not know, Pas-deloup, what soft, white skins these ci-devant women have!'" I felt my blood grow suddenly hot with rage and a glance at M. le Comte's white face told me the agony he was suffering at the thought that his wife had been profined by even the glances had been profaned by even the glances of this scoundrel. "Go on," he said, hoarsely. "And

then?" "Perhaps something in my face be-trayed me," Pasdeloup continued. "At any rate, Goujon suddenly looked at "The old furnishings hang together



Reason!" Attracted by the shout, others of the crowd joined the group, drank of the wine which the girl passed down to them, and began a crazed Bachanal dance before her. Then a red-faced rogue dashed up the step to her and, screaming with laughter, tore her few remaining clothes from her back. "Long live Reason!" he shouted. "I baptise thee!" and he dashed a cup of wine over her glistening skin.

of wine over her glistening skin. And another snatched a twig from a flowering shrub and, bending it into

as the wretch who played the priest

the semblance of a wreath, placed it upon her head. "Long live Reason!" he shouted in "Long live Reason!" he shouted in his turn, but a woman in the crowd, jealous. perhaps of the attentions shown the naked hussy, suddenly caught up a clod of earth and dashed it into her face; whereup the goddess dismounted from her throne, vomiting forth I know not what vileness, and was caught up by the crowd trembling with rage and horror at the impious scene which I had witnessed, and the thought that our fair land of France

lay at the mercy of such scoundrels turned me sick at heart. Then one of their number mounted the steps and began to harangue them. I could catch only a word here and there, yet it was easy enough to guess, from the frantic shouts which inter-rupted him, what his subject was. The mob was in mood to commit any atroc-ity. It needed only the application of the spark the

he spark. M. le Comte's face grew grave as he

M. le Contre's face grew grave and gazed down at them. "That is serious," he said. "When they begin to make speeches, it is time to think of escape. Have you any-

time to think of escape. Have you any-thing to suggest, Tavernay?" "If we could reach the ground on the side of the tower away from the mob," I said, "we might escape into the wood, since there seems to be no watch of any kind nor any one to intercept us." "Yes, but to reach the ground——" "If we could find a rope——" "Yes, but where?"

"Yes, but where?" "Is there none in the tower? Surely we can find something\_"" "At least, we can look," he said, and

"At least, we can look," he said, and led the way to the stair. I followed him, but Pasdeloup, his arms folded, his head sunk in reverie, kept his place at the battlement, star-ing moodily down at the drunken

revel. We descended to the floor below, where Pasdeloup's candle was still faintly burning. A glance at it show-ed me that it had been half consumed. An hour more and we should be in darkness—if, indeed, we had not enter-ed the cterned darkness long are that

darkness—if, indeed, we had not enter-ed the eternal darkness long ere that! In the first moment, I thought the room was empty; then I saw madame half sitting, half lying on a couch in one corner, holding the younger wom-an in her arms. As we approached, she raised a warning finger to her lips, and I saw, with a sudden burst of ten-derness that my love had fallen asleen derness, that my love had fallen asleep. exhausted by the fatigue of the eve ning.

"Do not disturb her," said madame in a low voice, but at that instant the sleeper opened her eyes. For a moment she stared up at us

blankly; then her eyes met mine and a wave of crimson swept from brow to chin.

"I have been asleep," said she, sit-ting hastily erect. "In spite of all my boasting," she added, smiling up at me

"Yes," said M. le Comte; "and you should be proud of your steady nerves and clear conscience, my dear. Not many of us are able to sleep so peace-fully in the face of danger." Not

fully in the face of danger." "Danger?" she replied, and looked about her. "Has it come, then?" "Oh, not a pressing danger," he as-sured her. "Still, we must devise some means of escape before it becomes so. We shall have to take the light, I fear." "Do so," said madame promptly. "Charlotte and I will ascend to the platform."

"It is not a pleasant sight that you "It is not a pleasant sight that you will see," said M. le Comte, "nor pleas-"We are not children," broke in madame. "Come, Charlotte."

Me are not charlotte." madame. "Come, Charlotte." M. le Comte lighted them up the stair and then turned back to me. "It is evident there is no rope here," he said, holding the candle above his



From the New York World.

We laughed about it at first, but later

At last, late in the night, we boarded

But I was wrong again. Five minutes

to talk. Nature kind o' fixes things up

LOOKING FOR THE LOBBYIST.

I well remember my first experience in the legislature at Albany in the year 1899.

I had heard from infancy, it had seemed to me, all about the wily lobbyist, and so, of course, I was on the lookout for him.

life particularly strenuous to avoid then

that way sometimes."

ceased to be amusing and got on my

Famous Lawyer, but Refuses to Ask Aid of

Him.

ticket. It was the latter part of our campaign and our voices and physical en-durance had been taxed to the utmost, but New York-Special: The mystery surrounding the whereabouts of Baron B. Frederic Brennig, husband of Aimee we pushed on and concentrated our greatest efforts upon the camps of the "Lumber Johnnys." We went from camp to camp, first Winston and then I making Marguerite Coudert, was dispelled when it was learned that he, afflicted with a mortal illness, was in a sani-tarium near Ridgewood, N. J. His wife, daughter of Charles Coudert, of the international firm of Coudert Brothers, the speech. The most ardnous duty of al was the tax of shaking hands, and we found one lumber jack who could not be outdone in this art, if it can be called an art. After the first greeting he some-how managed to meet us on every block s earning a living for herself and money to pay for his treatment by selling cigarets to fashionable clubs in selling this city and at summer resorts. and, extending his hand as to an old ac-

Baron Brennig, a member of an old Austrian family, was formerly United States vice consul at Batavia, Java. In 1894 he married Mrs. Aimee Coudert Semple, widow of McKenzle Semple, a former New York assistant district at-torney. Three years more Baron Baron quaintance, he would say; "Why, hello, Johnson; how d'ye do?" nerves. At the most unexpected moments he would bob up screnely. He followed us from camp to camp and often anticipated torney. Three years ago Baron Bren-nig's health became so bad he was reour itinerary, and would be the first to greet us upon our arrival. Just when we noved to a sanitarium at Flushing, L. I. He left this place two months after-ward and since then has been at sevbegan to congratulate ourselves that we had lost him he would soon assure us of eral "rest cures."

our mistake. The baroness refused to ask her wealthy father for financial aid, though she had seven children. She our train to leave this region and had set-tled down in the Puliman quite exhausted, but not unmindful that I would have replanned to support them well by her own efforts. She established a cigaret factory and built up an extensive trade. spite from my erstwhile admirer, I said to my partner: "Well, we have lost him; at any rate there is something to be thank-

One Child With a Friend.

The baroness and six of her chil-The baroness and six of her chil-dren now occupy a cottage at Belmar, N. J. Beatrice Brennig, her 13-year-old daughter, is with Mrs. Adolph La-denburg, at Newport, R. I. Her broth-ers and sisters insist she was not adopted by Mrs. Ladenburg, but is there on a long visit. Mrs. Brennig spends three days of the week at the Belmar cottage and the rest of her time at her factory or at a cottage near the place where her husband is being treated. While Baron Brennig's mental and ful for." later the coach door opened and, stag-gering up the aisle with a broad grin, he came with hands extended, arms outstretched and exclaimed vociferously "Well, well, well, here you are, and I'm mighty glad to see you. Say, I don't mind telling you what I think of your speech. You know me. I'm afraid to say what I think."

He sat down upon the arm of the seat While Baron Brennig's mental and physical condition is alarming, he writes almost every day to his chil-dren, particularly his son, Charles, who will inhertit the title. That the baron is not being detained in the institution accurate his detained put his hand familiarly upon my friend's shoulder and addressed himself to me. "Say, Johnson, I think your speech was Bay, Johnson, I think your speech was all right. That's the kind to get votes with, but I don't think much of your friend's oratory. He ain't much of a talk-er. I guess I've sized you up all right. Your friend runs to brains and you run

in the institution against his own will was asserted by a close friend of the family. The friend said the baron realized the seriousness of his illness and knew that remaining under treat-ment meant he might live many years

onger. The disappearance of the baron from society caused much gossip, and the efforts of those close to him to keep his whereabout secret led to many con-jectures. His wife refused to say where he was staying. By Regis H. Post, Ex-Governor of S TORY telling is an art in itself and it has never been an even their and

Loyal Wife Does All She Can.

S it has never been an easy thing for me to tell a humorous story unless inspired by the good fellowship which obtains at clubs and other public places where wit is ever supposed to be on tap. "We can do no more for the baron than give him the best place to stay than give him the best place to stay and such treatment as may bring about his recovery," said the before men-tioned close friend. "Mrs. Brennig has done and is doing all that a loyal wife can do for her husband. His filness was a bad blow to the family." "My father is sick, but he has not forgotten us," said Charles Brennig in Belmar. "Father sent me a postcard yesterday, and I think he will be home soon."

Day after day passed and no one appeared to convince me that the lobbylists were alive, and I had expected them to come in droves to dog my steps and make my soon.'

Then the 12-year-old boy called upon his 10-year-old sister, Marie Aimee, to tell about a letter she had received from their father a few days However, as the days lengthened into weeks, I began to have an uncanny sen-sation about the matter and came to the conclusion that the term lobbyist was a fictitious one or that for some good reago. Mrs. Aimee M. Coudert Semple was

Mrs. Aimee M. Coudert Semple was married to Baron Brennig in St. Pat-rick's cathedral by Archbishop Cor-rigan. After a tour of Europe they went to Java, where Brennig resumed his duties as vice consul. Beatrice, who was born in Java, will be educated under the guidance of Mrs. Ladenburg. Her brothers and sisters are Charles, 12 years old; Marie, 10; Fritz, 8; An-toinette, 6; Jerome, 4, and Betty, 3. The title of baron was discarded by Brennig when he came to this country. In Java he was a highly popular mem-ber of the diplomatic service. His iilson they were shunning me. At last, one day after two months of anticipation, while waiting for the session to begin, while waiting for the session to begin, a man came toward me in a half hesitating manner that at once aroused my sus-picion. "Ah," I thought, "here he comes at last." He came on his tiptoes and said brieny, "Are you Mr. Post?"

I assured him I was and asked him what I could do for him.

"I would like to talk to you for about



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### On Some Ministers.

The worst o' these here shepherds is, my boy, that they reg'larly turns the heads of all the young ladies about here. Lord bless their little hearts, they think it's all right, and don't know no better; but they're the wictims o' gammon, Samivel, they're the wictims o' gammon. Nothin' else, and wot aggragates me, Samivel, is to see 'em awastin' all their time and labor in making clothes for copper-colored people as don't want 'em and taking no notice of flesh-colored Christians as do. If I'd my way, Samivel, I'd just stick some o' these here lazy shepherds behind a heavy wheel-barrow, and run 'em up and down a 14-inch plank all day. That 'ud shake the nonsense out of 'em, if anythin' vould .- Mr. Weller, Quoted by Charles Dickens.

### Selfish Youth.

"Youth is apt to be selfish," said Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, the distinguished novelist, at a Matuchen picnic.

"Woman in her youth," she went on, 'is especially apt to be selfish. I'll never forget the story of the young man from Boston who stood in the center of Boston common in a downpour of torrential rain.

"As he stood there, soaked to the skin, a little boy in a mackintosh accosted him.

"'Excuse me, sir,' said the boy, 'but are you the gentleman who is waiting for Miss Endicott?'

"'Yes,' the young man answered.

"'Well,' said the boy, 'she asked me to tell you she'd be here just as soon as it clears up.'

## He Had No Eye for Color.

There came to the home of a Negro in Tennessee an addition to the family in the shape of triplets. The proud father hailed the first man who came along the road and asked him in to see them. The man, who was an Irishman, seemed greatly interested in the infants as he looked them over, lying in a row before him.

"What does yo' think?" asked the parent.

"Waul"-pointing to the one in the niddle-"I think I'd save that one."-Everybody's Magazine.

ung man in

"This

Real Modesty. "An actor should be modest, and nost actors are," said James K. Hackett at a luncheon in Pittsburg. "But know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far.

Although enough

true.

"You know how she would have been beaten had it been known that she stole even a morsel of food from

the stole even a morsel of food from the pigs.' "'Yes,' I said again; 'I know that.' "'You may perhaps remember,' he went on, with a frightful contortion of the countenance, 'the punishment I suffered for trapping a hare.' "'Yes,' I said, 'I remember.' "'And do you think it just, good God!' he cried, 'that a man should suffer like that for a fault so trivial? Yet that is what was hancening day

Yet that is what was happening day by day all over this broad land of France! What could we do? They took our grain for their bread, our flocks for their meat, our daughters for their pleasure. Did we so much as protect we were hanged on the nearest their pleasure. Did we so much as protest, we were hanged on the nearest gallows as a warning to others not to lift their heads. We might live or die, starve or rot—what did it matter? We were less to them, as you have seen, than the swine in their pens!' I do not know, added Pasdeloup, in another tone, "whether all of this was true; but it had a certain air of truth about it." "Most of it was true. I fear" said

"Most of it was true, I fear," said M. let Comte, in a low voice, "though I had never looked at it in quite that

"Way." "There is a great difference, is there not, monsieur," asked Pasdeloup, "in whether one looks at a thing from above or below?" "Yes." agreed his master, still more

above or below?" "Yes," agreed his master, still more quickly, "there is." "At any rate," continued Pasdeloup, "Goujon grew more and more excited with each word he uttered. 'Why is it,' he demanded, 'that some people wear lace and jewels and others only rags? Why should a noble's pigs be treated better than his peasants? Why should the peasants toil from year to year in order that the priests and the aristo-crats may live in idleness with their. order that the priests and the aristo-crats may live in idleness with their-women and have fine wines to drink and fine clothes to wear, and great houses to shelter them, while we who make the wine, and spin the cloth, and build the houses, have only swill and rags and hovels? Why should they be warm in winter and we cold? Why thould we premit their game to dewarm in winter and we cold? Why should we permit their game to de stroy our crops, without being per-mitted to raise a hand to prevent it?" "I do not know, I answered, 'ex-cept that it has always been so.'

The chateau." "'Yes,' I agreed, 'perhaps that is "'I have been talking nonsense, Pasthen straightened back in his

deloup,' he said. 'I have taken too much wine. I am always saying absurd things when I am drunk. You must forget that foolishness."

"He said it so naturally that I be-lieved him, more especially since, at the moment, his head was wobbling so the moment, his head was wobbling so that he could scarcely keep it off the table. But, when I reached the chateau again, I found that my zeal for the revolution had vanished, since, even drunk, one of its leaders could propose such horrible things. Last night I re-mained at my post at the gate; but to-night an uneasiness seized me. I fan-cled that I detected some sort of un-derstanding among the other servants. lerstanding among the other servants. At the first moment I slipped away to Dange to learn the truth. There I found that a detachment of the Blues had just come in by post, and had been or-dered forward at once to surround the chateau. All of that rabble yonder had gathered in the square and Goujon was addressing them. The terrible things he was saving made me tremble. But ie was saying made me tremble. But The was saying made me tremble. But I listened only for a moment. Then I hastened back to give you warning, and found that I was already too late. That is all, M. le Comte." His master laid a friendly hand upon

his shoulder, "I thank thee, Pasdeloup," he said. "Whatever the event, thou hast done thy best. Thou hast paid thy debt a hundred fold." thy best.

A sudden frenzied outburst of yells interrupted him. We looked down again and saw a procession emerging from the house upon the terrace. Before them they were rolling half a dozen "We shall see now," said Pasdeloup grimly, "how many of them will shout

grimly. 'Long Live the King!'

CHAPTER XII.

# Madness Becomes Frenzy.

In a moment, the casks were broached, and the liquor, in whatever receptacles were at hand, was passed around from mouth to eager mouth. No one made the slightest attempt to husband it, and it was soon pouring down over the steps in little purple rivulets. The faces of the crowd, as as the flaring torches and dancing flames revealed them, became more and more inhuman, their shouts hoarser and more menacing, their actions more and

"Well, it will be so no longer!' he cried. We are going to change all that. We are going to reverse things. Monsieur Veto has already sneezed in the sack; the Austrian woman and her whelp will follow him." "And what then? I asked. "Then we shall be free. Then we shall set about the work of establishing liberty, equality, fraternity. But first we will stuff the nobles' mouths with dust, just as those good fellows at Paris stuffed eld Foulon's mouth with hay. Come, you must join us, Pasdeloup, You also have wrongs to avenge." "I will think of it,' I said, and re-turned to my post at the gate. "All that night I hay and thought of

head and looking about the apartment. "The old furnishings hang together better than one would think," he added. It was not until them—so occupied had my mind been with other matters —that I perceived with what sumptu-ousness the place was fitted up. The tapestries were faded and dusty, the coverings of the furniture motheaten and decayed, and the room itself cob-webbed and moldy—but it was im-pressive, nevertheless. It was a good sized, octagonal, conforming in shape sized, octagonal, conforming in shape to the tower, and in four of the sides small, shattered windows were set. small, shattered windows were set. Tapestries and furniture alike had evi-

Tapestries and furniture alike had evi-dently been of the most costly and ele-gant description. "This was the boudoir of the fair Gabrielle," observed M. le Comte, look-ing about him with a smile. "It has been years since I set foot here and I had forgotten how it looked. You will see that with my ancestor it was a real passion; he did not spare himself. In fact, I should hate to confess how much first and last, she cost his family. Befirst and last, she cost his family. Be-low is her bed chamber."

(Continued Next Week.)

### The Stony British Glare.

From the London Evening Standard. Lord Crewe made a very interesting little speech yesterday at the annual meeting of the Atlantic Union, a soclety which works for the improvement of Anglo-American cordiality, and to the relations between Englishmen and men of other nations generally. He said that one grave cause of interna-tional misunderstanding was our "no-torious stiffness of demeanor." and he referred to that delightful drawing by Du Maurier in Punch, in which the table d'hote of a foreign hotel in the slack season was depicted as populated only by two Englishmen, sitting at op-posite ends of the table, glaring speech-lesly at each other. All that he said was true enough. We are undemon-strative. We are not men and brothers the whole world round as we should be and as we shall be when Robert Burns' millennium comes at last. If we may be allowed to say so, we can hardly picture Lord Crewe himself responding with a leap into the air and a joyful howl to the "How do, sonny?" of an Ontario mine manager. He would probably smile charmingly, bow most courteously and extend a friendly hand; but the colonist would take all that for coolness, and the Atlantie Union would have to explain. men of other nations generally. He

Not for Him. From the Kansas City Journal. 'Ever use the automobile for a get-ay?'' inquired the first burglar.

away?" inquired the first burglar. "Nix," answered the second burglar. "We fellers run risks enough without taking chances on being pinched for speeding.

### A Contingency. From Lippincott's

"The early bird will get the worm," Of that there is no question; But if that worm should chance to

He'd get the indigestion.

ber of the diplomatic service. His iilness resulted from overwork

Just Like Her.

Just Like Her. From the New Yerk World. "You know it was Charlie Ross who invented the form of silly season fool-ish fun they now call 'Daffodillis," said George Rector, at the Cafe Madrid, when the actor in question had hur-ried out from luncheon to return to the rehearsals of "The Simple Life." "You know the kind, 'Have You Seen Rose?" 'What Rose? 'Rosewood.' But Char-lie used to call them 'Chuckles.' He and Lew Dockstader and Jean Haver and Lew Dockstader and Jean Haver and Vincent Bryan, the song writers, still match to see who can originate the most inane of these.

most inane of these. "But Charlle Ross can make real wit-ticisms, as those about him know. I remember a little coterie of friends of Charlie and his wife gave a Dutch din-ner dance in a Dutch brewery hall in the Dutch town of Guttenberg, N. J. Charlie got there in good time, but Mrs. Ross (Mabei Fenton) had to come up from the farm to New York to get to the affair and was delayed. Although there was a special trolley to bring guests back from the dance and supper to Weehawken ferry, the last upper to Weehawken ferry, the last rolley car for Guttenberg had left when Mrs. Ross got on the other side. Resolved not to be turned back in that manner, Mrs. Ross dickered with the driver of an empty coal wagon, returning to the coal pockets in Union Hill after a late delivery, to drive her to the dance, it being the only vehicle in sight. She dashed up to the brewery dance at about 1 a. m. in good time for the best part of the affair. A lady trouble-maker took Mr. Ross aside,

after the entrance of Mrs. Ross, and said, "Oh, Mr. Ross, don't you think it was dreadful, her driving all that a was dreadin, her driving all that distance in a coal wagon?" "Yes," replied Ross "it was just like Mabel, always picking out the costliest equipage!"

Breaking the News. From Human Life.

# Marion, who had been taught to re-

port her misdeeds promptly, came to her mother one day, sobbing penitentto

Mother-I-broke a brick in the fireplace." "Well, that is not very hard to rem-edy. But how on earth did you do it, edy. child? "I pounded it with father's watch."

Proof. "Do you believe, Doctor, that man is made of dust?" asked the student. "I don't know about man," returned the professor, "but I am sure girls are --they make such a dickens of a lot of trouble when they get in a fellow's much yours as mine, and if at any tin you feel like taking a good swig of whi eye."-Harper's Weekly.

### Well Qualified.

"The one thing we demand from our employes," said the head of the office force, "is correctness in figures." The applicant smoothed her hipless

of assurance.

five minutes," he said. "Go ahead," I urged to his discomfiture

dramatic papers a not here, not here," he stammered. ment that said What I have to say to you had better be told in an ante-room. such as dead body or outside shouts

My curlosity was aroused and I followed him into an adjoining chamber, all the time wondering how much he would offer me, whether \$500 or \$1,500 and I had ruminated upon my withering speech and how I would crush him with my answer. Suddenly he paused and began his part of the program. In five minutes I was speechless with surprise. Instead of a lobbyist, I was the victim of a book agent who was offering for sale the complete set of an encyclopedia. I will add that I bought that set and presented it to a pub-lic school as a penance for my suspicions.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF JARR'S GULCH.

By Alva Adams, Ex-Governor of Colorado.

W HEN I was about 20 years old I migrated with all the members of our family to Colorado, and we camped in the mountains about 40 miles from Denver at a place called Jarr's Gulch. This camp was named in honor of Mr. Jarr, an eccentric Frenchman, who was its only inhabitant. This man had lived there many years and had won distinction from the miners for his exclusiveness. He had kept his own confidence, selected an isolated spot for his home, and so he was dubbed "a man with a history which meant in that neighborhood that he had killed a man or that he was rich. At this time I was hauling ties to the Denver & Rio Grande road, which was then in course of construction, and had been working there for six months when Mr. Jarr surprised me one day by saying that he wanted to tell me a secret. I fol-lowed him into his cabin, he closed the door cautiously, listened and then said again tentatively: "Can you keep a se-cret?" I was excited with curiosity. I

and lifted a flat stone which I had notic

The Frenchman died many years ag

if heated, gives off a gas that can

ky, come and drink your fill."

after an absence of 25 years.

used as an illuminant,

preferred.' Rockefeller's Hard Shot. John D. Rockefeller tried a game of colf on the links near Augusta. On a

"Engagement wanted-small part

rted in all t

want advertise

rather difficult shot Mr. Rockefeller struck too low with his iron, and as he dust flew up he asked his caddy: 'What have I hit?"

The boy laughed and answered: 'Jaw-jah, boss.'

Hard to Convince.

Little Tommy (eldest of the family, at dinner)-Mamma, why don't you help me before Ethel?

Mamma-Ladies must always come first.

Tommy (triumphantly)-Then why was I born before Ethel?-Tit-Bits

Right food is a basis For right living. 'There's only one disease," Says an eminent writer-"Wrong living 'And but one cure-"Right living." Right food is supplied by



He led me to a spring house not fai It contains the vital from the cabin, and the marrow seemed to freeze in my bones when Mr. Jarr Body and brain-building bolted the door after us and made me get down on my knees and solemnly swear Elements of wheat and barleythat I would never reveal to any human being the secret that he was about to share with me. The light from the flick-ering candle fell on his face, and he Most important of which is The Potassium Phosphate, walked to the middle of the earthen floor, where he made a dramatic pause, stopped Grown in the grain before. Then, pointing to a lot of jugs, he said: "There it is; help yourself; it is as For rebuilding tissues Broken down by daily use.

Folks who use Grape-Nuts Know this-they feel it. but the recollection of his remarkable confidence impelled me to visit this spot

"There's a Reason"

Freshly cut bark of the cork tree, Read "The Road to Wellville." Found in packages.

skirt complacently. "I have never had any complaints on that score," she replied with a glance