

## CAUGHT AT LAST.

Mr. Harvey Thackston, bachelor, had arrived home from the club, and was about to retire for the night.

He had thrown off his vest, released his collar and cravat, and taken off his boots, but there his divesting process had suddenly ceased, and we find Mr. Thackston sitting upon the edge of his bed as motionless as a statue, holding a boot in either hand, and at times gazing silently from his boots to the gas jet, and from the gas jet to his boots.

A person might have surmised from the bachelor's appearance that he was in doubt whether to complete his divestment and go to bed, or resume what articles he had already taken off and sally forth for a little more enjoyment, or that he was racking his brain over a question of more serious interest. A few words from the gentleman himself, however, will spare the torture of conjecture.

"So, so," he mused, looking down upon his boots with a smile of amusement, and swinging them between his knees like pendulums as he spoke. "So Ralph has gone—oh? Gone mad, and been married? Well—well, who'd have thought it? And I'm the only one of the club left single. Ha, ha! What a grand triumph this is for me. The last! The only man of the whole lot who had the power to resist it, Ha, ha! You're quite a hero, Harvey, my boy! They all said you would go first, but you didn't! Several of them vowed that they would be the last ones. Several of them had the impudence to vow they never would be married. But they have all succumbed at last. Love, the conqueror, has levelled them all like reeds under the scythe, or tempers before the bowling-ball. I stand alone, the only survivor of the dreadful carnage. Poor Ralph! Gone! and he was captured so helplessly. Amelia Weatherston's bright eyes and handsome curls were too strong for him, much as he used to profess himself invulnerable to a score of Amelias. Ha, ha! What a helpless bit of clay a man seems to be, with a pair of black eyes, a beautiful face, and a cluster of curls confronting him."

Mr. Thackston here stopped swinging his boots, and transferred his attention suddenly to the gas jet.

"The flame of love," he soliloquised, his metaphor probably inspired by the dancing gas-light—"the flame of love has devoured them as chaff, and here I sit a self-conceited salamander—a glowing victor. 'Your turn now,' Ralph said to me, parting at the club to-night. 'Yes, my turn, I know, but a turn that's totally devoid of event.' 'Not so,' they all said. 'You're no more love-proof than we are, Harvey. You have had will enough to stick it out to the last, which must have been extreme torture, but you'll succumb, never fear.' Never! Never! I have lived a bachelor's life too long to relinquish it in the very zenith of glory and delight.

"What! Surrender liberty for slavery! Give up my jolly life, that owns not even the shadow of authority, for that 'wedded bliss' which holds for the innocent victim the gloomy prospects of rigorous system, punctual hours, spicy breezes, occasional hair-dressings, cradles, soothing-syrup, and much else too distracting to think of! Step from Elysium into Bedlam! Ugh! the thought makes me shiver. If I should take such a mad step my conscience would torture me to the grave. I'd be playing false to my club, to my night-key, and to the general principles of good fellowship. Some people think my sentiments rancid. Let them. I have been called a woman-hater. I am not! I can revel in a woman's smile and sweet talk as well as any of them. I can look upon a woman with as much true admiration as any of them, but I can admire her from the proud height of impartiality, and while toying with the fatal hook, prove the fact that I am an extremely hard fish to catch. Oh no—I'm not a woman-hater. I'm a man of common sense—that's what I am."

With this sage reflection, Mr. Thackston threw his boots into a corner, arrayed himself in his night-costume, put out the gas, and went to bed.

A few days subsequent, Mr. Harvey Thackston was enjoying his summer vacation among the most fashionable circles of Newport society. Handsome and wealthy, courteous, jovial, and generous in the highest degree, Mr. Thackston always created a marked impression in whatever society he chose to enter.

At Newport he was in his glory. The jolly, happy-go-lucky, free-and-easy beau, the stately belle, and the flaunting coquette, all flocked around him, the former to revel in his charming company, and share his magnificent wine, the two latter to endeavor with the charm of beauty, and the science of artifice, to snare him in their nets, and effect the capture of a millionaire and his fortune.

For the first class Harvey cared a great deal. To them he devoted his heartfelt attention; for, rollicking carelessly fellow that he was, he loved good fellowship, and was bound to enjoy it, no matter what the cost. For the latter classes, he cared comparatively nothing. He was a bachelor, a man who, regarding the sublime passion, possessed, it was said, a heart of adamant, invulnerable to charm, unassailable to stratagem. What cared he for their smiles and coquetry? Nothing. He let their cunning artifices pass unnoticed with the utmost innocence. If he met them, he paused for a while, and chatted pleasantly; when invited to their receptions (which was often the case,) he attended them if possible, always taking his leave, however, with an indifference that was actually astonishing, exhibited, as it was, by a single, marriageable gentleman.

So the gay and festive young gentlemen who were his companions praised him as a jolly fine fellow, with a soul as good as gold, while the defeated belles, the nonplussed skirmishers, and their speculative parents, murmured amazement at their failures. Society in general gazed and wondered much, and all concurred in pronouncing the bachelor a very "queer fish."

One day a polo-match was announced to take place on the amusement grounds. There was a large attend-

ance of people to view the sport, for the captain of one of the sides was reported to be none other than Mr. Harvey Thackston.

When the match began, sure enough, the captain of the Blues, mounted upon a superb horse, was immediately recognized as the jolly bachelor.

The first innings, after a hard contest, was won by the Blues, through a masterly final stroke effected by their leader; and as the bachelor rode in from the strife he was cheered to the echo by his vast throng of admirers.

The second innings began. It proved a greater struggle. This time victory seemed destined for the Reds, for they had carried the ball almost to the goal. Desperately excited, Harvey Thackston spurred forward to save the battle by another grand stroke, but, in leaning forward to strike the ball with his mallet, he suddenly lost his balance, and toppled from his saddle, his head striking the ground with violence, where he lay stunned and bleeding.

Cries of horror filled the air; friends rushed forward to the fallen man's assistance, and he was quickly removed to one of the field tents. But at the moment of his fall, far above the general peal of exclamations, rang the startling voice of a female from the midst of the spectators upon the grand stand, and Therese Montessor, the reigning belle of Newport, fainted in her mother's arms.

When Harvey recovered his senses, he found himself lying upon a hammock-bed in one of the coolest tents upon the polo-ground. He seemed to betray some surprise in finding himself alive, but this gave place to astonishment when he felt a soft hand placed tenderly upon his forehead, and heard a sweet voice inquire:

"Do you feel better, Mr. Thackston?"

He looked up, and discovered the speaker to be the beautiful Therese Montessor.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed. "You here, Miss Montessor? And alone?"

"Alone? Yes, Mr. Thackston, and doctoring you into the bargain," she replied with a smile. "You had a fearful fall. Papa and mamma took you in charge after it happened. Everyone is a lunch now under the grand awning, and I volunteered to stay here to attend you."

"This is very kind of you, Miss Montessor," he said. "I did not think myself so high in your esteem as to merit this consideration. Yes, I feel all right again. I'll go out and remount. Are the men waiting for me?"

"No, indeed; they're waiting rather for the wine-service at the lunch-table, and if you are wise, Mr. Thackston, you will never mount a horse again. I declare your fall gave me such a shock I fa—I almost fainted. Your head is very feverish. Let me bathe it."

Miss Montessor thereupon proceeded to repeat the duties she had been performing at regular intervals for the past hour. Harvey enjoyed the delicious treatment for some time, and also the pleasantest chat he had ever had with any lady of his acquaintance.

There was a perceptible change in the bachelor's demeanor as he listened and talked to his charming companion. He seemed to bestow the most sincere attention upon her and everything she said. He did not indulge in so much careless rambling nonsense and heartless levity as was his wont. As a general thing, at any stage of a conversation, Harvey was equal to all emergencies, and ever ready to throw in some of his quaint humorous remarks in a way that kept the talk flowing ripplingly. Now, however, at times the conversation was very incoherent. There were drags, and pauses, and actual gaps. There was evidently something disturbing the bachelor's habitual tranquility. And he felt there was, for under the bright glances of the beautiful Therese, he wriggled and twitched, like a being under the influence of some fascinating basilisk.

"Hallo," cried a voice suddenly. "Alive again?" and turning their eyes towards the opening of the tent, Harvey and Therese saw standing there Mr. Ralph Liston, the former's chum of the club, who had so lately fallen a victim to matrimony.

"Yes, alive again, Ralph. Come in."

Ralph entered. Therese Montessor rose.

"The relief watch has come. I am off duty," she said. "I will go to lunch now, Mr. Thackston. Good-bye for the present. Don't get talking excitedly now, or you'll work yourself into some dangerous fever," and she fluttered from the tent like a butterfly.

Ralph sat down on the camp-stool which Therese had just vacated. Only a few moments had passed when he detected a strangeness in his friend's manner—an abstractedness, as if his thoughts were not occupied with the subject of which he was talking.

Ralph smelt a mouse immediately.

"Do you know, my dear Harvey," he said suddenly, "the scene I discovered here a moment or two ago was of a rather suspicious nature? It was, by Jove! Rather a pretty picture. Sick warrior on couch, with beautiful female Samaritan. Bright glances, soft voices, and all that. Something in that, Harvey. Confess!"

"Pshaw!" said Harvey with a smile. "Don't say phaw to me. Go on, Harvey. I'll not tell on you. She's a good catch. Hook her at the first nibble."

"Nonsense!" said Harvey, with another smile. "I thought you knew better of me than that. You're a clown, Ralph."

"Love is flooding you at last, Harvey—I know it."

"No, sir. Ha, ha! What a silly noodle you are, Ralph. Do you suppose that I have passed over and over again through roaring flames to be finally scorched and cooked by a trivial puff like this? That the last bachelor of the club, the magnificent tail-piece of celibacy, is yielding himself to the common fate, more easily, perhaps, than any of you?"

"That's it, precisely. I have often said, Harvey, that our braggart soldier, fighting to the last, would prove an easier victim than any of us. I believe it, too. Wait and you will see. I don't assert that the vanquisher will be Therese Montessor, but it will be

someone, ambushed at present, but doomed very soon to stand in your path and dispute your further solitary progress. The trouble is, Harvey, you haven't met your fate yet. You will thwart peril with the utmost impunity until you do. But when your fate appears—beware!"

"Ralph, you're a fool," said Harvey. "Thanks. Excuse me a moment, please. There's my wife out upon the green, looking for me. I must hail her. Ah, what a nice bunch of berries a wife is, Harvey! You never go berrying, do you?" and darting a provoking smile at his friend, Ralph rushed out.

Harvey looked up at the roof of the tent, passed his hand across his forehead, thought a while, and began to wriggle.

"What a delicious thing it is," he mused, "to have a pretty woman soothing a fellow's head with a sponge and basin of water. Charming Therese is handsome and no mistake. As pretty as an angel, and as clever as a Girton graduate. Beautiful eyes, wondrous depth of expression, and what a voice! What a heart, too! Whoa! steady, Harvey! What are you doing? Letting the vision of a pretty woman run away with you? Dispel it, then. There! Hang it, it won't go! The black curls, the bright eyes, the soft smiles, the fairy sponge and basin, are all flashing before me like a sea of freshly-minted gold sovereigns, and the voice is still dwelling in my ear like the murmur of some babbling brooklet. Pshaw! I'm getting poetical. That's a bad sign. Harvey, my boy, really this is getting serious. You're going crazy. Is love hammering for admittance at the gate of your heart? Don't let him in. Keep him out. But these immaterial creatures frequently jump the fence. Let him, and he'll break his neck once and forever. Remember your vow. A bachelor as long as you live; a jolly life; freedom; no slavery! Ha, ha! Sorry, Therese, very sorry; but it can't be helped. Drop your anchor, Harvey, and let the storm come. You can stand it."

Harvey was a man given to much strange soliloquizing, but in this soliloquy he was stranger than his wont. What was the reason? Was it the fever produced by his fall in the polo match, or the fever of love? Harvey turned over and fell into a comfortable sleep.

Notwithstanding his intention to drop anchor and weather the storm, an hour later, when he awoke, the first thing he did was to hurry to his hotel and pack his valise. In the evening, to the general surprise of everyone, he bade Newport adieu and took the train for London.

What was the reason of his hasty departure? The reason which he assigned was fear of the wound upon his head, and the desire to have the attendance of his own physician. The reason which Ralph Liston suspected, and the true one, was that he dared not trust himself in the company of Therese Montessor; that he had flown to escape the allurement of love.

Poor Harvey! With all his bravado, what a coward he was! The Newport season closed. Society was again comfortably settled in its metropolitan quarters. Harvey played his accustomed part in the club gatherings and social receptions. He was invited to many parties, and he went to all of them. But he was invited to one too many. He went to it, and his doom seemed to be foreshadowed. He met Therese Montessor. He went to several others, and through the skillful management of an arch-villain named Ralph Liston, he met Therese Montessor at all of them. By this time he was fairly in the toils—a helpless captive, and one of the easiest victims.

One evening Therese Montessor sat in the parlor of her father's mansion, in company with a gentleman. They were alone. The gas had not been lighted; the parlor was illuminated only by the ruddy glow of the cheerful grate, but by this light anyone could have appreciated the situation.

The gentleman had one arm clasped lovingly around the lady's waist. In one hand he was pressing that fairy member which had once bathed his temples so pleasantly.

"Will you be mine, Therese?" he asked.

"I will," she whispered softly.

Harvey gave a sigh of relief. "I've done it," he murmured to himself. "Or, at least, love has. How sheepish I feel! To think I should ever come to this! How I've been gattered in so easily knocks me! Ah, well—love is quite a conundrum. Therese, my darling, I am yours for ever."

Thus the last bachelor of the club fell into the tempting abyss of matrimony.

### Ghosts with Bad Habits.

The movement recently put on foot in this city to have the bones of Chinamen buried in the New York Bay cemetery and Evergreen cemetery exhumed and sent to China will bring relief to hundreds of families in the celestial kingdom.

The average Chinaman is nothing if not superstitious. When one dies down in Chinatown all the other celestials buried in the New York Bay cemetery and Evergreen cemetery exhumed and sent to China will bring relief to hundreds of families in the celestial kingdom.

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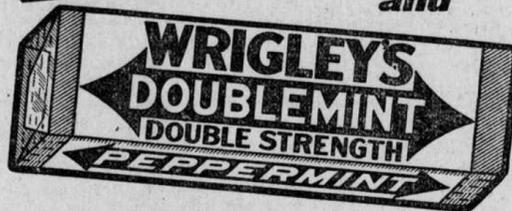
When a man is so terribly anxious to get something away, said Uncle Eben, "hit em or sho sign dat it ain't much 'count. Dis 'plis ter advice same as anything else."—Washington Star.



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(HERE IS A SAMPLE VERSE)

As I was going to Saint Ives  
I met a man with seven wives—  
Each wife had a fine, clear skin,  
All were fat—not one was thin,  
And each had a dimple in her chin;  
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### Excellent Notion.

"There are now in existence so many societies for the prevention of so many different things, and so many more being formed all the time for the prevention of other things," said old P. G. Pester, "that it would be a good idea to inaugurate a few societies for the prevention of societies for the prevention of things. This could be carried on and elaborated until we had societies for the prevention of societies for the prevention of everything; somewhat on the order of torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers and torpedo-boat-destroyer destroyers. Then after the last society had done its duty we might abolish it and have a period of rest for the weary."—Kansas City Star.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb. in sealed cans. Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer. Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.—Adv.

### Their Only Chance.

"The Browns are going to celebrate their silver wedding next week."  
"Why, they're only been married five years."

"Yes, but they want to have it over with before they get their divorce."

### Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes

make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murine Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

### Strenuous Life.

"You seem all done up."  
"Yes, I'm working on the night shift in Wall street."

In the hands of a woman the powder rag is mightier than the sword.

Grand opera is well enough in its way, but the finest music is the rustle of a woman's skirts.

A coachman may not attend church, but he drives a good many others there.

### Heat Form of Energy.

The evidence that heat is a form of energy rather than a fluid is furnished by the fact that heat can be produced practically to an unlimited degree in any given body by the application of mechanical energy. If heat were a kind of fluid, it would be discernible in the body at any time, and could not be increased merely by pounding it. A bar of iron, for example, can be heated simply by the process of hammering. That fact is consistent with the hypothesis that heat is a form of energy. The hammering sets up rapid molecular motion within the body, and that rapid molecular motion is synonymous with heat. Cold is simply the absence of heat.

### First Seal of the United States.

The first great seal of the United States was cut for Uncle Sam in 1782 and the first document to bear its imprint is dated September, 1782. It is a parchment commission granting General Washington full power to arrange with the British for an exchange of prisoners of war. The document is signed by John Hancock, president of congress, and countersigned by Charles Thomas, secretary. The seal was impressed upon the parchment over a white wafer festooned with red in the upper left hand corner.—From the Magazine of American History.

### Underwear for Father.

"No, that ain't loud enough. I want the loudest underwear ever made!"  
"What for, no one ever sees it."  
"I want it so loud that I'll be able to find it mornings when it's got my wife's and all the children's clothes piled on top of it."

### Great Relief.

"Law books are very dry."  
"Still, I enjoy reading them occasionally. They're free from slang, anyhow."

### What Did She Mean?

He—I am going to kiss you when I go.  
She—Leave this house at once, sir!

The cooks try hard, but they appear to be able to do very little with the navy bean.

### His Punctuation.

The editor of a newspaper published in central Pennsylvania tells of articles that he frequently receives from a certain citizen. They are always pertinent and worthy of publication, but they are punctuated in a most peculiar way.

Meeting his correspondent one evening at a friend's house, the editor said: "That was an excellent letter I got from you this morning and I am going to print it Saturday. But tell me, what rule do you follow for punctuation?"

"Why," said the gentleman, "the same rule I learned when I was a boy. I put a semicolon every 12 words and two commas between each pair of semicolons."—Youth's Companion.

### Fate of an Important Question.

At a meeting of an Atchison ladies club two months ago a Very Important Question was discussed. It was so Very Important the members decided Hasty Action should not be taken and it was Laid on the Table for Consideration at the Next Meeting. The Next Meeting was held a few days ago. The Secretary had neglected to make a record of this Important Question, but the President happened to remember it was Laid on the Table, but neither she nor any other member of the society was able to recall it, and consequently one Important Question will never be disposed of.—Atchison Globe.

### Amazing Rise.

"Some men have the commercial instinct highly developed."  
"For example?"  
"Well, there's Tom Jones, who used to go to school with me. He started with very little capital and went into the chicken feed business."  
"Yes, and now?"  
"He's a dealer in elephant fodder."

If it wasn't for the weather a great many loafers would have no excuse for remaining in the business.

The fool delivers his words by numbers and the wise man by weight.

Many a good man who condemns a sinner secretly envies him.