

Truth has to sprint these days to catch up to all the "flying rumors."

Having to round Cape Horn is going a long way about to prove the need of the Isthmus Canal.

Don't bother about trying to pronounce Spanish names. They'll be speaking English there shortly.

This editing of news by the government is a kind of use of what might be called the red, white and blue pencil.

A maiden lady in the West shot a man who persisted in making love to her. It appears that the man was hard bit.

They say Spain never made an invention. It's true they didn't first conceive disappearing guns, but who invented the disappearing feet?

Denton, Texas, has just christened a new citizen "George Dewey Dunn." We don't see how that name ever can be squared with grammar or history.

"But after all," exclaims Castelar, "though the Yankees may blockade our ports they cannot blockade our honor." And Emilio is right about that; it is impossible to blockade anything which doesn't exist.

Remarking that his health is better now than usual, Secretary Long added: "Hard work seems to agree with me." That is an illustration of a general truth. It isn't hard work that kills; it's worry—and Secretary Long has little need to worry about the outcome of the war.

A Brooklyn paper remarks that "Policeman Murphy, of the Adams street station, after emptying his revolver at a feeling burglar on De Kalb avenue early this morning, finally succeeded in wounding the man in the shoulder, when he surrendered." Did the policeman bite him?

The military martinet becomes all machine, and machinery pure and simple is a very poor agent for recruiting an army. Many a man has been rejected by such machinery who would have been accepted by common sense, and who would have made as good a soldier as any of those accepted. Endurance and grit cannot be measured by mere machinery, and the spirit that makes a campaigner and fighter is not to be prescribed by scales and tape line.

Officers sent here by foreign governments to observe our methods of conducting military operations are quoted as expressing astonishment at the ease with which the United States secures volunteers for its army. Accustomed to the system of compulsory service, and familiar with its natural results, discontent and attempted avoidance, they are naturally surprised to find that here a call to arms is answered instantly and gladly, and that the President's only embarrassment is his inability to accept all who offer themselves for enrollment.

The armored cruiser is a natural and logical compromise between the battleship and the unprotected cruiser. Its peculiarly heavy armament and its adequate protection rank it but little below the former, while its speed easily enables it to elude these floating fortresses when occasion requires. Indeed it is a question with naval experts whether a pair of armored cruisers of medium displacement might not prove a match for a battleship. Among naval constructors the plan of securing an effective combination of speed and strength seems to have a common level in the selection of just such boats as the New York and Brooklyn, only with heavier armor.

The spectacle now presented by the blue and the gray commingled is the perfect fruit of the lofty magnanimity which Grant displayed at Appomattox. History presents no companion picture to this. Our civil war was the most tremendous in the annals of the race. In the end millions of Americans had to surrender principles for which, through four years of incessant combat, they had stood ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes. Yet within a brief period, we find the leaders of the vanquished section taking their places in cabinet and legislative assembly, while men like Lamar and Jackson gave authoritative interpretation to the laws of the country from the bench of an supreme tribunal. The feuds bred of European civil wars have defied time's destroying hand, because prescription was given the part which magnanimity should have been allowed to play. The appointments of Lee and Gordon were the most American thing ever done by an American President. It thrilled the Southern heart like the blast of a bugle.

A great maritime power holding the Philippines ought to be mistress in the Far East; which of them is it to be? America is owner of the islands, says the Spectator, but she will not want to keep them, thus giving hostages to all the maritime empires; and she can hardly invent the medley of dark races who inhabit the Philippines with independence and self-government. Manila is not Spanish, like Porto Rico, but Spanish, and would be only a new Manila. At the same time, America will not like to transfer the Philippines to a non-Christian power, even if it should be made to offer the forty millions of dollars which she values the possessions so much, she is she to offer

the myriad of islands, harbors and plantations, with their four or five millions of copper-colored people, two millions and a half of them nominally Christian? There will be fierce biddings for that prize, fierce biddings and fierce jealousies among those who bid and who are not triumphant. We can hardly imagine anything which would so excite Russia, Great Britain, Germany and France as the idea that a rival maritime power would for all time be seated on the thousand islands of the Philippine group.

In the very important matter of domestic relations, Gladstone's life was smoothed and his career made easy. He married well and happily, and his wife still lives in vigorous old age. She was always a comfort, aid and inspiration. The great statesman's children have been worthy of their parents, clean, strong and true. There was never trouble in the form of family disagreements or scandals to interfere with the serenity of mind and unflinching courage with which Gladstone devoted himself to his great public labors. The importance of such fortunate home relations is not easily overestimated. Many promising careers have been wrecked for the lack of domestic peace and happiness, and others have been much stunted and perverted from their natural development. But not many eminent men in public life have earned home joys and fair weather as Gladstone did. A few years ago a cynical defender of a strong and distinguished American leader said that only two great men in British state affairs had been absolutely above scandal or reproach in their private life, and the two were Wilberforce and Gladstone. The chances are that this statement as to the fallings of other statesmen was overdrawn. The circumstances under which it was made were favorable to such exaggeration. But there can be no doubt that Gladstone merited the distinction which it gave him. He kept himself above all the filth into which too many great and powerful men have fallen, now and then. It is not the least of the services which he rendered to the world that he lived such a life while he was winning greater fame than any of his less spotless rivals or contemporaries.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, superintendent of education in Alaska, who has probably done more than any other living man for the social and political welfare of that Territory, deserves especial credit for having landed a permanent colony of Laplanders in Alaska. These people are not only accustomed to living in such a climate, but they are expert herders of reindeer, and Dr. Jackson considers their presence as a full guarantee for the future success of the reindeer enterprise which he has for years so heartily advocated. In this connection it is but fair to state that the recent misfortune which resulted in the death of one-half of the big herd of over 500 reindeer brought over with these Lapps was due to military red tape. The animals were literally starved to death on the Alaskan coast because they were compelled to await official action of some kind there for two weeks. The coast is destitute of the moss needed for their existence. Fifty miles inland there was an abundance of moss. But official red tape compelled the expedition to wait on the coast until communication could be had with Washington, and the result was that only 225 of the animals survived the ordeal. These are now said to be thriving, however, as are also the Lapps. Many of the animals are to be used at once in the Alaskan mail service. There is no denying that the successful establishment of adequate reindeer herds in Alaska will furnish the only practical solution of the rapid transit question in that country, besides going far to solve the problem of winter subsistence. For this reason Dr. Jackson has cause to feel jubilant over the colony of Laplanders that will henceforth have the reindeer enterprise in charge.

No sooner was war declared than America gave to the world a glorious demonstration of her unity and patriotism. Only a generation ago our land was emerging from a furious civil war, yet to-day one section is as devoted as another to the flag. All are Southerners, all Northerners. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee has become a "Yankee." "Dewey's victory" made the South radiant with joy. The President's call for volunteers was answered many times over in the number of men who wanted to enlist. No State, North or South, failed to provide its quota, while spontaneous offers of regiments from many independent sources have had to be declined by the government. In the mill, the office and the shop, on the farm and in the college, our young men gave a mighty answer to the nation's call to arms. Everywhere the purpose to support the government was displayed. Men of means gave their yachts to be transformed into vessels of war. A patriotic millionaire offered to equip a regiment at his own expense. Another millionaire, a lady, has given one hundred thousand dollars to the nation for the prosecution of the struggle with Spain. The people, irrespective of personal fortunes, have shown their willingness to bear without complaint the increased taxation needed to pay the enormous cost of naval and military operations. Prices have risen on many necessities of life, yet there has been no grumbling among the poor. Corporations, often called "souless," in many instances have offered to keep places, at full or half pay, for employees who volunteered for the war. The spirit of patriotism has thrilled the soul of the people. Love of country has brought into closer touch seventy millions of men, women and children. A great emotion is common was worth a service. It is one of the few compensations of war.



CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The storm had come. A great wind rose and shook the pines. Like thunder it rolled among the hills, sweeping with an eager fury the old tower wherein they sat speechless, expectant. Faint flashes of light glanced through the darkling woods and above with a lurid brilliance upon the projecting masonry of one of the walls. All nature seemed alive. The sea itself was stirred. Moans, heavy and sorrow-laden, came from it and rushed inland as it dashed itself with each wild incoming wave against the adamantine breast of the eternal rocks. Minute followed minute, until all the weary masses of them grew into an hour. Savage springs to his feet, and began to walk feverishly up and down. The open agitation he thus betrayed communicated itself to her. She roused herself from the lethargy into which she had apparently fallen, and in her turn rose to her feet. "Nigel," she said, in a piercing voice, "where are you? I can't see you." She held out her hands to him. "Oh, Nigel, what is to be done? Dear, dear Nigel, think of something!"

He went to her and caught her hands. "Above all things, don't give way," he said. "After all, what is it but an accident—a mere fiasco that a word or two will set right? You are trembling! Sit down again, and let us think what is best to be done." She sat down, as he had told her to do, shaking her head out of the ken of his eyes so that he might not see her, and began to cry bitterly, but in a deplorable manner. Savage soon woke to the fact that she was in tears, and despair took possession of him. "Don't do that!" he said, roughly, but with such a passion of regret in his voice that the roughness went for nothing. "There isn't a single thing to be gained by it; and—Marvel, don't cry! I—angrily—" "I can't stand it! Come—be sensible, and listen to what I am going to say!" She roused herself somewhat, and leaned toward him with an eager expectancy that touched him.

"If they had not been here alone," he went on, "nothing could be said." He paused; and, as she still remained silent, he believed she did not understand. "By 'they' I mean the women—Mrs. Scarlett & Co.," he explained. "Now suppose you are listening?—suppose I were to drop from that opening there—pointing to the split in the thick wall nearest to her—" "I might reach the ground beneath without such injury to life or limbs—so little injury indeed that I might even be able to get round to the door, open it, and set you free. And, at all events, even if I failed in that last hope, no one could say a word to you if I were out of the way." "If you were killed, you mean? I may be a coward," said she, quietly, "but I am not so altogether craven that I would purchase my immunity from scandal with your life." He could not see her dear face because of the blackness of the night that now had fallen upon them in its might, but he could guess the generous scorn that marked it.

A hand touched her in the darkness, two lips were pressed upon it. She felt by the intensity of the pressure that it was a farewell; but she seemed hardly to care enough for anything to demand an explanation. Through the opening in the wall near her a ray of sullen moonlight entered which enabled her to see Nigel walk across the room to the window at the other side. It was plain that he had at last decided on dropping from the window. She knew that a lingering death would be the result of this, and, rising quickly from her seat, she went to him. "You will kill yourself, and it will be of no use," she said. "I see no reason why I should be killed." "It will be no good, I tell you," said she, in the same low, calm, hopeless tone. "They would not believe. No; risk nothing in so forlorn a cause. I was born to misfortune—I must follow my destiny."

Almost as the last word left her lips a shout reached them—a shout that rang through the stormy wind without. As they stood trembling, uncertain, it came again, clear and full of anxiety; it sounded nearer this time, and nearer still the next and the next, as it rose incessantly. Savage answered it with all his might, while Marvel stood rigid, frightened, yet full of a wild hope. Suddenly it ceased—that glad sound from without—and both their hearts sank once more. Were they, when help seemed so near, to be again plunged in an ocean of despair?

CHAPTER XX.

"Oh, what can have happened?" cried Marvel, in terrible distress. The answer to this was a loud knocking on the door beneath and the sound of a voice that thrilled through every nerve. "It is Fulker!" said she, in a whisper that reached no one. She felt as though she were going to faint, and sank down upon the stone seat near her. Nigel Savage, however, thought of nothing; his prevailing feeling was one of unutterable relief. He ran down the stone steps and hammered in turn against the door. "Is that you, Wriothsey?" he cried. "Thank heaven you have come! Feel for the key—it is on your side—and let us out!"

He spoke with such heartfelt joy that Wriothsey could not but believe he was sincere. He hardly dared to dwell upon the doubts that haunted him as he ran through the woods; but that they had been of the darkest hue he knew now because of the intensity of the reaction he was enduring. He turned the key in the door as desired, and stood silent upon the threshold. "Lady Wriothsey, is in your husband's room," said Nigel, in a quick, eager tone that trembled with excitement.

It had not occurred to him to explain to Wriothsey—he thought only of the comfort her release would be to her. She came down almost immediately; and, as she emerged into the windy night, and the few straggling moonbeams betrayed her to him, Wriothsey caught her hand and drew it within his arm. "I am afraid I must ask you to hurry," he said, with his lips white. "You have spent so much time here that old ruin that I fear we shall be late for dinner." "For dinner? Is it not over?" asked Marvel, quaking. "It seemed—I mean—What hour is it, then?"

"Seven. We have a mile to walk, and half an hour to do it; the other half I leave for dressing," said he grimly. "So, you see, you will have to make haste." "Seven! I thought it was midnight," she said, with a little bursting sigh. All her tears seemed gone from her now when she would have given a good deal for the relief of them, and, though her heart seemed bursting, she found no means to ease it. Wriothsey took no notice of her words; he trudged on in an impenetrable dumbness that frightened her more than all the cutting speeches in the world could have done. The wind still roared around them, the cold was intense, the way through the rough, unused pathways almost unbearable; but he took no notice of anything, save that, when once she stumbled, he clutched her arm more firmly. He asked no questions whatsoever, and appeared quite dead to the fact that Savage walked beside them.

At last the latter could stand it no longer. "I think it is as well," said he, as indifferently as he could, "that you should know how this unhappy delay occurred." Wriothsey made no reply; he walked on, in fact, as though he neither heard nor saw the speaker.

"I have no doubt you are annoyed," said Savage, quietly, keeping his temper—which was by no means a good one—by a superhuman effort. "But for Lady Wriothsey's sake it is just as well that you should know what happened. We went to look at that tower, found the door open, and went in very naturally to see what was there. While up stairs, the door, driven by a gust of wind, slammed to; the bolt shot into its place, and left us prisoners. Had you not come, we would have been prisoners still." "Not a word from Wriothsey," he said. "You understand?—from Savage, who begs to inform that he would like to murder him."

"Entirely," said Wriothsey, slowly. "I regret very much that I have been the cause of considerable anxiety to Lady Wriothsey. It was quite my fault that we entered the tower at all. I hope—stiffly—"that you will believe how very much I reproach myself in this matter."

"I understand that, too, and also that your feelings on the subject are not of the slightest consequence." "It was not Mr. Savage's fault so much as he says," put in Marvel, hurriedly, in a frightened, nervous tone. "I was the first to express a wish to see that old ruin; and, though he dissuaded me, and said how late it was, I persisted, and—"

"Nevertheless it was my fault," persisted Savage, rather unwisely defending her from herself. "I knew better than you did the time it would take to reach home, and I should have prevented any deviation from our path." "Are you apologizing for Lady Wriothsey?" asked Fulker, suddenly, in a slow, incisive tone that made Marvel's blood run cold. Even Savage seemed impressed by it to an uncomfortable degree. "Certainly not," he said, with considerable spirit. "Apology would be out of place for either her or me. An accident is an accident—no more, no less. I was only afraid that without a word from me you would not be able to grasp the real meaning of a very awkward situation, Lady Wriothsey, too, was afraid her absence might cause remark; and—of course I think it well you should know exactly how it was that she and I were—"

"Sir," interrupted Wriothsey, with indescribable hauteur, "pray spare yourself further explanation. The door shut to without asking Lady Wriothsey's permission, and so kept her prisoner against her will, as I am quite assured, it is altogether unnecessary that you should enter into details of any sort; the story begins and ends there. I am perfectly aware, without your seeking to impress upon me, that Lady Wriothsey's of her own accord would never cause her friends anxiety!"

Nothing more was said after that. Wriothsey quickened his pace, and, Marvel's hand being drawn through his arm, she was compelled to hasten hers also.

At last the lights of Vernum came to her through the trees; and, frightened though she was at all that would inevitably await her within doors, she halted their appearance with delight. They all three reached the steps and entered the hall—the door lying wide open—without encountering any one. Savage turned aside in the direction of the library, where he knew all would be assembled at that hour, and Marvel made direct for the staircase, hoping to escape to her room without a further lecture; but Wriothsey forestalled her. "I should like to speak to you for a moment," he said, "if you will come in here."

He did not leave it to her, however, to reject or accept his proposal, for he caught her hand as she hesitated, and drew her into the empty morning room. Marvel, with a little chill at her heart and feeling utterly unstrung, followed him. When he had brought her into the room, he let her hand go, and, closing the door, looked hard at her. "How long is this to go on?" he said, in a cold, uncompromising tone. "That's what?" asked she, rather confused. She expected a regular scolding for her misbehavior of the afternoon,

and this question, coming so suddenly, puzzled her.

"Your friendship with Mr. Savage?" "Don't be angry with Nigel," she said, earnestly, but timidly. "It was not his fault at all. Oh, yes"—putting up her hand as she saw him about to speak with a terrible accession of wrath upon his brow—"I know he said it was; but I assure you it was I alone who wanted to see that old tower! He tried even to keep me from going there, but it looked so quaint, so lovely in the twilight, that I could not resist it. And then the door closed as you know; and then—growing agitated—"I thought we should be left there forever; and—the time went on until I thought all hope was over; and then you came, and— That was all indeed. It wasn't that I forgot the time; it was only that I couldn't get home; and I knew you would be angry. But, if you had been there yourself, you would have been in just the same plight, and—"

"She stopped dead short, as if checking—she was almost sobbing. She was frightened, terrified, in fact, and her breath came quickly through her parted lips. She had clasped her little slender hands upon her bosom, as though to still its beatings, and was so altogether and openly afraid of him that Wriothsey was cut to the heart. "You need not look at me like that," he said; "I believe every word you say. There is no need to excuse yourself; the whole thing was unfortunate—no more." He paused for a moment, and then, "I regret very much," he said, "that my presence causes you to feel such extreme nervousness."

He spoke so gently, so coldly, that Marvel, whose nerves were strung to the last pitch by all she had undergone during the afternoon, broke down and burst into tears. "I am a little perplexed just now," she sobbed, "a little at your mercy, and you make me feel it." "Look here," said he, impulsively, taking a step toward her, until he saw that she shrank backward, when he stopped—"don't you think you have had enough of this sort of thing? You can't go on playing with fire forever without getting scorched. To-night has awakened you to that fact. Will you give it up and come away with me to the north—to Ringwood—anywhere? I shan't be much in your way; I'll promise to keep out of it as far as I can. I would indeed do a good deal to put an end to this state of affairs."

"Go to that lonely place alone with you? Oh, no. Do not ask it!" she entreated, in a low but vehement tone. "Knowing all I do, it would be insupportable to me. You, too, would not be able to endure it. If—if there were love, it would be different, but— Do not insist upon this, Fulker, I implore you. If you do—with a miserable glance at him—"I shall break my heart." "Well, don't do it just now, at all events," said he, roughly, with a touch of open scorn. "There isn't any time for an exhibition of that sort. If you mean to change your gown for dinner, I'll advise you to do it at once;" and he turned on his heel and left her.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was an intense relief to Marvel when the evening came to an end, and she was able to retire to the solitude of her own room. There was a sense of satisfaction that was almost luxurious in the thought that she was at last alone—that she could think matters out to the end without having to make civil answers to dull remarks in the very middle of a tormenting query put to her own heart. She felt a lassitude both of mind and body, born of the afternoon's misadventure and all the nervous doubts and fears consequent on it.

She rose and went over to where the lamp stood on her dressing table, and looked at her locket—at the one frail thing that connected her with an unknown past. Slowly she opened it and gazed at the face within—so like, yet so unlike her own. She glanced from it to the mirror where her own face looked out at her coldly and sorrowfully, and caught the resemblance. There was something, however, about the hair in the picture which struck her as peculiar; it was brushed very closely back at either side, so that the shaven cheeks looked thin and gaunt. How would she look if she brushed her hair like that? Would the resemblance be more striking than it now was between her and this pale, cynical looking man whom she hardly dared to call "father?"

She pulled the hairpins out of the carefully brushed hair and rolled it up again into a loose, soft, high knot that would admit of a severe brushing back of the soft tress into a severely Greek fashion, so as to accentuate the likeness to the picture which she already saw. She turned abruptly, standing now with her back to the lamps, and saw Mrs. Scarlett advancing across the threshold. She hardly knew her, the cold, suspicious beauty of an hour before, she looked now so wild and haggard. Her lips were blue, her hand was pressed convulsively to her side.

"Have you any chloral?" she asked, in a fierce, impatient tone that bespoke a very agony of pain. "My maid belongs to this part of the world, and I gave her leave to go home to-night, and she has forgotten to put out the bottle, or mislaid it—or something! Have you any?" "No; but," began Marvel, who was a little frightened not only by her sudden entrance, but by the ghastliness of her appearance.

"Do you think that you can get some?" feverishly. "If so, do, and at once." "I think perhaps, if I went to Mrs. Vernum, she might get it from the house-keeper," said Marvel. As she spoke she came forward in a quick, eager way, until she stood beneath the full glare of a bracket lamp.

So standing, Mrs. Scarlett raised her eyes and saw her. An extraordinary change swept over her face—an awful fear mingled with a curious disbelief furled her features. She staggered away from Marvel with a sharp cry, and leaned against the wall behind her, panting, shuddering. "Who are you, girl? Speak!" she cried, hoarsely. "Great heavens, what horrible thing is this! The dead—the dead! Where are they?" She grew suddenly convulsed, and reeled backward, clutching wildly at the empty air.

Marvel sprang forward and caught her just as she fell. She supported her tenderly, and, being tall and, though slender, strong, she lifted her in her arms, and half drew, half carried her to a low lounge at the other side of the fireplace. The doing of all this, however, created a rather unusual disturbance, and following as it did on that short but overbearing cry that came from Mrs. Scarlett, it reached Wriothsey's ears, whose room adjoined Marvel's. He was just in the act of knocking to demand the meaning

of it, when Marvel herself unlocked the door between them and entered his room. She found him in his shirt and trousers, with the end of a cigarette between his lips; but she hardly took any notice of that; she was so glad to find him awake and able to be of service to her.

"Oh, come in! Come quickly!" she said, holding out her hand to Wriothsey; and, flinging his cigarette into the fire, he followed her into her own room.

"What is it?" he asked; and then he saw the prostrate, insensible figure upon the couch and went quickly up to it. "She is not dead?" he exclaimed, with great anxiety—an anxiety that seemed exaggerated to his wife, who could not help watching him closely.

"Not that, I hope," she said—she had got some cologne water and was busily bathing Mrs. Scarlett's forehead, while Wriothsey in a rather helpless fashion was chafing her hands. "If one had a little brandy!" he said, brightening as the idea occurred to him; and, dropping the inanimate hands, he rushed off to his own room.

"Oh, don't be long!" entreated Marvel, as he passed by her. He returned almost immediately, and between them they forced a little of the spirits within Mrs. Scarlett's pallid lips. It seemed to revive her, and presently she opened her eyes and gazed without intelligence around her. She sighed faintly; memory seemed to come back to her in a flash, and, as it did so, her glance fell on Wriothsey, who was bending solicitously over her.

"You?" she said. "I hope you are feeling better now," said he, kindly; but she was still somewhat dazed by her late attack, and did not seem to hear him. "You?" she said again, in a low, curious tone, with a smile that Marvel had never seen upon her lips before; and yet, soft though it was and suggestive of unbounded tenderness, there was more of that faded vanity, of exulting triumph in it than honest affection. She raised her hand feebly and held it out to him.

He grew very red, but of course he had to take it. "Lady Wriothsey is here, and is very anxious about you," he said, as collectedly as he could, though he knew the very fact of his warning her of Marvel's presence would be rather damning in his wife's eyes.

Marvel came forward quickly, a rather indignant light in her eyes. She came close up to where Mrs. Scarlett lay, so that she could see her distinctly. "I am glad you are better," she said, coldly. "Do you think you will require the chloral, or—"

Mrs. Scarlett started violently when first she spoke, and then grew suddenly quiescent, after one long look at her. "I had forgotten about it," she murmured, feebly. She made an effort to rise, but Marvel entreated her to be still. "Your mind is away—you are still very weak," she said; "I beg you will make this room your own for the night."

"Oh, no, thank you!" said Mrs. Scarlett, now rising with determination to a sitting posture. "I have already given you far too much trouble. I—she laughed, faintly—"I don't know what happened here; but I felt curiously unstrung all the evening, and I suppose the climax came as I entered your room."

She took the candlestick that Marvel put into her hand, still without looking at her, and then went out of the room and up the corridor to her own apartment. Marvel stood looking after her, oppressed always by a vague sense of uneasiness, until she saw her cross her own threshold, when, with a little sigh, she turned again and closed her door. Wriothsey stood on the hearth rug, his hands clasped behind his back.

(To be continued.)

A Lump Rat.

When the advertising agent of one of the greatest shows on earth—for is the circus business "greatest" is not a superlative term at all—visited a small town in Kansas last summer he called upon the editor of the local paper and inquired the cost of a double column display advertisement in the next two issues.

"Two hundred and eighty dollars," was the reply, without a second's hesitation. "Great Scott! Are you crazy?" cried the agent. "What would you charge us for a full page?" "Two hundred and eighty—just the same."

"But how do you figure it?" expostulated the circus man. "Haven't you any settled rate for space advertising?" "See here, mister," earnestly remarked the editor, "I don't pay any attention to space in this deal, but I do know just what an advertisement in this paper will cost you. You may have a column, or a page, or the whole blamed paper, just as you like. There's a mortgage for \$280 on this shop, and your circus has got to help me out with it. If it doesn't, I'm a goner, that's all, you may move right in here and run the whole shooting match for a couple of weeks, but we've got to ante up \$280 before next Saturday night. Now, then, are you a friendly Indian or are you a hostile?"

All the "dates" and extra posters used last season by that show throughout the West were printed in a little one-horse newspaper office in Kansas. The paper is still issued regularly, and its editor shows every evidence that he is at peace with all the world and is prospering.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Put His Foot in It.

A graphic writer who has been endeavoring to describe in glowing terms the not inconsiderable charms of the billy town of Bangor, Maine, somewhat carelessly says: "The Bangor business school was next visited and we have nothing but words of praise for that grand institution of learning. It is but a step from there to the county jail." And now the friends of the school want to shut the writer up in it for a while.

Not Much to Be Proud Of.

Clara—I wonder how Mrs. Youngling can have the face to always keep boasting about her family. Gladys—Why? I thought she pretended that her ancestors were good people.

Clara—So she does, and yet she admits that one of them came over with William the Conqueror. I've just been reading about that crowd, and goodness, but they were a hard lot.