OW EBEN STRUCK HIS GAIT

ROACH & LUFKIN. Attorneys
at Law." That was the firm of unusual things in Judge Roach's name, but everybody, including dress and demeanor, and he whistled the office boy and the bookkeeper, "The Campbells Are Coming" all the knew that Lufkin, Eben Lufkin, didn't time, to all kinds of measure, and nev amount to much either in the affairs er in tune. Roach was unmistakably of the office, as a lawyer, or as an indi- irritated when Eben suddenly resumed Boach, slimmer, slower, more silent, an old-fashioned bachelor. As a manter of fact his position in the firm was more that of chief clerk than partner. Roach's sanctum. The judge began to He wrote most of the letters "by hand," a small, beautiful, legible hand, of ble hatred for his old partner. Lufwhich he was very proud. Judge Roach "made allowances" for "Eben," be called him. They had been classmates at college, and the judge remem bered that Lufkin had been his guide, counselor and friend at school. In business, though, things were different. Roach was assertive, confident, pushing. He had up-to-date methods and wore up-to-date clothes. Lufkin had Eben insisted on "locking up." the scholarship without any ability to "get there." Roach was one of those men who would have succeeded from ed Roach, gnawing at his mustache. section hand to superintendency. He got "next" to everything. After ten years of profitable law practice he began to regard Eben more as one of the office fixtures than as a friend and that he was beginning to consider the equal.

Being wealthy by inheritance, the division of profits with Lufkin didn't matter to Judge Roach, but his partner's cautious, besitating, methodical ways began to seem irksome. Lufkin of the nurtured Southern lady. She imagined that he was the "safety" of the partnership. Roach began to think he was a hindrance, a dead weight. He no longer felt the need of an adviser. and he resented criticism. Eben seldom ventured to interfere with affairs,



THE ROSE ON MISS GILDER SLEEVE'S DESK.

but Roach "felt" that his acts were estimated, his words weighed, his manners considered, his behavior criticised by the silent, watchful, gentle old fellow behind the desk. Even Lufkin's facit remonstrance against Roach's smart blue serge "military."

"He's too slow," thought the judge. "He's a boy yet," said Lufkin to him-

"Wonder if Eben'll stand it," thought Roach, when he made up his mind to employ a young woman stenographer. A good wife would make a man of him," mused Lufkin, who didn't know anything about the impending innova-

The new stenographer was the daughter of one of the firm's deceased clients. She was a Southern girl, with have no mercy. a brune serious face, much wavy black hair, wistful gray-blue eyes and a distant manner. Mr. Lufkin loked at her as he might have looked at a strange, beautiful insect when his partner stammered an introduction, but he took the large, white hand she held out to him,

"Thank you, Miss Gildersleeve." to clerks, servants and beggars, and Judge Roach had an idea that it was one of the qualities that helped to keep a while. George-Eben down. When Miss Gildersleeve had been duly installed in her little a minute, please, Eben." corner Lufkin seemed to forget her presence altogether except when he entered or left the office. Then it was "Good morning, Miss Gildersleeve," or anything I said about breaking up the "Good evening, Miss Gildersleeve," but no more. She had been in the office two months before he ventured to dicup. He seemed to prefer writing his think I'll start to-morrow. Court's own letters with a pen. Judge Roach, adjourned and you can look after evon the contrary, never had written so many letters. In fact, Eben, who naturally overheard everything, had never known that his partner belonged to so many clubs, went to so many places, knew so many fashionable ladies, was in correspondence with so many promi-

But when the judge bought a brandnew oak, drop-top typewriting desk for Miss Gildersleeve and had it placed in own private office, where neither prying clerks nor the receptive Lufm got out the little elistone m drawer and, as he his penkuife, whistled "The phello Are Coming" in a woird

He was older than Judge the dictation of letters. To do this it was necessary for the old fellow either to call. Miss Gildersleeve into the main office or to intrude upon the privacy of conceive a deep-rooted but unreasonakin's correspondence began to surpass all reason. The amiable Miss Gildersleeve was forever taking notes. But now it was Eben who monopolized her

> The judge tried coming down early. He arrived one morning at 7 o'clock. But Lufkin was already at work. Then he tried loitering in the evening, but

> "I believe the old fool thinks Miss Gildersleeve has ensnared me," reflect-"The meddlesome fossil!"

> As a matter of fact, the judge had found his stenographer so quick-witted, so modest, so amiable and so comely propriety of showing her a little more personal attention. You see, she was the daughter of an old and respected client and she had come to town an utter stranger. Her manners were those was young, diffident, industrious, discreet. Why not show her some of the consideration which is usually omitted between employer and employe? So thought Judge Roach. It could do no barm, for instance, to take her driving in the park after dark. Nobody would see them. He could keep away from the crowded drives and fashionable resorts. So he asked her.

"Oh, I thank you, Mr. Roach," she had answered, "but I promised a friend to attend the concert this evening. It's very kind of you. I'm sure."

He saw that she was pleased, flattered, he guessed, and by the merest chance he drove that evening past the music stand in the park. He saw her, her face radiant, smiling, chatting gay-

The next day, having asked Miss Gildersleeve to withdraw, Judge Roach, looking quite solemn, his hand trembling a bit, his face flushed, called Eben into his office and closed the

Eben," he said, awkwardly confused, "I've been thinking-of course it's just a notion of mine, but I-have you thought anything of withdrawing from the partnership-going in for yourself,

'Yes, I've thought of it, George," said Lufkin, quietly, a sad kind of smile hovering about the corner of his gentle mouth, "I think I'd have done better alone, perhaps, but it's a bit late now, rusty black alpaca coat looked like a I'm afraid. You see I've been fitting myself to your necessities so long that but if you wish it, George-

"Oh, I don't wish it, Eben," blurted Roach, who was beginning to feel very cheap," "I don't wish it. I've no fault to find, but you're a different kind of a man from me, you're a little too-that is, why, you're too d-d slow!" concluded the judge, trying to justify himself by becoming brutal.

"As you say, George," answered Eben, very softly, "I'll drop out. It'll be especially inconvenient just now-"Why?" The judge was resolved to

"Well, you see, I had arranged to be married at New Year's, and-

"Married?" Judge Roach forgot his resentment in the surprising news. "Yes, George," resumed the quiet "we-that is Miss Gildersleeve

"You don't mean to tell me that you and Miss Gildersleeve are to be mar-He was always polite like that, even ried, Eben!" Mr. Roach was growing gray about the lips. "We intended to keep it a secret for

"Stop! Shut up, will you? Just for The two friends sat quite silent for a few minutes, and then: "Ebe, old boy," said the judge, "you don't want to remember partnership; I didn't mean it. I just wanted to see what you'd say before I went away. I intended to tell you that tate a letter. But he didn't keep it I'm going to Europe for a month. I

> There was a vague smile as he said this, but Eben laughed softly and they shook hands, and when Mr. Boach was alone he looked absently out of the window and muttered:

erything, including the correspondence,

"And I gave him credit for being too slow!"-Chicago Record-Herald.

Genesis of a Word. Bug originally meant a goblin. Weigh word bug means a ghost. The Hobrew word which, in Paalms, sc. 5, is represented by "terror," was in the early translations rendered bug, the verse being, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night."

Qualified. "He furnishes small speculators with

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

Becommendation that the Song B Memorized by Every One

How many people know the words of the National authem, "The Star-Spangled Banner?" This question was put at a convention of the General Society of the War of 1812 held recently in Boston, and resolutions were drafted which, if they bear fruit, will result in more Americans becoming familiar with the stirring words. These resolu tions were proposed by Thomas Hill, one of the Baltimore delegates to the convention, says a writer in the Baltimore American, and are as follows:

Whereas, The people of the United States have for years made use of an anthem known as 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and

"Whereas, It is right and proper that the hymn should be declared by the Congress of these United States;

"Resolved, By the General Society of the War of 1812, That the society will urge upon Congress to declare 'The Star-Spangled Banner' the national hymn.

"Resolved. That the society urge upon the authorities of the public schools of the country the importance of teaching the words of this national hymn to the pupils of said schools.

Resolved. That the several State socleties attending this meeting will recommend such measures in their respective States as will best bring about this result.

"My motive for suggesting these resolutions," said Mr. Hill, "arose from a spectacle witnessed at a recent unvelling of a monument erected at Arlington to the memory of the soldiers of the Spanish-American war. On this occasion were assembled high dignitaries of church and state, a fine vested choir and a number of patriotic societies.

"As the vell was removed from the monument the United States Marine band struck up 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and the vast throng took it up. The first stanza went well, all of us singing. When the second stanza began I did not know the words, so I had a chance to observe those around me. To my surprise I observed that the president, who had been singing lustily the first stanza, had his mouth firmly closed, and most of the officials of state were also silent. When the third stanza struck up the band and the vested choir did the work, and at the fourth all I could distinguish above the sound of the band instruments were the sounds, 'Te, te, tum, tum, tum, tum,' hummed vigorously by the ladies in the patriotic societies.

"It seemed to me that such a condition of affairs should be remedied, so I offered the resolutions at our recent convention."

WHY KITCHENER DOES NOT MARRY.

A romance in Lord Kitchener's life has been published in London to the effect that when he was returning from Egypt ten years ago he met in Paris that fair Fenian, Maude Gonne, and that a fortnight's acquaintance was followed by a proposal. The beautiful Irish



MISS MAUD GONNE.

rebel refused, according to the story to wed her soldier lover except on her own terms. These were inflexible, and as they involved the laying aside of his uniform and joining her in the Irish crusade, he remains a bachelor.

Maude Gonne has been called the Irish Joan of Arc, and is one of the most earnest and untiring opponents of British rule in Ireland.

Ping-Pong Is Threatened.

A new game has been invented and a now being extensively introduced. which is destined, according to its devotees, to cast ping-pong into an This pastime is described by a New Zealand newspaper as a "table game," played with a minature pair of beliews and an air ball, which is very light. At each end of the table are upstand-goals and the play lies in directing the ball through the oppo nent's goal. This, by a stroke of luck, per barrel, and the average price of may be done in a few minutes, or it may not be accomplished in a night. quarter. The authority on "piff-puff" comments on the hazards of the game as follows: The ball in no way confines itself to the table, as a too vigorous pull may send it circling upward to the ceiling and the player, nursing his impaties stands waiting his opportunity to get ly blow it back into place."

You elderly people: Do you ever o's life that bring teers to the eyes.

1816 HAD NO SUMMER.

SURPASSED 1902 FOR UNSEA-SONABLE WEATHER.

Thick Ice Formed During Every Month and December Was Most Agreeable Part of Year-Food Stuffs Sold at Unheard-of Prices.

The recent phenomenal weather has nused an old friend to send to the Washington Post an extract from a erap-book preserved in his family of he remarkable summer of 1816. It is cnown in history as the "cold summer of 1816." The sun seemed to be deold of heat and all Nature was clad in gloom. The people were frightened and imagined that the fire in the sun was being rapidly extinguished, and cars were entertained of the approachng end of all things. Sermons were reached upon the subject in all the surches, and scientific men of the day talked learnedly in effort to explain the strange phenomena.

The winters of 1815 and 1816 were very cold in Europe, but opened comparatively mild in our country, and in way indicated the severe weather that soon prevailed. January was very mild, so much so, indeed, that fires renlered homes uncomfortably warm; this vas broken, however, in February for few days, and the warm condition which existed nearly all of that month gave no indication of the coming wintry aspect which succeeded, and which reniered the remaining months of the year unlike any summer that had preceded it within the memory of the then "oldest Inhabitants."

March came in with its usual ley winds, but moderated greatly toward the end. April began with warm and bright sunshine, but as the month drew to a close the cold increased and it ended in ice and snow and a very wintry temperature. May, which is usually looked for with its welcome flowers. proved a bitter disappointment; the early buds were soon blackened by the frost, and in one night during the first two days of May vegetation was made a blackened waste; the corn was killed and fields had to be made ready for another planting, but that was prevented by the extreme cold. Ice formed to the thickness of half an inch through all the fields.

June was a month of ice and desolation, with thermometer sunk very far below the freezing point, even in the southern latitude, and all renewal of planting was abandoned. Frost, ice and snow were common throughout the country, every green thing which had availed itself during the few days of sunshine to develop perished in the frost, and all kinds of fruit were destroved.

In Vermont snow fell to the depth of ten inches during that month; seven inches of snow in Maine and three inches throughout Massachusetts and Central New York.

July was accompanied by frost and All must concede 'tis good to lead dance of ice was found in the streams and pools as far south as Virginia. That month the Indian corn was entirely destroved in all but the far southern portion of the country, and even there but a small quantity, compared to the usual

crop, escaped. August, which it was hoped would nd the cold weather, soon dispelled hat hope; it was even more cheerless than the months which had preceded it ce formed even thicker than in the preeding month, and the corn was so badly frozen that it was cut for fodder. and almost every green plant was restroved. The news received from Encope contained the intelligence that like conditions existed there in many parts. The papers received from England stated that the year 1816 would be remembered for a generation as the year in which there was no summer. What little corn ripened in the unexposed states was almost worth its weight in gold. Farmers were compelled to use the corn grown in 1815 for planting in the spring of 1817. Seed never cost so much; it was obtained with great difficulty and at a cost of \$5 a bushel. The last month of summer opened bright and warm and was the mildest of the

year; but the expectation of returning summer was soon dispelled. On August 16 ice formed everywhere and winter clothing, which had been inid aside a few days before, was again brought forth to protect the people from the wintry weather. October kept up the reputation of its predecessor, as there was scarcely a day during the whole month that the themrometer rose higher than 30 degrees. November was extremely cold, but, strange to say, December was the mildest and most com-

fortable month of the entire year. Of course the cold spell caused breadstuffs to rise to an unbeard-of price, and it was impossible to obtain the ordi nary vegetables for table use, as what were on sale were required for seed Flour sold in 1817 in the cities for \$13 wheat in England was 97 shillings per

In the Days of Witchcraft. f law are more fully charged with interest than the following, in which the honesty and courage of the judge concerned can scarcely fall to command a good meed of admiration:

When Lord Chief Justice Holt pre ided in the King's Beach, a poor, de crepit old creature was brought be-fore him, accused as a criminal on whom the full severity of the law ught to be visited with exemplary of

"She has a powerful spell."

"Let me see it The spell was handed to the beach It appeared to be a small ball of variously colored rags of silk with threads of as many different hous. These were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written certain cabalistic characters then nearly illegible from much use.

The judge, after looking at this paser charm for a few minutes, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner: "Prisoner, how came you by this?"

"A young gentleman, my lord, gave to me to cure my child's ague."

"How long since?" "Thirty years, my lord." "And did it cure her?"

"Oh, yes, and many others." The judge paused a few moments, and then addressed himself to the "Gentlemen of the jury" he said, "thirty years ago I and some companions, as thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's inn, and, after enjoying ourselves, found we had no means to discharge the reckoning. bserving a child ill of ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the cryptic characters you see on that scrap of parchment, and in gratitude the poor woman permitted us to depart, and took this supposed 'spell' in discharge of all demands. I am the criminal, if one there be. What do

you say, gentlemen?" What the gentlemen said was tanta mount to the acquittal of the accused

Ye Happy Farmer's Life. Of all ye Lives I wot of Ye farmer's is most Blest. He tills ye Soil with sturdy Toil And wastes no Tyme in Rest. He rises in ye Morning When half-past Two has struck,

At Tenne he hittes ye Bedde again, If yet he has good Luck. He journeys to ye Stable And milks two dozen kine. At half-past Four he hungers sore, And for ye Food does Pine. of fried Pork Chops and Coffee He gladly does partake. And to complete ye Meal does eat Ye luscious Buckwheat cake.

And Follows forth ye Plowe, But leaves his Place full soon to chase Back home ye straying Cowe. Returning to ye Mendow He labors hard till noon. And then does munch a Bite of Lunch. Which he dispatches soon.

All day he gaily labors In the Field and Stable-Yard, Nor weary grows as on he goes, Nor finds his Work is hard. He beds down all ye Cattle, When roosts ye tired Lark, A sickly Glim he takes with him To light him after dark.

From one Year to another He Harvest sows and reaps, He lives and thinks and works and drinks And also eats and sleeps. What work he has not Tyme for Is managed by his Wyfe. Portland Oregonian.

Dietetic Difficulties.

Readers of Don Quixote will recall the meal at which Sancho Panza, while Governor of Barataria, found that everything he desired was whisked away at the bidding of the physician's wand, until the table was cleared of all that was eatable. Doctor Martin, in his book, "A Cycle of Cathay," tells of an experience he had in a Chinese hotel; it was singularly similar to that which befell Sancho. The Doctor says:

"Many of the inns are kept by Mohammedans, as I learned to my cost. One day when my servant had set the table, and I was about to begin my breakfast with a slice of ham, the innkeeper appeared, and implored me by all that was sacred to abstain from pork, for his sake is not for my own Sending it away, I addressed myself to a piece of corned beef. To this the host also objected, saying that the

cow was a sacred beast. To spare his feelings, I said I would break my fast on bread and butter. "'Not on butter, I beseech you," he

exclaimed; 'butter, too, is forbidden. My dishes have not been greased with it for five years."

"Swallowing my dry morsel with cup of tea, I left the place, resolving the next time to steer clear of an innkeeper encumbered by such a combination of prejudices.

A lot of saloons and cheap restaurants surround the station at Savannah. In great illuminated letters over one of these saloons, says a traveler. I saw the sign-"Open all night." Next to it was a restaurant bearing with equal prominence the legend-"We ever close." Third in order was a Chinese laundry in a little tumble down hovel, and upon the front of this building was the sign in great, scrawling letters-"We wakee too."

"Just think of it! That fellow came in and actually stole the clock off the

"And you say your dog was in the very same room? "Yes, but he couldn't do anything. Pide is only a watch-dog you know."

The manner in which a girl work erself to death getting ready to marry

s enough to make a conscientious man sahamed that he ever became cogaged.

bout so long, she must catch him on

SONG THAT LINCOLN LIKED.

Written by a Soldier and Lives After He Died Poor and Unknown.

"One of the old parriotic songs that has outlived most of its competitors and seems likely to last for all time is The Flag of the Free," said a music publisher, "and it has a little history of its own. For one thing, it was composed under circumstances which ought to give it the right sort of ring. 'Harrison Millard composed it when

the Civil War was at its height. Millard had enlisted in one of the Massachusetts Volunteer regiments. He had just returned from an extended tour through Europe, where he had studied music and had appeared as a concert singer. He fought bravely at the trout and rose to the rank of Colonel; and in odd moments he used to write music. One day he finished a new composition which he named The Flag of the Free, and gave it to the regimental hand to play. It became very popular with the men in the regiment and at their request was often played when they were on the march,

"When Millard's regiment was relewed at Washington by President Lincoln that was the air its band played. The bandsmen put their whole ouls into their playing that day and he melody sounded exceptionally fine. dr. Lincoln's son, who was standing on the White House steps with his father asked the President:

"'Dad, what is the tune that regimental band from Massachusetts is

playing? "Mr. Lincoln's fancy had been aught by the air, too. He asked Col. Millard about it, and, on learning that it was his own, complimented him

on it. "Millard died in this city about three years ago, poor and practically unknown. He was not buried with milltary honors, for few remembered his services to his country. But his memory will live in that song he wrote. After the war he held an office in the Custom House until Cleveland's secand term, when he was discharged. He told me once that it was through Lincoln's influence that he got the job. I published another of Millard's compositions called 'When the Tide Comes in,' but it will never equal 'The Fing of the Free' in popularity and enderince."-New York Sun.

******************* BEDS FOR "CAMPING OUT."

Rubber mattresses are good and sleeping bags are excellent, but in all my experiences as a camper I have found nothing so satisfactory or so comfortable as the bed built of fresh pine boughs. When these beds are carefully constructed there isn't, to my mind, a hair mattress in the universe that can compare with this primitive

but deliciously comfortable affair. If you are stopping only two or three nights in one spot and then going on in your search for game or for scenery. your guide will not take the trouble to make your hed in a very thorough man. ner. He will simply heap up some freshly cut pine boughs and arrange them with the soft green needle for the op layer of the bed. The truly satisfactory bed of pine boughs requires some time and some skill to construct. and not every guide who inhabits the Quebec or Aroostook pine jungles knows how or is willing to bother with making one properly. In the first place long logs are cut for the length of the bed, and shorter ones are put across the

Into this low box are piled, first, large freshly hewn boughs to build the bed up to the height of the box sides. On op of these boughs softer ones are laid with the new green parts on top to form a covering for the springy mass. When plenty of the soft green needles are put over the other boughs, says a writer in Outlook, you have a bed that is at once deliciously soft and comfortable. The best part of it is that the aromatic pine balasm is a remedy in itself, and the elasticity of the bed lasts for days.

Spoke from Experience. A man who tries to uphold all his statements with the prop of personal experience is pretty sure sooner or

later to find himself in difficulties. "What kind of posts should you say I'd better have for my plazza?" asked a summer resident of the oracle of Bushville. "Cedar?"

"No," was the instant reply; "not less you want to pay for poor stuff. Pine will last ye a hundred years." "Are you sure?" asked the summer resident, doubtfully

"Sure!" ecnoed the oracle. "I never state a thing without I can prove it. I've tried 'em both. Tried 'em twice on my south porch. I tell yel"

Gives Him Pain in Purse "I'm really worried about Charlie." sald young Mrs. Corkins. "What's the trouble?" asked he

mother "All my care seems to have bevain. I wouldn't let him play golf for fear he'd get the golf elbow, nor pingpong for fear be'd get ping-pong at

"Yes. But I haven't the heart to him to stop playing cards, even M it does lead to his becoming deformed."

"What do you mean?" "He admitted to me that the poker ands be is getting are extremely pale-

What "Sub Rose" Me-

The rose is the emblem of selicece and was formerly hung