

The Hollow * Of Her Hand

George Barr McCutcheon

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Challis Wrandall is found murdered in road house near New York. Mrs. Wran-lis summoned from the city and iden-flies the body. A young woman who ac-companied Wrandall to the inn and sub-sementic discounter of the supported companied Wrandall to the inn and sub-sequently disuppeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the gaff had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to ashield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Cas-tleton's life, accept that portion that rewindail hears the story of Hetty CasWrandail hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandail. This and the story of
the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to
tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship
and security from peril on account of the
tragedy. Sara Wrandail and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a
year in Europe. Leslie Wrandail, brother
of Challis, becomes greatly interested in
Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation
possibility for revenge on the Wrandails
and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandail by
marrying his murderess into the family.
Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her
country place. Leslie confesses to Sara
that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara
sarranges with Booth to paint a picture of
Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that
he has seen Hetty before. Looking
through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of
Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty
declares it must be a picture of Hetty
Glynn, an English actress, who resembles
her very much. Much to his chagrin
Leslie is refused by Hetty. Booth and
Hetty confess their love for each other.
but the lafter declares that she can never
marry as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Hetty admits to Sara But the latter declares that she can never marry as there is an insurmountable barsier in the way. Hetty admits to Sarathat she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must be made to pay his brother's debt to the girl. Hetty again attempts to tell the real story of the tragedy and Sara threatens to strangle her if she says a word. Sara insults Hetty by revealing that all this time she has believed Hetty to have sinned in her relations with Challis Wrandall. Later she realizes that Hetty is insocent. Leslie again proposes to Hetty and is rejected. Hetty prepares to leave Sara, declaring that after what has happened she can remain no longer. Hetty starts for Europe. At sea she receives a message from Booth that he has started on a faster steamer and will be waiting for her on the other side. Booth meels her and accompanies her to London.

CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

When the night boat from Dover to Catals slipped away from her moorings that evening, Hetty Castleton and her maid were on board, with all their bags and trunks, and Brandon Booth was supposed to be completely at sea in the heart of that glittering London-

The night was fog-laden and dripping, and the crossing promised to be unpleasant. Wrapped in a thick seaulster Hetty sat huddled up in the lea of the deckhouse, sick at heart and miserable. She reproached herself for the scurvy trick she was playing on him, reviled herself and yet pitied hernelf

A tall man came shambling down the narrow space along the rail and stopped directly in front of her. She started in alarm as he reached out his hand to support himself against the deckhouse. As he leaned forward, he laughed.

"You were thinking of me, Hetty," said the man For a long time she stared at him,

transfixed, and then, with a low moan, covered her eyes with her hands. "le it true-is it a dream?" she

He dropped down beside her and gathered her in his strong, eager arms.

"You were thinking of me, weren't you? And repreaching yourself, and hating yourself for running away like this? I thought so. Well, you might just as well try to dodge the smartest detective in the world as to give me the slip now, darling." "You-you spied on me?" she cried.

in mulled tones. She lay very limp in his arms.

"I did," he confessed, without shame "Gad, when I think of what I might e doing at this moment if I hadn't found you out in time! Think of me back there in London, racing about like a madman, searching for you in every-

"Please, please!" she implored. "But luck was with me. You can't get away, Hetty. I shan't let you out of my sight again. I'll camp in front



She Stared at Him, Transfixed

of your door and you'll see me wither and die of sleeplessness, for one or the other of my eyes will always be open." "Oh, I am so tired, so miserable."

"I wish you would hate me."

"Lie where you are, dearest, and-

She was quiet for a long time. Then "You will never know how much I

"Were you carrying on an affair with him while professing to be the friend of his wife? Pell me that! Did was longing for you, just as you are she find you out and-"

and oh, I shall always believe in fairies." A long time afterward the throbbing ceased, beli-buoys whistled and clanged for you to know that Sara is my loyal, about them; the sea suddenly grew

whole ship-a sigh of relief.

The channel was behind them.

CHAPTER XV.

Rattling Old Bones.

platform when she descended from

the wagon lit in the Gare du Nord.

"I shall not run away from you

"By Jove," he cried, "that's a re-

"I shall go to the Ritz," she said,

after her effects had been examined

"I thought so," he announced calm-

As they rattled and bounced over

and rolls and coffee as they are served

in Paris, to say nothing of waffles and

honey and the marmalade that no Eng-

Alone in his room, however, he was

quite another person. His calm assur-

ance took flight the instant he closed

the door and moodily began to prepare

minished, but the facts in the case

were most desolating. Whatever it

was that stood between them, there

was no gainsaying its power to influ-

ence their lives. It was no trifle that

caused her to take this second flight,

and the sooner he came to realize the

toward him. He would make one more

loved her deeply enough for that.

She joined him in the little open-air

cafe, and they sat down at a table in a

remote corner. There were few peo-

"Hetty, darling," he said, leaning

"There is only one person in the

He felt a queer, sickening sensation

the back of his mind, a hateful fear

began to shape itself. For a long time

he looked into her somber eyes, and

as he looked the fear that was hateful

"Yes," she replied, after a moment.

He watched her closely. "Has this

this secret anything to do with Chal-

per. "You-can't mean that you-"

scoundrel?" he demanded fiercely.

"You must go to Sara," she cried

"Sara knows everything. She will

hurriedly. "Haven't I told you that she

answer would be.

parted.

steadily.

tell you-"

white.

seriousness of opposition the better.

for his bath. Resolution was undi-

lishman can do without.

"I promise, on my honor."

and were ready for release.

"Really, this is ridic-"

be sleepiest.

laugh.

London."

They journeyed to Paris by the night

calm and lifeless; they slid over it as devoted friend; that sho-" "Wait!" he commanded darkly. "Is if it were a quavering sheet of ice: and lights sneaked out of the fog and it possible that she did not discover he thought of her; asleep, he dreamed approached with stealthy swiftness. your secret until the day you left her of Challis Wrandall. There was some-Bells rang below and above them, house so abruptly? Does that explain sailors sprang up from everywhere and your sudden departure?"

calls were heard below; the rattling of "I can answer that," she said quietchains and the thumping of heavy lug- ly. "She has known everything from gage took the place of that steady, the day I met her. I have not said monotonous beat of the engines. Peo- anything, Brandon, to lead you to be- nightly reminders of a man he scarceple began to infest the deck, limp and Wrandall, have I?" groaning harassed but voiceless. A

mighty sigh seemed to envelop the His eyes softened, "No, you haven't. I-I hope you will forget what I said. in the shape of a ghostly influence. Then it was that these two arose You see, I knew Wrandall's reputation. stiffly from their sheltered bench and He had no sense of honor. He-" gave heed to the things that were "Well, I have!" she said levelly.

He flushed. "I am a beast! I'll put it in this way, then: Was he in love promise that he would not write to

with you?" "You are still unfair. I shall not answer."

He was silent for a long time. "And Sara's lips are sealed," he mused, still possessed of doubts and fears.

mail. He was waiting for her on the "Until she elects to tell the story, dearest love, my lips are also sealed. I Sleepy passengers crowded with them love you better than anything else in into the customs department. She, all this world. I could willingly offer alone among them all, was smiling up my life for you, but-well, my life brightly, as if the world could be sweet does not belong to me. It is Sara's." "For heaven's sake, Hetty, what is

at an hour when, by all odds, it should all this?" he cried in desperation. "I was up and on the lookout for you "I can say no more. It is useless to at Amiens," he declared, as they insist, Brandon. If you can wrest the walked off together. "You might have story from her, all well and good. You got off there, you know," with a wry will hate me then, dear love. But it

cannot be helped. I am prepared." "Tell me this much: When you reagain, Brandon," she said earnestly. fused to marry Leslie, was your course inspired by what had happened in-in connection with Challis Wrandall?" Then he broke into a happy

"You forget that it is you that I love," she responded simply. "But why should Sara urge you to

marry Leslie if there is anything-" "Hush! There is the waiter. Come to my sitting-room after breakfast. I ly. "I wired for rooms before I left have something to say to you. We must come to a definite understanding. world and its people, as she might This cannot go on." "Don't frown like that, Hetty," he

pinched little sitting-room, and left her plan of entering a convent, she was there without a vestige of rancour in soon to discover that success in the the cobble-stones in a taxi-meter on the way to the Place Vendome, he devoted the whole of his conversation to in the stand she had taken, but some exile than she could have imagined the delicious breakfast they were to thing immeasurably great in his make herself able to endure at the outset. have, expatiating glibly on the won- up rose to the occasion and he went She found herself more utterly alone

> Two days later he saw her off at the Gare de Lyons, bound for Interlaken. There was a complete understanding to follow her there. She had reserved that she might begin the next. rooms at the Schweitzerhof, and the windows of her sitting-room looked straight up the valley to the snow-covered crest of the Jungfrau. She remembered these rooms; as a young girl she had occupied them with her father season of the year. Later she was to go to Lucerne, and then to Venice.

learned the truth he would come to But he would not despair.

can tell you no more. Why do you grimness in the way he said it that out (though how she did it, heaven ! glare at me as if I were the meanest gave her something to cherish during knows), that Lord Murgatroyd's grandthing on earth? Is this love? Is this the months to come; the hope that he niece was no longer the intimate of your idea of greatness? Isn't it enough | would come back and take her in spite | that impossible person, Sara Gooch. | The point av me argument is that I of herself.

first steamship calling there. Awake, thing uncanny in the persistence with which that ruthless despoiler of peace forced his way into his dreams, to the absolute exclusion of all else. The voyage home was made horrid by these lieve that I was in love with Challis ly knew, yet dreaded. He became more or less obsessed by the idea that an evil spell had descended upon him

> The weeks passed slowly for Hetty. There were no letters from Sara, but an occasional line or so from Mr. Carroll. She had made Brandon Booth from her. If her intention was to cut Pau. herself off entirely from her recent



"Hetty!" He Cried, in a Hoarse Whis

have done in another way by pursuing He was with her for an hour in that the time-honored and rather cowardly derful berries that would come first in forth with the convection that he had and friendless than at any time in her that always to be remembered meal. She was ravenously hungry by the time they reached the hotel, just from listening to his dissertation on chops and rolls and coffee as they are served and rolls and coffee as they are served pletely than ever before. men, young and old, depressed her, inbetween them. She wanted to be quite lived as one without an aim, without a

> dressed. They did not notice her. But the prosperous Hebraic gentlemen who

He sailed from Cherbourg on the thinking of Gooch.

But at last Mrs. Rowe-Martin departregret among the men.

From Mrs. Rowe-Martin and others | what it ought to be." she heard that Mrs. Redmond Wrandall and Vivian were to be in Scotland in October, for somebody-or-other's christening, and that Leslie had been her, nor was he to expect anything doing some really wonderful flying at

> "I am so glad, my dear," said Mrs. Rowe-Martin, "that you refused to marry Leslie. He is a cad. Besides, you would have been in a perpetual state of nerves over his flying.'

Of Sara, there was no news, as might have been expected. Mrs. Rowe-Martin made it very clear that Sara was a respectable person—but heavens!

The chill days of autumn came and the crowd began to dwindle. Hetty made preparations to join in the exbleak, she found herself thinking more and more of the happy-hearted, symbolic dicky-bird on a faraway window ledge. His life was neither a travesty nor a tragedy; hers was both of these. Something told her too that Brandon it?" Booth had wormed the truth out of Sara, and that she would never see him again. It hurt her to think that while Sara believed in her, the man who loved her did not. It is a way men have.

CHAPTER XVI.

Vivian Airs Her Opinions.

Chief among Booth's virtues was his undeviating loyalty to a set purpose. He went back to America with the surrounding Hetty Castleton, no mat- fact, appeared in less than three. ter how irksome the delay in achieving his aim or how vigorous the methods he would have to employ. Sara key; his object in life now was to induce her to turn it in the lock and asked quickly. throw open the door so that he might secrets beyond.

A certain amount of optimistic cour- she?" age attended him in his campaign against what had been described to him as the impossible. He could see no clear reason why she should withtions, when so much in the shape of I'm here, I want the whole story, Sara. happiness was at stake. It was in What is it that stands between us?" this spirit of confidence that he prejust and honorable motive that gave a vulnerable spot in her armor. him the needed courage.

and the next morning saw him on his against the palpably unfair stand both way to Southlook. There was some- she and Hetty were taking. "I mean thing truly ingenuous in his desire to to harass you, if you please, until I get to the bottom of the matter with- get what I'm after. It is of the most out fear or apprehension. At the very vital importance to me. Quite as much worst, he maintained, there could be so, I am sure, as it appears to be to you. nothing more reprehensible than a If Hetty will say the word, I'll take passing infatuation, long since dist her gladly, just as she is, without pelled, or perhaps a mildly sinister knowing what all this is about. But, episode in which virtue had been tri- you see, she won't consent. There umphant and vice defeated with un- must be some way to override her. pleasant results to at least one per- You both admit there is no legal barson, and that person the husband of rier. You tell me today that there Sara Wrandall.

him to the little cottage on the upper to bring out by questioning, so I am

"Ye didn't stay long," said he reflect- stacle is not so serious as you would ively, after he had put the bag up in front. He took up the reins.

"Not very," replied his master. After a dozen rods or more, Pat

"Just siventeen days, I make it." 'Seems longer." "Perhaps you'll be after going back

"Why should you think that, Patrick?" "Because you don't seem to be takin'

much interest in your surroundin's here," said Pat loftily. He delivered a smart smack on the crupper with his stubby whip, and pursed his lips for the companionship to be derived from whistling "I suppose you know why I went to

affectionately on the man's arm. "Sure I do," said Pat, forgetting to whistle. "And was it bad luck you had, sor?" "A temporary case of it, I'm afraid." "Well," said the Irishman, looking

op at his employer with the most profound encouragement in his wink, "if have me believe. Therefore, I mean it's anny help to you, sor, I'll say that to pester you until you give in, my I've never found bad luck to be anything but timporary. And, believe me, I've had plinty of it. Mary was dom near three years makin' up her mind to say yis to me."

"And since then you've had no bad

luck?" said Booth, with a smile. "Plinty of it, begob, but I've had luncheon." some one besides meself to blame for it. There's a lot in that, Mr. Brandon. Whin a man marries, he simply divides his luck into two parts, good and bad, and if he's like most men he puts the bulk av the bad luck on his wife and kapes to himself all he can av the good for a rainy day. That's what makes him a strong man and able to meet trouble when it comes. The beauty av the arrangement is that bad luck is only timporary and a womluck is wid us nine-tenths of the time. whether we know it or not, and we don't have to talk about it."

This was fine philosophy, but Booth discerned the underlying motive.

"I have not," said Pat wrathfully.

"But I won't say as much for Mary.

She couldn't think of Sara without have all the good luck in havin' married her, and she claims to have had all the bad luck in marryin' me. Still, ed, much to Hetty's secret relief, but as I said before, 'tis but timporary. not before she had increased the girl's The good luck lasts and the bad don't. burthens by introducing her into a She'll be after tellin' me so before cold-nosed cosmopolitan set from sundown. That's like all women. which there were but three ways of es- You'll find it out for yourself wan o' cape. She refused to marry one of these days, Mr. Brandon, and ye'll be them, denied another the privilege of dom proud ye're a man and can enjoy making love to her, and declined to your good luck when ye get it. The play auction bridge with all of them. bad luck's always fallin' behind ye, They were not long in dropping her, al- and ye can always look forward to the though it must be said there was real good luck. So don't be downhearted. She'll take you, or me name's not

Booth was inclined to accept this unique discourse as a fair-weather sign.

"Take these bags upstairs. Pat." said he on their arrival at the cottage, and then come down and drive me over to Mrs. Wrandall's."

"Will ye be after stayin' for lunch with her, Mr. Brandon?" inquired Pat, climbing over the wheel.

"I can't answer that question now." "Hiven help both av us if Mary's good luncheon goes to waste." said Pat ominously. "That's all I have to say. She'll take it out av both av us."

"Tell her I'll be here for lunch," said Booth, with alacrity. From which it may be perceived that master and odus. As the days grew short and man were of one mind when it came to considering the importance of Mary. Pat studied his watch for a moment with a calculating eye.

"It's half-past eliven now, sor," he

Booth reflected. "I think not," he said "I'll have luncheon first." Whereupon he leaped from the trap and went in to tell Mary how happy he was to Brooklyn two years ago. He bought

door by the astute Patrick, announced by the sedate Watson and interrogated surprised to hear that he would not have anything cool to drink. Sara sent word that she would be down in firm intention to clear up the mystery lifteen minutes, but, as a matter of She came directly to the point.

"Well," she said, with her mysteri-Wrandall, to all purposes, held the I see." He was still clasping her hand. "No. But I knew just what would

enter in and become a sharer in the happen. I told you it would prove to be a wild-goose chase. Where is

He sat down beside her on the cool, white covered couch.

train the night before I sailed. Yes. Sherman said it was. hold the secret under the new condi- she did send me back to you. Now

For an hour he pleaded with her, pared to confront her on his arrival in all to no purpose. She steadfastly re-New York, and it was the same un- fused to divulge the secret. Not even bounded faith in the belief that noth- his blunt reference to Challis Wraning evil could result from a perfectly dall's connection with the affair found

"I shan't give it up, Sara," he said, He stayed over night in New York, at the end of his earnest harangue is no insanity in her family, and a lot Pat met him at the station and drove of other things that I've been able more than ever certain that the ob-



dear Sara." "Very well," she said resignedly. "When may I expect a renewal of

the conflict?" "Would tomorrow be convenient?" he asked quaintly.

"Have I your permission to start

"Yes. As soon as you like." He left her without feeling that he had gained an inch along the road to success.; That night, in the gloaming of his starlit porch, he smoked many and discretion as opposed to bold and impulsive measures in the handling of a determined woman. He would make an unexpected victory is gained by dilatory tactics, provided the blow is

Soup making is an art. Why trouble with soup recipes when the best chefs in the country are at your service? A few cans of Libby's Soup on your pantry shelf assures you of the correct flavor, ready in a few minutes. There are Tomato, Vegetable, Chicken, Oxtail, Connme, Mock Turtle and other kinds.

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PAINTS WOE ON HIS BARN

Town Meeting and Court Failing Riverhead Man, He Appeals in Big Letters.

A sign on the barn of John J. Pigot of Riverhead, L. I., contains the following in large white letters on a

black background: "A thief is in possession of farms and lands hereabouts. Law, court announced. "D'ye think ye can make and perjurers are friends of the thief."

Pigot, who is apparently an educated man, past middle age and reputed to be wealthy, came here from be where he could enjoy home cook- a farm on Mill Pond, the water rights of which are controlled by the River-

At four he was delivered at Sara's head Electric Light company. Soon afterward he complained to the company that his land was being by the intelligent Murray, who seemed flooded because the water was held back for power. This was denied.

Then Pigot hired a hall, invited the public, and made an address. He said Riverhead was controlled by a "ring," and assailed several leading citizens.

Subsequently he sued the electric ous smile, "she sent you back to me, company for \$2,000, alleging that his farm had been damaged. The action "Have you heard from her?" he was decided by Justice Blackmar in favor of the company.

Making It Hot.

Bill-I see portable crematories have been suggested to follow the

Jill-Looks as if they were trying "In Switzerland. I put her on the to make war look like what General

A Frog in His Throat.

"Why didn't you study your French lesson last night?" "Please, teacher, my throat was so sore I could scracely speak English."

-Judge.

Defined.

"What is 'innate wisdom?' "

"It's knowing all the little meannesses of your neighbor before the town gossip or a real estate deal puts vau wise."-Judge.

Not a Gymnasium Teacher. Husband-Come along! Keeping me here standing like a fool! Wife-Do be reasonable, dear. Can

I really help the way you stand? The reason some folks do not get their prayers answered is because they ask for more than the Lord has

in stock.

A man between 20 and 30 loses on an average of only 5% days a year from illness, but between 50 and 60 he loses about 20 days annually.

It doesn't take an athlete to jump from the frying pan into the fire.

The man who poses as a lion in society is usually a bear at home.

GOOD CHANGE. Coffee to Postum.

The large army of persons who have found relief from many chronic ailments by changing from coffee to Postum as a daily beverage, is growing each day.

It is only a simple question of trying it for oneself in order to know the joy of returning health as realized by an Ills. young lady. She writes:

"I had been a coffee drinker nearly all my life and it affected my stomach -caused insomnia and I was seldom without a headache. I had heard about Postum and how beneficial it was, so concluded to quit coffee and try it.

"I was delighted with the change, I can now sleep well and seldom ever have headache. My stomach has gotten strong and I can eat without suffering afterwards. I think my whole system greatly benefited by Postum.

"My brother also suffered from stomach trouble while he drank coffee, but now, since using Postum, he feels so much better he would not go

back to coffee for anything." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well boiled-15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly-30c and 50c tins. . The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

-sold by Grocers.

ple breakfasting. In her tender blue eyes there was a look of sadness that haunted him, even as she smiled and called him beloved. forward and laying his hand on hers, 'can't you tell me what it is?" She was prepared for the question. In her heart she knew the time had come when she must be fair with him. He observed the pallor that stole into her warm, smooth cheeks as she regarded him fixedly for a long time beore replying. world who can tell you, Brandon. It is for her to decide. I mean Sara Wran-

she murmured. "Poor little sweetheart!"

"If I only could-forget!" "Rest. I will hold you tight and keep you warm. We're in for a nasty crossing, but it is paradise for me. I am mad with the delight of having you here, holding you close to me, feeling you in my arms. The wilder the night better, for I am wild with the joy of it all. I love you! I love you!" He strained her closer to him in a sort of

she breathed into his ear:

now. Brandon, and in the midst of it "Oh, Brandon, why will you perall you came. It is like a fairy story, sist?" she cried, her eyes affame. "I ly greater. After all, the prime confliction.

and mother. By some hook or crook. Booth arranged by wire for her to have them again, not an easy matter at that

He made up his mind on one point The slightest shred of hope was left in that half-hour before breakfast: if she asked him again to let her go her or Booth. Even though he might accomplish the task he had set unto himway in peace, it was only fair to her self—the conquest of Sara in respect and right that he should submit to the to the untold story-he still had Hetinevitable. She loved him, he was ty's dismal prophecy that after he sure of it. Then there must be a very good reason for her perplexing attitude

attempt to have the truth from her. Failing in that, he would accept the situation as hopeless, for the time being at least. She should know that he

stead of encouraging that essentially feminine thing called vanity. She alone in the Alpine town; he was not single purpose except to close one day

attended them were not so careless. One day a card was brought to her rooms. For the next two weeks she had a true and unavoidable friend in Lucerne. It would appear that Mrs. Rowe-Martin had not been apprised of see why they could not be married. the rift in the Wrandall lute. She had no reason to consider the exclu-"We'll see," was all that he said in sive Miss Castleton as anything but

After a time, she went on to Lucerne. Here the life on the surface was gayer, and she was roused from her state of lethargy in spite of herself. Once, from her little balcony in the National, she saw two of her old acquaintances in the chorus at the Gaiety. They were wearing many pearls. Another time she met them in the street. She was rather quietly

response to her forlorn cry that they the most desirable of companions. Mrs. were parting for ever. There was a Rowe-Martin was not long in finding

BELIEVE PIECEWORK IS BEST | cern of an economical management Employers of Labor Bring Strong Arguments to Bear in Favor of

That System. The point is often made that the trade union with its day-rate minimum assumes that all of its craftsmen are equally efficient and that they should be paid accordingly. Employers are not likely to admit this al-

among workmen. The president of a large electrical railway system is consistently opposed to piecework or premium systems, not took on something of a definite shape. because of any fear of labor troubles "Did you know her husband?" he or the special conditions of electric asked, and somehow he knew what the railway maintenance, but simply on the assumption that no shopman can possibly be worth more than \$2 to She was startled. Her lips remained \$2.50 a day. The shop superintendent of this railway has been able to strengthen his argument for a piecework system by making a careful study of practices in other shops, and he "It has," said she, meeting his gaze has determined that a large increase in the production of some jobs could His hands clutched the edge of the be brought about by some form of pretable in a grip that turned the knuckles mium system. In fact, he has calculated that the abolition of the day "Hetty!" he cried, in a hoarse whis- rate would produce a net saving of about twenty per cent. in labor cost. He is also convinced that the piecework system would actually result in better workmanship because the pres-"Were you in love with that infernal ent day rates are too low to appeal to

This has been the result on most

roads where the piecework system has

a long time to overcome the prejudice

against a workman earning more than

the ordinary wages of his craft even

been introduced. But it seems to take

good shopmen.

-Electric Railway Journal. Tobacco Fools Bears. As a safeguard against attacks from

ing down the trail at full speed. The legation, but sometimes they act as if bear struck him in the pit of the stomof uneasinees sneak into existence. In they also believed in a dead level ach with his head, hurling him into the underbrush and sinking his teeth into his thigh. The bear's teeth were setting deeper, and he had about given up when the bear suddenly let go, sat up on his haunches and began to strangle, much like a dog with a bone in his throat. He continued the per-

> chewing tobacco in his pocket had been ground to a pulp and wet with the animal's saliva. The tobacco had evidently made him so sick that he was glad to let go. Lower Animals That Ween

regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. Dogs weep quite easily. The same is true of certain monkeys. As for the elephant, there is abundant evidence of the ease with which it weeps. It sheds tears when wounded, or when it sees that it cannot escape; its tears roll from its eyes like those of a human being in af-

as related to shop accounts should not be the wages of individuals but the total cost of maintenance per car mile.

mends tobacco in the pockets. He ran into a big cinnamon, com-

tain as fast as he could travel.

The giraffe is not less sensitive, and

angry bears, a veteran trapper recom-

formance for a few seconds, then rose to his feet and started up the moun-The trapper discovered a plug of

Among the creatures that weep most easily are the ruminants. All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also assured that the bear sheds tears when it sees its last hour approaching.

Europe," said Booth, laying his hand

She returned his smile. "Come to the portrait?"

a pipeful and derived therefrom a profound estimate of the value of tact an enjoys talking about it, while good haste slowly, as the saying goes. Many struck at the psychological moment of least resistance.

CTO BE CONTINUED