

"Tipping" in Europe. According to immemorial usage, European servants are entitled to tips as an assured part of their income.

American Chivalry. Toward women the American man's attitude is fine. She is neither his deity nor his doll. He simply treats her with deference.

Again comes a statement going to show the great access of prosperity that has come to the farmers of the country, notably in the west, from a succession of big crops.

The burning of the art treasures in John Wanamaker's home, of manuscript Lincoln and Washington letters, of rare books and pictures impossible to replace, is a public as well as a private loss.

The amazing thing in connection with the endless chain system of prayers, begging letters, etc., which cause so much annoyance to their recipients and to postal authorities is that anyone can be influenced by the dread of ill fortune befalling him if he fails to obey the injunction to continue the chain by writing nine other letters.

Consul M. K. Moorhead, reporting from Belgrade, says that minister of agriculture has presented to the Skupstina, or national assembly, for ratification a concession to be granted to an English company for building a packing plant at Paratchia, about 100 miles south of Belgrade, on the railroad to Constantinople.

There is in Pittsburg a magistrate who thinks mince pie is likely to make people commit crimes. Why does he overlook the crime-breeding properties of the Welsh rarebit?

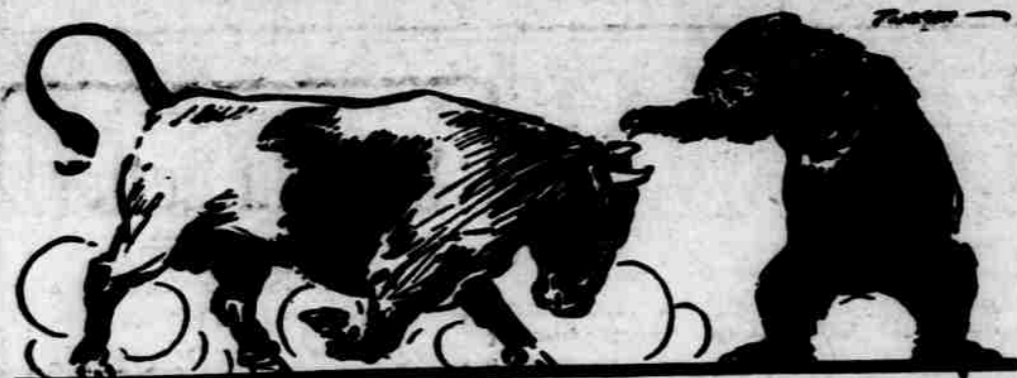
The tailors have decreed that evening clothes must be either blue or Oxford gray. Hat, shoes and linen should conform, of course.

In order not to lose sight of your object in life, it may be well to have one that is not too far away.

A western preacher advises young people to take a book with them wherever they go. One they will find a good deal of use for is the pocket-book.

A Toledo physician announces that air and water are all the food we need. So all that trouble about the pure-food law was for nothing.

Newspaper advertising began in 1653. But with some people it has not begun yet.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE CURSE" (Copyright 1905 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued. I braced myself for the worst. "She is about to tell me that she is leaving," thought I. But I managed to say: "I'm glad to hear of your luck."

"You went on, 'I am in a position to pay back to you, I think, what my father and Sam took from you. It won't be enough, I'm afraid, to pay what you lost indirectly. But I have told the lawyers to make it all over to you.'"

"I could have laughed aloud. It was too ridiculous, this situation into which I had got myself. I did not know what to say. I could hardly keep out of my face how foolish this collapse of my crafty conspiracy made me feel.

"I had forgotten. The whole repulsive, rotten business came back to me. And, changed man that I had become in the last six months, I saw myself as I had been. I felt that she was looking at me, was reading the degrading confession in my telltale features.

"I will tell you the whole truth," said I. "I did use your father's and your brother's debts to me as a means of getting to you. But, before God, Anita, I swear I was honest with you when I said to you I never hoped or wished to win you in that way!"

"I believe you," she replied, and her tone and expression made my heart leap with indescribable joy.

Love is sometimes most unwise in his use of the reins he puts on passion. Instead of setting an impulse commanded, I said, clumsily: "And I am very different to-day from what I was last spring." It never occurred to me how she might interpret those words.

"I know," she replied. She waited several seconds before adding: "I, too, have changed. I see that I was far more guilty than you. There is no excuse for me. I was badly brought up, as you used to say, but—"

"No—no," I began to protest. She cut me short with a sad: "You need not be polite and spare my feelings. Let's not talk of it. Let us go back to the object I had in coming for you to-day."

"You owe me nothing," I repeated. "Your brother and your father settled long ago. I lost nothing through them. And I've learned that if I had never known you, Roebuck and Langdon would still have attacked me."

"What my uncle gave me has been transferred to you," said she, woman fashion, not hearing what she did not care to heed. "I can't make you accept it; but there it is, and there it stays."

"I cannot take it," said I. "If you insist on leaving it in my name, I shall simply return it to your uncle." "I wrote him what I had done," she rejoined. "His answer came yesterday. He approves it!"

"Approves it!" I exclaimed. "You do not know how eccentric he is," she explained, naturally misunderstanding my astonishment. She took a letter from her bosom and handed it to me. I read:

"Dear Madam: It was yours to do with as you pleased. If you ever find yourself in the mood to visit, Gull

ing down a heavy burden. "Thank you," was all she said, but she put a world of meaning into the words. She took the first homeward turning. I found words that would pave the way toward expressing my thoughts—my longings and hopes.

by, my nerves giving way altogether. And you would be my wife? Do you want me to despise you? I struck dead my poor, feeble hope that had been all but still-born. I rushed from the room, closing the door violently between us.

Such was our housewarming. XXIX. BLACKLOCK OPENS FIRE. For what I proceeded to do, all sorts of motives, from the highest to the basest, have been attributed to me. Here is the truth: I had already pushed the medicine of hard work to its limit. It was as powerless against this new development as water against a drunkard's thirst.

"You say you have forgiven me," said I. "Then we can be—friends?" She was silent, and I took her somber expression to mean that she feared I was hiding some subtlety. "I mean just what I say, Anita," I hastened to explain. "Friends—simply friends." And my manner fitted my words.

She looked strangely at me. "You would be content with that?" she asked. "I answered what I thought would please her. 'Let us make the best of our bad bargain,' said I. 'You can trust me now, don't you think you can?'"

"She nodded without speaking; we were at the door, and the servants were hastening out to receive us. Always the servants between us. Servants indoors, servants outdoors; morning, noon and night, from waking to sleeping, these servants to whom we are slaves. As those interrupting servants sent us each a separate way, her to her maid, me to my valet, I was depressed with the chill that the opportunity that has not been seen leaves behind it as it departs.

"Well," said I to myself by way of consolation, as I was dressing for dinner, "she is certainly softening toward you, and when she sees the new house you will be still better friends."

But, when the great day came, I was not so sure. Alva went for a "private view" with young Thornley; out of her enthusiasm she telephoned me from the very midst of the surroundings she found "so wonderful and so beautiful"—thus she assured me in her voice made it impossible to doubt. And, the evening before the great day, I going for a final look round, could find no flaw serious enough to justify the sinking feeling that came over me every time I thought of what Anita would think when she saw my efforts to realize her dream. I set out for "home" half a dozen times at least, that afternoon, before I pulled myself together, called myself an ass, and, with a pause at Delmonico's for a drink, which I ordered and then rejected, finally pushed myself in at the door. What a state my nerves were in!

Alva had departed; Anita was waiting for me in her sitting-room. When she heard me in the hall, just outside, she stood in the doorway. "Come in," she said to me, who did not dare so much as glance at her.

"I entered. I must have looked as I felt—like a boy, summoned before the teacher to be whipped in presence of the entire school. Then I was conscious that she had my hand—how she had got it, I don't know—and that she was murmuring, with tears of happiness in her voice: 'Oh, I can't say it!'"

"Glad you like your own taste," said I awkwardly. "You know, Alva told me."

"But it's one thing to dream, and a very different thing to do," she answered. Then, with smiling reproach: "And I've been thinking all summer that you were ruined! I've been expecting to hear every day that you had had to give up the fight."

"Oh—that passed long ago," said I. "But you never told me," she reminded me. "And I'm glad you didn't," she added. "Not knowing saved me from doing something very foolish." She reddened a little, smiled a great deal, dazlingly, was altogether different from the ice-locked Anita of a short time before, different as June from January. And her hand—so intensely alive—seemed extremely comfortable in mine.

Even as my blood responded to that touch, I had a twinge of cynical bitterness. Yes, apparently I was at last getting what I had so long, so vainly, and, latterly, so hopelessly craved. But—why was she giving it? Why had she withheld herself until this moment of material happiness? "I have to pay the rich man's price," thought I, with a sigh.

It was in reaching out for some sweetness to take away this bitter taste in my honey that I said to her, "When you gave me that money from your uncle, you did it to help me out?" She colored deeply. "How silly you must have thought me!" she answered.

I took her other hand. As I was drawing her toward me, the sudden pallor of her face and chill of her hands halted me once more, brought sickeningly before me the early days of my courtship when she had infuriated my pride by trying to be "submissive." I looked round the room—that room into which I had put so much thought—and money. Money! "The rich man's price!" those delicately brocaded walls shimmered mockingly at me.

"Anita," said I, "do you care for me?" She murmured inaudibly. Evasion! thought I, and suspicion sprang on guard, bristling.

"Anita," I repeated sternly, "do you care for me?" "I am you wife," she replied, her head drooping still lower. And best-tattlingly she drew away from me. That seemed confirmation of my doubt and I said to her satirically, "You are willing to be my wife out of gratitude, to put it politely?"

She looked straight into my eyes and answered, "I can only say there is no one I like so well, and—I will give you all I have to give."

"Like!" I exclaimed contemptuously.

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Germs on Ten Dollar Bills. The night officer found the old farmer sitting on the steps of a vacant house contemptedly shewing a straw. "Waiting for anyone?" asked the officer, suspiciously. "Yes," responded the old man in confidence, "I am waitin' for the scientist to get back." "Why, the one with my ten dollar bill. He slapped me on the back and told me that that be 17 different crawling germs on every ten dollar bill. He said if I'd let him have a ten dollar bill a few minutes he would take it down to the arc light around the corner and stick a pin through each germ so I could see them with my own eyes. He's been gone about half an hour, but I reckon it takes him quite a little while, cause them germs are pesky small to see." And the old farmer settled himself comfortably to await the return of the "scientist."