The Ambition of Mark Truitt

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"THE MAN HIGHER UP," "HIS RISE TO POWER," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt decides to leave his native town of Bethel to seek his fortune. His sweetheart, Unity Martin, encourages him in his project. Simon Truitt tells his son that it long has been his dream to see a steel plant at Bethel and asks him to return and build it if he ever gets rich. Mark arrives in the city and applies to Thomas Henley, head of the Quinby Iron works, for a job and is sent to the construction gang. He makes a big success in that work and Henley promises him a better job.

CHAPTER V.

Crossroads.

It had been an unusually stubborn "hard-tap," requiring quick and heavy sledging to break out the hardened fire-clay and slag in the tap-hole. The slag that had floated on the metal was now dripping into the cinder pit, sending up a shower of golden sparks.

Roman Andrejzski, melter in charge of the furnace, was watching the scorched, haggard face of his "second helper." That young man, leaning with an air of exhaustion and discouragement on his inverted sledge, was coughing violently. He had been just three months in the heat and toil the open-hearth furnacemen must endure and an unnerving fear was upon him: that his steadily waning strength would not hold out.

"Vat iss it? Zick?" Roman spoke in the slow, careful fashion that was his habit when he used English.

Mark shook his head. "Tuckered out."

"Tuckeredt out?" Roman looked at him gravely. "You drink too much?"

"I don't drink at all."

"That iss goot. Mineself," Roman explained naively, "I drink too much. Unt that iss not goot. But always I haf been very strong. It iss the douple turn," he added. "It iss very hardt on the young. Later it gets not so hardt—sometimes. Vare do you lif?"

"With a Frenchman in Rose alley. Rose alley—it stinks! It's too near the mills. I can't sleep for the noise. I'm tired and my head aches all the time."

"For two, three days then you must not vork but sleep."

Mark's red eyes darted angry suspicion at his chief. "I suppose you want my job for somebody else," he sneered.

"No. You are a goot vorker. Unt I like you."

"All the same," Mark answered doggedly, "I quit when I have to—not before."

"You do not belief me." Roman shrugged his big shoulders. "Vat do you eat?"

"Oh, soup and brown bread and potatoes mostly. That's the trouble, I guess."

"Hundert t'ousandt devils! Zo little—unt you vork here! You are American, you must eat. Vy you not lif another place?"

"The Frenchies sort o' think they're friends. They wouldn't understand."

"Bo? But here," Roman shrugged his shoulders again, "it iss a man must be for himself.—Ve vork now." They returned to their task.

Even double turns have an end. The night shift came on at last. At the trough for cooling tools Mark washed away the grimy sweat that streamed down his face. Then he donned a dry shirt and a heavy overcoat. Despite this covering his overheated body shivered when the raw, early April wind struck him.

"Vait!" And Roman was beside him. "I haf decitedt. You come lif by my house."

"I guess not," Mark answered wearily, "I guess you don't want me."

"I haf decitedt," Roman repeated. "You haf been goot friendts to your friendts—you vill be to us also. I haf a big house. It iss still there; you shall sleep unt not hear the mills. Unt my Matka, she iss goot cook. Unt meppy you make friends vit my Piotr. He hass no American friendts."

"You might get tired of me."

"Bo? Then vill I tell you," said Roman simply. "Also, you vill tell us, ven you get tiredt of us. Unt you vill not be chargedt too much. You vill come?"

Mark hesitated, then laughed grimly. "Will I come!"

"Goot!" Roman laid a kindly hand on Mark's shoulder. "Now vill you leddat me unt not vork till the coldt iss vell. You vill come tomorrow?"

And, the matter arranged, they parted for the night.

Roman's house, big only by comparison with three-room tenements, was on a quiet street on one of the city's seven hills. Mark was tucked away in a third-story room. Not even his fancy, less lively than in months agone but still fertile, could conceive the cheap bed and rocker, rag carpet and unpainted table as the trappings of luxury. But it was clean and comfortable, through its windows swept the clean air for which his country-bred lungs were starving and the mills were heard only as a subdued, not unpleasant rumble. Also, immeasurable wealth, there was in that house a bathtub; his attendance upon it astonished even Kazia, who esteemed bathing more highly than did the rest of Roman's household. The Matka's cooking, supplemented by Kazia's arts, fell little short of Roman's prospectus and the five had substance.

For three days, hearkening to Roman's command, he did nothing but sleep and eat. His cold disappeared. His flagging strength revived. Then he gave himself anew to the endless, unavoidable grind—bed, eat, sleep and toil again.

Roman's house, it is true, contained more than comfortable beds and a bathtub, a fact to which Mark gave at first the most attentive. There was Roman himself, in the mills a prodigious, unremitting workman, outside a genial, indulgent host, with a [illegible] Slavic [illegible] Mark called "Piotr Andrejzski," derived from

[illegible] Kazia, who at twelve years in America had learned hardly a word of English. Piotr was a greedy, usually sullen boy of eighteen, still in high school, always bent over his troublesome books. He had a club foot and the heavy labor of the mills was not for him.

"Piotr iss a goot boy," Roman confided to Mark, "but he iss ashamedt that he iss Hunky. I am not ashamedt. He believs ven he iss smart with his books he vill be American. But," the father sighed, "Piotr iss not smart."

Also, there was Kazia.

At first Mark gave but passing notice to the girl who moved so quietly around the house, waiting on the table, sweeping and sewing. Having certain standards of beauty, he carelessly decided that she had none of it.

What hopes Roman may have cherished from the presence of a young American in his home were not at once realized.

Even when Mark had regained much of his strength, the fear of physical collapse always hung over him. There was no night or morning when he did not return ready, after bathing and

Also, There Was Kazia.

eating, to seek his bed. Even with all the rest he could get his former bodily freshness and eagerness never returned.

He did not mean to be selfish. Sometimes at the end of a meal he caught Roman's wistful glance and felt uncomfortably that he was failing in an obligation. But always he went straightway to his room and his precious sleep, adhering rigidly to his routine—toil, eat, sleep and toil again, hoarding his strength as a miser hoards his gold. Had not Roman said, "A man must be for himself?" And always there floated before him a picture so sweetly pathetic as almost to invoke tears: Unity, the faithful Penelope, trustingly awaiting her adventuring lord's return.

Thus the life fashioned him. It was no longer self-denial that he might earn gratification at another time, but self-control lest he go down in the melee.

But one night he discovered Kazia—the real Kazia.

CHAPTER VI.

Melting Ore.

A gentleman, who must pass down in history as Mr. A, led to the discovery. Mr. A, an oarsman who could propel his boat five miles an hour in still water, undertook to row twenty-three miles up a river whose current ran two and one-half miles an hour, and back. The problem was: In how long did Mr. A accomplish this feat?

And upon Piotr fell the duty of finding the solution. Piotr felt painfully incompetent.

"Na miloso Boga!" When Piotr dropped back into Polish, deep emotion was stirring.

It was at the end of supper on a Saturday night when the other shift worked and Mark's rested for twenty-four hours. That day Henley, passing the furnaces, had spoken to him by name, leaving a glow that had not subsided.

"What's the matter, Piotr?"

"I can't work this problem."

"Let me see it." If we could but measure our impulses!

Piotr looked up astounded. "Do you know algebra?"

"A little." Mark took up the book. "Hmm! What's x? Why, that's easy."

He sat down and quickly worked out the problem. Then he led Piotr slowly through the equations thrice, after which he let the boy begin unaided a stumbling but finally successful pursuit of the elusive x.

While Piotr was floundering, his new mentor felt some one behind him. He glanced around and caught Kazia, her arms full of unwashed dishes, looking at him. The wonted indifference had fled before a look of surprised interest. Mark stared, incredulous; it seemed not the same face. But the new look vanished instantly. He had a sense of bafflement, as if he had come upon a rare picture just as a curtain was drawn.

"Fine!" he exclaimed, clapping Piotr on the shoulder; he had not heard the last few equations. "We'll make a scholar out of you yet, Pete."

"Pete!" The boy's homely face lighted up. "Kazia, did you hear? He called me Pete."

"I like Piotr better," she said, with a shrug that impaled her brother.

"Do you," Piotr turned again to Mark, "do you know Latin, too?"

"Oh, a little!" Mark caught Kazia's eyes in the amusement of his [illegible] [illegible] But Kazia was looking away.

"And will you help me with that sometimes?"

"Sure. Sometimes," Mark assented recklessly.

But Piotr was insatiable. "Every night?"

"Well, no," said Mark, recovering caution. "Not every night. I can't—"

"Of course not, Piotr," Kazia cut in. "He can't waste time on a stupid little Hunky."

"I'm not a Hunky," Piotr resented passionately, addressing Kazia but for Mark's benefit, "any more'n you are. We are—we were—Poles. But we're Americans now. Why, I've almost forgotten how to talk Polish—except to the Matka," he added conscientiously.

"Will you help me tonight?" he returned to Mark, with less assurance. "It's Caesar. And I am stupid," he sighed.

Mark, though repenting his rashness, could not well refuse. For an hour they listened while Caesar unctuously told how he had taught the conquered Vercingetorix his place. But Kazia was not at any time present during the lesson. At last, yawning mightily, Mark arose. He went up to his room, bearing Piotr's awkward gratitude and followed by a look of humble admiration it is probably well he did not perceive.

But the incident had its sequel.

He found a light burning dimly in the narrow hallway before his door, and coming out of his room—Kazia.

"I was fixing things," she exclaimed, indifferent as ever.

"Thank you, Kazia." The room, as he remembered it, had been in perfect order. He stood aside to let her pass.

She took one step and then stopped abruptly, looking up at him with suddenly hostile eyes.

"What," she demanded, "did you come here for?"

He smiled—the smile of age for a naughty but amusing child. "Because your father asked me, I guess."

"But you know Latin and algebra and things."

"Why, what's that got to do with it, Kazia?"

"We don't. We're just mill-workers—and Hunkies."

He was not schooled in the reading of voices, but he caught bitterness there. He looked at her more intently—and more kindly.

"What," she repeated resentfully, "did you come here for? You don't like us. You won't have anything to do with us. You eat, then go up to your room and stay there. We thought you were coming to be friends with Piotr"—an almost imperceptible pause—"and me."

"I come up to sleep, Kazia. You see, I was pretty near on my last legs when I came here and I need all the rest I can get. I'm not used to work in the mills and I guess I'm not so strong as I look. If I'm going to get ahead, I've got to do it while I can stand the work. Besides I didn't think you cared whether I liked you or not."

"I don't," she declared, with a little uptilting of her chin; it was a beautifully molded feature. The movement called his eyes to the slender yet strong and rounded throat. He wondered that these beauties had escaped his notice. "I don't. But Piotr and Uncle Roman do."

"Uncle Roman?" It was the first time he had heard the phrase. "I thought he was your father, Kazia."

"No. I—I have no father."

"Oh!" He assumed a bereavement. On a sudden pitying impulse he put out his hand and laid it on her bare forearm; the flesh was smooth and firm. "That's too bad, Kazia."

And then, most unexpectedly, the curtain was drawn aside for him.

"I won't be pitied!" With the cry fell away the Kazia he had known, as did Cinderella's tatters. In her place stood a girl who seemed taller, whose head was held in a fashion peculiar, in his books, to very proud and fine ladies. Her eyes blazed defiance. She snatched her arm away. "Here they're all ashamed. But I ain't ashamed. I won't have you pity me."

This was mystery. But he did not press her for an explanation. He was more interested in another phenomenon.

"Do you know you're mighty good-looking, Kazia?"

The angry crimson deepened. "You're laughing at me. You're—"

"But I'm not laughing." He caught her arm again, gently. "I'm only surprised. I didn't think you were. But you are—when you're interested or mad. Only please don't be mad, because—" What was this unconsidered thing he was saying? The words ran on—"Because I want to be friends with you. Don't you want me to stay?"

For a silent moment she looked at him strangely.

"Yes." She turned abruptly and left him, descending the stairs without so much as a glance backward.

For a full minute he stood looking at the place where she had been. Then he drew a long sighing breath.

"She's a queer one," he muttered.

When he awoke, the late morning sunshine filled his room. But the eager expectancy pervading him, as if some long planned holiday had dawned, was more than a reflection of this outer radiance.

He bathed and dressed carefully. And for the first time he perceived that his clothes, relic of Bethel days, lacked something when judged by city standards. He frowned at the image in the cheap mirror.

"I must buy a new suit," he muttered.

When he went downstairs he found Kazia bending over a window box in the dining room, where three scarlet geraniums flamed. She heard his approach and turned slowly. . . . No deceptive halflight, but the full glory of spring sunshine, was upon her. She was indifferent as ever. But the transformation held.

"Oh! Hullo!"

"Hello!" she said quietly, and moved away toward the kitchen.

"Kazia—"

She paused inquiringly.

"Er—" he floundered. "It's a fine morning."

"Yes," she said.

His remark, he felt, hardly justified her detention. He groped about for a more fertile topic. "Fine geraniums you've got there, Kazia."

"Yes."

"My goodness!" he laughed. "Is 'yes' all you can say? Don't you remember we agreed to be friends?"

"I said I wanted you to stay," she corrected without enthusiasm. "I'll get your breakfast." This time she accomplished her escape.

He sat at the table, loftily amused. Probably—thus he considered her unresponsiveness—the poor thing still doubted his sincerity. And she had reason, beyond question; on the whole he had been selfish in his rigid seclusion. He must repair that.

Kazia, bearing his breakfast, interrupted his musings. He surveyed approvingly the dishes she set before him.

"You're a fine cook, Kazia. Now don't," he protested humorously, "say 'yes.'"

Unsmilingly she ignored both the compliment and the jest. "Will that be all?"

"Well, no."

"What else?"

"You might," he smiled, "sit down and be—friendly."

"I've got to work."

"It seems," he complained, "you're always working."

She shrugged her shoulders. "That's what I'm for." And she left him.

He frowned. It might have been raining on his holiday. He was able, nevertheless, to make a substantial breakfast.

Back in his room, which she had set in order while he ate, he formally and finally dismissed Kazia from his mind and began his weekly letter to Unity. At the end of an hour "My darling" stared at him from an otherwise empty page, and he was glowering out into the sunlit streets and wondering why Kazia wanted him to stay, why her indifference of the morning and why his disappointment.

A youth and his sweetheart strolled by below him. The sight, the music of their laughter, aggravated his restlessness and gave him an idea.

"That's it, exactly. I will go down and get Kazia and take a walk in the park. Poor girl! I expect she needs company, too."

He found her in the dining room—and already attired for holiday sauntering. A ladies' seminary graduate might have been stirred to criticism of the cheap white dress and coarse straw hat with its single blue ribbon; he was not. We may doubt that he saw them at all, for her eyes were dancing and her lips smiling mischievously at Piotr, who sat in one corner, nursing his club foot and glaring fiercely at her. She could be gay, then.

But the smile disappeared upon his entrance. Nevertheless, "Kazia," he

"Kazia," He Announced Boldy, "We're Going Walking in the Park."

announced boldly, "we're going walking in the park."

"Are we?"

"Well, aren't we?" He modified his sultanesque air a little. "I'd like you to come."

"No."

"She's going with Jim Whiting," Piotr explained grumpily. "He's her fellow."

"Oh!" Mark blinked stupidly. Evidently other youths had discovered her. It was strangely disturbing.

He recovered himself, grinning wryly. "Serves me right. I took too much for granted, didn't I? I'm sorry."

"I'll go with you," Piotr volunteered promptly.

"Oh, all right. Come along, Piotr."

"Pete," corrected Piotr. "In a minute."

So, though not as he had planned, Mark sallied forth into the golden afternoon. Piotr, anxious to impress this wonderful boarder whose learning made light of the difficulties of Messrs. A, B and C and defied the intricacies of the subjunctive, talked, at first shyly, then more freely, mostly of himself, this being one of the two subjects in which he was deeply interested. Mark let him ramble on and listened to his own thoughts, which chiefly concerned Kazia. He ruefully wished that he had not been so ready to assume her assent.

Piotr's ambition, the monologue developed, soared high; it included notable achievements as a labor leader, although his notions of the historic conflict were a little vague.

As they passed the mouth of a little dell they were halted by this tableau: Kazia leaning against a tree and Jim Whiting at her feet tying the shoe-lace that had come loose. He was unconscionably long about it, Mark thought. He must have said something, for she laughed, a clear ringing note. The kneeling gallant arose. Mark saw a man two or three years his senior, not ill-looking despite his too heavy lips and loose jaw and "sporty" clothes. Mark disliked him at once. Whiting took Kazia's arm and led her slowly along the dell.

"Psiakrew!" muttered Piotr, in the Pole's deadly insult.

The homely face was pale, convulsed with hate and a real suffering. Even Mark, self-absorbed, could see that. He patted the boy on the shoulder.

"Never mind, Pete. She can't think much of him."

"He's not fit for her," Piotr cried.

"Right!" Mark agreed firmly.

Piotr went further. "Nobody's fit for her."

"Kazia's a mighty nice girl," Mark declared, less sweepingly.

"Yes, she's nice. And she's smart, too, smarter'n me. She's smart as you." Piotr looked up fiercely, as if expecting contradiction.

"Sure, she is! But I'm afraid," very casually, this, "she doesn't like me very well."

Piotr jumped at the bait. "She thinks you're stuck-up and selfish," he explained. "And she's always afraid everybody, 'cept Jim Whiting, 'll look down on her because her mother"—Piotr flushed—"wasn't married."

So that was the reason for her outburst of the night before. Poor Kazia! Mark had not needed to go out of virtuous Bethel to learn the lot of Hagar's children.

"Do you look down on her?" Piotr demanded aggressively.

"Of course not! And you needn't be ashamed of her, either—it isn't her fault, is it? I don't like," Mark said slowly, "to see her with that Whiting. I wish—I wish she liked me a little better."

He did not see the startled questioning look Piotr gave him.

"Kazia," asserted the boy, "never changes. I'm going home."

They strolled homeward, each moodily silent.

Despite the comfortable quarters and nourishing food, now his strength lagged painfully; his scorched face became haggard. And each morning he dragged himself wearily homeward, blind to the day's beauty.

But he did not forget Kazia.

Always a leech-like Piotr awaited his return, with problems to be solved and paragraphs to be construed. Nor did he wait in vain. Every morning Mark patiently sacrificed an hour of the needed sleep on the altar of the boy's rare stupidity. He did not look to Piotr's gratitude for his reward.

The direct charge into the mouth of the enemy's cannon is spectacular and heroic, but the great strategists have relied upon the movement in flank. On Friday Mark came within sight of the coveted position.

"There's three problems and a whole page of indirect discourse," the scholar announced. He added the complaint, "You're late."

"All right," Mark sighed. "Bring 'em out."

Then Kazia spoke her protest. "Piotr, can't you see he's tired?"

"But I can't do 'em." Piotr became sulky at once. "And I haven't failed once this week."

"Piotr, you're a greedy Hunky pig. Don't you do it," she turned to Mark. "Sunday's the double turn."

Was this the olive branch? Nothing then could have persuaded him to give up the hour with Piotr. But he saw an opening; he unlimbered a big gun and sent one shell screaming toward her camp. "You," he said with crushing dignity, "will be walking in the park and won't care. Piotr, we're losing time."

She turned away so quickly that he could not judge his marksmanship. The lesson began and lasted until Piotr rushed off to school.

The double turn came and was duly endured, as are most of life's dreaded trials when they actually present themselves. But even Roman showed the effects of the long strain. When he reached home he began at once to drown his fatigue in huge potations. Mark went to his room.

There a surprise awaited him: clean clothes, neatly laid out—also Kazia, who had just completed this kindly service.

"I thought you'd like to clean up before supper," she explained with a new diffidence.

"Thank you, Kazia. You always think of the right things."

"No, not always."

She moved toward the door—anxious to avoid him, as usual, he thought. But he had no spirit for the siege just then. He dropped into the chair, burying his throbbing head in his hands. He supposed that she had gone.

But she had not gone. She stood uncertain in the doorway, watching the tired dejected figure he made.

"Not always," she repeated. The ready color mounted. "Sometimes I'm—cranky when I don't want to be."

He glanced up, bewildered by this sudden striking of colors.

"You look awful tired," she went on hurriedly.

He nodded stupidly, trying to grasp the fact that for once she was neither hostile nor indifferent. "It's the heat."

"It'll be worse in summer. It hurts even Uncle Roman then. You can't stand it."

He roused himself. "Yes, I can stand it—because I will." Richard Courtney would have detected a new firmness in the line of the grimly shut mouth. "Several thousand men stand it."

"I hope so," she answered gravely. "When you say it that way, you make me think you can."

"I say it to make myself think so, I guess." He laughed shortly. Then he observed that she was wearing her white dress; the reason, of course, was obvious.

"Was it a nice walk today?"

"I didn't go."

"Oh!" He leaned forward, very eagerly for an exhausted man. "Kazia, do you still think I'm stuck-up and selfish?"

She shook her head slowly. "You've been so nice to Piotr this week, when you've been so tired."

"Kazia—" Before that honest gaze he, too, had to be honest. "Kazia, I did it to make you think that. But it was to help him you wanted me to stay, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't."

"Then why?"

Her eyes looked unwaveringly into his. "I don't know," she said slowly. "Because you're different, I guess. You know things. You—" A queer little frown of puzzlement furrowed the pretty brow as she groped for the words. She sighed impatiently, for the groping was fruitless. "You're just—different. I thought I could learn something from you—mebby."

"Will you go walking with me next Sunday, Kazia?"

"Yes," she said very gravely.

"Kazia," he pleaded whimsically, "you even laugh for others—sometimes. Don't you think you might smile for me this once, anyhow?"

A smile quivered on her lips and was gone. But for a breath she lingered, her questioning eyes still upon him.

CHAPTER VII.

Soldier and Maid.

He sat a little apart from her, that he might see her the better. It had been a delicious game, spinning nonsense to lure her forth from the grave reticent mood upon her that Sabbath afternoon and then letting her lapse into gravity and silence once more.

He had found a surprising skill for it; he could play upon her and elicit just the note he desired. It had been so, ever since she had so unexpectedly laid down her hostility. But he was not quite sure which of the two Kazias he liked the better—her of the clear ringing laugh with its hint of daring; or the subdued pensive maid whose eyes wistfully sought the horizon.

The softer mood was upon her then. She sat, chin cupped in both hands, gazing out over the undulating acres of close-cropped greensward.

"You like it?" he queried.

She nodded.

"Huh!" he boasted. "You ought to see the hills up in Bethel. They don't look like they'd just been to the barber's. And you can always smell flowers somewhere." He sniffed reminiscently. "And the woods! You'd like them. The trees are real trees, big fellows that have been there more'n a hundred years. You can get lost there."

"You could leave that! Why?"

"To make money," he responded crassly.

"I wouldn't leave it for money."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BY LIGHT OF THE EARTH

Somber Regions of the Sky Illuminated by Reflections From Our Own Planet.

It has been remarked that the globular light from the whole sky is superior to the sum of all the quantities of light sent to us separately by the stars. Even the most somber regions seem lit by a diffused light which truly has its origin in the terrestrial atmosphere. It is the light of the earth. Different people have endeavored to evaluate the intensity of this earth light and have found that it is of the order of one-tenth part of the intensity of a star of the first order of magnitude.

It is attributed, at least partially, to a permanent aurora borealis which is revealed by the characteristic green ray which is observed on obscure nights in the whole heavens. There is probably something else; the continual bombardment of the upper atmosphere by meteoric swarms and cosmic dust may also illuminate. The mass of meteoric matter which would suffice to explain the observed phenomena has been calculated and the figure found is in good agreement with that given by a direct calculation of the quantity of cosmic matter which strikes the earth.

BROUGHT HIM TO BELIEF

Experience Convinced English Laborer That There Were Persons With Lightness of Touch.

The simple-hearted Weary One and the crafty Bill Sykes were supporting the walls of the works, their tins of untasted coffee in their hands. Bill's coffee looked like coal, while the Weary One had in his the added luxury of a small quantity of milk.

Wherefore, as they say, did Bill covet the tin of the Weary One, and did decide to exchange beverages, should an opportunity occur.

"Torkin' of pickpockets," said the Weary One, "I once 'eard of a chap wot could pick a 'ankercher from a gent's sleeve."

"Oh, that's nothing!" laughed William. "I knows a cove wot can take yer 'at from yer 'ead without yer knowing it."

But the Weary One was incredulous.

Just then he was called away by the foreman, and on his return he picked up the tin which he had trustingly left with Bill and his incredulity vanished like lightning.

"Wel," he exclaimed, "bust me if this don't beat yer 'at trick, Bill. 'Ere's some one bin an' swiped the milk out o' my coffee!"—London Telegraph.

PEPPER WEAPON OF BURGLAR

California Criminal Blinds Police Chief and Makes His Escape After Exciting Chase.

Alhambra, Cal.—While Chief Parker was attempting to search the pockets of a suspicious-looking stranger the man suddenly threw a handful of pepper in his face and escaped after an exciting chase by the officer.

The attention of the chief was directed to the stranger, whom he saw hanging about a home on Dos Robles place, where it was known that the occupants were away. In answer to the officer's questions the man said he was looking for the residence of a physician nearby and willingly accompanied Parker to the house.

No one was at home and a handsome walrus suitcase that the man was carrying aroused the doubts of the officer, who started to search the man, pulling out of one pocket a bunch of skeleton keys and from another a gold watch and a diamond ring. It was while diving into another pocket that the man struck Parker in the face with his hand full of pepper and, dropping the suitcase, started to run.

Although blinded by the pepper and suffering intensely, the chief aroused the neighborhood by firing two shots after the fugitive which only made him travel faster over fences and back yards, the officer in close pursuit, until the man finally reached an orange grove and made his escape, presumably on a Monrovia or Oak Knoll car into Los Angeles.

SEA-LIONS POPULAR AT ZOO

Perform Wonderful Feats of Diving and Fish-Catching at Feeding Time.

London.—Of all the animals in the zoological gardens, none are more popular than the sea-lions, especially at their feeding time, when they perform wonderful feats of diving and fish-catching. Their appetites are apparently insatiable, and they are ready to give a special performance at any moment. The problem of feeding them during the present time, when the fish supply from the North sea may be cut off, is likely to be a serious one. When racing through the water, the sea-lion progresses by a series of long semi-dives of a very snake-like character, and it has been suggested that the appearances of the "sea-serpent" may be due to this animal. The sea-lions belong to the Otariidae or eared seals, which include the fur-seals, and are distinguished from the true seals and walruses by having a small external ear. Their hind limbs also are turned forwards and outwards, and are of greater service than in the other groups of seals. Like the fur-seals, the sea-lions form colonies together at the breeding season, and a quaint account of them at that time is given by Pennant in his "History of Quadrupeds" (1793): "The females make a noise like calves; the young like lambs. The males frequently go into the water, take a large circuit, land, and caress their

Catching a Fish.

females with great affection, put snout to snout as if they were kissing one another. The females, on seeing their males destroyed, will sometimes attempt to carry away a cub in their mouths, but oftener desert them through fear. The food of these animals is the lesser seals, penguins and fish; but while they are ashore they keep, in the breeding time, a fast of three or four months; but to keep their stomachs distended will swallow a number of large stones, each as big as two fists."

BLAST THWARTS BURGLAR

Woman, Awakened, Uses Ash Tray to Rout Robber Who Was Making Off With Goods.

New York—A blast of dynamite in Nelsonville, near Cold Spring, thwarted a burglar who had gathered up $400 worth of loot in the home of Arthur C. Reoppel.

Workmen blowing out rock next door set off a blast that shook Reoppel's home so that vases and pictures tumbled from the mantel shelf. The noise awoke Mrs. Reoppel, who discovered a burglar sneaking out of her room with loot packed in a cloth mandolin cover. Hurling an ash tray at him, she struck him. He then dropped the bag and fled.

Bee Stings Kill Horses.

Two horses, valued at $400, on the farm of Benjamin S. Garber, were stung to death by a swarm of honey bees. In hauling stone the four-horse team was driven too close to the hive, and the bees attacked the two mules and the two horses.

The mules were first unhitched and taken to a place of safety. The horses, left to be stung, died a few hours later.

Baby Menaced by a Rattlesnake.

Maiden Rock, Wis.—"Mother, see what I have." Mrs. Buckner of Diamond Bluff looked over to see where her two-year-old daughter was playing, and saw a huge rattlesnake coiled about the child's legs. The mother snatched the infant from the reptile and ran toward the house. A neighbor killed the snake.