TRIPP IS MIGHTY LONELY.

A SOCIABLE SOUL WITH NONE TO TALK TO IN THE MINNESOTA WOODS.

Effect of the Flood of Conversation When He Has a Visitor—An Admirer of P. T. Barnum—Not Afraid of Wild Animals, but Bothered by a Friendly Skunk.

"In my somewhat heterodox list of acquaintances," said ex-Alderman Brandt of Binghamton to a crowd of his friends at the Gilsey House, "I number the loneliest man in the world. He is also the most hospitable individual ever born and if any of you should ever run across him, which isn't likely, you wont be able to tear loose unless you silently steal away, like the Arab. His name is Tripp, S. D. Tripp of Itaska county, Minn., and I ran across him while I was up there last fall hunting moose. Nothing but moose and Tripp would live in such a country. Our party got lost and in searching for a trail back to camp we ran into a man about 60 years old with a weather-beaten face, a long scraggly black beard, and about the biggest arms and thickest shoulders I ever saw on a human being. That was Tripp. He'd been out looking for a strayed ox, but the minute he set eyes on us he forgot all about that and made a rush for us with joy just beaming out of him like light out of a bullseye lantern. He went the rounds of our party shaking hands and greeting us in a voice that woke the echoes like the concussion of thunder. I don't think I ever heard any man that could touch that voice, even with a megaphone.

"'Oh, but I'm glad to see ye,' he kept saying. 'Lord bless ye'—he didn't exactly say that, but that's what he meant—'I'm tickled to set eyes on ye. Hain't got a glim of a feller critter sence last May. I'm old Tripp an' my shack's right down here a piece. Lord bless ye' how'd ye ever git hereabouts? Come right along to the shack.'

"His shack was the storehouse of a lumber camp and was about twenty miles away from Grand Rapids, the nearest settlement and a very small one at that. From March 1 to the middle of October he had to stay there and keep watch of the stores. If he saw on an average one person in two months he was in great luck, and he never went to town as the trail was bad and he wasn't expected to leave the place alone for long. As soon as we reached his home he shook hands all around again and cursed us with such joyous hospitality that we wouldn't have had the heart to decline his invitation to eat even if we hadn't been mighty hungry. He almost wept when the guide said we'd better take the cross trail that we had come to and get back to our own camp. I was pretty tired myself and I decided to stay there for the night and let the rest of the crowd go on. Well, Tripp was so grateful I thought he was going to hug me.

"'I thought ye had some feelin' fer a feller man in ye, Lord bless ye,' he said. 'We'll have a grand old talk. I aint talked to a feller since last June and he wa'nt no good. He was a lumber camp watcher, too, and he rid over from his camp on Wildcat Creek to make a little visit. I was mighty glad to see him an' I made him right to home. But, blast me, if he didn't up an' say he was goin' back when he'd been here only two days.

"'"What's the matter?" says I. "Aint I give ye good feed?" I says.

"'"Feed's all right," says he.

"'"An' drink?" says I.

"'"Drinks fine," says he, reachin' fer the demijohn.

"'"An' I aint said nothin' to hurt yer feelin's, have I?" says I to him.

"'"No," he says, "you aint. Not a-purpose, anyway."

"'"Then what's ailin' ye?" I says.

"'"Well," says he, "I been here a couple o' days," he says, "an' you've ben jabberin' so fast all that time I aint got a word in edgewise," he says. "I come over here to talk to a feller man," he says, "not to attend a dod-rotted lecture," he says, "an' I'm sick of it," he says. An' dod-rot my bones if he didn't climb on his hoss an' git. When I saw he was reely goin' I was so mad I think I'd a-shot him if I'd had a gun.'

"'Great Scott,' I said, 'you don't live in this wilderness without a gun?'

"That's just what he did, though. Said he hadn't any use for one. He said there were bears around, but they didn't bother him much.

"'Uster keep me awake,' he said, 'scratchin' an' clawin' at the door nights. But I don't mind 'em now. I let 'em scratch. One night I got hot under the collar at a big he-feller that kept a-sniffin' an' a blowin' like a man with a cold in his nose. I got up still an' put on my heavy boots with the hob-nails. Mister B'ar he was snoopin' around the crack when I opened up quick an' landed him a solid kick right under the jaw. Har—har-har-har!' and Old Tripp laughed till he shook the leaves from the trees. 'Yes, sir, I got him hard, an' he went over backward an' I shut the door quick. Last thing I heard before I fell asleep was that b'ar a-cussin' an' a-groanin' and promisin' to hisself to chaw me up, but he was gone in the mornin'. Bet he had a mighty bad jaw-ache. Har-har-har!'

"Tripp didn't seem to know what it was to be afraid of wild animals. Said he'd take his chance with the best of them, give him a club and a knife. Only trouble with the animals was that they wouldn't stand up and fight, he said. I thought, myself, they showed good sense, for I believe he could have whipped three times his weight in almost anything, and his weight was some 200 pounds of muscle. All that there was in his shack he showed me with great pride. His entire library consisted of a broken-backed Life of P. T. Barnum. So well thumbed a volume I never expect to see in one piece again. The old chap knew it by heart, I believe; would reel off whole passages of it from memory and spiced his conversation with frequent quotations. To my descriptions of Barnum's circus he listened with breathless interest. Barring George Washington, with whom he had not had the same opportunities of familiarizing himself, he believed Barnum to be the greatest man in American history. His one other relaxation besides this literature was solitaire, which he played with an amazingly dilapidated pack of cards. I showed him my camera and promised to take his picture in the morning, which almost affected him to tears of delight. Every now and then the subject would crop out in his conversation, which never stopped for ten consecutive seconds.

"By 10 o'clock I was very sleepy, but that vigorous voice was going as hard and fast as ever. I began to sympathize with the man from Wildcat Creek. Finally I had to tell Tripp I wanted to turn in. Although he was polite about it I could see he was disappointed in me; probably expected me to sit up all night. But he said we'd turn in right away, only he wanted me to read a letter from his niece first, and a copy which he had kept of the answer he had sent her. The niece was a young girl in a good boarding school here in the East and she wrote just like any other cheery school girl. Her letter was full of the fun of school life and the young joy of living. But the old man's answer—well, I wish I had made a copy of it. Except for the moral reflections culled from the life of P. T. B., it was a masterpiece. Somewhere under his rough exterior Tripp had a spring of poetical feeling in him, and he had labored over that letter; two weeks in writing it, he said. He described the woods to her; the solemn notes of the night wind in the tall trees; the springing of the flowers, the quaint and friendly habits of the wood animals when they became accustomed to his presence. I would only parody the thing by attempting to quote it from memory. There was one passage that particularly struck me; a description of a flock of loons sailing down in a moon-lit lake, in full view of his window.

"'Where's that lake?' I asked him. 'I haven't seen anything of the sort around here.'

"'That's it,' he said pointing to a muddy wallow, black under the clear moonlight. 'It's nothin' but green slime an' rotten weed an' if a loon ever got into it he'd stick in the mud an' die. But I wa'n't goin' to let that girl think her old uncle was livin' amid the beauties of nature without no soul for appreciation, as the life of P. T. Barnum says. Besides,' he added a little wistfully, 'I always have kinder hankered after the gold of the moonlight on clean open water. Say, but don't them quotations come in good?'

"After complimenting him on the quotations I was permitted to turn in. Untroubled rest was not to be my portion, however. Tripp kept waking me up to ask questions about the photographs. Dawn had begun to light up the cabin when a scuffling sound mingled with my dreams and persisted until I woke up and found that it was real and was caused by some creature scratching at the door.

"'One of them dod-rotted b'ars,' said Tripp in reply to my question. 'Want me to git up an' kick him away?'

"'I've got a gun there two barrels loaded with buckshot,' I said. 'That'll do for him.'

"'Aw, let him go,' said old Tripp. Then he added excitedly: 'Say, Brandt, did you ever shoot a skunk with that gun?'

"'No; I never did,' said I.

"'Well, you could, couldn't you?'

"'Of course I could, but there wouldn't be much left of the skunk.'

"Out leaped Tripp upon the floor and capered extravagantly in his shirt tail.

"'I don't care if ye don't leave a whiff of him. Dod-rot him, I've got him now! He's fooled with me all he's a-goin' to. He's been the terror of my life.'

"'It's a curious thing that you wander around at will in a wood full of wildcats, and chuck bears under the chin with your feet, yet are afraid of a little skunk,' I said.

"'Not so durn curious, either,' said he.

"And when you come to think of it, it wasn't. A man without a gun can't advantageously deal with a skunk, particularly on his own premises. That's where this skunk seemed to be, most of the time. He had become so familiar, Tripp said, that he'd walk right in at the open door and help himself to anything in sight. The dog was afraid of him, and Tripp was afraid of him, and the skunk knew it and lorded it over the shack accordingly. But I was to be Nemesis to that skunk, and on the face of the indictment it looked like a fitting case for the death penalty. I guess Tripp sat up and chuckled until broad daylight over the impending fate of his visitor. About 8 o'clock in the morning he hauled me out by the legs.

"'Git dressed!' he bellowed; 'the blasted skunk is here.'

"'Sh-h-h,' I said: 'you'll scare him away.'

"'Scare your grandmother,' said Tripp; 'you could go and yell in his ear and he'd only turn up his nose at you.'

"There was a difficulty, however. Behind the shack and connecting it with the storehouse was a sort of open shed, and in this his skunkship was disporting himself. Tripp didn't want him killed in there; said it would mess things up too much, so he tried to get him out. First he tried to shoo the animal, but that had no effect. Then he took a club and poked him gently. The skunk just moved away a little and turned, and I executed a strategic change of base. I never supposed a wild animal could be so tame.

"'I suppose it was this skunk you had in mind,' I said, 'when you wrote that passage about the friendly animals.'

"That made old Tripp mad. He left off poking the visitor and began to swear. Finally, he told me to go ahead and blaze away, anyhow. If we waited for the skunk to get out, he said, he'd probably make up his mind to stay all day and maybe sleep there. But I didn't feel exactly like shooting the creature. It savored too much of cold-blooded murder to kill an animal so serenely sure of hospitality as our visitor. Besides, he was a most beautiful specimen with his bright eyes, well-shaped head and clean, silky, bushy fur.

"'I don't see that he's doing any harm,' I said. 'What's the good of killing him?'

"At that old Tripp roared like a bull. The skunk looked at him in some surprise and drew himself up as if offended. Finally, Tripp became coherent and bellowed:

"'I wont have him 'round any more! He thinks he owns the place. I'll show him! If you wont kill him I will.'

"Up went his club in the air, above the skunk's head. That changed the complexion of matters entirely. It was now a case of self-preservation on my part. As the blow fell I emptied both barrels of my gun loaded with buck shot, at one-yard range, and that skunk simply disintegrated. Hardly a tinge of odor even remained. For a moment there was silence following the shot. Then Tripp went over and examined a patch of fur and straightway began to caper, accompanying himself with a barbarous and thunderous chant, of which the burden was:

'He's dead, dod-rot him!
He's dead, dod-rot him!
He's dead; he's dead; he's dead, dod-rot him!

"This he kept up until I retired into the shack with my hands over my ears, for I verily thought my ear-drums were going to split. By and by Tripp came in and wanted in his gratitude to make me a present of 'The Life of P. T. Barnum,' a gift which I succeeded in declining only by the exercise of great diplomacy.

"Then we proceeded to the photographing. I took Tripp standing up, sitting down, with the dog and the horse and the oxen, with his hat off and his hat on and his hat lifted on a pole (an idea of his own which he considered picturesque), but always with a broad and vivid smile of gratification shining through his heavy beard like sunlight through a thicket. He even regretted the skunk, for a moment, when he thought how effective that deceased animal would have been as the centre of a group. Deep was his disappointment at learning that I couldn't turn out the prints right away, and he made me promise a dozen times that I wouldn't forget to send them to him.

"When it came time for me to go old Tripp almost wept. He begged me to stay one more day, anyway, but we were about breaking camp over in our own camp and I couldn't stay. So he pointed me out the path and I left. The last thing I saw of Tripp he was standing in front of the shack with a most lugubrious countenance, sadly waving me a farewell with his big, slouch hat. But it wasn't the last I heard of him. I must have travelled a full mile when the drying leaves overhead thrilled to the sound of his great, deep voice:

"'Oh-h-h-h-h, Brandt! Oh-h-h-h-h, Brandt. Do-o-o-o-o'nt fergit to send them pho-o-o-o-o-tographs!'"

INSTINCT OF DOGS.

Col. Higbie's Rory and Kathleen, and Their Reasoning Powers as He Told of Them.

The late Col. Rowland Higbie of what used to be St. Ambrose's, but by the grace of the Board on Geographic Names is now officially St. Ambrose, was a famous judge and lover of dogs, and indeed of all other animals. Long before aniseed dogs were invented in this country, Col. Higbie had his pack of live-fox hounds, and he took prizes galore long before the Westminster Club began to hold yearly exhibits of gowns and hats. His horses outclassed anything at the horse show, even though they were trotting nags; and as for cats and other animals! The Colonel hardly ever slept at home, for fear that some jealous animal or other might destroy him to prevent another over-affectionate animal from securing him.

It might be expected that the Colonel had some good stories to tell of the intelligence of his favorites. He had. Only his unexpected death prevented him from confiding them to the columns of his favorite weekly. As it is, here are two of his stories, noted down from his accounts of his pets, Rory and Kathleen, two dogs.

"In spite of their names," the Colonel would preface his tale, "these two dogs were not Irish setters or anything else Irish. Rory was whelped on Dec. 11 and Kathleen on March 8. They were named out of contrariness. Rory's mother, Queen Anne, was a favorite of mine, the daughter of a very fine animal of which I had been very fond. Shortly before Queen Anne littered I sent her to a friend, Roderick McFarlane, who lived in Varsovie, about 500 miles away, in Pennsylvania. There Rory was whelped, and there Queen Anne died. Rory was only about six weeks old when Queen Anne died; she was run over by a train."

Here, as a rule, the Colonel would interrupt himself to revile modern railroads. Yes, they enabled one to get from St. Ambrose to New York in a day, but what of that? They killed more good dogs in a year than they were worth.

"Rory, as I said," the Colonel would continue, "was whelped on Dec. 11, and his mother was killed late in January. Early in March I was surprised to see a puppy, dirty, travel-stained and disreputable, drag himself up to my door and lie down on the mat. I did not recognize the little beast, but went to the door and let him in. To my surprise, he went at once to the old-fashioned clothes press at the end of the hall, where I was wont to keep a lot of old rugs and things, and there sat up and begged. The tears came into my eyes, for that was what Queen Anne had been accustomed to do when she wanted to go to sleep. I took out an old rug, red on one side and gray on the other, on which Queen Anne had slept, and threw it in a corner; the puppy looked at it and whined. I could hardly see to do it, my eyes were so full of tears, but I carried the rug over to the corner where Queen Anne had slept and the puppy lay down and slept contentedly.

"It wasn't for several days that I learned all about the matter. After his mother's tragic death, Rory, who had seen it, pined and moped a good deal. After about a week he disappeared and it was thought that he had been stolen. But no! the little fellow had found his way to his mother's old home! He had never been there; but the wonderful instinct imparted to dogs had enabled him to find his way over 500 miles of tortuous route to his hereditary home!

"No one can tell me that dogs haven't more than instinct."

Kathleen possessed even more wonderful powers of instinct or reason than Rory. As Col. Higbie said, she was whelped on March 8, of pure breed. She was a small animal, liver and white in color, and noted at the Colonel's for her exceptional intelligence. For the same reason that led Col. Higbie to dispose of Queen Anne, Kathleen was to be sent to a friend's place at Bremen, about 120 miles from St. Ambrose. This is Col. Higbie's account of what happened.

"It was in 1897, in May," the Colonel would begin. "I had decided to accept an offer for Kathleen made by a dealer in Bremen, and sat down to write him of the fact. I wrote, interrupting myself from time to time to speak to my wife. When I returned to my letter I suppose I must have read aloud what I had written. Kathleen, who had been lying in front of the fire, began to get very uneasy. She got up, looked around, went to the door, scratched at it and would not be quiet when Mrs. Higbie ordered her to stop. Finally I let her out, and looking at my watch, remarked to Mrs. Higbie that it was early; it was my habit to turn all the house dogs out about 10 o'clock, and it was then only 9.

"Kathleen did not return; nor did she come back the next day. What had happened to her I could not imagine, until the day afterward, that is the second day after I had written the letter, when I got word from the dealer in Bremen that Kathleen was there!

"I investigated the matter, and found that she had reached Bremen on the train that left St. Ambrose at 9:30 in the morning, and that she had been seen at the station in St. Ambrose all night before that train went. Then the truth flashed across me! She had heard me read the letter, in which I said that I should send her by the 9:30 A. M. train. She had understood '9:30,' but not 'A. M.' unless she thought it meant 'immediately;' she had tried to get out of the room in time to get the train which she thought went at 9:30 at night, had hung around the station all night, and had taken the train to the right place the next day!"

To the day of his death Col. Higbie maintained with much justification that animals, especially dogs, had well developed powers of reason; and who can deny it, after hearing these stories?

WRATH OF THE GOOD AROSE

BLANK HALED FROM CHURCH TO POLICE STATION FOR THEFT.

The Charge Was Stealing a Hymn Book—Deacons and Others Detected Blank's Stealth in Hiding the Book in His Overcoat—No Explanations Needed Until the Desk Sergeant Read the Book's Real Title.

This is one of those minor church scandals that seldom come to the light of publicity. The police didn't report it because it didn't penetrate far into their system. The church people didn't divulge it, because they are trying as hard as they can to forget all about it and don't want any one else to have a chance to remember it. But the victim told it to a reporter, between wrath and mirth, with the sole proviso that his name and the name of the church should be concealed for the present. He hasn't fully made up his mind not to sue the church for large and luxurious damages and if he should sue he wants to have the case fresh.

The victim is a young lawyer with an office in one of the big downtown buildings. His name may be said to be Ethan A. Blank. Many friends are ready to vouch for him as being of good morals, character and habits. His literary tastes cover a wide range of classics in various languages and, as he has not too much spare time on his hands, he it in the habit of taking a book along with him on his way to and from the office and reading it in the elevated train which takes him to his home on the upper West Side. One evening last week he dined downtown, having been kept late at his office, and came up about eight o'clock carrying with him a volume of Balzac in an edition not printed for the perusal of the very young. This particular novel, while essentially a powerful moral work and not to be included among the erotic works of the author, was cursed with a villainous mistranslation of the French title, pirated from an old English artist. Also the cover was of a dull brownish red, which in this instance was the really vital matter.

Carrying the book in one hand and his light overcoat over the other arm Mr. Blank descended to the street at his station and started across to his home when, in passing a church, he chanced to notice an announcement placard of a meeting that night, the meeting being then in progress as he knew from the sound of singing within. A man who had been a classmate of his in college several years before was advertised to speak.

"Guess I'll drop in and hear Tom talk a little," said the lawyer. "I don't go to church any too often to hurt me, anyway."

Small as was his church experience, however, he realized that it would not be seemly to display in such a place a copy of an author who is regarded with feelings ranging from doubt to open horror by many estimable church-going persons, and who has even been denounced from the pulpit at times. So he quietly slipped the volume under his overcoat, entered the church and was escorted to a seat off the middle aisle in a pew which was already partly occupied by a spare young man with sidewhiskers. Putting down his overcoat between himself and the young man Mr. Blank turned his attention to his former classmate who was talking. The overcoat slowly unfolded and exposed the volume to view. The young man with sidewhiskers looked at the volume and started. It was not the title that aroused his interest, for the back was turned away from him. It was the color of the binding and the general appearance of the book. He glanced from it to the hymn book in the rack and then back at the volume in the overcoat again. The lawyer saw him doing it, but did not himself notice that the hymn book and the novel were almost identical as regards color and shape. Quietly the owner of the sidewhiskers arose and sifted out into the aisle where he captured an usher and held him in converse. What he said was in substance that the church had long been missing hymn books, and here was undoubtedly the thief, since he had one of them concealed in his overcoat. It seemed very probable to the usher. He called a deacon and the deacon called another deacon and they all adjourned to the rear of the church and held solemn convention there.

"We'll wait to see if he tries to carry the book away with him," decided the convention, "and then we'll turn him over to the police."

In the course of time the service ended, but during its continuance the sidewhiskered one, the usher, and the two deacons kept close watch on the visitor who felt it through the back of his neck and several times turned around uneasily only to catch the combined gaze of the convention. This made him squirm uneasily, which was regarded as evidence of guilt. As a matter of fact Mr. Blank was getting angry. He decided that the man who had shared the pew had read the title of the book and had told on him, and that there was in preparation a churchly lecture. If it came he decided to give in return a literary lecture with certain reflections upon the Christian habit of minding one's own business. As soon as the benediction had been said he arose carrying his book only half concealed this time, for he didn't propose to seem to skulk. The convention bore down upon him.

"What is that book you have there?" asked the usher.

"Yes, sir; what are you doing with that book?" demanded Deacon No. 1.

"Before our very eyes, sir," added No. 2.

"He slipped it under his overcoat when he first came in," chattered the young man with sidewhiskers in a falsetto shriek of horror.

"That's very true," began the lawyer.

"He admits it," cried the convention in chorus, and the usher rushed to the door and made frantic signals.

A policeman in waiting strode in and made for Mr. Blank.

"Good heavens," said that gentleman, angrily; "Do you mean to say that you are going to have me arrested on any such ridiculous charge as this?" [He had in mind only the character of his book; the real state of the case hadn't dawned on him at all, because he hadn't noticed the hymn books and how like they were to his volume.] "If you are," he added, "I'll make it mighty hot for somebody."

"Come along, now," said the policeman. "Don't be gassin' here."

"What's the charge against me?" demanded the lawyer.

"Charge against you," cackled the sidewhiskered one jubilantly. "Why, you've got our hymn book under your arm now."

"You're a cool hand," said Deacon No. 1.

"I suppose he's been stealing our books for months past," suggested Deacon No. 2.

"He's a smooth one," said the policeman. "Look how slick he's got up."

By this time they were outside followed by a curious crowd and the angry lawyer had time to collect his thoughts.

"This is a mistake," he said. "You're all on the wrong——"

"That's what they all say," observed the usher, as one who had large experience in criminal matters.

"But I want to explain," cried the prisoner.

"Don't want any explanations," chorused the two deacons.

"Why, dammit, if you'd listen to sense——"

"Oh, what's the use," cut in the policeman. "Cork up till you get to the station house."

"Bad language, too," cackled the bewhiskered one. "He must be a confirmed criminal."

"But he looks mighty respectable," said the usher. "Perhaps it's kleptomania."

"It's mania of some sort, I think," said the captive grimly and tried again. "I can make this clear in two minutes if you'll——"

"No use of trying to crawl out of it now, young man," said Deacon No. 2. "You'd better pray and repent while there's yet time."

That settled it. Blank took a resolve. He'd see the thing through. If fiery gulfs yawned before him they should not stop him short of the police station. Then the thought of what was going to happen there took hold on his mind and he threw back his head and laughed joyously. The two deacons, the usher and the young man with the sidewhiskers shrank in upon one another.

"Crazy!" they exclaimed in a shocked half whisper. "Raving crazy!"

By good chance one of the intelligent police sergeants of that precinct happened to be on desk duty that night. The prisoner was brought to the desk and the church members fell over one another in their eagerness to make the complaint. Stealing a hymn book was the specific charge. The sergeant asked where the book was.

"Pass out that book," said the policeman, who had made Blank carry it to the station, probably from fear of overworking himself, and the lawyer handed it to the sergeant. One look at the title caused that official to open his eyes wide. He looked at the church delegation and then at the prisoner and then his eyes began to twinkle.

"Is this the stolen book?" he asked, and the whole church quartette unanimously declared that it was, and started in to give details.

"Wait a minute," said the sergeant. "Are you prepared to swear that this book is the property of your church?"

They were, one and all of them.

"Has the prisoner anything to say?"

"I'd like to have you read the title of this church hymn book," said Blank.

"All right," said the sergeant. He held the book up and read sonorously: "Part I., The Harlot's Progress, by H. de Balzac."

There was a horrified gasp from the churchly four.

"So that's one of your hymn books, is it?" observed the sergeant. "I'd like to see Part II. Hymn book titles have changed a heap since I was a boy."

No word came from the quartette. They simply turned and looked, one upon the other, as who should say: "Thou art the man."

"Kindly turn to the flyleaf of the book, Sergeant," said Blank. Turning over the official read the name "Ethan A. Blank." Producing his card case the prisoner handed out his card, and supplemented it with several letters addressed to himself. That was sufficient to prove his identity. In businesslike tones the sergeant asked:

"Do you still wish to make a charge against this gentleman of stealing a copy of 'The Harlot's Progress' from the Church of the—"

"No, no!" cried the two deacons, hastily, and muttered something about having made a mistake.

"Then I shall discharge him."

"He used bad language," put in the policeman, unwilling to lose a case which might get his name in the papers. "I'd just as soon make a charge against him for that."

"You go back to your beat and mind your business," said the sergeant sharply. "You ought to be reported for this bit of work."

Out flitted the policeman, and the church delegation was about to follow unostentatiously when Blank asked them to wait a moment.

"I have been actually under arrest, haven't I," he asked the sergeant.

"Certainly you have," said that official, "and you are discharged."

"And false arrest is a matter for damages, isn't it?"

"I've heard of such things," said the sergeant, grinning.

Immediately the church delegation began to apologize most affluently—solo, duo, trio and quartette, and kept it up for five minutes.

"The fact that a man accepts an apology wouldn't act against his bringing a damage suit against the church, would it?" inquired the erstwhile prisoner of the sergeant.

"Don't see why it should," replied the chuckling sergeant.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Blank to his accusers, "I accept your apologies to some extent. But I'd like to say a few things to you outside."

Outside they went and in the clean, soft summer air Blank said things to those churchmen that caused them to gasp and quiver. He took for his text the division of the species fool into plain fools, fools raised to the second power, and fools raised to the third power, and pointed out to his hearers just wherein they belonged to all three classifications. Whenever they interposed threats to call him to account for his language he suggested a damage suit, and they bleated like so much mutton. It has been a hard experience for Blank, but he considers that that ten minutes of oratory just about made up for the indignities heaped upon him. When he finally closed in an inspired burst a great peace was on his soul. The retiring church members as they departed in a body looked cringingly behind them from time to time as if they were afraid that a swift kick might sneak up in the rear and take them unawares.

It's a good thing for that church, says Blank, that he is tolerably prosperous, for if he needed the money he would have a lovely case against it. Meantime it is comforting to him to know that if at any time he should wish to embrace a faith there is one church in town ready to welcome him with open arms, upon a simple treaty of peace.

VITRIOL ANNIE'S LUCK.

A Bowery Reputation Made by a Blue Vial and Ruined by a Red Bottle.

The Bowery called her Vitriol Annie. She said she was a real lady; but she probably wasn't. Nobody cared to dispute the assertion, however. Such was her reputation that any statement which she might choose to make was treated with respect. It was known in all the choice resorts of the Bowery that Annie always carried in her pocket a small dark blue vial. Hence her soubriquet, of which she was extremely proud. When things were coming her way, that is to say, when drinks were plenty at some one else's expense, Annie would indulge in reminiscences, fondling the small dark blue vial the while. These memories of happy bygone times usually dealt with the extremely distressing chemical combination of the contents of the vial and some person or persons, vigorously described, who had incurred Annie's disapproval. They commonly ended up with the observation:

"And the next day but one they took her to the Blind Asylum."

On the strength of her autobiography she soon became one of the show figures of the Bowery. She was exhibited to slummers as the official terror of the thoroughfare and more tales than she could have invented in a solid year were added to her record by the kindness of public rumor. It was said that the police did not dare to arrest her and that she could at any time clean out the toughest resort in the city by simply walking in and asserting that she was a lady and would be thankful to have somebody pointed out to her that thought she wasn't. Every evening many persons bought drinks for her on the strength of her record and were proud of the condescension with which she accepted their treats. It was generally considered on the Bowery that Vitriol Annie led the ideal life.

Now, Annie's luck lay in her little dark blue vial as surely as did Aladdin's in his wonderful lamp. As long as she kept her hand on that all went well with her. But there came a night when she drifted into one of the Bowery concert halls which has a particularly brilliant reputation—in electric lights. There she met a Friend of her Childhood. Naturally he was highly pleased to see her and to observe the position of honorable prominence which she held in the concert hall. He asked her what she would have, in memory of the old days in Squawkville, and she said she would drink a quart bottle of whiskey and eat the cork. That was only Annie's playful way. She didn't mean it, in respect to the cork. The Friend of her Childhood didn't believe that she meant it about the whiskey, either, but he was game and gave the order. That's where Annie made the mistake of a long and successful career in forsaking the small dark blue vial for a large dark red bottle. She forgot all about the former and in half an hour was telling the Friend of her Childhood that her father would undoubtedly have gone to Congress from the Squawkville district if the county jail hadn't got him first. Then she wanted to sing.

This is where the Friend cut in and ruined Annie's career. He had extracted the concentrated melancholy from six alleged whiskey sours and had all the troubles he could bear. In fact he was weeping on the table when Annie announced her intention and began on one of those painful-memories ditties. The Friend of her Childhood hastily lifted his face from the pool of tears on the table and said:

"Slow up, there. What's that?"

"That?" said Annie with great dignity. "

"That?" said Annie with great dignity. "That's a thing one of the girls in our boarding house wrote. It's a popular song."

"Not with me it ain't," retorted the friend emphatically.

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Annie, a danger light showing in her eye.

"What's the matter with you?" replied the Friend. "You got a voice like a slate pencil."

From all sides then began a mighty exodus; Vitriol Annie had been insulted and doubtless the place would be full of flesh-searing drugs in three seconds. Childhood's Friend didn't join. He didn't know anything about the vitriol part of it. Annie had begun to tell him the story of her life, but hadn't got that far yet. As for her, the red bottle had supplanted the blue vial in her mind. She lifted that large and weighty mass of glass and brought it down upon the head of her friend. It was perhaps a breach of etiquette, but the extreme provocation must be taken into account. It was also a breach of the scalp of Childhood's Friend who yelled loudly for the police. When the police came Annie was dancing a war dance around and occasionally upon her prostrate victim, but she hadn't produced the little dark blue vial. So they advanced in force and took her. As soon as she got to the night air her senses came back to her. She made a determined effort to get to the pocket where the vial lay, but one of the policemen got there first and extracted the article.

"Valuable evidence," said the sergeant at the police station approvingly, for he knew Annie's fearsome reputation. "Send it to Headquarters and have it analyzed."

Annie turned very white and made a side offer of five to the policeman if he would be careless enough to let it drop and smash. He naturally ascribed her alarm to the fear of legal consequences of carrying vitroil. That is where he fell far short of the soul perturbations that were racking Annie. She was trembling for her reputation. When they arraigned her in the police court on the following afternoon she feared the worst. The policeman was there carrying the vial.

"What did the analysis show?" demanded the Magistrate turning a frowning brow upon Annie. The policeman produced a paper and read.

"The contents of this vial are shown by analysis to consist of four parts of gallatannic ink to one of Croton water."

"What does this mean?" asked the Magistrate of Annie.

"Send me up for twenty years, Judge," sobbed Vitroil Annie. "Me bluff is called! I've lost me reputation! I can never go back to the Bowery. Make it the longest there is, Judge, dear."

Six months was apportioned to Annie. There will be high times on the Bowery if she ever shows her face there after she gets out.

Trains Delayed by Tarantulas.

From the Chicago Record.

CUERNAVACA, Mexico, July 10.—Scorpions and tarantulas have made their appearance in such numbers at Iguala and other points on the Mexico, Cuernavaca and Pacific Railroad as to interfere with the operation of that line and the transaction of other business. So many of the trainmen have been bitten by the poisonous insects that the running of trains is delayed. At Iguala a bounty has been offered by the municipal authorities for the killing of the pests, and hundreds of men and boys are employed in slaughtering them.

LAMENT OF A PRESS AGENT.

TIMES CHANGED FOR THE WORSE IN HIS PROFESSION.

No Longer the Old-Time Demand for His Help—Publicity Not Thought So Necessary to Success on the Stage as Formerly—Causes of the Decline of the Press Agent.

The press agent expertly shifted the toothpick from one side of his mouth to the other without interrupting his flow of conversation. For a second it seemed suspended in the air and moved with his tongue while he talked.

"Still nothing doing," he said with a sigh, "although July is half over and it begins to look as if the demand for our services isn't what it used to be. One manager recently said he always engaged his actors early in July because they were always so thin and haggard with suspense if they hadn't got engagements by that time that it took 'em a month or two to recover. Now if that's true of an actor who has nothing to do but repeat what other people have written, how much more important must it be in my business, where a man not only has to rely on his own brains but has to work to get the results of his efforts into the papers afterward? Either of these things is by itself enough work for one man but it's the press agent's duty always to combine both branches of the business, and then he has to wait around until a month before the season begins to get a job at that. I tell you it jars me and anything that jars a press agent must be serious.

"Somehow or other, I've the feeling that they don't want us now in the same old way that they used to. They don't cry for us. In the best days of this business, the press agent used to be as important as the star. A manager engaged his agent before the ink was dry on his star's contract. No man would think of sending out a new play or a new actor, until he had a good press agent to start ahead of him and sow the necessary seeds of interest. But nowadays, you'll find that the managers trouble themselves very little about the press agent. They'll always take one in the end, but they don't pay him much and they're always able to get him at any time without much trouble.

"Of course they can't get a man to do the sort of work that was wanted in the old days. There were giants in the business then. They were well paid and they deserved it, and a man who was a press agent in those days was a somebody in the theatrical world and stood in importance somewhere between the manager and the star. He hadn't been reduced to the ranks of the also-rans as he is to-day, but he had a right to sit in the manager's office if he wanted to, and the manager was very glad to have him. That was the press agent of twenty years ago. His was a legitimate business and he had a right to everything that came to him.

"Yellow journalism and cheapening the rates helped to kill the business. The yellow journals would print any yarn that was brought to them and never ask any questions. The trick was so easy that the managers couldn't see the use of paying a man to do anything that took so little trouble. To have a chorus girl bitten by a shark at Coney Island and to supply a picture of her and the shark too didn't take any more work than taking the fable right into the newspaper office. The yellows were always willing and anxious to print it. Jobs of this kind got as cheap as three or five dollars, and nowadays they don't bring that price. The yellows all do the press work for the chorus girls and those a little bit higher up in the profession without wanting any pay at all. Pick up one of them any day and you'll find photographs of unknown soubrettes, inconspicuous minor actresses and theatrical nobodies puffed as generously as if they were celebrities. Now all that it takes to accomplish this is to send the photographs to the newspaper offices. Any office boy can do that and the work really is high at $3 for the job.

"The press agent of former times had to do his work in a way that appealed to intelligent and careful men. He had to add some element of picturesqueness or bit of novelty to his fake, before it could get into a paper where it would do any good. But the yellows have never made any test of that kind. They'll take anything that comes along. With no particular ability demanded in the men who do this kind of work for them, the managers came to regard the press agent in a wholly different way. From being an important functionary he dropped into a place far below that he formerly held. So the yellow journals, while they made his work easy for him at the outset, finally did more to reduce the value of the press agent's services than any other influence and to bring him down to his present estate.

"I can only remember one case of really fine press work that has come under my observation during the past ten years. That was as good in its way as anything ever done in the palmy days of the profession. It established here a foreign concert hall singer who would never have made any more impression than a dozen others of her kind if interest had not constantly been attracted to her in the most sensational and novel way. She was kept the heroine of various exciting episodes that were all prepared with a sufficient appearance of probability to get into something more than the yellow journals. That was the sort of thing that we all did in the old days and it was not regarded as anything more than the duty of every press agent. He would have been considered of very little account if he didn't do something of the kind for everybody who engaged him. That one year of press work gave the actress in question a vogue that made her at once as well known as if she had acted here for a decade.

"One other cause for the decline of the press agent's power is to be found in the doubtful value that managers have come to put upon publicity of a certain kind. The concert hall singer I referred to was made in this country by the sort of advertising she received at the time of her arrival here. But just that sort of treatment was suited only to her particular case. An actress of dignity would have been irretrievably injured by such unworthy means of exploitation. But for the music hall divette they were all right.

"Just the opposite course was followed in the case of another actress, who three years ago left the support of a popular star to become a star on her own responsibility. Now managers are accustomed to say, since this enterprise proved a complete success, that it was managed in wonderful fashion from the first step to the last. But the hand of the press agent was not noticeable in it anywhere. The only publicity acquired by the actress at this time was of the most conventional, formal kind. It is difficult to see why in some cases such means of putting forward a new star could be used successfully, while in other cases they fail. It may be that a really good thing wins on its own merits, although very few persons in theatrical life would be willing to wait for a good play to win out, without intimating gently to the public something about the quality of the piece, or at all events what the manager thought of it.

"Publicity apparently ceases to be effective after a certain point is reached. The best advertised woman on the stage to-day is a certain beautiful comic opera singer. For the past ten years she has been known by name and face to a larger section of the public in this country than any other woman I know of. A friend of mine told me that in a lumber camp far from any railroad lines, in a forest of the northwest, he once went into a hut where two pictures were hanging. One was of this woman and the other of the Virgin Mary. Now if notoriety in itself had any value that woman would draw audiences larger than any other man or woman on the American stage could expect to attract. But as a matter of fact, she has for some years past failed to draw the public, with a persistence that was the despair of her managers. She was tried in all kinds of comic operas. Thousands of dollars were spent in the effort to attract the public. Failure after failure resulted, and this much-advertised woman retired from the public view as a star and took her place with a number of other singers and actors in a stock company.

"Another case of the same kind was noticed last year in the grand opera field. A certain star, who has been associated always in the public mind with a certain very popular opera, travelled for the first time through a number of Western cities. The expectation of the managers was that it would be necessary only to announce this woman's name on the dead walls to have the public flock into the theatre. But quite the opposite happened in a number of places. The public knew all about the woman and had heard her name for years. But it did not exhibit any great desire to pay its way to hear her sing, and the same experience has often befallen managers who have expected that a singer, because he or she was well known, was certain to draw large audiences.

"The public is sometimes quite indifferent. On the other hand, it is largely the curiosity seekers who go to hear Paderewski although he is justly accounted the greatest pianist of his time. Yet if only those who understood and appreciated his music went to hear him his audiences would not be one quarter as large as they are outside of New York. For years actors are mentioned in the newspapers and become moderately well known by name. Yet that publicity does them little or no good with the public. One of the best-known comic opera stars in the country retired from that conspicuous position several months ago because the public was no longer going to see him. Yet he is to-day one of the very best-known men on the American stage, and his notoriety failed to attract the public completely. That was another instance in which the work of the press agent failed to accomplish anything.

"I don't believe that any manager in the business to-day has any clear idea as to the value of publicity. That it undoubtedly helps a person in public stage life, while it wholly fails to make them successful in itself, seems to be the best opinion of the managers to-day. It used to be the belief of the managers that publicity was almost equal to making the actor from every point of view, and as that could be best done by the expert press agent, we were accordingly very much more appreciated in the past than we are to-day. I'll admit that the old confidence in the great power of publicity for actors seems to me now to have been a little exaggerated.

"Something more than mere knowledge of an actor is needed to attract the public to hear him. What that particular thing is nobody can tell. The manager who discovered it would never make a mistake. His fortune would be made if he could find out why A draws and why B doesn't. That is the great problem of the manager's career. And unfortunately he has come to the conclusion that the press agent has no more to do with it than he has. And this conclusion was of course very bad for us."

GOOD LUCK CURED HIM OF RACING.

Tip on a Horse That Brought a Telegrapher Fortune After a Scare.

"Although I've worked in poolrooms for a great many years and have had many tips on 'good things' given to me both over the wire and from friends," said an old-time telegraph operator the other day, "it was only one day last week that I made up my mind to take a chance and play a tip. I played this tip because I got it from a good source and it was coming close to vacation time. I was trying to make my expenses for the two weeks I was to be away. The horse's name was Pinochle and what made me more confident over this tip was that in taking the results of the races over the wire I knew that Pinochle was returned a winner quite often. I felt that I at least had a chance and I decided to take a flyer for $10.

"The rules in the room I work in do not allow employees to make bets, but I fixed that all right by having an outsider place the bet for me. Pinochle was 5 to 1 to win. After the bet was made I sat nervously fingering the key waiting for the word that they were off at St. Louis. There was a long delay at the post, but finally the key clicked 'the're off,' and I was naturally interested in a moment. Well, about every horse in the race got a call but mine. When the operator at the other end announced that they were in the stretch and not a word about Pinochle as being among the first three, I thought to myself: 'Well, you old fool, it serves you right for playing horses after holding off all these years.'

"The other men in the room who work with me must have noticed my nervousness for they began to poke fun at me and ask if at last I had screwed up enough nerve to play a horse. I listened to all of this without making a reply, for I was too busy rooting for Pinochle to get up in the stretch and win. I hadn't long to wait, for the winners were soon announced, but my 'good thing' was not among the first three, and I felt sore to think that the horse had not even given me a run for my money.

"I sat there drumming on the key of the instrument, my mind away in St. Louis, when there were several clicks of the sounder which told me that there was something wrong with the race. I could have shouted for joy. I thought that Pinochle might be in it after all. The news quickly followed that it was no race, and that every horse but Pinochle had run the full course, his jockey pulling him up when he saw that the starter had not dropped the flag. The next information that came over the wire was that the stewards had officially declared it no race and ordered it run over again, but all bets were declared off.

"When the new betting was put up Pinochle, instead of being a 5 to 1 shot, was marked at 2 to 5, and about everybody in the room who could afford it rushed to get aboard. It was simply a case of a fresh horse against a lot of tired ones, I reasoned, and right then and there I decided to put down a swell bet, and, after I cashed in, never bet on a horse race again. I had quite a little money with me, but I went to the cashier and had him advance enough on my salary to make an even hundred. This I had my outside friend put on for me, and it was about the softest bet I ever heard of, for Pinochle jumped out in the lead at flagfall and was never headed, winning pulled up. I got the $40 that I won when I finished work, and it will come in quite handy next week when I go away, but I'm done with the horses. A man who had the luck that I had, to have that old Pinochle stand at the post while the rest of the horses ran themselves tired on a false start, should be satisfied to let well enough alone and be grateful that luck pulled him out of a hole."

BASEBALL TRICKS IN JONES COUNTY.

Pitcher Had Gum on the Ball to Make It Curve and Shortstop Wore a Fly Paper Glove.

"You may talk about the sweeping curves and the parabolic shoots of present-day baseball pitchers," said the fat man who was at one time mascot for the Lightfoot Lilies of Jones county, "but there isn't one of 'em that could have held a candle to old Dean Braley the last season he did the twirling for the famous Ringtail Roarers. He'd probably be in the business now if the Lightfoot Lilies hadn't exposed his tricky methods in their annual game with the Roarers that summer. The funny part of it was that the season before he couldn't pitch anything but a straight ball and even the high school teams used to touch him up for a dozen hits or so every game. As for us we smothered him.

"But the very next season he blossomed out with those wonderful curves. Why, a visitor to town said that in one game he saw, Braley pitched an outcurve so close to the plate that the batter struck at it. The ball kept right on curving until it came around toward first base and caught the runner napping. The next ball pitched was an inshoot which only not drew another strike on the batter, but which curved around to third base and caught a runner there. The catcher, according to the visitor's story, wasn't really needed, but played in the field just to fill out the batting list.

"Well, of course, we put all such talk as this down as hot-air fund contributions, but we knew that there must be some foundation in the reports that Braley was pitching very slick baseball. And right we were. When the big game came along he put it all over us and for eight innings not one of us touched first except the first baseman when he was in the field. Bull Thompson, Home Run Hawkins and even Capt. Slugger Burrows himself were all at Braley's mercy. They struck at outs they couldn't reach; they let ins go by that shot over the plate, in fact they did everything but connect with the ball. Then came the fatal exposure in the ninth. Little Sammie Salmon, the first man up for us, fell flat on his face to dodge the first ball pitched, but it curved square over the rubber for a strike. The next one was one of Braley's slow 'change' balls, and Sammie held his bat out to bunt. Thud! You can imagine his surprise when he started for first to find the ball stuck fast to the end of his bat. Dean Braley made a rush for him, but the boys held him back and the secret was out. The Roarer's pitcher had been sticking chewing gum on the ball and the extra twist obtainable made his wonderful curves possible. The umpire, of course, forfeited the game to the Lilies, 9—0. But that wasn't the end. The Roarers had discovered that Capt. Slugger Burrows wore a fly-paper mit at shortstop and although the most ignorant child knows that fly-paper is made for catching flies, the umpire gave the game to them also, making the score a tie at 9—9. What followed is best left untold. As the *Jones County Courier* said, it was a game of 'forfeits with the kissing left out.'"

DEMAND FOR SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

Better Prices Obtained for Them Now Than at Any Time in Former Years.

Although this year's bicycles are of good quality and their variety is large, there exists an unusual demand for wheels of the models of 1898 and 1899, new or second hand, that are in good condition. This fact was noticeable soon after the opening of the present season, and as the summer has advanced it became no less apparent. Individual riders who have been content to keep their old mounts until an opportunity was offered for selling or exchanging them advantageously are surprised at the readiness with which they are able to dispose of them this year, inasmuch as the demand in former years for second-hand wheels has been poor.

Last year, for example, the rider who wished to dispose of an old machine at anything like a reasonable price might canvass half the bicycle shops in town and approach all his friends on the subject without being able to find any one willing to give $10 for a wheel that cost $100. Five or $8 might be allowed for an old wheel in exchange for a new one, or a reduction of $15 might be obtained from the list price of a new machine by throwing in the old one. A greater allowance than that was exceptional, and at the bicycle exchanges $10 in cash was generally the highest price paid under any circumstances. An idea of the change in the situation may be obtained from the experience of an uptown man who recently secured good prices for four machines that belonged to different members of his family. To a reporter of THE SUN he said:

"Perhaps there is nothing surprising in the fact that three of the bicycles in question brought nearly one third of their cost price, considering that they were all high-class machines. In view of the difficulty I had last year to obtain $10 for any one of them, the ease with which I have sold them this year for more than twice that amount seems at least a little remarkable. Two of the machines were of the model of 1897 and two of the model of 1898. The cheapest cost $65 when new, and one of them was of a special grade and cost $125. When the warm weather set in last summer all of us at home resolved to drop cycling for the rest of the season, and if possible, dispose of our wheels for cash with the intention of buying new ones this year. We inserted several advertisements in the newspapers without finding a purchaser, and I made a tour of half a dozen shops downtown that dealt in second-hand wheels and of as many more in Harlem. I also made known to many of my friends my desire to sell the wheels and asked them to be on the lookout.

"The best offer I received after persevering three or four weeks was $12 for one of the women's wheels that cost $85 and had been ridden not more than 400 miles. The offer was not satisfactory, and I retained the machine. All of my offers from individual riders were better than those of dealers, several of the latter having named $5 and $7 as their top price.

"Last spring the machines were still unsold, and as we did not then desire to resume wheeling, I renewed my efforts to dispose of the old bicycles. My experience last season led me to keep clear of second-hand stores, and I simply made known to some acquaintances the fact that the 'bikes' were for sale. Inside of a week afterward there was a call for a woman's machine, and it was sold for $22 cash. Three days later a man dropped in to examine the $125 model with the idea of buying it for his brother. He rode it around the block a couple of times and then said he would give $25 for it, exactly the price asked. Only two wheels remained unsold, and before the 1st of July these also were off my hands, having brought $18 and $20 respectively. Indeed, if I had four more bicycles in as good condition as those referred to I believe they could be sold at a fair price.

"Whatever may be the reason for it, there are a great many wheelmen this year who prefer to invest in bicycles that have been tested by actual use. They argue that so few radical changes have been made in wheels during the last few years that only the most experienced rider is able to tell some models two or three years old from the new ones, and that the former possess the reputation of being strong, easy-running and durable, while in the newer makes those qualities must yet be somewhat in doubt. There is, of course, more or less foundation for reasoning in that way, but, all the same, I am convinced that the bicycles now on the market have, on the whole, had no superiors in years past."

THIS IS A SUN-SPOT YEAR.

Is There Any Relation Between That Fact and Certain Others?

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

It is believed, from evidences now seen in the sun, that a period of great activity is in progress there, and that the effects of this immeasurable force will be seen during the next five years in what is known as "sun spots." These sun spots are supposed to be great solar volcanoes or other disturbances of the sun's surface in some visible way. The spots can be seen easily by observers during the years up to 1905, when the maximum will have been reached. These supposed cavities sometimes go to a width of about 20,000 miles and then break up into separate spots or cavities, sometimes separating at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

The energy sent out by the same force that causes these sun spots must be enormous. There are some reasons for believing that before the spots themselves make their appearance to the sight the energy is at work and is radiated from the sun to the planets of this system. At all events, the sun-spot periods are usually notable on the earth for peculiar manifestations of electrical energy. The electric storms that have been seen in New England lately are due, in some degree, to the solar energy and the electricity sent to the earth as a result. Such, at least, is a widely received scientific theory.

It may be that the sun spots or the energy of which they are merely the result work in some fashion that cannot be so easily traced. During the past three years, when the sun's energies have been at work, strange things have happened in the world. Is it merely a coincidence? If so, it is at least worth notice that coincidences of this kind are not rare if one takes the trouble to look up the story of the civilized world in the few years preceding each period of outbreak of sun spots, say, in the past fifty years.

To trace back the periods, reckoning eleven years as the cycle, the beginning of sun-spot outbreaks would be reckoned in 1889, 1878, 1867 and 1856 in such a count. These dates are not exact because the period of duration is not exactly measurable in units of years. Still it is surely worth some notice that before the period of 1856 there came the desperate outbreak of the war in the Crimea; that before the period of 1867 the United States was ravaged by civil war to an extent hardly ever recorded in the history of any other country, and that the great tragedy of Lincoln's death had been recorded; that preceding the sun-spot period of 1878 there came the harrowing experiences of France, culminating in the communist riots, and the Russian-Turkish war; that before 1889 came the Roumelian revolution, the Nihilist outbreak in Russia, and the war with the Afghans, and that before 1900 came the war with Spain, the Jameson raid, and the consequent war between the Boers and the British.

It is also interesting to note how financial movements of importance have accompanied the manifestation of sun spots in the past half century. Each period has been accompanied by great business booms and the climax and disappearance of the sun spots in close proximity to a financial panic, except in 1861, when the immense preparations for war in the United States rather caused better business. Since that date, however, the years 1873, 1884 and 1893 were years of widespread financial and industrial depression. This coincidence is also striking enough to be noted. Of course, such coincidences do not prove that the energy of the reaction in the sun causes such results on the earth; but it is at least remarkable that the sun's energy and the human energy on the earth should have run in cycles so closely alike.

HYOMEI SOAP

THE NEW SOAP.

Have You Tried It?

A DELIGHTFUL CHANGE FROM THE OLD.

Made From the Fresh Green Leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree.

FRAGRANT, HEALING, CLEANSING, BEAUTIFYING.

A Soap Manufactured Without Using Grease, Fats and Dangerous Alkali.

The thought of using a soap which does not contain fats and grease is refreshing in itself, and when we know that this delightful toilet requisite is obtained entirely from Nature's own laboratory, and is made from nature's own skin purifier, there is not much doubt of its general use by the public.

Hyomei Skin Soap sold by all druggists or sent by mail for 25c. Sample cake 5c.

THE R. T. BOOTH COMPANY, ITHACA, N. Y.