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All Records Beaten

The Journal Exceeds all the other Daily Papers With Their Big Sunday Issues Included.

HERE ARE THE FIGURES:

THREE YEARS—IN A NUTSHELL.

Total Cols. Advertising Carried by Twin City Daily Papers

Table with 6 columns: Year, Journal, Times, Tribune, Dispatch, Pioneer, Globe. Rows for 1898, 1899, 1900.

MONTHLY AVERAGE.

Table with 6 columns: Year, Journal, Times, Tribune, Dispatch, Pioneer, Globe. Rows for 1898, 1899, 1900.

IN 1900 THE JOURNAL

- Had 1320 Columns more than *Tribune
Had 166 Columns more than Dispatch
Had 940 Columns more than *Times
Had 2792 Columns more than *Pioneer
Had 4163 Columns more than *Globe

*It should be noted that the Sunday papers included 52 big Sunday issues, in other words the Sunday papers had 365 issues and The Journal only 313.

THE JOURNAL

LUCIAN SWIFT, J. S. McLAIN, MANAGER, EDITOR.

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SOMETHING BETTER THAN "DISCIPLINE."

A war correspondent who has written an intensely interesting estimate of the comparative merits of the different nationalities composing the international army which took such terrible vengeance on China, says that the officers of the other contingents invariably remarked of the Americans: "No discipline."

The correspondent concedes that from the point of view of the European, the Americans were woefully lacking in discipline, but he concludes that the word has a relative meaning and must be taken with due allowance for the qualities of each nationality. The American is a product of democratic institutions and customs. Even the hard and fast lines of distinction between officers and privates in the regular army cannot overcome the admirable feeling of the average American that he is, as his declaration of independence asserts, of all men, "born free and equal."

Consequently no such discipline as that of the Russian army, where the officers horsewhipped their men, is possible. Discipline which involved such treatment could not last a minute in the American army. The men are not of that kind. It is impossible to make an automaton of the American soldier. As long as he feels that he has a mind of his own, he cannot become the cringing slave of the officer. If he should it would be a sign that the quality of relying upon himself which distinguishes him from all other soldiers in the world except the Boers and the British colonials had been lost.

Some recent developments in warfare, chiefly in the wonderful war the Boers are waging, indicate that the European conception of military discipline should be as obsolete as the flint-lock musket. Discipline in the technical sense is absolutely unknown to the free and liberty loving

of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania and Queensland has become an accomplished fact, with New Zealand getting ready to join the movement.

Under the constitution, the British crown is represented by the governor general, who will have an advisory board of seven members, and the parliament will have a senate and house of commons, the senate consisting of six members elected at large by each of the federated states for six years, while the lower house will have sixty-four members, chosen by districts according to population, each member to hold his seat for three years.

The first session of the parliament will be held in Melbourne. The powers and duties of the parliament will be similar to those of the Canadian parliament. It will regulate trade and commerce among the states and with foreign nations; regulate taxation, bounties, postal, telegraphic, telephonic and other services of the kind; provide for military and naval defense; control the finances and credit of the federation.

Ignatius Donnelly The death of Ignatius Donnelly removes from life one of the most unique figures in Minnesota history. Mr. Donnelly has been prominent in this state for more than forty years. He was the first lieutenant-governor elected by the republicans when the republicans secured control of the state government in 1859, and has been prominent in politics ever since.

Secretary Gage said the other day that he thought it would be very unwise for congress to reduce taxation beyond the \$40,000,000 embodied in the bill sent from the house to the senate before the holidays. He still thinks that his recommendation in his annual report that a safe and conservative reduction would be \$30,000,000 is sound, but \$40,000,000 would not be dangerous.

Senators have had time during the holidays to reflect upon the matter and it is possible that they may be more conservative upon the reassembling of congress. There would be no gain by making a very heavy cut in resources, for the necessary expenses of the government and the demands for appropriations for river and harbor improvement and for interoceanic canal construction must preclude any big reduction of taxation, which would make deficiency bills inevitable.

Secretary Gage proposes, if congress does not slash the income of the government too much, to reduce the public debt by purchasing unmaturing bonds and crediting the amount to sinking fund requirements. The refunding of the old bonds into the new gold 2 per-cents has now been suspended and the way is open for the above-mentioned bond purchase. The bonds affected by the refunding law amounted to \$840,000,000 and about \$400,000,000 have been converted into 2 per-cents, leaving \$440,000,000 to be dealt with. If redemption to the amount of \$500,000,000 a year can be effected, it would only take about nine years to wipe out this amount, leaving the bonded debt of the United States only about \$500,000,000, of which \$400,000,000 would pay interest at 4 per cent.

To accomplish this is Secretary Gage's plan, and it would seem to be practicable, unless some unforeseen occurrence intervenes requiring extraordinary disbursements. Of course, such reduction of the bonded debt would reduce the bonds for use by the national banks for security for note issues, that attention would have to be directed to unimpeachable railway and municipal bonds as such security. This question will inevitably come up for discussion in the near future, as well as that other important question as to giving the necessary elasticity to the bank currency and placing it upon an enduring basis.

A NEW NATION

The Australian Federation, which for some years has been under the process of incubation, was yesterday born a lusty, aggressive and progressive infant. Practically the inauguration of the Earl of Hopetoun as governor, at Sydney, of the federated colonies, signified the birth of a new nation.

The movement for federation began fourteen years ago. The diversity of views as to the character of the federation made it difficult for the colonies to get together and adopt a plan acceptable to all. A leading difficulty was the fact that all the colonies except New South Wales derived their revenues chiefly from customs duties, while New South Wales had free trade and derived her revenue from an income tax and taxes upon land. This difficulty has been removed by concessions, although Mr. Reid, the New South Wales premier, had serious trouble winning over the people, and the large property owners of the colony opposed federation because they thought that they would be very heavily taxed under the new order of things. The labor leaders were opposed to it because they wanted a provision in the constitution requiring the submission of important questions to a national referendum. The advocates of federation made a strong and successful fight, as they are in a majority, and so the federation

at least one class of Michiganders who regret the passing of Plogre—the men left in jail. Alfred Harnsworth's ideal issue of the New York World yesterday "played up" as the most important news of the day the killing by Queen Victoria of Hiram S. Maxim. He may have forgotten that Maxim was born a Yankee.

They had a "peasoup fog" in London yesterday. But it caused little comment. They are so used to being in the soup since Lord Bobs set sail.

Teola says she has a message from another world. It reads: "One-two-three." Somebody on Mars must have struck out.

AMUSEMENTS

Foyer Chat.

Crowded houses have been the rule so far this week at the Metropolitan as "The Little Minister," and the engagement promises to be more successful than the one last week at the Lyric. The rest of the week, with Saturday matinee.

Lovers of fun and music will have their fill of the new comedy to see Frank Daniels in his new comic opera, "The Amer." The opera proved last season the greatest of Frank Daniels' successes. It is the third opera in which he has appeared under the management of Kirtland Shelle and is pronounced the best of all. Victor Herbert is the composer. The libretto comes from Fred M. Ranken, author of the Bostonians, and the music is by Kirtland Shelle and Kirtland Shelle, author of "Princess Chic." It is understood to be a quaint conceit and to afford Daniels abundant opportunity to give his rich comedy talent all the swing it requires.

The Marie von Wegern comedy company will appear at the Metropolitan the fore part of next week, opening Sunday night in "Tante Beatrix," a German operatic comedy. This will be a decided treat to the German-speaking citizens of Minneapolis and vicinity.

"A Trip to Chinatown" at the Bijou seems to have caught on, and each succeeding performance is being witnessed by an audience of increased size. This clever Hoytian comedy is being given by a very competent cast, headed by Miss Mabel Montgomery, a young lady of decided beauty. Mr. Morrison, who assumes the role of Welland Strong, is an unusual comedian. Fleurette's dancing specialty is one of the features of the performance.

The Hanlon brothers' big spectacular pantomime, "Le Voyage en Suisse," will be the attraction at the Bijou the coming week. Comic situations, acrobatic feats, laughable occurrences, multiplying annoyances of unexpected collisions, innumerable mishaps and risks are some of the astonishing developments which accompany the bridal tour of Mr. and Mrs. Dwindledown through Switzerland. Nothing odd is seen in this pantomime. The girls are pretty and beautifully gowned, the actors thoroughly understand the requirements of their art and the music is new and catchy. The cast embraces Charles Guyer, William Schroder, Charles Schroder, the Chapelle Sisters, the Fawcetts, Misses Cray, Maudie Harrel, Beatie Clayton, W. J. Mason, E. H. Charley, Nelly Daly and thirty-five others.

NORTH STAR POLITICS

L. P. Hunt of the Mankato Free Press is one of those whom the St. Paul newspapers have used for a snubbing post in moving along their wild-eyed stories about the senatorial contest, labeled as news. The Free Press, the only paper that represents Hunt as having undertaken to deliver the second district to Evans, a mythical undertaking which was represented to have been signally successful, is commenting on this representation. Mr. Hunt pertinently remarks that it shows "to what straits even a great paper will resort in the hope of gaining a point against an opposing candidate."

C. M. Reese states that he is not a candidate for the position of chief weighmaster of the grain inspection department in Minneapolis. The New York Sun has lugged the late Minnesota Chippewa chief and his heirs into the question of whether American citizenship extends to the heirs of a citizen. Hartford Times having cited as an absolute settlement of the question "this passage from the fourteenth amendment to the United States constitution: 'All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States.' The Sun refers to Indian treaties, especially mentioning one with Hole-in-the-Day, according to the terms of which the government is to pay to Hole-in-the-Day's heirs an annuity. The Sun holds that the conjunction "and" in the quoted passage is very important. The Sun is willing to believe that the "and" has been used in the case of Hole-in-the-Day and his heirs. "Was Hole-in-the-Day a citizen of the United States when the government of the United States entered into treaty relations with him?" asks the Sun. "Did he become a citizen of the United States when, in 1868, the fourteenth amendment was declared by joint resolution of congress to be a part of the constitution of the United States?" yet the Sun's view of the meaning of the jurisdiction of the United States as he is quoted clause, Hole-in-the-Day has not gone to the hole-in-the-day grounds.

If Hole-in-the-Day was a citizen of the United States, as he certainly was, according to the Hartford Times' idea, why was the United States making treaties with him? The Sun's view of the meaning of the jurisdiction of the United States as he is quoted clause, Hole-in-the-Day has not gone to the hole-in-the-day grounds. It is found that parks are reservoirs of pure air and that a border of forested parks about a city is an obstruction to ingress of epidemics. Wherever in old cities the parks are in this country old, over-populous quarters and dilapidated structures are removed and new parks opened, the mortality decreases. The opening of parks to the citizen is an economical process whose value cannot be estimated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., No. 34 Union square.

HAMLET'S GRAVE

Everywhere the vandals are; but on the whole, says Jacob A. Reis in the January number of the Century, I rather think that Hamlet being turned the tables on them, and in due course of time there appeared a mound on the bluff, marked with the melancholy D. H. that bore the name of the hotel-keepers provided another, and he sent the same way. When last I stood at Hamlet's grave I beheld it a mighty heap of stones and slag, several cart loads, he fondly, one of the solid citizens of the town, nodded knowingly at my look of amazement.

"We caught up with them at last," he said. "We just have enough carted out from the glassworks every day to fill up to us what they made the season before; then let them go ahead. Want to go and look at Ophelia's spring?"

"OLD DADDY DO-FUNNY"

"Old Daddy Do-funny How you come on?" "I thank God, honey, My ole spine it's sort of stiff, An' my arms dey 'fuse to lift, An' de miz'ry's in my brea's, An' I got de heart-dress, An' de growin'-pains, In my knee-jints an' my fingers, But I'm well, praise God, dis mornin'." "Old Daddy Do-funny, What you say? How is you well, when you Can't walk?" "Whut? Coolish chillen, hush! Ain't dat yonder blue de sky? Feet de cool breeze passin' by? Told de ole lady back an' me, Lawd-a-mussy, de ole me, An' I'm well, praise God, dis mornin'." —Ruth McNery Stuart, in January St. Nicholas.

New York Daily Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row.

Indians as Models.

Jan. 2.—This is the time of the year when the art students of the life classes are the busiest. Many of the life models are drawn from life might give the artists to their hard working and hard praying parents in the villages. But it is necessary for these models to acquire knowledge of anatomy, and this is regarded as due to the most inebriated way to learn it. Still the results at times are startling, as is discovered when exhibition week rolls around. Then it is that men and women not easily shocked give a quick glance when entering the room devoted to these studies from life, and then hasten through it. During the year at the Art Institute, the students have many occasions to draw from costumed models. This year, as last, the most popular models are Giovanni Mandars and his daughter, and "Thunderbolt," a full-blooded Sioux Indian. The athletic build, muscular and typical Indian features make the latter a great favorite. He earns a very good income by posing, and were he a marrying man, it is said he would have a very healthy child. He is up at the art schools when he is sent for. The Mandars family is exceedingly interesting. Mr. Mandars was an intimate of the late Mandars and his daughter, and he is now in the possession of the principal figures in that painting and is a worldwide celebrity.

Something Picturesque.

Mandars is of mixed Moorish and Arabian blood, having been born in Algiers. Although nearly 60 years of age he is of fine physique and possesses the graceful and elegant strength. One of his favorite poses is that of a Bedouin of the desert. For this he wears a gliblah, which is a sort of hooded garment, over a brilliant headcloth. By donning a turban and a turban he is transformed to an African chasseur, while with the long Turkish gun and a twisted turban he transforms himself into the terrible Turk. Mandars is always willing to represent the characters portrayed in Munkacsy's famous canvas. He says that he stood for all of the figures, the Christ included. When he dons a long white garment, his hands bound in front, calm and unportent, he certainly looks the original of the chief figure in an other costume of blue and white striped silk, a headcloth falling down to and over his shoulders, he is the ideal of a Greek or a Christ, the embodiment of hate and craft. In a Persian robe of many colors, and a huge turban, he assumes the gravity and decorum of the judge. In addition to this, in costumes resulting from the most grotesque and the soldier pressing back the mob with his spear, as one of the shouting multitude with uplifted hand and imprecations on his lips, Mandars maintains and rapidly reverts to the life of the canvas. Mandars became a model thirty-five years ago, when he was a sailor stopping at Marseilles. A Spanish painter in search of a model for a blacksmith induced him to pose, and he showed such a natural aptitude that he abandoned his seafaring life, and has since that time been a model for the artist of the New York schools.

A Bit of History.

John W. Gates, the head of the American Steel and Wire company, is unquestionably one of the most conspicuous figures in Wall street. His career has been meteoric, with the exception that he has positively refused to fade from view in spite of the most emphatic predictions made when he came out of the west. There is no question but that Mr. Gates is one of the most boldly clever speculators since Jay Gould and Jim Fisk. In fact, Gates is built very much on the Fisk plan, flashing to extraordinary heights. Recently some interesting light has been thrown on Gates' early struggles. It is not many years ago that Gates was running a soap shop under the name of the Standard Oil company, selling barbed wire for fencing. Then he advertised for a partner with \$150,000. Mr. March of Cleveland, interested in the local Standard Oil company, saw the advertisement and opened a correspondence with Gates, and went to St. Louis to investigate the business. All the merchants in St. Louis to whom Gates referred spoke of him well, as did his bank. Through the late informed Mr. March that Gates was only a small depositor. This latter remark caused Mr. March to return to Cleveland without investigation, and thus he lost a chance to make millions on the Standard Oil. After Gates took an upward boom in the wire field, and brought about the organization of the Steel and Wire company that has made him many times a millionaire.

Passing of the Opera Hat.

There seems to be a general tendency among the habitués of the Grand Opera this season to discard the opera hat so long in vogue and substitute the hat of the day. As the opera hats have simple roomy set aside for their wraps, the change causes no inconvenience, but for the men who utilize the orchestra chairs in the body of the theater the opera hat is too great a convenience to be cast aside at the first indication of a protest against its use. Well-nigh irreparable damage can be done a silk hat in one evening at the opera, and the opera hat is therefore a matter of economy. The making of opera hats out of rep silk did much to bring that headgear into popularity, as when smooth cloths were used the hats were scarcely ever worn.

Rockefeller Buys Another Bank.

Rockefeller and Standard Oil interests have just acquired still another New York bank, The National City Bank, which is the Standard Oil institution and carries the heaviest deposits of any bank on the American continent. It has secured control of the Columbia bank, a state institution located on Fifth avenue. This is the bank organized by the late Elliott F. Shepard in 1883 and is the second bank that has come under the Standard Oil domination within two years. A few days ago it was mentioned in this correspondence that the Lincoln National bank on Forty-second street passed into the hands of the National City bank, and that James H. Stillman, the head of the latter concern, together with William Rockefeller, had joined its directorate. Whether the Columbia bank had been absorbed by the Standard Oil does not yet appear, but the banks are so near together it is scarcely believed they will be run as separate institutions. As the National City bank and the Standard Oil company now appear to be reaching out generally for other banking properties, Wall street is very much interested as to the probable limitations of this plan. —N. N. A.

WHY ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SON IS NOT A SAILOR

Admiral Dewey in Success for January. If you have no inclination to become a sailor, I should not be surprised if you were to become one; and even if he has the desire, I should make sure that it is not a temporary craze for adventure. Many boys who jump aboard a vessel when they are 15 or 16 years of age, and after a few years' service, are really successful in the navy, a man must have his heart in the work, and a young man who dislikes the sea can never distinguish himself in the service. My son is now appearing to be reaching out generally for other banking properties, Wall street is very much interested as to the probable limitations of this plan. —N. N. A.

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY IS DEMOCRATIC

There is no army in the world where merit and bravery are more appreciated than in the army of the United States. Time and again, men have begun as privates and finished as generals, which proves that merit is what counts for all. Some of our greatest soldiers today are privates. And it is when they were boys, and yet they surpassed many West Pointers in actual service, and reached the highest positions in the army. Every man must stand upon his own merits, and advance himself by actions, not by money or influence. —General Nelson A. Miles in Success for January.

His Life's Work

BY W. R. WILEY. Copyrighted, 1900, Wm. R. Miller.

Thornton stepped lightly to the platform, satchel in hand, and after a brief survey of the scene before him, walked in the direction of the only vehicle in the vicinity bearing any resemblance to a hotel "bus." The sun shone brightly, but little warmth resulted, as a cold, penetrating west wind swept the platform. Thornton had not drawn on his overcoat before leaving the heated car, nor had he buttoned his coat; and, as the wind struck him, the lapel of the latter piece of clothing was blown back, disclosing a shining badge on his vest. Thornton was a detective.

The late arrival in Rio was not a young man. The bright, alert look seen on the faces of many of the younger members of his profession was absent, and in its stead was an expression in which a touch of weariness could be traced. The expression of weariness had no companion in lines of weakness, however. On the contrary, there was a look about Thornton's mouth that indicated a firm and resolute will.

That the detective was full of determination his actions had proven. Eight years before he had made a vow to follow up a case until the guilty party was punished. The crime which had been committed in that by some year was murder; and Thornton had never relinquished his hunt for the murderer. He had not been paid to continue his efforts; professional pride only had caused him to cling to clew after clew. He had been detailed to work the case at the time of the murder, and, through a blunder on his part, the criminal had escaped. In a few years the forces had ceased all efforts to capture the murderer. Thornton, however, had never lessened his exertions. He had traversed the country from end to end, following every clew, and, though baffled at every turn, he was as determined as ever.

And now victory was in sight. After eight years of unflinching work he had run down his quarry. After a long investigation he had discovered that the man for whom he sought was living with his family in the West Virginia hills—in the little town of Rio. He had now come to take the criminal back to the scene of his crime.

The sun was sinking when the detective presented himself at the office of Robert Armstrong, attorney at law.

When he entered the office he found but one person present. The features had changed, but the detective recognized in the man at the desk the individual for whom he had been searching for years. Each recognized the other.

The shadows of night had fallen when the hunted man spoke. Thornton could see little more than the outline of the form that sat before him, but the eyes of the detective were on the alert for any movement toward a weapon. In his heart, however, Thornton did not fear. The look that had gradually come over the face of that other was abject suffering, not of defiance. He looked like one suffering the tortures of the damned, not like a man contemplating murder.

"So there was a far-away sound in Armstrong's tones when he broke the silence. 'So you have found me at last,' he said, dreamily. 'After all these years of happiness and misery, or misery and happiness, I have been ferreted out, and will have to go back to answer to that charge. Well, I guess it is hardly of use to fight against fate—well, I will go with you. But grant me one favor. To-night is—the seventh anniversary of my wedding. My wife has been preparing for it—and do not break her happiness on this night. You may go with me—guard me and not let me out of your sight or hearing for an instant.'"

Thornton bowed in the affirmative. Mrs. Armstrong met him at the door. In soft tones in which not the faintest tremor could be detected her husband explained how the unexpected arrival of his old acquaintance had necessitated a brief delay. The detective watched Armstrong narrowly during the meal. Not that he feared any demonstration of violence, but more out of a desire to see how the man would act. Several times the lawyer raised his hand to his brow as if awakening from a dream. The detective was not the only one to note these movements; for the eyes of the wife were on the husband during the entire meal. Three pretty children gathered about Thornton, laughing and chattering. They would have to retire soon and they wished to make the most of their opportunities.

"Edward, may I speak to you for a minute in the dining-room? I am sure Mr. Thornton will excuse us for a minute." Mrs. Armstrong was the speaker, and the detective thought that he noted a slight tremor in her tones.

Armstrong slowly shook his head and was about to speak in the negative, when Thornton interrupted him. "Certainly, I excuse you," the detective said. A man may be a murderer and a truthful person at the same time.

"Thank you," was the reply. When the two had left the room, the eldest of the three children spoke. "Have you known papa long?" she asked.

A bitter smile crossed Thornton's features. "Yes, very long, little one." He was about to add, "Much longer than you have known him." "I don't think, though, that you ever been known know him well," the child continued. "I don't think, though, that you ever been known know him well." "Gradually a serious expression crossed the child's countenance and she said: "Pray you the man that my papa helped to get out of jail and make his living."

For a moment Thornton did not reply to the innocent prattle of the child. Then he leaned over and gathered her in his arms. "Do you love your papa?" he asked, wishing to know in what light the murderer was regarded in his own family.

"Yes, of course I do," came the answer. "Some papas I just couldn't like, but my papa is just that way. He never scolds or whips us, and he gives us everything that we want. He is just like one of our old kings that—(The voice of the nurse from the outer room interrupted the conversation, and, slipping from the detective's knee, the speaker reluctantly bid the other good night.) "I'll see you in the morning with papa at breakfast," she said as she went through the doorway. Thornton felt a peculiar lump arising in his throat.

A minute later Armstrong came through the doorway. "It is nothing, Emily, nothing, I tell you," he was saying.

"Edward, do not say that. I know you too well. For seven years we have been man and wife—have been together and have come to know each other. I have studied you in every mood, and I know that you are not yourself to-night. Edward—walking up to him she twined her arms about his neck—"Edward, there is something wrong. Tell me, husband, dear. After all these years of happiness you make me miserable!" Armstrong suffered tortures. He could not bear to tell her all, and yet it cut him and low. "Emily, do not say that. You are not yourself to-night. Your work to-day has exhausted you and unstrung your nerves. I know you too, little one, as well as you know me. Go to sleep, little one. I have a little business which will keep me up till after midnight. So go to sleep now—go to sleep." Arm in arm the two went toward the door. "Go up now," the husband urged, as Mrs. Armstrong halted in the doorway. "All—will be right in the morning." Armstrong did not trust himself to speak further. He gently closed the door. He sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

For fully ten minutes Armstrong did not move or speak, and when he finally removed his hands from his face he seemed to have aged ten years. Slowly he arose from the chair, and walking to a far side of the room, seated himself at a desk. "If you will excuse me I will now write and tell her everything."

When Armstrong spoke again the hour was late. His eyes were clouded and composed. The drawn look had vanished from his face also and he appeared once more as the cool, self-possessed lawyer. "In order that you may not think of me in too bad a light, I will read you a brief of what I have written. There is more of it here which you are at liberty to examine, but I will read only the part which concerns the crime, as the other consists mainly of directions and hopes. The part concerning the crime is as follows: "And now, Emily, I am ready to explain it all. Years ago I was in the employ of a man who was a brute in every sense of the word. We both changed to a young lady, but in a while she was dismissed. My attention he took out his spite on me—his employ. Well, to be brief, one day he made an insulting remark about her. It was a remark that was worse than anything I had ever heard of. I had been taught that a shot was the only reply to an insult to a lady. Confiding in my own strength, I fired. I was right. I may say that in order to save her name I fled. Had I stayed I would not have been able to give reasons for the crime without compromising the name of the young lady, and to save her name from the breath of slander I fled. I did not love her, Emily—you are the only one I have ever loved. But she was a lady, and to save her name I took her and fled. Goodbye, now, little one. I am going away to face trial. I may not see you again for years, but—" The lawyer was again the husband and father, and a broken sob choked him. He folded the paper, laid it on the desk and arose. "We have but little time now," he said in low tones.

Thornton did not reply. He was too busy with his own thoughts. He had spent the best years of his life in search of the man before him; and all for the sake of "professional pride." How he hated that term! Years before he had given himself over to one purpose—to find the individual who had thwarted him and what was the result? The end of his years of labor was to be a broken home, and wife and children, a sorrowing mother and helpless children. The end for which he had hoped and to which he had looked forward with joy had come, and what an end it was! On the one hand he saw himself standing before his chief, a smile of success on his face, but the picture of a wrecked home in his mind. On the other hand, he saw himself standing before his chief, a dejected air indicating failure; but in his mind was the picture of a home of loving hearts—a home into which the serpent had not entered.

Thornton walked over to the desk and took Armstrong's letter in his hand. Retracing his steps he tossed the manuscript into the grate. The fire had burned low, but the paper soon ignited, filling the room with a cheery glow. "Well," he said, "you may go back and face that charge if you will—but you will not go with me." Good-night.

TALK TO THE MAN IN THE MOON

It is possible that, writes Garrett P. Serviss in the January number of "Success," within fifty years the visual power of the telescope will have been increased to tenfold its present magnitude, to employ a much-used form of illustration. Such an increase in magnification would bring the moon within an apparent distance of ten miles, and Mars, when he is nearest, within a distance of a few thousand miles. But, even without such power, there is little doubt that similar ad-

