

through but a few poor yards of space. He no longer saw a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal.

Almost humbled, Blinker rolled up the shirt sleeves of his mind and joined the idealists.

"You are the lady doctor," he said to Florence. "How shall we go about doing this jolly conglomeration of fairy tales incorporated?"

"We will begin there," said the Princess, pointing to a fun-pagoda on the edge of the sea, "and we will take them all in, one by one."

They caught the eight o'clock returning boat and sat, filled with pleasant fatigue against the rail in the bow, listening to the Italians' fiddle and harp. Blinker had thrown off care. The North Woods seemed to him an uninhabitable wilderness. What a fuss he had made over signing his name—pooh! he could sign it a hundred times. And her name was as pretty as she was—"Florence," he said to himself a great many times.

As the boat was nearing its pier in the North River a two-funnelled, foreign-looking steamer was dropping down the bay. The boat turned its nose in toward its slip. The steamer veered to seek mid-stream, yawed, seemed to increase its speed and struck the Coney Island boat on the side near the stern, cutting into it with a terrifying shock and crash.

While the 600 passengers were mostly tumbling about the decks shrieking in panic the captain was shouting at the steamer that it should not back off and leave the rent exposed for the water to enter. But the steamer tore its way out like a savage sawfish and cleaved its heartless way, full speed ahead.

The boat began to sink at its stern, but moved slowly toward the slip. The passengers were a frantic mob, unpleasant to behold.

Blinker held Florence tightly until the boat had righted itself. She made no sound or sign of fear. He stood on a camp stool, ripped off the

slats above his head and pulled down a number of the life preservers. He began to buckle one around Florence. The rotten canvas split and the fraudulent granulated cork came pouring out in a stream. Florence caught a handful of it and laughed gleefully.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

#### CONVICT PLAYS AT MUSICALE —THEN BEATS IT

Cincinco, Neb., June 21.—Because Baron Von Werner, German nobleman and convict, is a musical genius, Chaplain Johnson decided to give a musicale at which the baron should be chief entertainer for the chaplain's guests.

In consequence thereof, the baron, who is serving a five years' sentence for attempting to cash checks on his mother-in-law's bank account, was given a nice trip to Tecumseh and tickled the ivories until midnight in the approved and classic style he used when he was leader of a large orchestra.

It is said, however, that at midnight he grew restless and with the irresponsibility of the true temperamental genius, he slipped away from the house and boarded a train for St. Louis, Missouri, believing he was entitled to some recompense for the concert.

Warden Fenton is quite anxious to have the baron come back and board at the jail and it is believed the warden will advise the chaplain to eliminate music at his next musicale, or be satisfied with a more humble entertainer than a German baron graduate of several universities, ex-leader of a large orchestra in New York, forger of checks and—temperamental genius.

A new imitation celluloid—claimed to be cheap, safe and satisfactory—is made by a combination of processes from gelatine, gallo-tannic acid, casein, ammonia, rubber, sulphur, carbon bisulphide and rosin.