THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

THE VINTAGE

By JOSEPH SHARTS

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CHAPTER III (Continued).

FOR a while Silber peered and saw nothing; listened, and heard only the petulant hum of mosquitoes, the far-off wail of an owl. Then a faint, metallic click caught his ear—a vague object that had been standing against a sapling and bending with the foliage settled down to a squatting position. The motion first revealed the man. The click must have come from the rasping of his carbine against a canteen-hook or buckle.

"God save us!" mumbled Silber, and clutched his companion nervously.

"Cheer up!" said Grigg. "The trap isn't sprung yet. We know what to expect."

"All's over."

"By no means. Where is that list you were to bring me? I can take it and slip through to Richmond. They'll find nothing on you then to convict you."

"We are lost—lost! I hid it in the hollow lock of my valise!"

"Where's the valise?"

"In my room in there." And the Jew quite unnerved by his long ordeal and this final calamity, gave himself up to whispered lamentations, crouching upon the straw and wringing his hands.

Captain Grigg folded his arms and thought for several minutes, weighing all chances. Finally he laid his hand on the other's shoulder.

"That's bad, Silber," said he in a low tone. "Still, I must get that list, not only to guide me in my work, but to save those whose names are on it.

"Have you wings, then, to fly away?"

"Which is your room?"

"See! The closed window on the ground floor, just back of the dining room."

"Now, listen, Silber. You must go back to that room."

"My God!" Silber made a despairing gesture upward in the streak of moonlight. "This man is insane!"

"It is not foolhardiness. It's the part of prudence."

"Can't a man be prudent without getting into his coffin?"

"Go back as if perfectly at ease."

"Ah, that is easy to say, my friend!"

"You'll find strength to do it when you think how much depends on it. Retire to your room shortly—not too soon, for there are watchers. When you are in your room, lock your door. First take the list out of its hiding-place, roll it to a wad, and hold it in your palm. Do this all in the dark, remember. Then light your lamp or candle. That shall be my signal that all's right so far. Begin to undress for the night. After a few moments blow out your lamp, raise your curtain, and take your stand before the open window as though to breathe the fresh air. Act all the time as if eyes were on you, for they may be. Keep the paper ready in your palm. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," whispered the Jew, feeling some hope revive from the calm, steady manner in which the instructions were given.

"I'll find a way to come to you and get the list. You must be ready to act on a hint. If you hear a shot out here, or if they break in your door, swallow the paper and save yourself how you can. Now, will you do your part?"

"Ah, my friend," murmured the Jew, trembling, "God has not given all of us your strength."

"Afraid still?" Grigg said sternly. "You have no right, sir. Think of the lives that depend on you and me tonight. Will you go?"

There was silence between them a little while. Then the Jew drew a deep breath, rather surprised at his own new courage.

"Yes, I'll do it," he whispered. "One life for so many—that's a good bargain. I've made many good bargains in my time. Yes, I'm going back now, where death is. What of it! Give me your hand, my friend."

They clasped hands a moment.

Across the moonlit yard negro singers were returning to their quarters; and as they came they still hummed in chorus the last refrain, the sweet old song that Lee's soldiers sang at the crossing of the Potomac:

Carry me back to ole Virginny,
Dar's whar de cotton an' de cawn an' taters grow,
Dar's whar de birds warble sweetly in de spring-time,
Dar's whar dis ole darky's heart iam long to go.

Heaving another long breath, Silber stepped out of the stable and went toward the house. On the way he paused once, struck a match, and calmly relkindled his cigar.

CHAPTER IV.

The Snare Is Sprung.

"DOG-GONE!" drawled a mildly embarrassed voice behind Burnet.

The landlord whirled about in his chair, startled. It was after 9 o'clock, and all was quiet in the tavern. Everybody had retired but Burnet, who, rendered anxious by Bledsoe's mysterious preparations, preferred to sit up. He knew something was about to happen, and had ensconced himself with a lighted candle in his little office, where a sawed-off shotgun lay convenient to his hand under the desk.

Turning toward the voice, he observed a crippled soldier in tattered butternut, who leaned on a crutch and looked at him with a sheepish grin.

"Oh," said Burnet. "Ain't you the man that asked to sleep at the barn tonight?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, what's wrong?"

"I done tore my pants." The soldier displayed a bad rent in his ragged trousers. "Could I borry a needle and thread from you-uns?"

"Right smart rip," commented the landlord sympathetically. "But you better wait till mornin'. I'll have old Lize patch it for you."

"Can't wait 'till mornin'. I allow to be pullin' out before sunup. If you le'me have a needle and thread, I'll patch it now while I can see by your dip."

"But you'll have to remove your pants, suh, to repair 'em!" exclaimed the astonished landlord.

"You-uns is most all in bed, ain't you?" the soldier innocently asked.

"Shucks! You mustn't take 'em off here, nohow. Why, there's goin' to be—well, the house might be disturbed any minute, and all the women folks'll naturally run right down here to me for protection. How'd you look then, with your pants off?"

This idea seemed to amuse the soldier. He chuckled softly, taking off his cap and scratching his unshorn mop of reddish hair.

"Reckon I'd look all took down," said he. Then, as an apparent afterthought, he added: "Mebbe thar's a spare room I could use a couple minutes, if you'd le'me have a dip?"

It was considered almost obligatory throughout the South for the citizens to aid distressed soldiers, and Burnet's affable nature would have induced him to accede to the cripple's request anyhow.

"My house is plum full," remarked he, fumbling in a drawer of his desk. "But I got a boy in the army myself, and I'll fix you up somehow. Here's a needle and some stout thread Mrs. Burnet always keeps handy." From a narrow shelf behind him he next took down a piece of tallow candle, which he lighted at the one on the desk. "Can you contrive to follow me up-stairs, suh?"

Hobbling painfully on his crutch, the soldier ascended to the upper hall. The landlord led the way, holding the tin candlestick high, the flame streaming backward. At each door they passed, as the wavering beams fell on it, the soldier glanced quickly and sharply to imprint the locality upon his mind.

Burnet stopped before a large square closet, which he opened, showing it to be crammed with household odds and ends.

"There, suh," said he, setting the candle on a shelf. "Watch out you don't set nothin' afire. You'll have to squat on the floor. I'm right sorry I can't be more accommodatin'. Do you think it'll do?"

"Bang up!" said the soldier cheerfully. "Hope to see you in Congress!" He slowly prepared to remove the torn garment.

Before finally departing, the landlord thrust his head into the closet again.

"My good lady's troubled with a slight infirmity of temper," he hesitated, glancing dubiously at the crowded shelves and then down at the soldier, who sat on the floor threading the needle, "and I'd consider it a great personal favor, suh, if she don't find nothin' disturbed in here, 'cause she'll just naturally lift my scalp."

"All right, dad," said the soldier, taking a stitch. And after another fatherly admonition about the candle, Burnet went away.

But his receding footfalls had scarcely been heard on the stair, when the supposed cripple, who had knelt with one ear to the crevice at the bottom of the closet door, sprang up with no indication of lameness, readjusted his garments, thrust the spool of thread into his pocket, and blew out the candle.

Softly pushing open the door, he emerged on tiptoe, the crutch tucked under his arm. Although the full southern moon shone brightly outside, only the faintest glooming reflection penetrated the hall, and for at least a minute Grigg waited to get his bearings. Finally he selected a door, stooped, and looked through the keyhole. The room was dark. A slow and sibilant puffing, intermingled with snores, gave evidence that the occupant was asleep.

He lifted the old-fashioned iron latch. The door was not even locked. With a faint creak it fell open before him. Alert upon his toes, quiet as the lifting of an eyelid, he passed into the room, drew near the bed, and bent down to examine the sleeper.

Sprawled on the bed in profound slumber lay the preacher, Harris, a tasseled cotton nightcap cocked rakishly over one eyebrow, his mouth wide open, and a mosquito-bar spread across his face. His coat was hung over the back of a chair beside the bed, his trousers folded neatly on the chair-seat, his white cotton socks laid each on its respective shoe, and various other garments, needless to enumerate, assigned to proper positions for the night.

The Rev. Mr. Harris had folded his hands across his stomach, and was sleeping the loud sleep of righteousness. Well for him he did not wake as that menacing shadow stooped low over him, peered into his peaceful face, and raised a clubbed revolver, ready to strike. He snored on, as only those can whose sins have been forgiven them.

His window had been left open because of the warmth of the June night. A broad band of moonlight streamed across the sill, so that one standing at the window would have been observed by the cordon of sentinels that had now been drawn close about the tavern.

Grigg crept to the window on his hands and knees like a cat, and, keeping his head all the while below the level of the sill, rapidly unwound the spool of thread until he had measured off about nine feet.

Then, tying a loop about the spool to hold it at that length, he slowly lowered it out of the window. In doing this he was careful not to protrude more than his fingers, for he knew that by this time there were troopers lying even in the bushes beneath the Jew's window. As the spool descended he assured himself of its whereabouts by imparting to it a slight swaying motion that caused it to rub against the wall of the house. This rubbing sent up the thread a vibratory thrill.

When the thrill ceased and the spool suddenly swung free, he knew it had reached the top of the window below. He drew it up, let out about three feet more on a calculation, and lowered it again.

This time, when the unimpeded swing announced that the spool had reached the window, he dropped it down a good four feet, to clear the upper sash, and then began trying to swing it out and in.

Several minutes passed before he could give it much of a swing, because he could use only his fingers, not daring to put out his whole hand, so bright was the moonlight against that side of the house, and so close were the soldiers lying in the bushes. Finally, however, he worked up a certain momentum. The spool struck against a pane of glass. Instantly he let out another armlength of thread. This time the spool swung clear.

Steadily and patiently he straightened and crooked his fingers, imparting a longer and longer swing. He knew at last that it must be swinging well into the room below. Was Silber following instructions and standing near the window? Would he never perceive it?

Suddenly, at the terminus of an inward sweep, the spool stopped, and there came a twitch on the thread.

An interval of intense anxiety followed, during which Grigg was aware of a nervous fumbling at the other end of the line. But the hush of the summer night remained unbroken, save by the fretful humming of mosquitoes and the cry of the owl. Drifting firefles showed their tiny lanterns against the black curtain of the woods, and over all the fields the calm moonlight was sleeping. Behind the stable a horse whinnied.

Grigg's fingers felt upon the taut thread two quick, slight jerks, followed instantly by a third jerk, a somewhat longer pull, and a final jerk. Even at such a crisis he had to smile at this ingenious adaptation of the Morse telegraphic code to signify that all was ready. It was his first intimation that his accomplice understood telegraphy—the craft which had enabled Grigg himself to struggle up from the ignorance and poverty of the east Tennessee mountains. There came a time, long afterward, when this incidental bit of information about Silber, clinched in the Federal officer's memory, stood him in good stead.

(Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.)

Work for Sanitation.

The Portland (Ore.) Woman's Club is working to have the city adopt the proposed amendment for an issue of $75,000 bonds to provide for a publis system of collecting garbage. Committees will be appointed to cover all the precincts of the city, and it is hoped in this way to systematically promote the project.

Finds New Hedge.

After two years in China in quest of beautiful flowers and useful berries that are unknown in America, E. H. Wilson, of the Harvard Arboretum, has returned home, bringing with him a wealth of new plants. He thinks they will quickly supplant the kinds now known, being much superior. One of his treasures is a plant making so dense a hedge that it can be cut almost as thin as a fence and will stay green the greater part of the year.

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Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Go to New York To Attend International Polo Match

Vice President and Wife to Return to City Thursday.

The Vice President and Mrs. Sherman went over to New York today to attend the international polo match at Long Island tomorrow. They will return to the city Thursday morning.

The Assistant Corporation Counsel for the District of Columbia and Mrs. William Henry White left Washington today for Jefferson City, Mo., where Mr. White will be engaged in the trial of a case for a few days. Later they will go to Kansas City, Mo., for a few weeks' visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. White. A number of entertainments have been planned in their honor during their stay in Kansas City.

Miss Dorothy Anderson, daughter of Medical Director and Mrs. Frank Anderson, U. S. N., will go to Annapolis tomorrow, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Buchanan Henry for June week.

Mrs. William Cummings Story, of New York, is spending a few days at the New Willard.

Mrs. J. Milton Boone, of St. Clair, Pa., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Hine, at their residence, 3317 Newark street, Cleveland Park, for a few weeks.

Mrs. Lamar Closes Home And Departs for Georgia.

Mrs. Lamar, wife of Mr. Justice Lamar, closed their Washington residence several days ago, and has gone to their home in Augusta, Ga. The Justice, who has been stopping at the Shoreham, will leave Washington this evening to join Mrs. Lamar.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Wilson will close their Washington residence June 5 and go to York Harbor for the season.

Mrs. W. H. H. Southerland and the Misses Southerland will leave Washington about June 10 for southern California. They will join Rear Admiral Southerland, U. S. N., at Coronado Beach, where he has been stationed for the last three months in charge of a portion of the fleet.

Former Senator Burrows, of Michigan, and Mrs. Burrows will close their residence here this week and will leave Washington Friday for their home in Kalamazoo. They will spend a few days in Atlantic City before sailing on June 28 for Europe.

Miss Witten to Become Bride of Chicago Man.

Miss Hazel Bradford Witten, daughter of Judge and Mrs. James W. Witten, will be married to Augustus Seymour Dennison, of Chicago, Saturday evening, June 3, at 8 o'clock. The wedding ceremony, which will be performed by the Rev. J. Howard Wells, pastor of the Mt. Vernon Church, in the home of the bride's parents, 2518 Thirteenth street, will be followed by a reception.

The bride, who will be escorted and given in marriage by her father, will have as her attendants, her aunt, Mrs. G. A. Ross, as matron of honor, and Miss Jane George, as maid of honor.

Arthur Belbert will be best man for Mr. Dennison.

After June 15, Mr. Dennison and his bride will reside in Chicago.

Arthur Bliss Will Wed Miss Storm of New York

Cards have been received in Washington from Mr. and Mrs. Jules Phillips Storm, of New York, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Marguerite Storm, to Arthur Lorraine Bliss, of Washington. The wedding will take place Monday afternoon, June 26, at 4 o'clock, in St. Bartholomew's Church, Madison avenue and Forty-fourth street, New York city.

Mrs. Andrew J. Peters, wife of Representative Peters of Massachusetts, and their infant son have gone to North Beverly, Mass., where they will be the guests of Mrs. Peters' mother, Mrs. John C. Phillips. Mr. Peters will join her there at the close of Congress.

The Chinese Minister and Mme. Chang will establish the legation at Garrison-on-the-Hudson about the middle of June.

Miss Dorothy Gray Brooks is a member of a party of girls spending June week at Annapolis, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Charles Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lee left Washington today for a week's visit in New Jersey before opening their summer, at Cooperstown, N. Y., for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Duff Going To New Jersey Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Duff are closing their apartment in the Connecticut, and will leave Washington this week for their cottage at Chelsea, N. J.

Mrs. Norman Williams will close her Sixteenth street residence on June 10 and will go to New York, from where she will sail on the 13th for Europe to spend the summer.

Chief Justice Seth Shepard, of the Court of Appeals, and Mrs. Shepard will sail from New York on the Lapland on June 6 for Europe.

Mrs. Cosby, wife of Col. Spencer Cosby, U. S. A., who has been spending several days at Fort Monroe, Va., will return to Washington Friday or Saturday.

Rear Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and Mrs. Clover and their family will close their New Hampshire avenue residence early next month and go to their cottage at Bar Harbor for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Becker will entertain at a dinner tomorrow evening in honor of Miss Anne Bayard and Norman Underwood, whose engagement was recently announced.

Dr. and Mrs. Becker will close their residence on Rhode Island avenue shortly and go to their summer place at Tyringham, Mass., for the season.

Sir Robert Hadfield And Lady Hadfield Hosts.

Sir Robert and Lady Hadfield, who are spending a few days in New York, entertained at dinner last night at the Plaza.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Fairfax Whiting and the Misses Whiting are spending a few days in New York at the Holland House, en route to Bar Harbor for the summer.

Mrs. Frank Valentine Chappell, of New London, Conn., is the guest of Lieut. and Mrs. Roscoe Franklin Dillen, U. S. N., at Annapolis.

Party of Young People on Motor Trip in Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wescott and Mrs. R. C. Bulmer are chaperoning a party of young people on a motor trip through Virginia. The party, which left Washington Friday, and is expected to return tomorrow, includes Miss Harriet Wadsworth, Miss Laura Merriam, Reginald Huidekoper, and two or three others.

Miss Mary McCauley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCauley, will return to Washington from a few days' visit in New Jersey.

Mrs. Frederic Young At Old Point Comfort.

Mrs. Frederic Young, of the Olympia, is visiting at Old Point Comfort, Va.

The dance given by the Washington Country Club at its club house in Virginia last night was largely attended by members and their friends.

Dr. A. F. Magruder, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. Magruder, have closed their residence on Jefferson place, and have gone to their country home at Araby, Md., for the summer.

Mrs. Morton Bartow Mercer, of 1218 Euclid street, will be at home informally tomorrow afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock, asking her guests to meet Mrs. R. C. Turner, of Atlanta, Ga., and Miss Hazel Witten, who is to be one of the June brides.

Miss Adaline Culp Visiting in Birmingham.

Miss Adaline Culp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Culp, who has been making an extended visit in the South, is now in Birmingham, Ala. She will return to Washington June 10.

Mrs. Samuel C. Lemly and Miss Ellen Lemly will close their apartment in the Netherlands shortly, and will go to New York June 6 for several weeks before going to one of the North Shore resorts for the season.

The Misses Mellon, of the Connecticut, have closed their apartment, and are spending some time at their home in Philadelphia before going to Bar Harbor for the season.

Mme. Filippo Camperio sailed from New York today after a visit to her widowed mother, Mrs. Silas W. Terry, for Paris, where Lieut. Camperio will meet her. After a visit there Lieutenant and Madame Camperio will proceed to Venice, where the former is stationed, and where Mrs. Terry will join them later.

The Chief Justice and Mrs. White will spend the summer at Port Hope, Canada. Previous to their departure, however, the Chief Justice will go South on a business trip, returning here to join Mrs. White for the trip to Port Hope.

Miss Mildred Fearn, who has gone to New York for the wedding on Thursday of Miss Louise Chalmers and Reginald Ducat, was among the guests at the luncheon given at Sherry's yesterday by Miss Elizabeth Ducat in honor of the bride-elect.

Miss Ellen King has opened her villa at Lenox for the season.

Big Business Done In Storage of Furs

"It is the enormous demand for medium priced furs rather than the relatively small demand for rare furs which is the backbone of the business today," said a furrier. "And the New York woman is the furrier's best friend, because she takes the least care of her furs, or rather gives them the hardest wear.

"Now, this question of putting furs out of harm's way in summer is not so easy for the rank and file of wearers, who for the most part live in apartment houses with little closet room and no back yards.

"It was this universal wearing of furs which started up the cold-storage fur plants about ten years ago, and has made them a paying proposition both to department stores and private furriers.

"For instance, there is one connected with a large department store which took care of 50,000 pieces of fur last season, representing perhaps 10,000 consigners. It is not unusual for a New York woman to store sixteen or eighteen pieces of fur at a time, for instead of owning one or two fur sets these women own four, five, or six sets, including coats and hats. The amount of money spent in fur hats alone in the last two or three years is enormous."

London Fur Center.

London is the fur market of the world, and the prices paid at its famous auctions are the determining factors in making prices the world over.

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Pastor Surprised By Sunday School Song

At Louisa last Sunday at the Christian Hall, the Rev. Mr. Neal asked two five, six, or seven-year-old youngsters to sing a duet. They cheerfully volunteered, and promptly took the stand. Brother Neal expected to hear "Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam," or something on that order, but theye broke out with a vim, singing:

"I wish I had a nickel,
I wish I had a dime,
I wish I had a sweetheart.
I'd kiss him all the time."

It is needless to say that they "brought down the house."—Catlettsburg Tribune.

Member of One Church For Half a Century

Mrs. Miles E. Jenkins, better known in New York as "Mother" Jenkins, recently celebrated half a century as a member of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church in that city. The church celebrated its seventy-eighth anniversary at the same time. Mrs. Jenkins is now seventy-seven years old.

Famed Signatures Gone.

Of the great men's signatures that were written to the Declaration of Independence, hardly one is legible now. But this is due to the fact that some sixty years ago, in taking a facsimile, the press copy absorbed the ink from nearly all the signatures.

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Germany as a united empire, embracing twenty-six formerly independent kingdoms, is a fact accomplished within living memory.

The census just completed shows the smallest of them all to be perfectly organized, having its own independent reigning sovereign, its own prime minister and cabinet, its own capital and free to act in all matters independently, save those which are specifically imperial and controlled by the reichstag.

The Night Shift.

Positive Wife—"John, why do you talk in your sleep? Have you any idea?"

Negative Husband—"So as not to forget how, I suppose. Its the only chance I get!"—Puck.

His Nurse.

"Jim Bixley is ill, I understand."

"Yes, he's confined to his bed."

"Lemme see. If I remember right, Jim married a professional nurse. I suppose she takes care of him?"

"Not much. Jim sent for his mother."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

THE BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

ALFRED and Clarence were brothers, and Arthur, who lived in the next house to them, was their cousin.

Their birthdays came on the same date. Clarence and Arthur were just the same age, and Alfred was only a year older.

The morning of their birthday their grandfather gave each of them a bright half dollar.

"This is for you to do with as you like," he told them. "You need not ask anyone how to spend it or tell anyone how you spend it, if you do not care.

The boys gave him a bear hug, then they ran to the steps and sat down to talk it over.

"What are you going to do with yours, Alfred?" Clarence asked.

"I am going to the park and ride on everything out there," said Arthur.

"I never can have but one hide and now I will have two, and then I will get some popcorn and soda."

"I am going to get a top and spend the rest for soda," Arthur said.

"What are you going to buy?" they asked Clarence.

"I am not sure," Clarence replied; "I would like to ride in the swan boats in the park, but I do not know as I shall have enough left if I buy something I have in my mind."

"What is it?" asked Arthur.

"A pot of pansies and a red geranium," said Clarence.

"Flowers!" said both boys, in tones of disgust. "Why do you buy flowers?" inquired Alfred. "They will fade. Besides that, flowers are for girls."

"Come with me to the park," said Alfred, "and ride on the merry-go-round."

Clarence shook his head.

"No," he said; "I think I will get the flowers."

Alfred and Arthur spent their half-dollar as they had planned and forgot about Clarence and the flowers.

One day soon afterward they saw Clarence hurrying out of the yard with a glass of jelly in his hand.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"Down to old Mrs. Dawson's," replied Clarence. "Mother is sending her a glass of jelly. She hurt her foot and has to sit in a chair all day."

"Want us to go with you," asked Alfred.

Clarence told them he would be glad to have them.

Mrs. Dawson was very old and lived alone, and now that she was lame the neighbors had to take care of her. She was very glad to see the boys and asked them to sit down. She showed them pictures of men in uniforms and told them stories of the war, and soon the boys were so interested that they drew their chairs close beside her.

"This was my little boy," she told them, showing a picture of a boy about their age. "His name was Clarence, too," she said, putting her arm around Clarence and drawing him close to her.

Then she showed them another picture of a young man in uniform.

"This was taken after he grew up," she told them.

"I suppose he must be as old as father now," said Arthur.

"No; he is still young," said Mrs. Dawson; "at least I like to think he is. He went to the war, my dear, and he never came back. He looked just as this picture does the morning he went away, and though it is many years ago I feel sure he is waiting for his old mother with the sunny smile of my boy of long ago."

All three of the boys wiped their eyes when Mrs. Dawson stopped speaking. After a minue she said: "I have a large picture of him in the other room. Clarence knows the way—you show them, son," she said.

Clarence took them into Mrs. Dawson's parlor and on the wall hung a picture of a boy in uniform like the small one Mrs. Dawson had shown them.

And in front of the picture on a table stood a pot of pansies and a red geranium.

Arthur and Alfred looked at Clarence. His face flushed. "Yes," he said, "I got them for her. Mother sent me here with some broth and I found her crying because she could not buy flowers to put in front of his picture on Decoration Day.

"They were his favorite flowers, and she always put them here, but this year

she was ill and had to spend her money for medicine. His name was Clarence, you know, and, somehow, I felt I must do it."

Neither of the boys spoke, but Arthur and Alfred felt that Clarence had gotten more real pleasure out of his gift than they had from theirs.

They said good-by to Mrs. Dawson, and she asked them to come again.

On the way home Arthur said: "You are a brick, Clarence, and I like you better than I ever did."

Alfred did not say anything, but he put his arm around his brother's shoulder, and that is a great deal for a boy to do.

Tomorrow's story: "Stories Told By the Guests."

Obscure History of The "King's Stone"

In the English city of Kingston there stands, surrounded by a protecting railing, the object from which the town derives its name. This is the "King's Stone," a piece of rock which served as a throne at the coronation of all the early Saxon kings. Tourists will remember such a stone beneath a rude chair in Westminster Abbey, where King George will be crowned.

This latter stone came from Ireland, beyond which point in its history little is known. It was used at early Irish coronations, and tradition has it that the stone formed the pillow of Father Jacob, when he dreamed and saw a ladder reaching up to heaven with angels ascending and descending upon it. Thence the stone was taken to Egypt, so the story goes, and afterward to Spain, reaching Ireland in the early centuries of our era.

An Aged Pioneer.

When the MacMonies pioneer monument is erected at Denver on June 24, one of the many visitors who will be there will probably be Mrs. Thornton, aged eighty-three, who will go from Santa Fe, N. M., to meet some of the pioneers whom she knew in her young days. Great preparations are being made in Denver for the interesting historical event.

Same Principle.

Architects, studying the cathedrals of Europe, find that the priciple upon which they are built is identical with that of the builders of the Egyptian pyramids. Both are based on triangulation, the law of crystallization in nature.

Art Is Sacrificed by Nurse for the Public

Two months after writing a particularly interesting letter to a friend in New York a Pittsburg woman visited this old town and called on her correspondent. After a while the conversation turned on a topic that had been mentioned in her letter.

"I can't tell it now just word for word the way I heard it then," said the visitor, "but it is down exactly right in the letter I wrote you at the time. Get that out and let's make sure."

"But I haven't the letter," said the New York woman.

"Haven't got it?" the visitor exclaimed. "What did you do with it?"

"I burned it."

The Pittsburg woman showed downright resentment.

"Burned it?" she said. "Burned that letter? Why, that was the best letter I ever wrote, and you burned it!"

"I had to," said the New York woman. "You forced me to do it. You began your letter by stating that you were writing at the bedside of a sick brother who had just fallen asleep. The doctor was not sure yet, you said, whether it was plain rash or scarlet fever. Yet you expected me to keep that letter. Before I married I was a trained nurse. One thing I learned then was that it is dangerous to keep letters that have been sent from homes where there is any kind of sickness. They may spread contagion when opened and reread months afterward. If a second 'Hamlet' should be sent to me in a letter that contained news of somebody's illness I should sacrifice art to the public safety and burn it."—New York Telegram.

Fire and Flood.

The forest fires and parched fields of Pennsylvania follow closely upon an April so wet that crops could not be planted.