

are talking nonsense. I'm sure no such thought has ever entered my mind—or his. We are just good friends. Cannot you understand that? I believe in him, and—because—because I believe in him—well—he works—and talks to me about his work, and—Oh, your mind runs in a very narrow groove."

"A groove that has been proved again and again to be only a well worn road, my dear, with experience for a finger post."

It was on the occasion of her next visit to Richard Felgate's studio that the lesson was driven home. She had been admiring a picture of his which was nearing completion, a picture which was to show to the world that the old promise of great things was not dead; that the man they had given over to oblivion and failure had something of the quality of more abiding things still in him. She had spurred him on to the work; had gloried in the thought that but for her it would never have been done. She sighed happily as she turned away from it and faced the painter.

"It is very good," she said softly. "I knew that you could take up the old thread again."

"The old thread would never have been taken up but for you," he replied. "And yet, sometimes I ask myself—even now—what it is all for. Ah, no—forgive me. I don't ask that—because it's all for you. Every stroke of the brush is for you; each moment that I set myself to something worthier is for you. I—I want to ask you something, little friend."

He was looking at her gravely; she glanced up at him, out of her clear eyes, and read the something there—read, in a flash, the full tragedy of it. She waited, heartsick, helplessly.

"You have seen so much of me; you came to me when all the world passed me by; you stretched out your dear hands and grasped me as I floated past and held me. All my world, all my life, is with you and in you; without you I am nothing. I thought at first it might be your sweet comradeship; I was so worthless I was grateful even for that. But now I know that a woman may only reach a man through love—love of the highest. Had I not heard that voice you might have called in vain. Little Dora, I love you; there is no hope, no heaven, no life for me without you. Dear, I—"

She got a firm hold of herself at last; saw that here was a question to be faced; a terrible business on which she had not counted. She had gone into this matter with the blindness of pity, with the high and lofty purpose of the crusader. Passion and human nature were not to be reckoned with in the fight. But they must be reckoned with now.

"Stop!" she cried. "You—you don't understand. I—I never meant—I—Mr. Felgate, it is impossible."

There was a dead silence for a moment. The man stood perfectly still, with his hands gripping each other behind his back.

"I see," he said at last, in a low voice. "Your belief in me won't extend so far as that."

"Oh, no, no. I do believe in you, indeed I do. But—"

"Well, what is it? There is some one else, I suppose?"

She nodded slowly. She did not care to trust her voice at that moment. He came suddenly toward her and gripped her by the shoulders and looked down at her. She thought she had never seen his eyes so hopelessly weary as they were then.

"Do you know what you have done?" he cried almost harshly. "Did you think you could come into a man's life, as you have come into mine, and then smilingly wave your hand one day and pass out of it all and be forgotten, with only your good deeds left behind? Did you think that?"

"I did not know. I—I wanted to help you. I have been engaged to this man since I was a mere child. We knew each other as children. He is in India."

"Does he know you as I know you—this man who is to claim you? Have you done for him what you have done for me, you sweet little blunderer?"

"It was not necessary." She was shaking and trembling. She had covered her face with her hands.

"I see," he said again. "He wasn't on the downward path. He'd something



He was sitting alone, with his head in his hands.

to hope for." He dropped his hands from her shoulders and turned away.

"But—but you won't"—she began, looking up at him.

"What?"

"Go back to that old life?"

"Will you hold me?" he asked, stretching out his hands to her with a smile.

"But—for your own sake," she pleaded.

"A worthless anchorage," was the reply. "Come, dry your tears. You've tried your experiment. It isn't your fault if you've failed at the supreme moment. Goodby."

She saw the bitter hopelessness of it, saw his head down on his hand, in the old attitude, as she left the place.

Two years went by, and they met again in quite the strangest fashion. She had been ill—an illness which might be attributed to actual weariness of the poor comedy of life rather than to any specific disease—and had been ruralizing in Devonshire with a poor and worshiping elderly female relative in attendance. She got up very early one morning, after a restless night—long before any one about the place was stirring—and went out and rambled into the cool stillness of a little wood. And there, suddenly, she came face to face with Richard Felgate.

They stood still for a long moment, looking at each other, and then clasped hands. "You have been ill," he said at last.

"Yes. But I am better," she added. "I am down to recruit."

"And I—to idle," he said, laughing.

"Oh, don't deary yourself," she replied softly. "I have heard of your success."

"Are you here alone?" he asked presently, striving hard to dig a stone out of the path with his stick. "Is—your husband with you?"

"I am not married, Mr. Felgate."

He looked up at her quickly. "But—the man from India?"

"Has gone back again," she replied.

He dropped the stick and came at her and caught her by the shoulders. "What do you mean?" he asked, almost in a whisper. "You were to marry him—had been engaged to him for years?"

"Yes, but he has gone back again."

"Why?"

"He would have nothing to do with me. He had heard of you. I think he knew something about you. He cast me off utterly."

"The prig! Well, what else?"

"Then quite a number of other people cast me off. You see, he came of a very good family."

"I see," said Richard Felgate slowly. "You can't touch pitch, you know, eh?"

"I suppose so. And then I came to Devonshire."

There was a gleam in her eyes that lit a reflection in his own. He looked at her steadily, laughed grimly.

"Dora, what is this game you are playing? I don't understand. Is it—the old game of—of rescue?"

She nodded. "If you like," she said gravely.

"Ah, the life is more to you than the man, the work than the worker, Dora," he said sadly, turning away.

"It was—once," she said. Then quite suddenly she stretched out her hands to him. "Richard, I came to Devonshire to find you."

"Yes, out of pity," he replied bitterly as he took her hands. "You were afraid that after I had loosed these hands I should drift again. But the touch of them was with me still, dear. I could not go back."

They were coming out of the wood together. All the joyous life of the new day was waiking about them.

"You are the blunderer now," she whispered.

"Tell me why."

"Do you know why I came to Devonshire?"

"Tell me," he pleaded humbly.

"Because—"

"Well?"

"Because"—she clung to him and hid her face—"because I wanted my scamp."

THE END.

How Long Does It Take to Think?

Professor Richet says that it takes a man about one-eleventh of a second to think out each note of a musical scale. He explains the practice that people will often follow of bending their heads in order to catch each minute sound by the fact that the smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both. Thus the separateness of the clicks of a revolving toothed wheel were noted by one observer when they did not exceed 60 to the second, but using both ears he could not distinguish them when they occurred oftener than 15 times a second. The sharp sound of the electric spark from an induction coil was distinguished with one ear when the rate was as high as 500 to the second.

The sight is much less keen. When revolved at a speed no faster than 24 times a second, a disk, half white and half black, will appear gray.

We also hear more rapidly than we can count. If a clock-cliccking movement runs quicker than 10 to the second, we can count four clicks, while with 20 to the second we can count only two of them.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Five Hundred Shells to Kill One Man.

A shell thrown from a 24 ton quick firing gun rushes through the air at the velocity of 4,900 feet per second, striking its object with a force equal to that of 11,230 tons falling one foot, and yet, comparatively speaking, it is very harmless.

Thus, during the one day bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet of 12 ships, lasting from 7 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., no less than 3,165 shells were thrown into the town, and yet not more than 800 Egyptians were killed—that is, it took, roughly speaking, six shells to kill one man.

Again, during the Franco-German war the Germans threw 300,000 shells into Belfort, only killing 60 Frenchmen, or 500 shells to kill one man.

At Strassburg, in the same war, it took 18 shells to kill every man, and at the siege of Paris 110,000 shells only killed 167 and wounded 299.—New York World.

Her Scheme.

"How does your husband spend his time in the evening?"

"He stays at home and thinks of schemes to make money."

"And what do you do with yourself when he is thus occupied?"

"Oh, I think of schemes to spend it!"—London Fun.

LONG DISTANCE MAILS.

Time of Letters From New York to Far-away Destinations.

A letter sent from New York to Bangkok, Siam, travels overland to San Francisco and thence by water, reaching its destination in about 43 days, having been carried nearly 13,000 miles. A letter mailed here for Adelaide, Australia, also goes via San Francisco, travels 12,845 miles and is delivered usually within 25 days. New York mail destined for Calcutta goes by way of London, traveling 11,150 miles in 29 days, while mail sent from this city to Cape Town, goes 125 miles farther in two days' less time.

Mail communication between New York and Hongkong ordinarily consumes one month of time. The letters go by way of San Francisco and cover 10,500 miles of distance. To reach Melbourne, Australia, from this city a letter will travel 12,265 miles in about 32 days, and to reach Sydney a letter will travel 11,570 miles in 31 days. The mail route from New York to Yokohama, via San Francisco, is 7,348 miles long, and about 22 days are consumed in transit. To go to Honolulu from this city a letter travels 5,645 miles in 13 days.

Leaving New York on steamer days, mail matter is scheduled to reach Rome in about ten days, Madrid in ten days, London and Liverpool in eight days, Rotterdam in nine days, St. Petersburg in 11 days, Vienna in nine days, Paris in eight days, Berlin in nine days and Athens and Alexandria in 14 days. Communication with South American ports is much slower. It takes 24 days for a letter to go from New York to Rio Janeiro, which is only about 50 miles farther from this city than is Alexandria. Mail matter going from New York to Buenos Ayres, which is 8,045 miles distant, consumes 29 or 30 days.—New York Times.

VEGETABLE GEMS.

Bamboo Opals and Coconut Pearls Found in the Philippines, Though Rarely.

Among other queer things found in the Philippines are vegetable gems. There are not many of them, though. The bamboo is empty normally. One might cut open a jungle of the giant grass and find unaltered hollowness. But once in a million times or more accident brings to light in the bamboo stem a gem. Nature has molded into a lump a little of the flinty material which makes the outer stem so hard. The nodule usually presents the appearance of an opal, and several specimens are in the museums which reproduce the characteristic lines of that gem. These nodules are known as tabaccer. It is interesting to note that the first chemical and mineralogical examination of them was made by the James Smithson whose munificence established the first of the scientific bureaus of the American government.

In the condition in which the fruit is known in the United States the milk in the coconut is considered its only content. The really ripe nut, however, is filled with a white spongy mass, rich in the finest oil which the nut produces. This sponge is exposed to the hot sun for two or three days in a wooden trough until thoroughly pulped. The last of the oil is then extracted by squeezing the soft sponge in the hands. Very rarely this careful handling has developed the presence of small spheres which have much of the luster of the pearl. Eight or ten of these coconut pearls, all discovered in the Philippines, are treasured in European museums. They range from the size of a pinhead to that of a very small pea.—New York Sun.

The English Flag.

England's national flag has been called "a triplet of crosses," for it is composed of the cross of St. George, the cross of St. Andrew and the cross of St. Patrick. Thus: The flag of "St. George for merrie England," a red cross on a white ground, the red lines drawn straight from top to bottom and from side to side; the flag of St. Andrew for Scotland, a white cross on a blue ground; the flag of St. Patrick for Ireland, a red cross on a white ground, the narrow red lines drawn from corner to corner. By placing the cross of St. George on that of St. Andrew we have "the Jack," as ordered in 1606 by James I, whose signature was always "Jacques"; hence the expression, "the Jack." By laying the cross of St. Patrick over that of St. Andrew and then placing that of St. George over both, we have "the union jack," as borne since the union with Ireland in 1800.—Boston Transcript.

True Courtesy.

General Robert E. Lee was in the cars going to Richmond one day and was seated at the end farthest from the door. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman, poorly dressed, entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, and having none offered to her, approached the end where the general was seated. He immediately rose and gave her his seat.

Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said:

"No, gentlemen, if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me."

The effect was remarked. One after another got out of the car. The seats seemed to be too hot for them, and the general and the old lady soon had the car to themselves.

An Immediate Necessity.

Mrs. Watts—What is on that button? Mrs. Watts—Remember the Maine.

Mrs. Watts—It would do more immediate good if you would get a button with "Don't Forget the Groceries" on it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Origin of Cuba.

Haiti is a native name, meaning mountainous country. The name Cuba is of native origin. The meaning is unknown.

MEMORIES.

The heart grows sad sometimes when strange hands awaken

A strain, a melody of other days,
And backward through the past the mind goes straying
Till heartstrings snap in twain on which he plays.

I walked today along the village highway,
A sunny head was level, a form bent low—
Ah, with a pang it brought to me sweet memories
Of one so like him in the long ago!

But bitter sweet, the memories that awaken,
The love that filled each heart was never told,
For both of us were proud, and I, so fearful,
My secret should be known, was silent, cold.

Ah, well, the same old tale, so oft repeated!
I knew not that he loved me—ah, you smile—
'Twas after years I learned it, but he never,
Never knew I loved him all the while.

—Rose Van B. Speece.

CHINESE SHOES.

The Comfort and Healthfulness of Woven Straw Sandals.

"I may seem to be quarreling with my bread and butter," said an up town chiropodist to one of his best customers the other day, "but in my humble and somewhat professional opinion, the most sensible of all men in the matter of footwear is the Chinaman. Did you ever notice his feet? I don't believe there is such a thing as a corn or a bunion in all China. Chiropodists would starve to death there so far as the requirements of the masculine foot are concerned. Whatever the deformities inflicted on the feet of women in China may be, the men certainly enjoy sound and comfortable understandings. Look at the Chinese laundrymen here in Washington. They stand at their work 18 hours a day. No class of workmen I know of spend so many hours on their feet as they do. Yet they never break down there, and, physically, they are a wonderfully healthy race.

"Simple living and freedom from the nervous pursuits of our civilization may have something to do with it, but I attribute their exemption from foot weakness and disease to the kind of house shoe so universally worn by them. I have a pair that I have worn for several years, and I wouldn't wear anything else for genuine indoor comfort. They are woven of straw and seaweed and soled with horse hide. There is a thick sole of straw above the leather, and through this the air can circulate freely, keeping the muscles of the underpart of the foot always cool. The laundrymen, you notice, are usually bare-foot, which is an added advantage in the matter of healthfulness. There is about as little material in the uppers as is consistent with the idea of a shoe, and this is just enough to keep the thing on the foot. This upper, too, is woven loosely of seaweed, so that the air can have access to the foot. Nowhere does this shoe pinch or in the least degree press the foot.

"These are the indoor shoes of the Chinaman. On the street here in the United States nowadays he wears very commonly the leather shoes or boots of American manufacture. That is one of the ways in which he is becoming Americanized. But the outdoor cloth shoe of China is a great deal worn also. That, like the indoor shoe, is very thick and soft in the sole, and the foot is never pinched or strained by it. The healthiest footgear ever known probably was the sandal of the Greeks. It had no upper, and, as you will see in statuary, the feet of men and women were ideally perfect. All the sandal afforded was a protection from the ground. 'To him who wears sandals,' say the Arabs, 'it is as if the world were shod with leather.' The Chinaman seems to follow out this motto, and his shoes are nearly soles and nothing more. But the great secret of the excellence of his indoor shoe is the half inch straw sole."—Washington Star.

Neatly Caught.

A certain Greek adventurer some years ago undertook to palm off upon the public some false copies of the gospel manuscripts. Many learned men were deceived, but not Dr. Cox, librarian of the Bodleian library at Oxford. How he detected the fraud is related in his own words in The Spectator:

"I never really opened the book, but I held it in my hand and took one page of it between my finger and thumb while I listened to the rascal's account of how he found this most interesting antiquity.

At the end of three or four minutes I handed it back to him with the short comment, 'Nineteenth century paper, my dear sir,' and he took it away in a hurry and did not come again.

Yes, I was pleased, but I have handled several ancient manuscripts in my time, and I know the feel of old paper.

Easily Sane.

Scene—Editor's sanctum. Printer (rushing in excitedly)—Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the government has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press.

Editor (coolly)—Don't get excited, man. Just put over the account in large capitals; 'Johnson Pardoned. Full Account of What He Escaped!'—Pearson's Weekly.

Couldn't Translate It.

"Is that your baby?" asked the interested party. "What a cute little child! What is he saying now?"

"I don't know," replied the perplexed father. "You see, his mother carries the code book."—Philadelphia North American.

All at Sea.

Absentminded Professor (in the bath tub)—Well, well, now I have forgotten what I got in here for.—Fliegende Blätter.

Physicians declare that the most nutritious article of diet is butter, and bacon comes next.

Every square mile of sea contains 120,000,000 fish of various kinds.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Feltner* The Kind You Have Always Bought. **CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of Infants and Children.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac Simile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Feltner* NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Denison Marble and Granite Works.
HILL & SON, Props.
Monuments erected on short notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

GIVE US A CHANCE TO BID ON WORK

WILCOX STEAM LAUNDRY Improved Machinery

QUICK WORK A SPECIALTY

for doing the Best Work with the least possible wear and tear, and with splendid finish.

A. HARTNEY, FARGO HOUSE
Proprietor of FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.
Fine Sample Rooms, excellent location and best of all. GOOD MEALS.
House Newly Remodeled and Painted.

BLACK-SMITHING

I wish to announce that I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmith work in first-class shape and at prices as low as is consistent with good labor and material.

Horse-Shoeing a Specialty. TOM BATEMAN.

E. J. LANE, DENISON, I.A.
STONE MASON, PLASTERER, BRICKLAYER.
WORK GUARANTEED.
Leave orders at Smith's Barber Shop. Bond or reference furnished if desired.

F. J. MCGORMICK, DEALER IN
Stock: Cattle: and Hogs.
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR STOCK HOGS.

HOUSE MOVING
First-Class Outfit. Experienced Men. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
JAMES MCLELLAN DENISON, IOWA

Review for Fine Work