

MARSYAS.

To hear Apollo play upon his lyre; To struggle bravely, and, not least, to know It was a god that caused our overthrow; To feel within us the immortal fire; What more, forsooth, might earth-born bard desire.

FOLLY OF FERRIS

By Amos Dunning.

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A dash of crimson, a flash of amber, a glint of snow—were there ever such lips, eyes and shoulders? "Clever, you say? Most pretty women—"

"Art—bah—men! It takes brain to bag birds. That's Gays dancing with her. He's the latest and got money. She'll give him a week at least."

"Not a ballroom breath," mused Ferris. Ganning was right—it took brain. "I've this two step with her," said Ganning. "I'll return the thing if you like."

"Why do you dance with him?" he said to her one evening, crushing her warm fingers in a cold, unyielding grasp. She laughed; her amber colored eyes sparkled like drops of champagne.

"Othello, you hurt my hands!" "I believe you used to care for that fellow," he said sullenly. "Swear to me, Dea, you did not."

"So she's giving you a fortnight," said Ganning one morning. Ferris faced him quickly; he was a trifle pale about the mouth. "I don't understand you," he said.

blanching stone. The next instant, with fatal acuteness, his eye had de- veined each proof; the quaint curve of the wavy lace border, the curious little crest.

"What is it?" she cried in a shrill whisper. "Why do you look like that?" He thrust the handkerchief toward her. It fell limply at her feet. Death wounds make men brutal. He stopped for no delicate sheath.

"You dropped this in Ganning's quarters. He warned me, but I was mad." He turned upon his heel. Two years later, in southern Europe, he met Ganning. Half mad, half skeleton, he found him, with a grip on fleeing life like death itself.

"I'm not going to die," he said to Ferris. "I've half a lung left yet and mean to live on it ten years. This isn't deathbed talk, mind you. You can use me as you like. I don't say it for your sake, either. It's the woman I'm thinking about. I played you a trick once, Ferris. It hurt her, too, however. I didn't think of that. You remember she dropped her handkerchief the night you saw her first. Well, I didn't give it back to her. I fancied the thing myself. An idea occurred to me later. I'm a student of Shakespeare, you know. I dropped it in my room on leaving. I knew most likely you'd find it, and I knew well how you'd rage. The trick would have failed if you'd deserved her, but she picked you from all the sound ones—a stupid way women have."

"Go to her, Ferris. It's only two years. Women like that can't forget. Make it up, I say. It did little harm. It only put it off awhile. It only gave spice to the thing." He reached for the railing with a clutch.

"When I was 10 years old," said W. B. Fasig, "I ran away from school and enlisted in Garfield's regiment, the Forty-second Ohio. Down in eastern Kentucky, Garfield, who, although only a colonel, was brigade commander, organized a raid on Pound Gap, a strong position, and personally selected a detachment from each company in the regiment to take part in the attack. I wasn't lucky enough to be selected for the work, but I was crazy to go, and when the cavalry started out I borrowed a mule from the quartermaster when he wasn't looking and went with the mounted troops, who hid me.

"In due season I found my regiment, tied my mule and joined the ranks. Well, we took the place. Then I went back to my mule and made tracks for the camp. It was dark, and I lost my way and remained missing five days. After I returned I was marched up to Garfield, who examined me, listened to what I had to say and then sent me to my tent under arrest, telling me I would be court-martialed. Five minutes later a boat came down the river carrying Garfield's commission as a brigadier general and ordering him to join Thomas with his command, and in the hurry my case was forgotten.

"Years after the war I attended a reunion of my regiment in Ashland, and the first thing Garfield said when he saw me was, 'Look here, Fasig, you never had that court martial I promised you.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It seems somewhat strange that in marriages where one partner is deaf and the other has hearing the proportion of deaf children is as great as in cases where both the father and mother are deaf.

Dr. Fay's statistics show this condition to exist. He explains its seeming opposition to the laws of heredity by saying that deafness is merely a result or symptom of some disease or pathological condition, and as there are a great variety of these conditions which produce deafness it is only rarely that they are the same in both partners to a marriage, and that therefore there is not, in most instances where both are deaf, the union of "like to like," after all.

Another conclusion drawn from a study of the statistics is that persons who are born deaf are more likely to transmit deafness to their offspring than those who become deaf through disease or accident, although the latter are more liable to have deaf children than those whose hearing is unimpaired. There are far more marriages in which the man and woman are both deaf than in which only one is deaf, and the farmer are apt to be the happier, the proportion of divorce being only 2 1/2 per cent, while in the latter it is 6 1/2 per cent.—Leslie's Weekly.

"Mamma, do animals know what they are called?" "No." Jack uttered a sigh of relief and remarked, "It would have been so unpleasant for the donkey, wouldn't it?"—Jewish Comment.

"Yes, I'm in the necktie department now. I like it ever so much better than selling ribbons. Men are so much easier to suit than women. All you've got to do is smile at them and you can sell them any old thing. The women will finger over the whole stock and not buy 10 cents' worth—just as if a lady had nothing to do but show goods. Besides, I don't like the floorwalker in the ribbon department. The one we've got now is lovely. His name is Perkins—Horatio Perkins—and he's just as well.

"And, say, can you keep a secret? He's—you won't tell a soul?—well, he's in love with me. No, he hasn't said so yet, but I can tell by the way he looks at me—never takes his eyes off me from morning till night. He's jealous, too, and that's a sure sign. You ought to've seen him yesterday when George came in to invite me to the bill poster's ball. George—he's my old steady, you know—well, he and I was standing there talking when Horatio—I mean Mr. Perkins—came along. He gave me an awful fierce look, but I never let on that I seen him, but just kept right on talking.

"Then he stepped right up to me and says, his voice quivering with suppressed emotion, he says: 'Miss Robinson,' he says, 'are you aware that there are half a dozen customers waiting for you?'" "I know he only said that so as not to betray his real feelings, because when I turned around there wasn't any six customers there at all. There was only four."—New York Journal.

The lord mayor's show is an annual theme for the newspapers. Very little can be said about it that has not been said again and again. It costs about £2,000, the banquet from £2,000 to £3,000. The show has sunk during the century to borrowing some of its splendors from the "property man." Thereby hangs a tale.

A certain lord mayor hired from the Surrey theater two suits of armor, brass and steel, with a couple of supers to go inside them. The manager of the Surrey stipulated, by the way, that the steel armor should not be used if the day be a wet or a foggy one. After the show the men in armor were taken to the Guildhall, remaining there several hours without food. No one, it appears, was able to rid them of their ironmongery.

Wine was given them, and the man of brass became intoxicated. The bystanders, thinking if he fell about that he would injure others as well as himself, tried to eject him. But he showed fight, and, to add to their further dismay, his companion in arms joined him. They were overcome at last only by sheer weight of numbers. Then the maker of the armor was sent for. He eventually succeeded in freeing the men, who were in danger of being stifled by the weight of their equipment.—Good Words.

So many people suffer from insomnia nowadays that it is a wonder they do not adopt the time honored custom of French kings and indeed of our ancestors generally, the "on cas" by the bedside, the meal of fruit or bread and cold chicken, put ready in case of wakefulness. Many a merry little meal might be eaten in the middle of the night, when thoughts crowd on the mind and care sits heavy. It is the wakeful digestion that claims its due and clamors to be fed. Our forefathers were wise, and many a hunter after old furniture knows the quaint little cupboard with a grated door which served for the night meal and is now sometimes labeled a cheese cupboard. A bedside book is of no use when the pangs of hunger make for mastery, but with a book and a "snack" one can contrive to pass some pleasant hours, even when sleep does not touch one's eyelids and the sweet boon of unconsciousness evades one's grasp.—New York Times.

The nests of the little swift (a kind of swallow), gathered along the rocky cliffs with so much difficulty and yet in such quantities on account of the Chinese demand, are formed of a salivary secretion which soon becomes firm on exposure to the air. It is a glutinous white substance with little red dots. They are clean, the nests being taken as soon as completed. The little swift, being repeatedly robbed, is at last compelled to eke out its waning supply of secretion with little sticks and grass and is thus enabled to lay its eggs and hatch its young, as only nests free from foreign material are merchantable.—A Sketch of the Philippines in Self Culture.

"Got a good joke on myself," said the man who has accumulated a little property by hard work. "I asked my wife what was the difference between me and a horse, intending to say that I was a four footed beast. What do you suppose she said?" "Give it up," said the other man. "Said she guessed it must be the length of my ears."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby is trying to talk again. It's wonderful how he takes after you!" "What was he talking about?" "I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as he could be."—Washington Star.

Anesthetics were known in the days of Homer, and the Chinese 2,000 years ago had a preparation of hemp known as "una yo" to deaden pain—something similar to our modern cocaine.

"There is a good deal of pure moonshine," said a local warhorse now out of harness, "in the faculty of remembering names and faces which is attributed to most successful politicians. In nine cases out of ten they have no abnormal powers of that kind, and their apparent feats of memory are very easily explained. Take, for example, the case of a political personage at a public reception. He is sure to be surrounded by a group of local leaders who know everybody in town. Presently a valuable constituent approaches. 'Colonel,' whispers one of the henchmen, 'here comes Mr. Blank. He's an active party worker and a great admirer of yours. He met you here last fall.'

"The personage catches on promptly. 'What does Blank do?' he whispers back. "'He's a produce merchant,' replies the henchman. By that time the valuable constituent gets in range. "'How are you, my dear Mr. Blank?' exclaims the notable cordially. 'I'm delighted to see you again. And how is the produce business coming on?' 'Poor Blank has spasms of joy. That the famous man should remember him so accurately makes him as proud as a peacock, and 20 spectators proceed to tell the story in proof of the colonel's miraculous mental gifts. Thus reputations are made.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bishop Huntington once went down to a town in Connecticut to perform a marriage ceremony. He arrived the day before the wedding, and he left at the same time the bridal pair did, although he was driven to a different railway station. As he passed through the station, carrying his traveling bag, he was aware that he was creating a sensation, but was totally at a loss to account for it. In the car he found that he was still the object of amused attention. The porter positively snickered as he passed his seat, and finally just as the train drew out he came up and assisted the churchman to remove his overcoat.

"What is the matter with you, my man?" asked the bishop. "The porter's snicker broadened into a laugh. "'An't you done lef' the lady, sah?'" he chuckled. "Eh?" exclaimed the bishop in surprise. Then his eye fell on the side of his traveling bag which the porter had just turned round. There glued to it was a wide strip of white satin ribbon on which was painted in large letters: "'Married this morning.'" The facetiously minded best man had mistaken the bishop's traveling bag for that of the bridegroom, and a chuckling black porter worked late into the night removing that ribbon.—Washington Post.

The Adirondack region abounds with streams, most of which can some time be made use of as sources of power for carrying on industries, running railroads and furnishing light and heat. Indeed, the great problem at present is not at all to find available heads of water, but to devise means of transmitting the power with the minimum loss for long distances.

It is impossible to believe that with the success of existing plants and the spectacle of practically unlimited power going to waste on every hand, to stimulate inventive genius, methods will not be devised before very long for overcoming this difficulty of transmission. Whether it is by the discovery of some new conveyor or by using a succession of generating plants or by a process of storing the electricity and conveying it by freight or express or however, the new power is bound in time to come into practically universal use. If the difficulty of transmission is never wholly obvious, it may be there will be some regrouping of industries and communities in the near vicinity of important sources of water supply.—Guntton's Magazine.

A reflection not altogether without value to such feminine scribes as have not yet found their public is contained in a remark made at a recent dinner in London, where 200 literary women met one another. Says the London Outlook:

As the extremely well dressed crowd surged and swayed round the platform after the recitation which followed the dinner a young woman ventured to remark to one of the "old hands" upon the exceedingly prosperous appearance of several of the literary women. "Bless you," was the quick response, "that is not literature—it is husbands!"

Never forget that women are made out of girls and that men are made out of boys; that if you are a worthless girl you are a worthless woman, and if you are a worthless boy you will be a worthless man, and the best educated men and women once did not know "A, B, C;" that all the things which you are learning had to be learned by them; that the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to your own happiness; that a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure.

"I am willing to do almost anything for amusement," panted the portly member of the Tourists' club, who had dragged himself half way up the mountain side and stopped to rest, "but this is a little too much." "This isn't amusement," explained one of the other members of the club. "This is sport."—Chicago Tribune.

Helen—See my new engagement ring. Don't you think George has good taste? Mattie—He certainly has—in the section of a ring.—Chicago Record.

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