



KEITH OF THE BORDER

TALE OF THE PLAINS

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South" and "When Wilderness Was King" etc.

Illustrations by DeArman Helwig

(Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1914.)



John Henry Gets A Surprise

By GEORGE V. HOBART

that I am for you two guys all the old while—didn't I, Dodey?"

"You betcher sweet!" she answered solemnly.

"Well, that suit goes," Skinski went on. "I've sold out a half interest in my Blue Hills gold mine, and I've got the coin to show for it."

So saying, he dug up a wad that a hound couldn't leap over.

"Now, I'm going to pay you each \$5,000, cancel my contract," Skinski added, after our eyes had feasted on his roll.

I looked at Bunch, and Bunch was stepping on his left foot to see if he was awake.

"No, by Heck! I'll make it seven thousand each," Skinski chortled.

"Oh! pinkies!" said Skinski; "what do I want to go hugging one-night stands for when I have a hundred thousand boobies in the kick? It's the Parisian boulevards for us, and a center on the Boy Bologna, eh, Dodey?"

"You betcher sweet!" she gurgled thirstily.

And so it came about that we destroyed the contract, pocketed our seven thousand each, and bade Skinski and Dodo an affecting farewell.

Bunch and I couldn't talk for hours afterwards.

We were afraid we'd wake ourselves up.

Next day I handed five thousand dollars to Uncle Peter, and he complimented me so highly on my ability to save money that I nearly swallowed my palate.

"I'm going to invest this carefully for you, John," he informed me. "When I return from Europe you'll be surprised."

I don't know what powers of persuasion Bunch brought to bear on Alice and Uncle William, but I do know that there was a hurried wedding ceremony, and that a certain blushing bride and bashful groom and a delighted old uncle who answered roll call when you yelled Bill Grey

SERVING LEFT OVERS

HOW DAINTY DISHES CAN BE MADE OF COLD MEAT.

Beef Sauté Is Appetizing Offering for Hot Day—Baked Meat Cake—Meat Pie—Tomato Hot Pie—Beef Roll.

Beef Sauté—Cut up cold roast of any kind of small pieces, as much as is needed for a stew. Put butter in a pan and brown a slice onion cut up fine; add meat and let it brown quickly; then add a tablespoon of cornmeal; keep stirring and turning and add water to cover; add also one or two carrots, cut small; cook about two hours and add a cup of fresh milk. Care must be taken to stir it often, as the cornmeal makes it thick; also a nice, rich gravy.

Baked Meat Cake—Crown one cup of cold meat and a little ham, one cup of bread crumbs, one beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste; add little dabs of butter. Moisten with one cup of gravy and water, or soup stock. Bake one hour.

Meat Pie—Cut up cold meat and brown it with butter and onion; add water, potatoes cut small and whatever vegetables you happen to have. Put the stew in a deep dish and cover with a deep layer of seasoned mashed potatoes. Spread a little soft butter over the potatoes and bake half an hour.

Macaroni Pie—Boil one pound of macaroni in salted water about 20 minutes, drain it, and put a layer of macaroni in a deep buttered pan; then add a layer of minced onion, well seasoned, chopped onion and some tomato juice mixed with some gravy. Add the remaining macaroni, pour over this a cup of milk, some grated cheese and bread crumbs. Bake half an hour and serve.

Tomato Hot Pie—Put in a pan one can of tomatoes, one pound of meat cut small and one cup of bread crumbs, cook on top of stove 15 minutes. Then turn into a deep dish and bake half an hour. To be eaten with potatoes.

Beef Roll—Roll out biscuit dough thin, cover with hamburger steak mixed with salt, pepper, and chopped onion; roll the dough into a cake and bake an hour and a half. Serve with brown gravy.

Brown Gravy—Melt a tablespoon of butter, add two tablespoons of flour, keep stirring till a golden brown, add a cup of hot water, pour in slowly; add salt and pepper and let cook till smooth. This gravy can be used for most any kind of meat. Very nice for steak and chops.

BOTTLE COOLER

In ordinary bottle coolers no provision is made for covering the upper part of the bottle with ice, and as a consequence the liquid drawn out of the bottle is not as cool as it should be. A German inventor has conceived the idea of a bottle cooler which places the ice over the top of the bottle, and as the cooler liquid falls owing to its greater weight, a circulation is set up which will cool the entire contents of the bottle. The cooler consists of a double-walled cylinder, the inner wall being arranged to enclose the bottle. The ice is placed between the two walls of the cylinder. A rubber band on the inner wall presses against the bottle neck, so as to hold the bottle in the cooler when the latter is lifted by means of the handle—Scientific American.



Stuffed Prunes.

A most delightful addition to the usual buffet "spread" served at card parties is the stuffed prune. We have had dates stuffed with nuts for years, and also the Weisbaden prunes filled with smaller prunes, but what I have reference to here is the home-made variety. The time and your sticky hands will be well repaid by the luscious nature of the delicacy. Soak a pound of the best quality large prunes you can procure in sherry and water for about 20 minutes, then stone them carefully. Try not to break up the prune as you stone them. We have had a pound of dates also stoned and put a prepared date in the center of each prune and carefully press the opening together. Sprinkle again with sherry and roll in powdered sugar. Keep in a closed container in a box until you are ready to serve them—Exchange.

An Italian Summer Drink.

Most refreshing in hot weather is the Italian drink granita, a half frozen mixture of fruit juice and sugar, with a little liquid. Any summer beverage made from fruit juice or any kind of punch may be turned into a granita by the process of freezing until only a snowy consistency is reached. The frosted sides of the freezer toward the middle of the liquid should be scraped several times during the freezing process. Claret granita is made by adding one bottle of claret to a pint of orangeade, and sherry granita by turning a bottle of sherry to one quart of fruit lemonade.

Toasting Fork.

A new toasting fork is made of aluminum with a long enough handle to warrant the cook's not becoming burned by getting too close to the fire. This is the lightest sort of kitchen ware, and easily kept clean, needing no scouring, but simply a washing in hot water.

Steamed Puffs.

Two eggs, two cups of flour, four tablespoons sugar, four tablespoons melted butter, one cup of chopped raisins, two teaspoons baking powder. Steam a good long hour or more. To be eaten, if possible, with maple syrup or a sauce.

Tomatoes and Spaghetti.

Put fat drippings in frying pan, cut three onions and put in drippings. Let them simmer until onions have become brown. Then drain off onions. Stew one can of tomatoes and one small package of spaghetti separately. Then put drippings in the stewed tomatoes, also two tablespoons of four ounces of spaghetti. The color should be lighter than the tomato shade. You will find this delicious. The flavor of onion runs all through. Beef drippings are the best to use.

SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border platoonman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and a full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II

The Scene of Tragedy.

Whatever might be the nature of the tragedy it would be over with long before this, and those moving black spots away yonder to the west, that he had discerned from the bluff, were undoubtedly the departing raiders. There was nothing left for Keith to do except determine the fate of the unfortunate, and give their bodies decent burial. That any man, armed or yet unarmed, would attempt to molest the party, in which case they would have been borne away prisoners.

Confident that no hostiles would be left behind to observe his movements, Keith pressed steadily forward, leading his horse. He had thus traversed fully half a mile before coming upon any evidence of a fight—here the pursuers had apparently come up with the wagon, and a bullet chugged into either side. From their ponies' tracks there must have been a dozen in the band. Perhaps a hundred yards further along lay two dead ponies. Keith examined them closely—both had been ridden with saddle, the marks of the cinches plainly visible. Evidently one of the wagon mules had also been dragged along by his mates.

Just beyond came a warning, the marks of the cinches plainly visible. Evidently one of the wagon mules had also been dragged along by his mates. Just beyond came a warning, the marks of the cinches plainly visible. Evidently one of the wagon mules had also been dragged along by his mates. Just beyond came a warning, the marks of the cinches plainly visible. Evidently one of the wagon mules had also been dragged along by his mates.

Death from violence had long since become almost a commonplace occurrence to Keith, yet now he shared in an instant as his eyes perceived the figure of a man lying motionless across the broken wagon tongue. The grizzled hair and beard were streaked with blood, the face almost unrecognizable, while the hands, yet grasping a bent and shattered rifle. Evidently the man had died fighting, beaten down by overwhelming numbers after expending his last shot. Then those hands had fallen and left him where he fell. Fifty feet beyond, shot in the back, lay a younger man, doubled up in a heap, also scalped and dead. That was all; Keith scouted over a wide circle, even scanning the stretch of gravel under the river bank, before he could fully satisfy himself there were no others in the party. It seemed impossible that these two traveling alone would have ventured upon such a trip in the face of known Indian hostility. Yet they must have done so, and once again his lips muttered: "Of all the blame folks!"

Suddenly he halted, staring about over the prairie, obsessed by a new thought, an armed suspicion. There had appeared merely the hoof-prints of the one horse alongside of the fleeing wagon when they first turned out from the trail, and that horse had been newly shod. But there were two dead ponies lying back of him, and he remembered that he had seen the horse shod, yet both had borne saddles. More than this, they had been spurred, the blood marks still plainly visible, and one of them was branded; he remembered that he had seen the horse shod, yet both had borne saddles. More than this, they had been spurred, the blood marks still plainly visible, and one of them was branded; he remembered that he had seen the horse shod, yet both had borne saddles.

The knowledge seemed to sear Keith's brain with fire, and he sprang to his feet, hands clinched and eyes blazing. He could have believed this of Indians, it was according to their nature, their method of warfare; but the cowardliness of it, the horror of the act, as perpetrated by men of his own race, instantly aroused within him a desire for vengeance. He wanted to run the fellows down to discover their identity. Without thinking of personal danger, he ran forward on their trail, which led directly westward, along the line of cottonwoods. These served to conceal his own movements, yet for the moment, burning with passion, he was utterly without caution, without slightest sense of peril. He must know who was guilty of such a crime; he felt capable of killing them even as he would venomous snakes. It was a perfectly plain trail to follow, for the fugitives, apparently convinced of safety, and confident their cowardly deed would be charged to Indian raiders, had made no particular effort at concealment, but had ridden away at a gallop, their horses' hoofs digging deeply into the soft turf. On this retreat they had followed closely along

the river bank, aiming for the ford, and almost before he realized it Keith was himself at the water's edge where the trail abruptly ended, staring vaguely across toward the opposite shore. Even as he stood there, realizing the futility of further pursuit amid the maze of sand dunes opposite, the sharp reports of two rifles reached him, sprits of smoke rose from the far bank, and a bullet chugged into the ground at his feet, while another sang shrilly overhead.

These shots, although neither came sufficiently near to be alarming, served to send Keith to cover. Cool-headed and alert now, his first mad rage dissipated, he scanned the opposite bank cautiously, but could nowhere discover any evidence of life. Little by little he comprehended the situation, and decided upon his own action. The fugitives were aware of his presence, and would prevent his crossing the stream, yet they were not at all liable to return to this side and thus reveal their identity. He attempted any further advance would be madness, but he felt perfectly secure from molestation so long as he remained quietly on the north shore. Those shots were merely a warning, and he decided upon his own action. The fugitives were aware of his presence, and would prevent his crossing the stream, yet they were not at all liable to return to this side and thus reveal their identity. He attempted any further advance would be madness, but he felt perfectly secure from molestation so long as he remained quietly on the north shore.



A Bullet Chugged into the Ground at His Feet.

not being seen. Confident as to this, he retreated openly, without making the slightest effort to conceal his movements, until he had regained the safety of the river bank. In evidence of the truth of his theory no further shots were fired, and although he watched that opposite sand bank carefully, not the slightest movement revealed the presence of others. That every motion he made was being observed by keen eyes he had no doubt, but this knowledge did not disconcert him, now that he felt convinced of the reasonableness of his theory. He became a safe distance. Whoever they might be they were evidently more anxious to escape discovery than he was fearful of attack, and possessed no desire to take his life, unless it became necessary to prevent recognition. They still had every reason to believe their attack on the wagon would be credited to hostile Indians, and would consider it far safer to remain content with little to reward the effort. They could not suspect that Keith had already stumbled upon the truth, and was determined to verify it.

Secure in this conception of the situation, yet still keeping a wary eye about to guard against any treachery, the platoonman, discovering a spade in the nearest wagon, hastily dug a hole in the sand, wrapped the dead body in a blanket and deposited them there in, piling above the mound the charred remains of boxes as some slight protection against prowling wolves. He searched the clothing of the men, but found little to reward the effort, a few letters which were slipped into his pockets to be read later, some ordinary trinkets hardly worth preserving except that they might assist in identifying the victims, and about the neck of the elder man, a rather peculiar locket, containing a portrait painted on ivory. Keith was a long time opening this, the spring being very ingenious and a perfect work of art. Finally succeeding, he looked upon the features of a woman of middle age, a strong mature face of marked refinement, exceedingly attractive still, with smiling, blue eyes, and a perfect wealth of reddish brown hair. He held the locket open in his hand for several minutes, wondering who she could be, and what possible connection

she could have held with the dead. Something about that face smiling up into his own held peculiar fascination for him, gripping him with a strange feeling of familiarity, touching some dim memory which failed to respond. Surely he had never seen the original, for she was not one to be easily forgotten, and yet eyes, hair, expression, combined to remind him of some one whom he had seen but could not bring definitely to mind. There were no names on the locket, no marks of identification of any kind, yet realizing the sacredness of it, Keith slipped the fragile gold chain about his neck, and securely hid the trinket beneath his shirt.

It was noon by this time, the sun high overhead, and his horse, with dangling rein, still nibbling daintily at the short grass. There was no reason for his lingering longer. He swept his gaze the length and breadth of the desolate valley, and across the river over the sand hills. All alike appeared deserted, not a moving thing being visible between the bluffs and the stream. Still he had the unpleasant feeling of being watched, and it made him restless and eager to be away. The earlier cloud of anger, the spirit of revenge, had left him, but it had merely changed into a dogged resolution to discover the perpetrators of this outrage and bring them to justice for the crime. The face in the locket



Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to the restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab, as seen by them from Jerusalem, are lost in the purple haze that constantly hangs over them, and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley, 1,300 feet below sea level, undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet.

The most striking thing about Moab has always been its isolation. How ever much connected by race and vicinity with their western kinsmen, the dwellers in Eastern Palestine have always been distinct and their lands have never been occupied by the nations that have swept through acts of aggression and conquest.

Even today this isolation is still felt. In giving an idea of their knowledge of present day geography, one of them remarked: "There are only four seas in the world, two of which are the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee." Both of these are in sight of their own hills—Christian Herald.

CHAPTER III

An Arrest

The Santa Fe trail was far too exposed to be safely traveled alone and in broad daylight, but Keith considered it better to put sufficient space between himself and those whom he felt confident were still watching his movements from across the river. How much they might already suspect his discoveries he possessed no means of knowing, yet, conscious of their own guilt, they might easily feel that if he were also put out of the way, he had no anticipation of open

attack, but must guard against treachery. As he rode, his eyes never left those far-away sand dunes, although he perceived no movement, no black dot even which could conceivably be a possible enemy. Now that he possessed ample time for thought, the situation became more puzzling. This tragedy which he had accidentally stumbled upon must have had a cause other than blind chance. It was the culmination of a plot, with some reason behind more important than ordinary robbery. Apparently the wagon contained nothing of value, merely the clothing, provisions and ordinary utensils of an emigrant party. Nor had the victims' pockets been carefully searched. Only the mules had been taken by the raiders, and they would be small booty for such a crime.

LIVE IN COMPLETE ISOLATION

Outside World Practically Unknown to the Dwellers in the Land of Moab.

Most travelers who visit the Holy Land content themselves with a visit to the restricted part west of Jordan. The mountainous regions of Moab, as seen by them from Jerusalem, are lost in the purple haze that constantly hangs over them, and the great stretches beyond are covered in mystery. This is true partly because of the fewer historical incidents connected with the eastern regions, but mainly on account of the great abyss of the Jordan valley that has always acted as a barrier. Few who descend into the valley, 1,300 feet below sea level, undertake to climb the hills beyond, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet.

The most striking thing about Moab has always been its isolation. How ever much connected by race and vicinity with their western kinsmen, the dwellers in Eastern Palestine have always been distinct and their lands have never been occupied by the nations that have swept through acts of aggression and conquest.

Even today this isolation is still felt. In giving an idea of their knowledge of present day geography, one of them remarked: "There are only four seas in the world, two of which are the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee." Both of these are in sight of their own hills—Christian Herald.

Aeroplane Is Simple

The working parts of the modern flying machine are infinitely fewer in number than those of the automobile, the motor boat, the railroad locomotive or the steamship. Far more complex is the operation of a high-powered motor car than that of a high-powered aeroplane. Far more delicately adjusted are the thousands of parts of the motor of a steam locomotive than the mechanism of the flying machine. It is this very simplicity of construction and operation that has enabled the aeroplane to fly in continuous motion every other kind of form of conveyance, except steamers, motor boats and sailing ships, and those last named are able to maintain their motion only because of their huge machinery, and the great amount of propulsion to the bulk that is propelled.

Forgotten Foods.

It is well to remember that many plants which once were used as vegetables have been allowed to drop out of our bills of fare. Our forefathers, for instance, sometimes dined off elder top and burdock root, and the early shoots of the hop were considered a great delicacy, and were cooked and eaten as asparagus. Walter Jerrold, in his "Highways and Byways in Kent," recalls a time when Kentish children could "tell of many pleasant hours spent among the hedges in search of the wild hop top and of the wholesome suppers made upon the well earned treasure they learned to think their food the better for being rare and costly."

A Narrow Escape.

"I was once urging a bachelor," says George Ade, "to remain at the club for a game of cards; but he insisted that he must call upon a lady friend. I finally said: 'Don't you know it is dangerous for a man to call upon a lady after he has been drinking?' 'That's so,' said my bachelor friend as he took off his hat and topcoat. 'Many a man has become engaged to be married in such circumstances.'—The Sunday Magazine.

Bunch and I had engaged Skinski to go out on the circuit with his sleight-of-hand sketch. We needed the money. Everything was ready to start, and Bunch and I attended to the shipping of all the scenery and props and trick stuff; we were too busy lads, believe me.

On Wednesday we tried all day to locate Skinski, but he avoided punishment until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we finally tracked him and began to ask him questions.

"I've been busy since Monday," he explained; "brokers and bankers and lawyers, and there are doing. Say! you're two of the dead gamest sports I ever bumped into, and I made good what happens I'm for you keeps!"

"What's the reason for the crab talk?" I asked sharply. "Are you going to give us the sorry hand and bow yourself out after we have put you every man's man?"

"Walt and see," smirked Skinski. "And, by the way, nephew Bunch, I met a certain old party this morning who says you are very hot fried parsnips!"

"You did," Bunch came back, with a yawn.

"Yes," replied Skinski; "and a nice old man, too, in Mr. William Grey." "Where the devil did you meet Mr. Grey?" Bunch inquired excitedly.

"Back, back up!" said Skinski quietly; "I didn't disgrace my family. Mr. Peter Grant introduced me to him as your Uncle and I made good. You met Uncle Peter, too!" I asked in alarm.

"Surest thing you know," said Skinski; "but don't worry. The Jefferson family tree will never be blown down by any hot air coming from the penitentiary. Now, let's get down to cases about our opening Thursday night."

Bunch and I were both puzzled by Skinski's peculiar line of talk, but we forgot it after a few minutes. It was after eight o'clock when I reached home, and Peaches met me at the door with the face lights on full.

"Now for the secret!" she chirped, as she dragged me into the dining-room.

"Make mine a small one," I admonished; "I've had a busy day."

"This is a cure for all your business worries," she gurgled. "Guess what, John? We sail for Europe next Wednesday!"

"Poor Peaches!" I said sympathetically; "that's what you get for drinking too much tea."

"I mean it seriously, John!" she cried eagerly. "Uncle Peter has booked passages on the Oceanic for the whole family, and he is going to pay all the expenses for a three months' trip."

"Water! water!" I gasped faintly, and I meant it, but Peaches thought I was cutting up.

ise you have much to do before we sail on Wednesday. Alice Grey just phoned over that she has a box at a theater somewhere, I didn't ask her where, but if you're sure you won't be home I'll go with Alice and Aunt Martha."

"By all means," I answered, and kissing her good-bye I trolleyed to New Rochelle.

Bunch was there ahead of me and so were Skinski and Ma'moiselle Dodo, all working like beavers.

"I'm going to take the 11:40 to town," Skinski informed us after all was in readiness for the performance.

"I have a very important date, haven't I, Dodey?"

"You betcher sweet!" she puffingly replied.

Bunch and I loafed around till about an hour before show time, when we put a young chap we had sworn to secrecy on the door, and then we went back on the stage and began to chatter nervously.

At seven o'clock Dodo came in with one of those snub noses, and as she went sailing by to her dressing room she gave us the haughty head and murmured, "You betcher sweet!"

Seventy-third and no Skinski! I was afraid to tell Bunch what I

was thinking, and Bunch was afraid to think for fear he'd say something. Eight o'clock came and still no Skinski.

I began to see visions of an insulted audience reaching for my collar over the prostrate form of my partner in crime.

At 8:15 the orchestra leader came up to see why we didn't ring in, and Bunch took him to ring off.

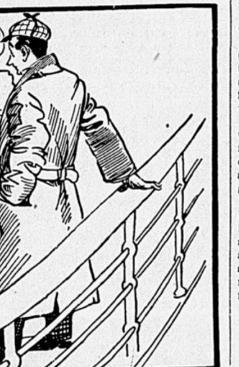
I told Beethoven, or whatever his name was, to tune up and play everything in sight till I gave him the warning.

At 8:20 Ma'moiselle Dodo waited outside her dressing room made up to look like a cream puff.

"Where's Skinski?" I shrieked. "It's nearly 8:30 and he's keeping that mob waiting. Isn't he going to show up?"

"You need only take a few hundred dollars for pocket money, and he's going to invest your \$5,000 where it will be immensely productive."

I could only sit and listen and pass away.



"And is That Where You Invested My Few Plunks?"

took passage that next Wednesday with us on the Oceanic.

I was promanaging the deck with Peaches and Uncle Peter after we had been out two days when the old gentleman said: "John, aren't you curious to know how I invested your money?"

"Not particularly," I answered with a laugh.

"John knows it is perfectly safe in your hands," Peaches beamed.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Uncle Peter. "Bill Grey and myself celebrated the finish of our long quarrel by going into a little business deal together."

"Fine!" I said approvingly.

"We buried the hatchet," Uncle Peter went on, "by investing together in a gold mine."

"Where?" I asked nervously.

"We formed a little syndicate and bought a half-interest in a mine owned by Bunch's Uncle McGowan, out in the Blue Hills!"

"And is that where you invested my few plunks?" I asked, forcing myself to be calm.

"That's it," chuckled Uncle Peter, "and that's where Bill Grey has invested \$5,000 for Bunch and I didn't feel like promanaging—the undertow made me dizzy."

I went off by my lonesome and looked across the troubled sea.

It seemed to me that I could hear a voice coming from far away behind that biggest wave, and the voice said, "You betcher sweet!"

(Copyright, G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Built Church in a Day.

To build a church in a day was the clever feat recently accomplished by some 150 members of the Church of Christ, says a dispatch from Melbourne, Australia. The building, a substantial, permanent, wooden church with accommodation for over 300 persons, was erected within the twenty-four hours at Frenton, near Melbourne, by volunteer labor.

The building began at one o'clock in the morning, when the holes were dug for the foundation posts, and it was completed by acetylene gas light shortly after eight o'clock at night, when the last screw in the door locks was driven home. The "workers" included some 30 skilled carpenters and 20 painters, who followed the carpenters in their work stage by stage. Those who could neither dig, paint, saw nor hold were busy feeding the builders. Even the minister did his share of digging. Thousands of enthusiastic spectators watched the operations, and miles of blockade film were taken. When the church was opened next day it was found unnecessary to attend to a single detail. Pews, gas fittings, notice boards, pulpit, etc., were all in position.

Wanted More Light.

A merchant who was talking to a Sunday school said:

"Have I made it plain to you?"

"A little girl held up her hand."

"How much is that little pink parcel in your store window?"

Experienced.

"She is a poem."

"In four cantos."

"Why do you say four cantos?"

"She's been married four times."

Napoleon III. at Sedan

Zola's Story That He Roused His Cheeks Before the Battle Is Absolutely Denied.

The author of "The Empress Eugenie, 1870-1910," writes: In Miscellany (April 10) you refer to "the story that Napoleon III, pale and haggard with illness, roused his cheeks before the battle of Sedan, to make a fine and encouraging appearance before the

troops," and Zola's description of the emperor on that fatal day is cited from the powerful "Dobachi" in support of the "story." Allow me to say that, if the evidence of some who were with the emperor on the day of the battle is deemed worthy of consideration (and personally I have no doubt about it), Zola was entirely wrong. By his own account, he composed his marvelous narrative from

hearsay. He had not the advantage, as I had, of being on the battlefield (with the Germans) from early morning until midnight.

Some five years ago the question "Was the emperor's face rouged at the battle of Sedan?" was very fully discussed in the Paris papers, and the late Paul de Cassagnac and the still living Robert Michell (who were with the emperor during the fighting) were among other eye-witnesses who gave an absolute denial to Zola's assertion. Others testify to the same effect.

THING HE CAN'T DO WITHOUT

His Regular Sleep, and This He Finds He Must Have at His Regular Hours.

"One thing that I find I must have," said a man of mature years, "is sleep, and in order to keep it and able to work I must not only have my full amount of sleep, but I must have it in my regular sleeping hours."

"When I was a youngster I could go without sleep, or I could take an

hour or two at any time of the night and get up the next morning and go at it fresh as a daisy, but it isn't so now. If I cut off an hour or two's sleep now I am dull next day. Not until the next day after that, after a full night's sleep, do I come back all right. And even after my full number of hours of sleep, if these have been begun an hour or two later than usual, with the sleep continued later, I don't feel chipper; I must have my full sleep in my regular hours. A account for this on the supposition that

hour or two at any time of the night and get up the next morning and go at it fresh as a daisy, but it isn't so now. If I cut off an hour or two's sleep now I am dull next day. Not until the next day after that, after a full night's sleep, do I come back all right. And even after my full number of hours of sleep, if these have been begun an hour or two later than usual, with the sleep continued later, I don't feel chipper; I must have my full sleep in my regular hours. A account for this on the supposition that