

# FATE'S VENGEANCE ON CORRUPTIONISTS

St. Louis.—The violent death of Robert M. Snyder, a Kansas City millionaire, has written the final chapter of the world's most remarkable crusade against bribery. The death of Snyder is the climax of a series of misfortunes and tragedies that has pursued so relentlessly the men who were caught in the booby trap sprung by Joseph W. Folk, four years ago, that the question has been asked whether fate has not joined hands with the law to heap punishment upon their heads.

Twenty-two men were indicted by St. Louis grand juries for participation in three great bribery cases, in which more than \$300,000 was paid for the votes of assemblymen. Misfortune of some kind—death, insanity, want or loss of fortune—has visited the families of 16 of them. Three of them are dead.

Snyder, whose case was probably the most celebrated of all, was under indictment in St. Louis when he was thrown out of his automobile within a few blocks of his magnificent home, on Independence boulevard, Kansas City, on the night of October 27, and killed. When the circuit attorney of St. Louis a few days later entered a nolle prosequi in the case of the docket of the criminal courts was cleared of all the booby cases which Folk instituted during the two years that he had bribery under investigation.

But seven men were sent to the penitentiary for bribery. One other is under sentence, but his case is pending in the supreme court. But not one of the men—even those who escaped the penitentiary by turning state's evidence—would pass through the experiences of the last four years for all the bribe money that the wealthiest corporation of the country could put up to buy votes. The lawbreaker who is tempted to sell his vote may learn something to his advantage by studying carefully the unpleasant experiences of the men who gave and received bribes in St. Louis.

## Began Booby Crusade.

If the St. Louis boodlers sowed the wind they reaped the tornado. Next to Snyder, Charles H. Turner, who died broken-hearted in New York last summer, a virtual outcast from St. Louis, where he made a fortune amounting to millions of dollars, was the most lavish bribe giver exposed during the fight against corruption. He was the first man caught. When the late "Red" Galvin, a veteran newspaper reporter, walked into the office of Folk early in January, 1902, and told him that Charles H. Turner and Philip Stock, his legislative agent, had placed \$147,500 in escrow in two trust companies' vaults to bribe the municipal assembly to pass a franchise bill for the Suburban Street Railway company, the booby crusade began. Two days later Turner was virtually on his knees before the circuit attorney begging for mercy. The only alternative to the penitentiary was to go on the witness stand and tell the whole corrupt and shameful story. He chose the alternative. At the time of his exposure he was president of a big trust company as well as of the street railway company. He was promptly retired, and pretty soon the stockholders of the trust company decided that they needed another man at the head of the institution.

Turner found that he could not remain in business in St. Louis, in spite of his big fortune. He went to New York and was almost forgotten in his old home—save for his perjury in bribing the city's lawmakers—when he died, of a broken heart.

Snyder's last days were full of trouble. Within the month of his death the bleaching bones of his son, Cary M. Snyder, were found in a lonely spot near Hillsboro, Ore. The young man, a fugitive from justice for two years, had probably been murdered by one of a band of robbers of which he was a member. On the very night that the elder Snyder died the widow of his son confessed that her dead husband was a member of an organized band of robbers, who had been cracking safes throughout the western country. Cary Snyder kept his father in constant trouble for nearly three years before he was killed.

R. M. Snyder went to St. Louis in the spring of 1898 and consummated a daring and colossal bribery, in a street railway franchise bill, says the New York Herald.

## Snyder Convicted.

After one of the most notable legal battles in the west, in which Folk fought against an array of the finest legal talent that money could hire, Snyder was convicted and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. The case went to the supreme court and

was reversed on a technicality. Before it could be tried again Folk went out of office, having been elected governor. The Snyder case was one of the few that he passed down to Arthur N. Sager, his successor. Last May Sager nolle prossed the case and issued a new information against Snyder. The case was called for trial in September, but owing to the absence of material witnesses for the state, it was again nolle prossed and a new information sworn out. At the same time Sager indicted Frederick G. Uthoff for perjury, charging him with swearing falsely before the grand jury when the Snyder case was under investigation four years ago. Uthoff having since been a non-resident of the state, he issued an information against William H. Ritter, a former member of the house of delegates, who voted for Snyder's franchise bill, charging him with conspiring to hold Snyder up for money as a consideration for not testifying against him.

This case was standing against Snyder when death entered the final nolle prosequi. The cases against Uthoff and Ritter, growing indirectly out of a bribery committed some years ago, are the only entries on the court docket to remain in St. Louis of her famous municipal scandals.

Ed Butler, the boss politician, who was three times indicted and twice tried for bribery, has had his troubles, too. Butler was first indicted for attempting to bribe members of the board of health to award him a contract for handling the city garbage. He was tried in Columbia, Mo., convicted and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, but escaped when the supreme court decided that as the members of the board of health were not officials they could not be bribed. He was next indicted for handling a booby fund of \$47,500 to have passed a bill providing for the lighting of the streets with gas instead of electricity. He was acquitted of this charge at Fulton, Mo., and in that respect considered himself lucky. Soon after his first indictment his son-in-law, John Parle, died. Before he was tried on the second indictment, his favorite son, John R. Butler, who had been faithful to the old man's interests, fell sick and died. This blow broke Butler's heart and hurt him worse than all of Folk's prosecutions.

## Kelly's Evidence Needed.

There was one man only among the former members of the house of delegates who knew where the \$47,500 came from that was paid for the votes of the combine members in the city lighting deal. That was former Speaker Charles F. Kelly. It had been developed that Kelly received the money from Edward Butler, and Butler was promptly indicted. But in this transaction Butler was simply acting as a "friend." Kelly's evidence was necessary to establish the identity of the man who stood in Butler's shadow. Folk knew who he was—so did the public, but Kelly had the only evidence that would indict the man—who was ten times a millionaire.

Folk had Kelly before the grand jury on the afternoon of September 3, 1902, and was gradually forcing a confession out of him. Embarrassed by the boodlers were at once dispatched to the four courts where the investigation was in progress to get into communication with Kelly. While Folk was in the grand jury room these men reached Kelly's ear and he quietly slipped away. A few minutes after Kelly left the anterooms of the grand jury's headquarters his absence was discovered and deputy sheriffs were sent in every direction to find him and bring him in. Kelly probably never will forget his experiences of the next 12 hours. He was held a prisoner by the men he was about to betray, and hustled off to a quarry in a remote portion of the city. One of the men who was subsequently sent to the penitentiary for bribery was left to guard him. He spent the night in a shed that stood on the brink of the quarry pond. Early the next morning Kelly was put on a train at one of the suburban stations and was hurried off by the most direct route to Canada. He did not stop there, and upon reaching the Atlantic coast took the first steamer for Europe. Not a word was heard as to his whereabouts during the next two months. On November 29, one day after the statute of limitations had become operative against the participants in the city lighting bribery deal, Kelly landed in New York and was met by a son of Edward Butler, who conveyed to him the news that three days before his 12-year-old son, his favorite child, had been buried and that his wife was then lying at the point of death.

His provisions Kratz was extradited. Scarcely had he returned to St. Louis. In the spring of 1903, when he was attacked with appendicitis and for months hovered between life and death. His sickness, however, might have been considered a turn of fortune in his favor, because it enabled him to get his case carried on the docket until after Folk was elected

Kelly hastened home. Whatever testimony he might be able to give was then of no value to the state. He had no sooner reached St. Louis than he was arrested, an indictment having been voted against him by the very grand jury that he ran away from. A few weeks later Kelly became insane and was confined for months in St. Vincent's asylum. Careful treatment in a measure restored his mind. Folk took pity on him and permitted him to turn state's evidence in a minor case.

The indictments against him were nolle prossed. With this burden lifted from his mind his mental faculties underwent a gradual rehabilitation, and he is now trying to build up again the business that went to ruin during the time that he was involved in trouble.

Of the seven men sent to the penitentiary only three are in stripes, the sentences of the others having expired. Gov. Folk has announced that two of these men, both of whom he prosecuted when he was circuit attorney, will be pardoned. The two men who will be the recipients of executive clemency are Julius Lehmann and Emile Hartmann. Lehmann is serving a seven years' sentence and Hartmann six years for bribery in connection with the city lighting bill.

## In Permanent Exile.

Ellis Wainwright, a millionaire brewer, who was a director in the Suburban Railway company when it attempted to buy up the council and house of delegates, has been exiled in Paris for more than four years. An indictment for bribery is pending against him in St. Louis and he dare not return.

Charles Gutke, a former member of the house of delegates, was indicted for bribery in September, 1902. So many of the boodlers had run away to escape punishment that the courts would not accept bail at less than \$20,000. Ed Butler signed bonds until he would not be accepted on more. As a consequence Gutke was confined in jail for six months. During that time his 19-year-old son Eugene was stricken down with galloping consumption and died. Gutke was later permitted to turn state's evidence and escaped prosecution.

Charles Kratz was the first member of the city council to be indicted for bribery. He was charged with participation in the Suburban deal, and, like Murrell, he fled to Mexico before his case came to trial.

After two years' persistent work Folk succeeded in influencing the United States government to make a treaty with Mexico covering the crime of bribery. The attorney general of the United States construed this treaty to be retroactive, and under

governor, and when he was tried at Butler, Mo., he was acquitted. Before he was tried one of his children died.

## Never Saw His First Born.

Charles E. Denny was considered one of the brightest members of the old house of delegates. He was a railroad employe and had an excellent reputation until Folk caught him and slapped three indictments on his back—two for bribery and one for perjury. Denny had just been married, and a few months after the wedding bells rang he was bundled up by the sheriff and huddled off to the penitentiary. While he was a prisoner a babe was born in his household, but he never saw the face of his first born, as death carried it away before its father's term ended.

Louis Decker, a liverman, is the only member of the old house of delegates combine who was convicted after Folk quit the circuit attorney's office. His conviction hastened the death of his aged mother, which occurred a few weeks after the jury found him guilty.

Edmund Bersch, once a prosperous insurance broker, was the first of the house of delegates combine to begin a term of service in the penitentiary. His mind gave way under the strain, and he spent the greater part of his 18 months imprisonment in the hospital. When he left the penitentiary he was broken in health—a mental and physical wreck.

## One Man Escaped Fate.

Just one man—John Schnettler—who elected to stand trial on the charges preferred against him, has escaped without some misfortune other than the penitentiary sentence imposed upon him. He has served out his sentence.

These are what may be called the tragedies of the St. Louis booby crusade. The facts are strange—almost startling. The boodler's punishment in the penitentiary was the least of their suffering. They saw their children scorned by other children in the schools and on the streets. They saw their faithful wives, heartbroken, fall at the feet of the law their husbands had outraged, and plead for mercy that could not be given. Those men were haughty, brazen; when in the zenith of their power as corruptionists, they sacrificed every interest of the people for the money of franchise grabbers. But they have had their punishment. The man who is about to sell his vote for money may determine for himself whether fate joined hands with law to scourge the recreant public servants in St. Louis. He may at least find in their unhappy experiences some lesson that may put a check upon him when he reaches for the forbidden gold—

## WHEN FRAMING THE PICTURES.

Rule by Which One is Certain to Get Attractive Combination.

Matching the frame to the predominant shade in the picture will always result in an attractive combination, provided the color of the frame is not too vivid, for the latter must never be more prominent than the subject, and this mistake is frequently made when selecting a bright tone in oil and matching it in wood. If possible, get a contrast without bringing the framing too much in evidence.

In framing etchings a simple molding in oak or gilt is considered correct. If the latter is used it must be in the antique finish so fashionable this season. For an etching the plainer the frame is the better, and those without any carving or ornamentation except for a metal ring that surrounds the opening and a narrow molding at the outer edge are in great demand.

For English and "old" prints the plain rosewood, mahogany and walnut frames are best adapted. Some of these are brightened by a simple gilt line about one-quarter of an inch in width, placed about the opening. Care should be taken to show the original margin on these old prints, for the ragged outline stamps them as genuinely "antique."

Portraits and photographs are used with or without mats, in plain wood or brass frames.

Oil paintings to give brightness are usually framed in gold. This autumn the style of gold instead of being bright is the dull antique finish. Hand-carved frames are also much used, both in the natural wood and in the antique gold, or oils.

## JELLY ALWAYS A FAVORITE.

Process That Will Get Best Results from Ever Popular Crabapple.

Wash the apples, remove the blossom end and cut in small pieces. Do not peel or core, for skins and seeds improve the color and quality of the jelly. Cover with cold water and cook gently until soft. Keep closely covered so they will steam, but do not stir or mash more than necessary, if you wish your jelly clear. When very soft and the liquid red, turn into the jelly bag and let hang to drain over night. In the morning measure the liquid. Cook three minutes, skim, then boil fifteen minutes longer. Add sugar, three-quarters of a pound to each pint of juice. Cook five minutes longer, or until a little poured into a cold saucer, jellies around the edge, then skim and turn into glasses that have been rolled in hot water to avoid breakages. The sugar should be hot when added to the syrup. The best way is after measuring the amount required to spread it on shallow tins like pie tins and set in the oven, leaving the door open so that it will not get too hot. It must not be allowed to turn yellow, as it will do if overheated. It should be just hot enough to hiss when dropped into the hot syrup. When the jelly is quite cold cover with melted paraffin or rounds of paper wet with white of egg or brandy. Then put on the screw top or paste paper over the top. Label your various jellies and preserve legibly, so that you can tell at once what you are getting. If you like your crabapple flavored, add a little lemon juice or pineapple juice while cooling. Rose geranium is nice also. Put a leaf in the bottom of each glass, and its flavor will pervade the whole.

## Cherry Turnovers.

Drain canned or preserved cherries into a pound of flour, and rub a cup of butter. When like a coarse powder, moisten with a teaspoonful, or less of iced water, and work to a paste, handling as little as possible. Roll out upon a flour board, fold up and roll out again, and yet once more. If very cold, still use at once. If not, set in the ice chest until chilled. Chop the cherries (from which the pits must have been removed, unless they are done before canning them), add two beaten eggs and the juice of one lemon. Roll out the paste, and cut squares the size of a large biscuit. Put a tablespoonful of the mixture on one-half of the round, and turn the other half over upon the fruit and lay, pinching the edges together. Lay these half circles in a floured baking pan and bake to a golden brown. These are good, hot or cold. Sift powdered sugar over them before serving.

## Hot Plates.

In cold weather the wands on the table cool so quickly that the family is often forced to eat lukewarm vegetables, which are unpalatable at any time and particularly so on cold days. In order that they may lose their heat as little as possible after being taken from the hot covered dishes the plates should be warmed before being put at each place.

## Complete Manual Training.

The city of Dublin municipal technical schools embrace in their curriculum classes in plumbing, metal plate work, enameling of metal and art iron work.

## Cleaning Gift Frames.

Water should never be put on gift frames. They should be wiped with dry cloth or chamois. This applies to all metals and lacquered goods. After a lacquered bed has once been wet and polished it must be continually polished, so the best plan is to keep it dry as long as possible. Roaches are deadly enemies of mirror backs, and yearly ruin many thousands. For this reason the old silver-back mirror is passing away, and the new ones are coated with a composition that is proof against insects, but that does not give as fine reflection as the other sort.

## Chocolate Cakes.

Make first a candy of molasses for the filling. A good rule calls for one cup of New Orleans molasses, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and butter a heaping tablespoon, boiled together until a little dropped in cold water is crisp. Flavor with a little vanilla, pour on to the buttered tins and when cool enough to handle pull thin and cut in small pieces. When perfectly cold dip these pieces in melted sweetened chocolate flavored with vanilla, and lay on waxed paper to dry and harden.

# TREATING EMPLOYEES RIGHT

Railroad Man Tells How His Company Benefited Through Considerate Treatment—The Dream of the Hat Salesman

By CHARLES N. CREWSDON,  
AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE ROAD," ETC.

"You bet you that goes a long way—this treating people right," spoke up a railroad man. "Even in railroading, the company that treats its men the best gets the best men. I'll never forget what my company did for me when I was a young fellow. I had been humping it over the books in the office quite a while until I had about as much life in me as a dummy in front of a clothing store. One day the manager in the office said to me, 'Harry, you're doing mighty good work for us here in the office, but I fear it is rather breaking down your health. I've seen the manager of the freight department and he tells me he'll make a place for you out on the road soliciting business, and I think we'll spare you out of here for a year or so and let you do that. When you get built up again, why of course we want you back in here—if you feel that you care to come back to office work.'"

"They first sent me out for a couple of weeks under the wing of one of their old freight solicitors, and I shall never forget the day I went out to do my own scratching. This was out in Springfield, Illinois.

"I was told that one of the largest shippers in the town was a man who ran a big dry goods store. I walked by that door 20 times before I finally had nerve enough to go in, and if I hadn't been that I was more or less on my honor and had been treated so fairly, I believe I would have gone back to office work even if I had known that I would die as a result of it.

## Remembered Square Deal.

"As it was, I walked back to the office finally and told the gentleman my business. He held out his left hand to me. The right hand was covered by a red glove—it was a cork one.

"Yes, sir, you bet your life, I give freight to your road. Why, it's my old road. I lost a hand for them. They treated me mighty square, too, when that misfortune came. They paid me a few thousand dollars and my wife and I began a little business in this town. It was the old home. My wife is no longer in the store, and it's a pretty hard thing to go from punching tickets to measuring calico, but here I am and you can see we're getting on all right.

"As far as my freight is concerned, you have all of it, but come on, now, I want you to go up to the house with me and after luncheon I'll take you around to see the biggest shippers in the town."

"And that man hitched up his horse and drove to every good shipper from that point. It was the interest I had in my company which made me work.

"You know when you have an interest in a business you can work at it in a different way from when you go at it half heartedly. I shall never forget on that very trip I went to see a man who had to make a shipment of five cartloads of eggs. As I was going to his town, I met a competitor in the smoker. 'Going to Henly,' said he. 'Yes, I'm going after those eggs that you want.' 'All right,' said he, 'there are going to be four of us down there. I think we'll pluck your pin feathers all right.' 'Well, we'll see,' I answered cheerfully.

"When I went into the man's store who had the eggs to ship, he was busy talking to the man who had come with me on the train. I tried to keep out of his way but he asked me, 'Is there something I can do for you?' 'Yes, you can give me those five cartloads of eggs to ship, if you want to, but I'll get out of the way until you finish talking with my friend,' said I. 'Come around after luncheon,' he answered.

## Fair Talk Won Out.

"I saw my merchant friend in a hotel at luncheon with another traveling freight agent. I felt sure that I had a hard game, but somehow I said to myself I was going after that shipment, and going to get it, too. When I went in I merely said that I would like to ship the eggs for him. 'Well, that depends on conditions,' said he. 'What are your conditions?' 'Well, rates, speed and treatment.' 'I don't know that our rates are any lower than others,' said I. 'And I don't know that we make so very much better time, but still I'd like to get that shipment.' 'How often do you see?' 'Four times,' said I, and when I say four times I mean four times. I'll put them through in four days and three nights for you, too. 'This I will guarantee. Now, look here, sir,' said I. 'My company is a good square company. I don't belong on the road. I am very green at this business. I was working in the office and, as you see, was getting pretty thin. My manager, just to build me up in health, saw that I got a place on the road.' 'Well, now, that's enough. Don't go any further,' said the merchant. 'I like to deal with people who treat the man who works for them right. Companies that do this usually treat their customers right. Now I'm going to give you a trial of two cars. If they go through all right, you're to get the rest of it.'"

"I wired at once to have two good clean cars come the next morning. When they came, properly lead and looking clean and fresh, the shipper said, 'Well now we won't debate about the other cars at all. Order them at once.'"

"Yes, sir; people like to deal with concerns that treat their men right," concluded the railroad man.

## Salesman's Dream.

"I dreamed that two men came into my room and said, 'Young man, we have come here to ask you to do a very strange thing.' 'Well, what is it?' I asked. 'We each wish to give

you half a million dollars which you shall use in the way that you will do most good. I myself have given away many millions of dollars. I have endowed a few colleges and I have given money to build a library in every community where they have asked for it. Still, the newspapers say that I am a hard man.'"

"And I spoke up the other strange visitor, 'have given away many millions of dollars for education and yet these same newspapers say that it is 'tainted money.' Now, what we wish you to do is to take this million dollars—here it is—and do with it that thing which you decide will accomplish the greatest good.' Without saying another word, the two strange visitors left my room and closed the door, leaving the million in two-thousand dollar bills upon my table.

"This is a strange situation for a poor houter like me to be in," I thought, "but here the money is left with me. What shall I do with it? I can't build any libraries or endow any universities—that's a cinch—because my two strange visitors have tried this and are still roasted by the newspapers. I don't exactly believe it would be right to them or fair to the people to whom I gave it if I stood down on the street corner and handed out a hundred or thousand to everyone who came along until it was all gone. I'll start a big hat factory," said I, "and I'm going to start it on this basis:

"Instead of building a factory in a smoky city on a dusty, murky street, I'll go out to a suburban town and build it where I can have grass and trees around it. I shall keep it clean and hang beautiful pictures on the walls that will inspire my workmen. I shall build a hospital and a library and a clubhouse, and homes for my workmen. I shall see, too, that my workmen are made happy by having something uplifting to do during their hours of leisure. I do not see why some of them may not be students and others teachers. I do not see why they should not organize an orchestra and a choral society, or the young women study music and learn to paint, and do other pleasant things during the hours that they might otherwise waste. And I dreamed that all this could be done very easily.

"It seems to me, I thought, that I would not be giving my workmen their full and just dues when I did nothing more than pay them their weekly wages. I will, I resolved, pay myself a reasonable interest, four per cent, upon my million dollars. Then I will take the rest of the earnings and divide it. I will take half because my capital is worth something—capital being accumulated labor—and the other half I will distribute among those who worked for me in proportion to what each one has earned."

## His Vision Realized.

"My dream did not end here, for just before I awoke, with the sun shining in my face, I saw a little colony that I had built after I had been running my factory for ten years. My business had grown so great that I had built additional after addition to my plant. My workmen all had good, comfortable homes; they dressed well; were contented, intelligent, progressive and some of them were accomplished. The children skipping ropes in our little park were clean and happy. A few of the very old men, who had grown too old to work sat on benches looking at the little ones and speaking with gratitude of the pensions that made them comfortable. Ivy vines grew over the brick walls of my factory and big sleek horses pulled heavy loads of cases toward the freight houses."

"While this one man had told his dream all those who sat around the table looked straight at him, listening intently. For a moment after he had quit speaking, all were quiet until the hat manufacturer said to his salesman, 'Well, let us hope that your dream may come true! It's made of the right stuff!'"

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## Automobile Tomstones.

"I introduced an automobile into a tombstone design for the first time eight months ago," said a New York dealer in tombs and vaults. "Since then I have made two other automobile designs.

"The first was for a down east millionaire, who invented an automobile attachment that brought him in a large fortune. A granite shaft crowned with an angel marked his grave, and the angel held in her hand an idealized automobile driven by a winged boy. This was intended to signify that the man always stuck to the right road, or else it signified that he made his pile quick out of that invention—I forget which now.

"The second automobile formed the pediment of a handsome monument. Erect in a moment after he had winged girl, her hair and garments blowing backward in the wind, her hand shading her eyes. The car was only suggested, hewn roughly in the marble and altogether the design made a very imposing tomb for a noted racer who died last spring.

"The third automobile was introduced in a paper in a vault to commemorate the death of an automobile manufacturer."

## Kaiser's Shooting Hut.

The Kaiser sometimes when out hunting leads the simple life. He has a primitive shooting hut near Sytkemhen. This hut is constructed of plain fir boards, covered with bark, and hidden away in a green wood. A magnificent set of antlers towers over the entrance, while the furniture consists of a deal table and chairs, with a few hooks in the wall for overcoats. In this secluded retreat the Kaiser, the Kaiserin and the Princess Victoria Louise regale themselves with potatoes, which they roast for themselves in the embers of the wood fire of dry fir branches.



## DYES BEARD TO WIN BRIDE.

Whiskers Don't Match Wedding Dress, So Hue Is Changed.

A romance of the French Canadian settlement to the north of here came to an untimely and sad ending a week ago because an indulgent aunt presented the bride with a scarlet wedding dress, says a New York World correspondent at Carver, Ont. This may seem an odd case for breaking off a love affair that had been progressing ardently for a couple of years, but it did, temporarily.

Peter Loveloy and Marie Larocque announced their engagement a year ago and when pretty Marie's prosperous aunt in Montreal heard of it she straightway wrote a letter to her favorite niece telling her that her wedding gift should be the bridal gown and asking her to select the color. Marie has dark hair, rosy cheeks and an artistic temperament, and, after due thought she asked for a deep maroon, thinking that would go best with her brilliant brunette complexion. In due time the coveted parcel arrived by express and stage and Marie

## The Holocaust.

The hot words leaped from his lips. His ears were scorched by her vehemence.

His eyes leaped into a blaze of wrath. His eyes burned with resentment.

He opened his lips to reply; every word was a coal.

Her cheeks flamed suddenly. His face was lurid with anger.

She went out slowly.

Even as he crumpled into a heap on the table the smoldering remnants of his rage glared fitfully through the ashes

## If at All.

Oh, little Afterthought, I wish you had not come to me.

For with myself I otherwise quite satisfied should be.

You're excellent, but I deplore that you should not have come before.

Why is it that you are not prompt, but saunter in instead.

When all the things I've done are done, and all I've said is said? Of nuisance you are the worst, don't come unless you come at first!

## Lesson that will impel him to hew straight to the line of duty.

These whiskers would never go with that gown, the scar would never go at a wedding and there was no time to change the dress. This may be hazy to mankind, but women will understand.

It was up to the mother to explain to Peter, for the daughter couldn't trust herself to look at him in the same room with the wondrous garment, so as gently as she could she broke the news. But if good Mrs. Larocque had any idea that she was going to lose her prospective son-in-law by so simple a combination as

in the ostacles of unbounded delight dress, whiskers and scar, she was happily disappointed.

"That's nothing at all," he declared as cheerfully as the circumstances would permit; "we'll use a little dye."

"On the dress?" gasped the nervous woman.

"No, ma'am; on the whiskers," replied Peter, with determination.

Mrs. Larocque was filled with conflicting emotions. She wondered what the neighbors would say, how her daughter would take it and if the dye could be washed off when the gown wore out. She was sorely perplexed, but Peter settled all questions once and for all.

"By to-morrow morning every hair on my head will match this," he declared, taking a locket from his pocket filled with Marie's hirsute embellishment. "I'll match that dress or die in the attempt."