THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Dim clouds across the field there float,
And shadows slowly form, combine
And gather shape. A tiny boat
I see, tossed in the foaming brine.
O rower, wait! Brave rower, stay!
Nay, boat and rower fade away.

Again the dim clouds gather o'er
And slowly shape a battlefield,
And, dead or living, wounded sore,
One lies beside a broken shield.
O warrior, canst thou heed or hear?
Nay, for the visions disappear.

Fling down the shining surface bare.
An idle tale it tells to me.
The shadowy form I image there
I trace in earth and air and sea.
Earth, sea and air from pole to pole
The magic mirror of my soul!
—May Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

A VALUABLE VALISE.

Returning from New York city by the E—— railroad a few years ago, I bought of the train boy a copy of a Cincinnati paper, in which I read a long account of the robbery of the City National bank at L——, Ky., and the sudden disappearance of its teller, Harry W. Swope. As usual in such cases, he had been a trusted employee, a member of the church and a society young man. The robbery was a particularly cool one, the gentleman having quietly slipped $90,000 in notes into a valise on the previous Saturday afternoon after bank hours and walked out into the cold world.

That was the last seen of him, and it was not until after the bank opened on Monday morning that any one suspected anything wrong. The affair created an immense sensation. "Society" was shocked, the church scandalized and the bank directors furious. The newspapers printed long stories of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of existence the young man had led for a number of years, and numerous friends of the "lately departed" knowingly shook their heads as they told the reporters that they knew something like that was sure to happen soon.

This sensation so interested me that when I reached Cincinnati I scarcely realized the express was, as usual, an hour behind time and had failed to make connection with the train to L——. I should therefore be compelled to take the last train going west that night, which would cause me to stop over night in a one horse town in Indiana that did not contain a comfortable hotel.

I knew Mr. Swope by sight, having come in contact with him on a number of occasions while doing business with the bank of which he was teller. The L—— papers I bought in the Union depot gave further details of the affair and contained also the announcement that the bank directors had offered a reward of $1,000 for Swope's capture and 10 per cent of the cash returned, which would make a total of $10,000 if the rascal was caught before he got rid of his booty.

After eating an unsatisfactory lunch I took a seat in the general waiting room of the depot and ruefully awaited my train. As I did so I noticed a young man approach my seat, and placing his valise on the floor alongside my own, to which it bore a strong resemblance, sit down while he looked cautiously around at the clock on the wall and then at the officials moving about.

How long he sat beside me I don't remember, but after a time he slowly arose and walked over to the telegraph office at the farther end of the room. Before he came back a strong lunged individual in uniform stepped up to me and bawled out the names of the towns which the train about to start was bound for. Hurriedly picking up my valise, I made straight for the gate and was soon aboard my train for the west.

The journey was made with the usual discomfort and monotony. The depot at N—— Y——, Ind., where I had to stop over from 10 p. m. till 5 the next morning, had been rebuilt since my last visit to that town, and remembering too well my hotel experience there a year before I resolved to spend one night in the depot waiting room with a few other passengers who shared my misfortune.

All that night the face of the stranger who had occupied a seat beside me in the Cincinnati depot haunted me. There was something about him that reminded me of Teller Swope. He was just his size and build. His mustache, to be sure, was wanting, but that he should shave off this appendage was to be considered a matter of course. The gold spectacles he wore very much resembled those I had associated with the face of the intellectual looking teller, and I had observed on his fingers a number of rings, jewelry that Mr. Swope was said to be very partial to. As I turned the matter over in my mind the more convinced I felt that I had lost a splendid chance of capturing the thief and securing a $10,000 reward.

When 5 o'clock at last came round, I boarded the train for L——, not in the best of humor, and two hours later arrived at home feeling very blue. After taking a slight breakfast, I went down to the office, where the big robbery was still the talk of the clerks. Each of them had a theory of his own as to where the thief had gone, and when they appealed to me for my opinion I dolefully recounted my experiences of the previous evening. Of course they unanimously agreed with me that I had very foolishly allowed the fugitive teller to slip out of my fingers.

Just before going out to lunch a messenger boy languidly entered the office and handed me a note from my wife. Thinking it was the usual commission to get a yard or two of "goods like the sample inclosed," I thrust it into my pocket and started out to dinner. I had not gone far before I suddenly stopped and took out the envelope the boy had given me, opened it and read it. At first I could not understand what it all meant; then I turned it over and went through it again. It ran as follows:

DEAR GEORGE—Come home at once. In opening your valise to get your soiled linen to send it to the laundry I discovered it packed with bank notes! What does it mean? Is anything wrong? Come home at once.

My first thought was to hasten home, but upon reflection I resolved to step around to the bank and acquaint the officials there of my discovery. I found the president of the bank in his private office engaged with several lynx eyed individuals whom I suspected from their appearance to be, as it turned out they were, detectives.

When I was granted an interview and explained my discovery, it created, very naturally, a sensation. At first the old gentleman was inclined to regard me as a crank, but when I asked him to allow a clerk to accompany me home he seemed to be satisfied I was in earnest. He consented to my proposal, but after a moment's thought he said an escort was unnecessary, thinking doubtless that the handsome reward would be a sufficient inducement to insure the safe delivery of the precious valise.

As I left the bank and turned up the street in the direction of home I was joined by a young man who came running out of the bank after me, hat in hand. He said "the old man" had reconsidered the matter and sent him to accompany me back with the money. This seemed to me to be quite satisfactory, and as the fellow was a very genial young man we immediately fell to discussing the robbery of his bank. He congratulated me on my good fortune and knowingly hinted that "the old gentleman" would treat me cleverly in the way of reward.

I said this young man was a very genial fellow, but somehow I soon began to feel an instinctive distrust in him. I plied him with questions concerning the habits and business methods of the missing teller, but he returned evasive answers. In one or two little things he contradicted himself, and finally, when I unexpectedly asked him how long he had been employed in the bank, he replied, after looking at me in a dazed sort of way, "Oh, about a year or two." At once the thought came to me: What if my "escort" was one of the young men I had seen outside the president's office. Perhaps he had overheard our conversation and had planned this neat little scheme of playing the role of a clerk of the bank sent me for "protection," as he insinuatingly put it. If so, I readily saw that he intended to make an effort to get his hands on the valise and then seize the first opportunity to bid me goodby.

This theory was strengthened when I noted that my "protector" seemed gradually to become very uncommunicative, and the conversation during the rest of the journey referred to passing objects and sights. Try as hard as I could I failed to get anything satisfactory out of him concerning the robbery.

When I reached home, I politely asked the young man to take a seat in the hall while I stepped up stairs to get a glimpse of the treasure. I found my wife at the head of the stairs, very excited. In an adjoining room we examined the valise, and at a rough estimate we placed the amount at about the figure the newspapers said Swope had carried off with him—somewhere about $90,000.

I did not tell my wife of my suspicions of the young man down stairs, but I resolved at once to arm myself in order to be prepared for the worst. It is a well known fact that in Kentucky the sixth commandment has long ago been declared unconstitutional, and I quickly made up my mind that if my bodyguard showed any signs of playing me false I would let him have a dose of cold lead.

Contrary to my expectations the young fellow made no offer to carry the valise as we started on our journey back to the bank. At the end of the short street on which I lived we stopped to take a car. My friend had again become very affable, and as we stood on the corner he offered me a cigar. I took it, thanked him, and placing my valise carefully on the ground between my feet I struck a match to light it. Just as I was in the act of doing so I received a blow from the left that sent me staggering into the middle of the street. At the same moment my "protector" disappeared in the other direction.

"Look here, young man," said a gruff voiced fellow in uniform at my side as he shook me violently, "I thought you told me you were going to take the train west tonight. It has just pulled out, and you're left."

Opening my eyes I looked around the waiting room in a confused way and reached for my valise.

It was nowhere to be found!

My brusque arouser instantly took in the situation, and with a look of intense disgust on his face said as he turned away:

"I guess that studentlike sport who was sitting beside you has taken care of your baggage. He passed me a few moments ago on his way to the train with a couple of valises. Next time you go traveling, young man, you had better take some one along with you to care for you while you sleep."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Transporting Tale.

Charlie Ryan, who handles the passenger business of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad from Cincinnati, has also to handle some passenger business that requires Napoleonic genius—to wit, the pass fiends. One of these, a sleek, insinuating fellow, walked into Ryan's office one day in June.

"Ah," he said, "is this Mr. Ryan?"

Mr. Ryan didn't deny that it was.

"Ah, well, I called to see if I couldn't get transportation for myself over your road to White Sulphur."

Mr. Ryan smiled divinely.

"Certainly, sir, certainly; all you want."

"Ah, many thanks. Do I get it from you?"

"Oh, no, sir," bowed the polite Charles. "You get it at the ticket office down stairs. We don't sell tickets up here," and the man was so overcome that he went down stairs and actually bought a ticket.—Detroit Free Press.

The Convolutions of Soup Creek.

Soup creek, in McDowell county, W. Va., is a remarkable stream. The creek passes a hamlet called Vivian, and about a mile below returns, runs around a tract of land about a half mile wide, and then passes under itself. This freak is caused by the lay of the land, which sinks spirally.—Exchange.

Stood the Test.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unapproachable in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced. They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equaled by imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALLCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them, and claiming them to be "just as good as ALLCOCK'S," and they stand today indorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and do not be persuaded to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the blood.

Long Beach Notes.

D. J. McCARTHY, the proprietor of the saloon at 150 N. Main street, Los Angeles, has a branch at the corner of Second and Pine streets, Long Beach. Finest wines, liquors and cigars. The famous Wieland beer on draught. Everybody invited to call.

Marriage In Vacation Time.

A young man came in from the country the other day with a pretty girl. They came to get married, and they wanted to be married by a well known clergyman. That was a notion of the girl's. They took a cab to the house of the Rev. Dr. MacArthur at 358 West Fifty-seventh street. The house was closed. Then they drove to the house of Dr. W. H. P. Faunce of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church. It is at 2 West Forty-sixth street and was closed. Dr. John R. Paxton's residence is down the same street, across the way, at 51. They went there. It was closed. Next they tried 323 Madison avenue, where Dr. E. Walpole Warren lives. Blinds were down and doors locked tight. They next drove to 342 on the same avenue. David H. Greer, the famous rector of St. Bartholomew's, lives there when he is at home, but he is not at home. His house was boarded up tight.

Then they tried Dr. Hall's beautiful residence at 712 Fifth avenue. They thanked heaven, for it was evidently inhabited. But the maid disappointed them by saying that Dr. Hall had gone to Europe for three weeks. Then the young man looked up 15 more well known clergymen in the directory and drove to each one of their houses. Every one, without exception, was out of town. Then the couple went home and were married by a justice of the peace. The young man thinks New York clergymen ought not to complain of lack of vacations.—New York Press.

Clairvoyance In Boston.

Clairvoyance is the midsummer madness in Boston. This view is not admitted. A Boston woman says that in hot weather the next thing to taking off the flesh and sitting in one's bones is to have dealings with the occult. Whatever phase may be put upon it, in a large circle of people in Boston whose doings are regarded as of consequence, each has his or her clairvoyant, and women exchange and recommend mediums as they do books or patterns. It is needless to say that although this new diversion is not discussed publicly the very highest view is taken of it. Under the shadow of Harvard and Professor James it has a scientific aspect.

A woman who would describe herself as earnest says that in her opinion the medium gets into communication with her higher self—not the medium who most likely lives up back stairs in a disheveled Mother Hubbard and does not necessarily have a higher self. This communion with the visitor's subconsciousness transcends all mind reading. These mediums are consulted in the gravest matters of business and affairs. In one case a rich man had died, and his will could not be found. A clairvoyant was consulted, who said he had gone into his grave with the will in his coattail pocket. The body was exhumed, and sure enough the man had his will with him.—New York Evening Sun.

A Speculation on Death.

When the typhoid fever epidemic was at its height, when cases were being reported daily and everybody expected that there would be many deaths from the disease, one local flower firm decided to make a speculation on death. It was figured out that there would be an unusual number of deaths and that this would cause a demand for an unusual number of floral pieces. In the manufacture of floral pieces moss is an absolute necessity, and the peculiar kind that is used comes from Oregon and Washington. The firm in question thought to make a speculation by ordering a quantity of this moss early and running a corner in it. The moss has arrived and has been placed in storage. But out of all the cases of typhoid fever the deaths have numbered less than 25, and there is one firm that has moss enough on hand for several years.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Largest Cargo of Hay.

When the British bark Kelverdale sails for Havre from Baltimore, she will carry the largest full cargo of hay yet shipped from this country to Europe. The only other full cargo of hay shipped previously was carried by the German ship Freiburg from New York to Havre, and consisted of 400 tons. The Baltimore Shipping company has chartered the Kelverdale to carry 600 tons. The company has also chartered the British steamship Sir William Armstrong to load 500 tons of hay for Havre.—Baltimore Sun.

Why Do They Employ Such Tricks?

Some of the New York dailies are trying to make a farce of journalism. One of them prints a couple of unnamed pictures, one of a society belle and the other of a factory girl, and asks its readers to guess from the portraits which is which. Another New York paper invites Christian people to send in their replies to the question, "Has God answered your prayers?" and to relate their experiences in this direction. The silly season is at its height in some of the New York newspaper offices.—Rochester Herald.

The Missouri's Current.

The current in the Missouri river is at times something remarkable. For a week past the river at its mouth has been a raging maelstrom, and so swift that several steamboats were tied up at the mouth waiting for it to subside. The government steamboat Stone tried several times to breast the terrible current, but each time was swept back into the Mississippi, and only succeeded in making the ascent at all when the Mississippi rose and checked the velocity of the Big Muddy.—Alton Sentinel.

There were great rejoicings among the pupils of M. Benjamin Constant upon his election to a membership in the French academy. A reception was given him at one studio by the men there, and a triumphal arch of roses and laurels was erected by his girl pupils in his studio in the Passage des Panoramas.

The estimate of the amount given by the late Senator Stanford to the Leland Stanford, Jr., university reaches $20,000,000. The buildings alone cost $1,900,000.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

HOLLENBECK HOTEL.

Sam Ashelm, St. Louis; G. W. Berry, C. C Clay, S V. DuBois, M. C. Helwig, J. H. Manges, A. G. Wetland, J. E. de Ruyter, San Francisco; F J. Olancy, Banning; Robert Day, Catalina; Mr. and Mrs. D. Choate, San Diego; Dr. George Wolf, Franz Urban, Friedrich Wolf Deutschland; Wm. Wilson, Neihart, Mont.; P K. Frankenheimer, Riverside; M. B. Campbell Hylands asylum; W. G. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Mitchell, California.

OUR WIND-UP SALE

Our Fall stock is piling in so fast that we are compelled to make one more grand reduction sale. This will positively be our last sale of the season, and as the goods we now offer are at prices shorn of all profit it behooves you to take advantage of it. To see them means to buy them. If you need a suit don't miss this sale. Everything as straight as a string. Choice goods for a mere trifle.

$15.00 SUITS FOR $10.00

$12.50 SUITS FOR $7.50

$20.00 SUITS FOR $15.00

We do not offer entire stock at these figures, but the 50 patterns shown in our middle window represent about 600 suits, Sacks & Frocks.

50 doz. NECKTIES, Regular Price 50c.
NOW 25c.

BARGAINS IN BOYS' SUITS

THIS SALE FOR TEN DAYS ONLY

London Clothing Co. Cor. Spring and Temple Sts.

London Clothing Co. Cor. Spring and Temple Sts.

His Old Pipe.

"Isn't that a rich color?" said a well known lawyer the other day as he held up a brier wood pipe of an almost ebon hue. Then he stroked it fondly with his hand and finally took to rubbing it with his coat sleeve. "It has taken me over a year to color that pipe, and I don't think you could buy it now at any price. I used to smoke cigars—I do now to some extent—but I prefer a pipe when reading or working over my papers. You see a cigar is always dropping ashes and mussing things up. Then the smoke gets in your eyes when leaning over. But a pipe—oh, there is nothing like it for real solid comfort. My wife says this old fellow is getting dreadfully strong, but she hasn't the heart to ask me to discard it for a new one. See the way that rich chocolate tint merges in the black—that velvety looking black—and then the gloss that seems to have grown up from beneath the surface.

"Strange how a man should become attached to such a thing. But, on the other hand, think of the nights this old pipe has stood by me when I worried my brain over legal tangles; when I grew cross and irritable, how its sweet perfume has quieted and soothed me. Friends might forsake me and fat fees vanish into thin air, but my old pipe was ever at hand with its comfort. What a sense of calm contentment settles over me when the work of the day is done and I sit down in the library at home, with my wife and little ones about and this old fellow filled to the brim and going! Why, man, the cares and worries of the day slip off and away with the curling smoke. Just look at that exquisite color!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Rich Sap From Maple Trees.

The more uneven, rocky and ledgy the land and the drier the soil, except where cold springs abound, the better are the products of the maple. Trees standing in or near cold springs will discharge the most and the sweetest sap. I am acquainted with one tree standing by a spring, seven quarts of whose sap will make a pound of nice white sugar. The richness of this sap will be realized when it is remembered that it takes 16 quarts of average sap to make a pound. The black maple is the richest for sap of any variety. Our poorest sugar orchards give us about two pounds of sugar to the tree, while our best ones yield five and six pounds a tree. I have heard of a few extra orchards yielding 7, 8 and 10 pounds to the tree, and one extraordinary one that has yielded 16 pounds to a tree. The quantity of sugar that can be made from single trees in one season of six weeks at most will depend on many circumstances.

The more spouts put into a tree the more sap is obtained and the more sugar is made. From the tree already referred to as standing near a cold spring there were made 30½ pounds in one season with two spouts, which emptied into the same tub. They were set in holes bored 1½ inches deep with a three-eighths bit. Another tree I have known of yielded 30 pounds, and a third 28. Still another tree was tapped with 10 spouts, and 50 pounds of sugar were made, but it killed the tree.—Timothy Wheeler in Garden and Forest.

Stranded In Artistic Surroundings.

It is really amusing and sometimes pitiful to see how men suffer from the artistic mania of their wives. I know of a case where a husband was not allowed to touch any of the furniture in the drawing room for fear he would disturb the effect of color and outline. He wisely stipulated, however, that he should have his own chair in the room, which he was to be at liberty to do with as he liked.

Being a man of infinite jest he managed to evolve the most delightful and comic situations when visitors were present, explaining that it was his want of artistic feeling which made it necessary for him to carry his chair about with him. He asked that when his friends contemplated their surroundings from an artistic point of view they should kindly consider him and his chair out of the picture. Needless to say it was not very long before all restrictions were withdrawn and he was allowed to work what havoc he pleased in the drawing room as well as everywhere else in the house.—Boston Globe.

An Umbrella Is Good For a Shower.

A man was once advised to take shower baths for the general improvement of his health. A friend explained to him how to fit up one by the use of a cistern and colander, and he accordingly set to work and had the thing arranged. Subsequently he was met by the friend who had given him the advice and was asked how he enjoyed the bath.

"My dear fellow," said he, "it was capital. I liked it really well, and what do you think? I kept myself dry too."

"Whatever do you mean?" exclaimed his friend, in natural surprise. "However could you manage to take the shower and yet remain quite dry?"

"Why, you can't think for a moment I should be so stupid as to have a shower bath without an umbrella?" was the innocent reply.—London Tit-Bits.

In Mrs. Bismarck's House.

The Princess Bismarck conducts her house on the most delightful free and easy plan. Breakfast is served at all hours in the morning, each member of the family and each guest appearing only when ready. Dinner is supposed to be served at 3:30 o'clock, but it is generally 4 o'clock before the party is gathered around the board. Then they have coffee, and about 8 o'clock a promiscuous supper is served. — Philadelphia Press.

Why Will They Do It?

A Massachusetts minister pathetically said to a newspaper man the other day, "Why don't some of you reporters get up an article on 'Why women stand at the door (especially the screen door in fly time) for the last words after they have taken five minutes to half an hour indoors to say goodby?'" The poor man has suffered, as his wife admitted at the time, and spends half his leisure in summer fighting flies.

Bought Him When a Savage.

"Here is the best investment I ever made in my life," said C. Gentile as he took the extended hand of a stalwart young man with the features of the American Indian and introduced the gentleman as Dr. Carlos Montezuma. "One would not think I bought the doctor for $30. He was but five years of age then. It was in the summer of 1871. I was prospecting in Arizona, taking photographs of Indians and Aztec ruins and gathering curiosities. One day a band of Pimo Indians came into my den with this handsome fellow here, but he was not handsome then. He was painted in glaring colors, with rows of beads around his neck. I took a fancy to him as a genuine live curiosity. The Pimos wanted $30 for him. I tried to beat them down, but they insisted upon their price, and I gave it. The little chap cried for a day or two, thinking I was going to kill him, and he laughs now when he explains that he took me for the devil."

Dr. Montezuma is in the government service and is now on his way from the Colville reservation of Washington to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., where he will enter upon the duties of school physician. The doctor was partly educated in Chicago in the public schools, where he spent five years, and later took the course in the Chicago Medical college, entering the Indian service of the government after his graduation. He says his life will be dedicated to the service of the Indians, and he will never be perfectly satisfied until the government properly educates the young of his people.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Turkish Priest In the Toils.

In the Turkish village on Midway plaisance there is a muezzin named Drenar Effendi, a priest, very zealous in the performance of his religious duties. Yesterday afternoon he was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct and given a ride in the patrol wagon to Woodlawn station.

The trouble arose from a growing disposition on the part of the Turks to treat the duties of their religion with indifference. When Drenar Effendi called the Turks to prayer yesterday afternoon they did not respond with what seemed to him a proper amount of alacrity, and incensed at their slowness he seized a club and began to beat them over the head. This attracted a large crowd at once, and a guard arrested the priest. By the time he reached the station the Turks began to be very much frightened at the thought of their priest's being locked up like a common criminal in a Christian jail, so a delegation was sent over to Woodlawn to bail him out in time for the sunset service, attendance upon which was secured by moral suasion instead of a club.—Chicago News-Record.

A Rare Blossom.

A rare flower can be seen in the garden north of the fountain in the northwest section of the public square. It is a yucca gloriosa, commonly known as glorious Adam's needle, and it is stated this is the first time the plant has bloomed for 30 or 40 years. Fears are entertained that the blossom may kill the plant, and an effort will be made to preserve it. An authority on botanical subjects says that the yucca can be seen to best advantage by moonlight while in bloom.

As the yucca grows old the lowermost foliage decays, leaving a thick bare stalk; in fact, giving the stalk quite an arborescent character. Its height is extremely variable; its age before flowering also varies from 5 to 15 years, and its subsequent intervals are quite uncertain. The flowers are white and bell shaped, and are in a cluster at the end of a long stalk.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Popular National Songs.

We have a number of songs that seem to lay about equal claims to distinction as national songs. "Star Spangled Banner," "America" and "Columbia" are three of the first class. Then comes "Yankee Doodle," which is unquestionably the song and tune representative of New England, while "Dixie" has just as firm a hold upon the hearts of the southerners.—Chicago News-Record.

Only One Time More.

He—I've asked you three times to marry me. How many more times do you want me to ask you?

She (tenderly)—Only once, and let that once be 50 years hence.—Detroit Free