McQUADE'S SOFT SIDE.

BY BAILEY MILLARD

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JOHN M'QUADE was a "sour dough" man, for he had come to Dawson in the fall of '97, and in the following spring had seen the ice go out. He was one of those plodding stampeders, a man of bovine eye, thick neck and thick body, standing five feet ten in his mukluks. On a stampede McQuade smoked his pipe a good deal and sat down quite often to think, which is well in a country where stampeding sometimes means a tramp of 200 or 300 miles over the snow.

"I like gold well enough," McQuade would say, "but I a'n't goin' to mush my legs off for it." So while the others ran ahead up the frozen creeks like hunted mooses he smoked his pipe and looked carefully about. After a stampede he returned to town like the rest, but, unlike the rest, he was not frayed out and frost bitten.

One idea lasted McQuade a whole week. On a Monday in October an idea came and it remained with him until the next Sunday. Why go so far to find so little? Why not search closely about near the heart of the district and see if anything good had been overlooked by the frantic claim seekers. He began his search, and though the men of gold on Bonanza and El Dorado creeks laughed at him and his half-fed malamets, his sled cross-tracked over the whole country. He went up and down every creek and every "pup," as the miners called the small ravines. At last he found an unconsidered trifle in the way of a fraction on Bunker creek between claims No. 9 and No. 10, which claims had, in some way, failed to join each other. Hundreds of prospectors had passed the fraction, but none observed it particularly, and that the men of the adjoining claims had not absorbed it was simply because they were too busy following their pay streaks.

McQuade sunk a hole and found a good prospect. So he built a small cabin, with a pole floor, a dirt roof and one small window made of ginger ale bottles set upon end. The weather was cold, but he kept steadily at work, his pipe between his teeth, and its smoke mingling with the white fog of slow breath from his great lungs. The continual and prodigious presence of this smoke and fog gained for him the name of "Bullgine" McQuade.

"If he finds enough in that cemetery plot o' his to keep that everlastin' pipe agoin'," remarked one miner, "he'll do well, with tobacco at $5 a pound." And a laugh went round at the expense of John McQuade and his fraction.

But McQuade was content and so were his dogs, for as soon as he began to put a little dust into his moose skin the stomachs of his sharp-fanged malamuts felt the tide of prosperity. Though his dump grew steadily, he was not getting out much gold. That would come in the spring when he would wash out the dirt. For the present he must still economize. But when a raw-boned, tired-looking young stranger came to the cabin one day McQuade did not hesitate to give him as good a dinner as he could get together. Perhaps this was because the new man's first name was John, though his surname made no Celtic appeal, nor even stray suggestion, being merely Wood. John Wood was "broke" and his appetite was something to amaze even the unimpressionable John McQuade. The miner ministered to that appetite for a week, apologizing for the rawness of the beans, "which you couldn't cook on a Yukon stove nohow," and for the beef, which was stringy and stank.

"I bought that meat at a bargain," explained Old John to Young John. "Only paid $60 for a fore quarter. The reason why I got it so cheap was because it was sp'iled; yet by puttin' a handful o' body in it when it's bil'n it comes out ah right."

"But it's rank. Tastes like some old cayuse that died up at White Pass," said Wood, who could look a gift horse, or a piece of one, out of countenance as readily as any other ingrate. "I heard they had first-chop mutton over at El Dorado."

"Wal, I'll eat good mutton in the spring," said John McQuade, cheerfully, "an' I won't keer if they charge me $20 for a oyster stew, neither."

John Wood kept staying at McQuade's cabin, though he walked about a good deal. He tried to get a "lay," but nobody in the neighborhood would let him in. Sometimes he and McQuade went to town together and mingled with the crowd at "Pete's Place." The two men of Bunker creek had little dust to spend, and seldom drank at the bar. When a man with a large "poke" invited the whole crowd to imbibe the bad whisky with him the two Johns did not hold back. John Wood took large-eyed interest in the weighing of the dust by the barkeeper. He would gape and stare as the golden grains ran from the leathern bag into the scales.

"That chechako of Bullgine's has got an awful money-mouth," remarked Jim Lawrence to his partner, as he gazed at Wood. "You could a-heard him sigh a mile when Pete Swanson blew in a thousand here yesterday."

John Wood saddled himself upon the good-natured McQuade in such a brotherly way that Old John finally let him into his firing holes and his confidence.

"I've got a good thing here," said McQuade, "if this here pay don't pinch out. It's better than that cultus claim on the left, an' it's as good as No. 9—if it was only bigger."

Wood looked into the pan McQuade held in his hand, and it required much self-control for him to keep his fingers off the wet gold that yellowed its bottom.

"Yes," he said at length, "it's too bad we haven't got anything but a fraction here. Why couldn't you have located 500 feet?"

The "we" passed the easy-going McQuade without challenge. He smiled curiously and said:

"Mebbe I didn't do my damdest to get a good claim. But I figger out forty thousand here all right."

"Well, that will do for a start," said John Wood, "but we must wash clean and keep it all. They say on El Dorado creek they lose over half by slop washing."

And so by this and that John Wood worked his way in and the dull McQuade did not know just when the time came that he began to regard the arrangement as being share and share with the chechako.

In the spring they whip-sawed lumber and made sluices. They were not long in washing out $28,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets. When it came to the clean-up the careless and unsuspicious McQuade let Wood handle nearly all the gold, with the result that 200 ounces of it were separated from the mass and cached at the foot of a spruce tree near the cabin. That made McQuade's share $5,040 short of the $14,000 it should have been. The only reason why it was not much shorter was that the 200 ounces were all that Wood could conveniently sequestrate.

That was a full round sum for McQuade. He was down at "Pete's Place" half the time. The claim, he declared, could not be worked to advantage until the muck froze again, as it was soft and thick and could not easily be removed. So, according to his view of it, there was nothing to do but play pedro and hang around Pete's and the Green Tree. In these pastimes he was seldom joined by Wood, who could not risk his precious dust in any game of chance with a sober man. When he could find one who was well "hootched" he did not mind trying a hand. Thus, instead of taking from his pile, he added a little to it.

The summer closed abruptly and the snow fell. The surface of the earth was again congealed and the two men fired the bank and followed the streak. McQuade was happy. There was plenty of corned beef, flour, bacon and beans in the cabin, and the dogs were fat and sleek. Besides, there was the demijohn under the bunk to help keep out the cold when the mercury sank to 30 below, and the demijohn kept one hale and mellow and at peace with the world. It did not matter that Wood drank little and that he did not insinuate himself into a partnership with the demijohn.

One day, after they had worked a fortnight in the new season, John McQuade took too liberal a morning appetizer. In fact, he took four appetizers, but he did not get four appetites. He ate very little breakfast and tumbled over the rocks when he went down to rake out the charred spruce at the end of the drift. Wood, who was standing at the mouth of the shaft, making swift embraces of himself to keep warm until the bucket should be filled, heard a series of gentle curses from below, and then a loud oath boomed from the drift like a dynamite blast.

"What's up?" he shouted down.

For a reply came another blast of blasphemy. So Wood hastened down the hole. Through the smoke he saw the light of the candle stuck in the side of the drift, and under it was McQuade doubled like a hibernating creature, his hands clasping his right foot.

"Stuck the pick through it," said the miner. "It was sharp, and I slipped."

"Now, we won't get anything out for a month," wailed Wood. "You'll be laid up and—confound your old whisky, anyway."

He helped McQuade out and into the cabin and was on the point of obeying his demand for a doctor, when it flashed upon him that that would mean $200 a visit, perhaps $3,000 or $4,000 before McQuade could work again.

"I'll take care of you," he said, solicitously. "I'll dress your foot and poultice it. You don't need any doctor. If you get any worse I'll bring in Siwash Charley. He can fix you up."

So John McQuade lay abed and read the "Stillwater Tragedy," a thick paper-covered volume. He could read as many as thirty pages a day in his quizzical, brow-knotting way. In his bunk, with its dirty pillow case and frowzy blankets, he was an uncouth object to look upon. Contrary to the winter rule in the north country, he had insisted on whiskers. These being a dusty brown and very much tangled, did not enhance his beauty. When he read he had a lighted candle stuck into a potato that lay on his great breast. The candle exuded a gentle dribble of tallow, which ran into his beard and made him look very grotesque.

"The old beast!" Wood would say, as he gazed at the quiet reader. "He don't deserve to live and enjoy that gold. What can he do with it, the filthy old swine?"

He would sit and look at McQuade by the hour. He dreamed every night of gold.

"It's no good to him," he would say on awakening. He did everything possible except the dealing out of dust to help along McQuade's recovery and fitness for work. The man was mending. He might be out before long, but he did not seem able yet to stand on the injured foot. Wood fretted and fussed over him and drew the most irritating pictures of the gold they might be taking out. The pictures appealed to the miner's imagination and he made manly efforts to do better than hobble about, but the pain would gripe him and make him wince. With it all, though, he never became bearish. One day, when the swollen instep was throbbing like a water-ram, he smiled and gave off a joke that had been slowly maturing in his mind for a week.

"You reckoned I couldn't pick a yard a day," he said, "but I picked a foot in a second."

Wood laughed. Nothing relieved the unsuspicious nature of John McQuade so much as his acceptance of John Wood's laugh. It always rang as flat as the notes of a tone-deaf singer.

When Wood had fretted long enough he went to work alone. He did not understand firing very well, and generally made a mess of it, as his fires often went out before they had thawed three inches of ground. It was a slow, laborious and very tedious process. But he knew the pay-streak, trust his acquisitive soul for that, and he followed it. Now the pay-streak did not run in the right direction. It should have followed the strip the long way, but it insisted in running across, and a week of the lonely labor showed John Wood that he was taking from the ground that which was not his, not McQuade's, nor anyone's save that of the rightful owner of No. 9 above discovery.

But Wood did not tell McQuade, nor did he impart the information even after No. 9 had found out the theft and threatened him with a Canadian prison if he did not desist. He worked quietly, thawing snow when McQuade slept, to get water to wash out the small dump. It was slow work, but the dirt was exceedingly rich. With what he already had in his bag he now weighed out 1,200 ounces, or a little over $20,000.

"I ought to have that extra dust for taking care of him, anyway," was Wood's apology to that which he called his conscience.

After he had washed out all the gold he built up the dump again, and when he saw the snow fall and cover it and his fraud, he said: "That proves I'm all right."

What worried him now was that John McQuade had hidden away somewhere about the cabin a sack with about $10,000 in it. McQuade had told him that he had that much left after his summer's dissipation.

"That ten thousand would never do him any good," Wood reflected. "He would run through it in no time. He don't care much for gold. He just mines for the fun of it."

After looking from the roof to the floor poles and under them and all about the sides of the cabin for John's sack, he concluded that the miner had hidden it in his bunk. He could not bring himself to rummage the bed for the sack. It was too much like stealing, he said, and besides John always stirred a little and broke off breathing whenever his partner began to poke his fingers under the blankets.

John's foot was now quite manageable. He could pull a mukluk over it without wincing, and could get about very well with his stick. He was thinking. For several days he thought and then he said to Wood:

"I'm up now and out o' that dirty bunk an' hereafter I'm goin' to be a man. I've thought it all over. Whisky has been several too many for me. Now I'm goin' to quit an' I'm goin' to keep clean an' live like a Christian."

He bought new blankets and burned the old ones. He cut off his unkempt beard and shaved clean. He asked Wood to trim his hair, which was done rather creditably. He melted some snow and took his first bath for three months, and followed it up with another inside a week. He put on clean underclothing and a smart new parka.

"I'm a new man," he said exultantly, "and by the help o' God A'mighty I'll never be a gin-pig ag'in."

He skipped about the cabin, shook his stick and waved his lame foot in the air.

"I feel good all over. How about this claim of ours, pardner?"

When Wood told him of the sudden termination of the "pay" he did not seem to care so very much. He said some new prospect holes could be sunk, which was done without improving the situation.

"Wal, I don't care. I got $10,000 an' I'm goin' back to California," said the miner. "It's too hard to keep clean an' decent an' sober in this froze-up country. It's too fer from nowhere. Let's wash out a little o' that dump an' see what's in it to add to our pile." He rocked some of the dirt, but finding no gold in it (Wood's rocking had been thorough) he said: "Let the chechakos have the rest of it."

He and Wood made ready for the trail. Wood was perfectly willing to go. Once back in civilization he could make that twenty thousand grow fast. During the week of preparation, of repairing the dog harnesses, mending the sled and patching the outfit, one thought haunted him: That $10,000 would never do John McQuade any good. He couldn't keep his vow. The meeting with his old friends would be too much for him. The gold would melt in a month. It was too bad! McQuade really had no use for money. Wood insisted on the treasure being packed together, his sack and McQuade's, though he secretly kept half of his apart and his partner had not the slightest idea that he had double the amount of his own dust on the sled. Wood studied the map of the trail very carefully, putting down all the distances and seeking out all the landmarks.

"You needn't be afeard o' gettin' lost," said McQuade. "I know the way like a book."

"Yes, no doubt," said Wood, adding to himself, "but I'm not the one who is going to get lost."

They started. John McQuade leading the way bravely, without the sign of a limp, and Wood driving the dogs, as he said he wanted to learn the knack of it. Though they lagged, got over the traces, doubled about or lay down in the snow he kept at his task very diligently, and by the time they had reached White Horse they had learned to drive very well. This pleased him mightily and he looked about the white waste and smiled upon it as upon a friend. He smiled again when he saw McQuade abandon the lead and go behind, and it was not the cold that made him cover his face so closely when he saw his partner begin to limp. He limped for a whole day before Wood said:

"You look tired, John. Won't you take something to brighten you up?" He pulled out a flask, the red liquor in which danced before McQuade's eyes like a gleam of delight, but he turned his head and pushed away the bottle with his furred hand. Wood thought that the gesture was that of a weak man who could easily be won back to an old vice.

After a few minutes he pressed the flask upon the weary man again. He saw him wrestle with the demon. He saw his face change from resolution to irresolution and back again.

"No," he said at last, his under lip quivering, "no, you'll need that yourself. It's only a small flask. I'm better off without it. You know you can drink and I can't."

"Oh, there's plenty for me, too," said Wood, pressing the flask upon him again. "There's a whole demijohn of it in the sled."

McQuade groaned. "I didn't know you had put it in at all," said he. "I wish to God you hadn't. Take care you don't get 'hootched' on the trail. It means"——

"Don't be afraid of it," said Wood, glancing evilly at McQuade's face. He had never looked him in the eye from the moment they had started over the trail. "You don't know what you're doing," said John McQuade, fiercely. "Take that infernal stuff away! Take it back! I've sworn to be a man. You mean well, but"——

"Well, all right," said Wood. "But you seem to be very weary, and I thought it would help you along."

The more McQuade limped, the heavier his step became, the more eagerly did Wood drive along the trail. Often McQuade lagged far behind, limping and staggering, but pressing bravely on, full of his old pride as a wayfarer of prowess. At last he could endure the foot pang no longer.

"Hold up, John!" he called. "What's the hurry? You mush along as if the devil was after you."

Wood made pretense of sympathy and stopped a few minutes. Then he drove on as fast as ever. This was repeated several times.

"Seems to me you could keep up," he kept saying, impatiently, "as long as you are able to keep about so far behind all the while."

"Wal, I'm pretty heavy on that foot, an' the snow is deep, an' I'm not so skookum good as I used to be. But I'm comin' along—I'm d——n in'."

Sometimes when Wood would forge far ahead, yelling to the dogs, a faint glimmer of the heartlessness of the man would force itself upon McQuade. But he sighed. "The boy means well. He don't understand. He don't understand. But why does he keep urgin' that liquor upon me? He must be only a kid after all. He don't understand I'll not drink it if I drop in my tracks. Old John McQuade is pretty set in his way sometimes."

When McQuade dragged and lagged along the way Wood grew relentant.

"It would be an awful thing if he should fall behind and get lost," he said. "It would be awful. But he ought to know enough to take care of himself. It's his own fault. And thirty thousand dollars—his pile and mine—would be something worth while."

Once they were passing through a frozen gorge where the wind blew chill and their faces were crackly dry with the cold. McQuade was limping painfully. The trail turned, and Wood, looking back, could not see his partner.

"There," he said, trying to keep down the exultance that would rise, "he's lost and the snow is drifting over the sled tracks. Well, it's every man for himself in a storm like this. Mush, King, Mush! Get down there, Pete. Gee! Gee! He lashed the malamuts till they whined and they all pressed forward hurriedly. All through the long dun day Wood made haste over the snow alone. The wind went down and he pressed on more eagerly.

"It's not more than three days to the pass," he said, "and then there is Skagway and freedom. He could have sung as he ran after the dogs, bounding down a long defile, but he spared his breath and made the better haste.

He came to a point where two gulches ran together. Which way? he asked, and in his hurry took the wrong one. For miles and miles he made his way, three, four, five, six days. Where was the Chilcoot? The malamuts were very weary and the food supply was running short. He could not stop to rest the poor dogs. He must keep on. Their load was light, for there was nothing in the sled now besides the gold, the whisky and the blankets. At last the leader lay down in the snow. The driver lashed him and beaten him, but he could not rise, and the other dogs turned on their fallen friend and ate him, with their wolfish eyes agleam.

Then there was a day of good going, but at evening another dog was dead. And so on till that bitter morning when Wood saw the red sun peek up and duck down behind the peaks, all in that mere breath of time while he stood alone and watched and listened, and all he heard was the roaring of his own ear drums. He sank down upon the sled and rested with his blankets wrapped about him. Then the awful loneliness of the north obsessed him, and gathering up as much of the gold as he could carry he hastened away. At the end of a mile he paused and thought of the gold he had left behind. He moaned aloud, lay down the sack he carried and covered it with snow. Then he staggered back to the sled, but the remainder of the dust in a sack by itself and went back to the cache. This meant going the trail three times instead of one, but he would have the gold. He gained another mile with the treasure in this way. Then another, and there, standing on a hillock, he saw the Chilcoot in full view, with a scattered mass of gray and black dots in front of it, which he knew for camps and campers. It was not more than five miles away, but that meant fifteen, and he was breathing short, while his heart was going like a cobbler's hammer. He pulled the last bit of hardtack from his pocket as he took up the lost trail. Ah, the weariness of his load; how concentrated was the weight of it. He was a strong man and could endure, but he had undertaken to carry 150 pounds of gold, seventy-five pounds at a time, for a score of miles.

When he bent and blew hard and lagged wearily, he cheered himself with thoughts of the yellow gold. He panted on in a delirium of gold, too far gone to think of dropping his burden and going to get help. Gold seemed everywhere, but, ah, the weary, weary, weight of it! At last the black dots grew to be men and beasts. He made his last cache within a quarter mile of the camp. All the gold was there. He lay down and tried to rest, but the fuel of life seemed nearly burned out, and the cold sought his marrow. So he arose and took a few steps toward the camp. Men were coming down to meet him. He turned about to see if the cache were a safe one. A fringe of fur was exposed. He tried to kick the snow over it, and losing his footing fell heavily upon the hidden gold. This sinking to earth lessened his heart beats and he lay as one dead.

"That's him—that's my man!" rang the voice of John McQuade. "Let's see what he's got there."

They pushed away the snow and lifted the sacks.

"How in God's name did he ever get it here?" asked a high-voiced man. "He never could have packed it. But where's his sleigh?"

"I dunno," said McQuade. "Hello, John," he said, bending over Wood. "You got the best o' me, didn't you? But the Smith outfit picked me up. Hello!"

Wood roused and rallied at the sound of McQuade's voice.

"You shan't have it!" he shouted, throwing himself upon the gold. "It's mine. You don't care for it. You'd squander it all. And I've gone through hell for it."

"A pretty cold hell," observed McQuade, "but it's not so cold as the deal you gave me."

"No; he ought to hang for that," said one of the men. "At any rate, they'll order him out of camp."

"Not until he's fed and rested," said John McQuade, his heart still in him. "We ought to give him a few days' notice."

They took Wood and the gold into camp on the sled. When the half-famished man had eaten and slept and lay about for the three days, he was sent up the pass with what provisions he could carry. He looked pleadingly back at McQuade and tried for his soft side again.

"You ought to give me my share, John," he said, pitifully.

But McQuade turned his back and Wood plodded through the snow, mumbling: "Thirty thousand dollars—thirty thousand—and he'll squander it all."

"John you look cold. Come and have a nip," said a man coming up.

"Not if I froze in my tracks. That's not the way to succeed in the fruit business."

"Fruit business?"

"Yes, sir; I'm going to have the prettiest prune orchard in the hull Santy Clara valley inside o' three months. An' I'm goin' to have a team. Say, you ought to see my horses!"

He looked up the pass and saw a dark figure trailing along behind the procession of dog teams. The figure was that of Wood, bent and spiritless. McQuade watched it plod up the path. Once he put forth his hand to beckon back the transgressor. A great spring of pity welled up within him and showed itself in two great tears. The bent figure, faring on, turned with the trail and passed from sight.

BAILEY MILLARD.

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Bluff Sailor is Loyal.

Marquis De Fontenoy Tells How a Princess was Rebuked.

SCANDINAVIANS are an independent race, and while loyal to their reigning houses, are perhaps less inclined to subserviency than the people of any other monarchial countries of the old world. As an illustration of this I may call attention to a little incident which occurred during the recent cruise of the crown prince and crown princess of Sweden on board a Swedish man-of-war in the Gulf of Finland. On the second day out the crown princess made her appearance on the bridge wearing on her head the cap of an officer of the German navy. On seeing this the captain of the man-of-war whispered to one of his subalterns, who, in a few minutes, returned bearing on a silver platter a new cap of an officer of the Swedish navy. Taking it from the lieutenant, the captain tendered the salver to the crown princess, exclaiming:

"Would it please your royal highness to try on one of our caps?"

The crown princess, who is a daughter of the reigning Grand Duke of Baden, and who spends a far greater portion of the year in the land of her birth—namely, Germany—than in the country of her adoption, replied:

"Why should I? The cap which I am wearing was given to me by my cousin, the German emperor."

"Yes," responded the captain. "But here on the Drott we are on board a Swedish man-of-war, and, therefore, wear the cap prescribed by his majesty, our gracious king."

The crown prince, who was standing close by, smiled, without saying a word, but the crown princess, manifesting signs of irritation, withdrew to her cabins, and was no more seen on deck that day. When she reappeared on the following morning she wore the Swedish naval cap, and greeted the captain pleasantly.

Nor was anything further seen during the cruise of the German naval headgear.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

The Marquis De Fontenoy Writes on the Titles of the King of England.

THERE are two points in the discussion with regard to the change of King Edward's title that I have not seen mentioned anywhere, and yet which are of sufficient interest to be placed on record. One is that it was not until the year 1802 that the monarchs of England ceased to style themselves king of France, a title which they had borne ever since the days of King Henry V, that is to say, for hundreds of years. It was abandoned as the result of the treaty of Amiens between England and France, and a clause to that effect was embodied in the agreement.

The other matter to which I should like to draw attention is to the origin of the word "queen." How few people, who use the word daily, have any conception of its pristine meaning. It is nothing more nor less than a modern corruption of the old Saxon word "cwen," the meaning of which is "woman." It may not be amiss to add that few, if any, of the old English titles borne by men had a feminine counterpart, the inference being that women were held of little account by the ancestors of modern England. Thus there is no feminine rendering of the titles of knight sheriff, alderman and earl. Indeed, in order to find a suitable title for the wife of an earl it was necessary to go across the channel and to obtain from thence the French title of countess, which is nowadays borne by the wives of British earls.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

The Marquis De Fontenoy Writes That a Police Chief is Not a Successful Statesman.

COLONEL Sir Howard Vincent, who has just been appointed aide-de-camp to the king, affords a remarkable instance of a man of great brilliancy proving a failure in the house of commons. He was for a number of years head of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard, and entirely reorganized his department there, besides placing it in touch with all the foreign police forces. Previously he had graduated at Paris in French criminal law, and at Bonn in German law, besides having made a careful investigation of all foreign police forces and having mastered their methods. He retired on marrying one of the greatest heiresses in England, and was chosen by the government three years ago as the one man best qualified to represent it at the anti-anarchist congress held at Rome by the great powers in 1898.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Mistook the Moral.

"No, thanks," said the sad-faced man when he was asked to join a convivial party," relates the Detroit Free Press. "The fact is, I don't drink. Found out I couldn't afford it, so I swore off. I number of years ago I lived in the west. I was doing well and had a bank account that I was proud of. Seeing a chance to double my money I decided to draw it out. The day was a warm one, and, becoming thirsty, I stopped to take a glass of something cool. I didn't waste more than five minutes and was soon in the line at the paying teller's window. The party ahead of me received his money and I was shoving my check through the window when the teller pulled it down and announced that the bank had suspended payment. I believe the receiver declared a dividend a year or so later, but the amount was so small that I never bothered to collet mine. It was a pretty expensive drink for me."

"Do I understand, sah," said a Kentuckian who was present, "that you took that drink alone?"

"Certainly."

"It was the judgment of heaven, sah," remarked the Kentuckian, solemnly.

Nothing but the very purest hops and malt are used in Fisher's beer. That is one reason why so much of it is sold.