

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)
I had nothing left to say. I fell back in my chair, and gazed at the Colonel. At the same moment a sound of rapid wheels struck on my ears. Then I heard the sweet, clear voice I knew so well saying:
"I'll just disturb him for a moment, Mr. Jones. I want him to tear himself from work for a day, and come for a ride."
She opened her door, and came swiftly in. On seeing the Colonel she took in the position, and said to that gentleman:
"Have you told him?"
"I have just done so, Signorina," he replied.
"I had not energy enough to greet her; so she also sat down uninvited, and took off her gloves—not loudly, like the Colonel, but with an air as though she would, if a man, take off her coat, to meet the crisis more energetically.
At last I said, with conviction:
"He's a wonderful man! How did you find it out, Colonel?"
"Had Johnny Carr to dine," said that worthy.
"You don't mean he trusted Johnny?"
"Odd, isn't it?" said the Colonel. "With his experience, too. He might have known Johnny was an idiot. I suppose there was no one else."
"He knew," said the Signorina, "any one else in the place would betray him; he knew Johnny wouldn't if he could help it. He underrated your powers, Colonel."
"Well," said I, "I can't help it, can I? My directors will lose. The bondholders will lose. But how does it hurt me?"
The Colonel said the Signorina both smiled gently.
"You do it very well, Martin," said the former, "but it will save time if I state that both Signorina Nugent and myself are possessed of the details regarding the—"(the Colonel paused, and stroked his mustache).
"The second loan," said the Signorina. "I was less surprised at this, recollecting certain conversations."
"Ah, and how did you find that out?" I asked.
"She told me," said the Colonel, indicating his fair neighbor.
"And may I ask how you found it out, Signorina?"
"The President told me," said that lady.
"Well, as you both know all about it, it's no good keeping up pretenses. It's very kind of you to come and warn me."
"You dear good Mr. Martin," said the Signorina, "our motives are not purely those of friendship."
"Why, how does it matter to you?"
"Simply this," said she, "the bank and its excellent manager own most of the debt. The Colonel and I own the rest. If it is repudiated, the bank loses; yes, but the manager and the Colonel and the Signorina Nugent are lost!"
"I didn't know this," I said, rather bewildered.
"Yes," said the Colonel, "when the first loan was raised I lent him \$100,000. We were thick then, and I did it in return for my rank and my seat in the Chamber. Since then I've bought up some more shares."
"You got them cheap, I suppose?" said I.
"Yes," he replied, "I averaged them at about 75 cents the five-dollar share."
"And what do you hold now, seminal?"
"Three hundred thousand dollars," said he, shortly.
"I understand your interest in the matter. But you, Signorina?"
The Signorina appeared a little embarrassed. But at last she broke out:
"I don't care if I do tell you. When I decided to stay here I had \$50,000. He persuaded me to put it all into his horrid debt. Oh! wasn't it mean, Mr. Martin?"
The President had certainly combined business and pleasure in this matter.
"Disgraceful!" I remarked.
"And M that goes, I am penniless—penniless. And there's poor aunt. What will she do?"
"Never mind your aunt," said the Colonel, rather rudely. "Well," he went on, "you see we're in the same boat with you, Martin."
"Yes; and we shall soon be in the same deep water," said I.
"Not at all," said the Colonel. "Financial probity is the backbone of a country. Are we to stand by and see Aurestaland enter on the shameful path of repudiation?"
"Never!" cried the Signorina, leaping up with sparkling eyes. "Never!"
She looked exultant. But business is business; and I said again:
"What are you going to do?"
"We are going, with your help, Martin, to prevent this national disgrace. We are going"—he lowered his voice, unobtrusively, for the Signorina struck in, in a high merry tone, waving her gloves over her head, with these remarkable words:
"Hurrah for the Revolution! Hip! hip! hurrah!"
The Signorina looked like a Goddess of Freedom in high spirits and a Paris bonnet. She broke forth into the "Marseillaise."
"For mercy's sake, be quiet!" said McGregor, in a hoarse whisper. "If they hear you! Stop, I tell you, Christina!"
"Kissed I unfed your plan, Colonel," I said. "I am aware that out here you think little of revolutions, but to a newcomer they appear to be matters requiring some management. You see we are only three."
"I have the army with me," said he, grandly.
"In the outer office?" asked I, indulging in a sneer at the dimensions of the Aurestaland forces.
"Look here, Martin," he said, cowering, "if you're coming in with us, keep your jokes to yourself."
"Don't quarrel, gentlemen," said the Signorina. "It's a waste of time. Tell him the plan, Colonel."
I saw the wisdom of this advice, so I said:
"Your pardon, Colonel. But won't this repudiation be popular with the army?"

If he lets the debt slide, he can pay them."
"Exactly," said he. "Hence we must get at them before that aspect of the case strikes them. They are literally starving, and for ten dollars a man they would make Satan himself President. Have you got any money, Martin?"
"Yes," said I, "a little."
"How much?"
"Ten thousand," I replied; "I was keeping it for the interest."
"Ah, you won't want it now."
"Indeed I shall—for the second loan, you know."
"Look here, Martin; give me that ten thousand for the troops. Stand in with us, and the day I become President I'll give you back your \$300,000. Just look where you stand now. I don't want to be rude, but isn't it a case of—"
"Some emergency?" said I, thoughtfully. "Yes, it is. But where do you suppose you're going to get \$300,000, to say nothing of your own shares?"
He drew his chair closer to mine, and, leaning forward, said:
"He's never spent the money. He's got it somewhere; much the greater part, at least."
"Did Carr tell you that?"
"He didn't know for certain; but he told me enough to make it almost certain. Besides," he added, "we have other reasons for suspecting it. Give me the ten thousand. You shall have your loan back, and if you like, you shall be minister of finance. We practically know the money's there, don't we, Signorina?"
She nodded assent.
"If we fall?" said I.
"He drew a neat little revolver from his pocket, placed it for a moment against his ear, and recocked it."
"Most lucidly explained, Colonel," said I. "Will you give me half an hour to think it over?"
"Yes," he said. "You'll excuse me if I stay in the outer office? Of course I trust you, Martin, but in this sort of thing—"
"All right, I see," said I. "And you, Signorina?"
"I'll wait, too," she said.
They both rose and went out, and I heard them in conversation with Jones. I sat still, thinking hard. But scarcely a moment had passed, when I heard the door behind me open. It was the Signorina. She came in, stood behind my chair, and, leaning over, put her arms round my neck. I looked up, and saw her face full of mischief.
"...hat about the rose, Jack?" she asked.
Bewildered with delight, and believing I had won her, I said:
"I'll soldier till death, Signorina."
"Better death!" said she, sagaciously. "Nobody's going to die. We shall win, and then—"
"And then," said I, eagerly, "you'll marry me, sweet?"
She quietly stooped down and kissed my lips. Then, stroking my hair, she said:
"You're a nice boy, Jack."
"Christina, you won't marry him?"
"Him?"
"McGregor," said I.
"Jack," said she, whispering now, "I hate him!"
"So do I," I answered promptly. "And if it's to win you, I'll upset a dozen presidents."
"Then you'll do it for me? I like to think you'll do it for me, and not for the money."
"I don't mind the money coming in," I began.
"Mercenary wretch!" she cried. "I didn't kiss you, did I?"
"No," I replied. "You said you would in a minute, when I consented."
"Very neat, Jack," she said. But she went and opened the door and called to McGregor, "Mr. Martin sees no objection to the arrangement, and he will come to dinner to-night, as you suggest, and talk over the details. We're all going to make our fortunes. Mr. Jones, she went on, without waiting for any acceptance of her implied invitation, "and when we've made ours, we'll think about you and Mrs. Jones."
I heard Jones make some noise incoherently suggestive of gratification, for he was as bad as any of us about the Signorina, and then I was left to my reflections. These were less somber than the reader would, perhaps, anticipate. True, I was putting my head into a noose; and if the President's hands ever found their way to the end of the rope, I fancied he would pull it pretty tight. But, again, I was immensely in love, and equally in debt. To a young man, life without love isn't worth much; to a man of any age, in my opinion, life without money isn't worth much; it becomes worth still less when he is held to account for money he ought to have. So I cheerfully entered upon my biggest gamble, holding the stake of life well risked. My pleasure in the affair was only marred by the enforced partnership of McGregor. There was no help for this, but I knew he wasn't much fonder of me than I of him, and I found myself gently meditating on the friction likely to arise between the new President and his minister of finance, in case our plans succeeded. Still the Signorina hated him, and by all signs she loved me. So I lay back in my chair, and recalled my charmer's presence by whistling the hymn of liberty until it was time to go to lunch.

CHAPTER X.

The morning meeting had been devoted to principles and to the awakening of enthusiasm; in the evening the conspirators descended upon details, and we held a prolonged and anxious conference at the Signorina's. Mrs. Carrington was commanded to have a headache after dinner, and retired with it to bed; and from then till one we sat and conspired. The result of our deliberations was a pretty plan, of which the main outlines were as follows:
This was Tuesday. On Friday night, the Colonel, with twenty determined ruffians (or resolute patriots) previously bound to him, body and soul, by a donation of no less than fifty dollars a man,

was to surprise the Golden House, seize the person of the President and all cash and securities on the premises; no killing if it could be avoided, but on the other hand no shilly-shally. McGregor wanted to put the President out of the way at once, as a precautionary measure, but I strongly opposed this proposal, and, finding the Signorina was absolutely inflexible on the same side, he yielded.
I had a strong desire to be present at this midnight surprise, but another duty called for my presence. There was a gala supper at the barracks that evening, to commemorate some incident or other in the national history, and I was to be present and to reply to the toast of "The Commerce of Aurestaland." My task was, at all hazards, to keep this party going till the Colonel's job was done, when he would appear at the soldiers' quarters, bribe in hand, and demand their allegiance. Our knowledge of the result of the troops made us regard the character of a prisoner, and the dollars before their eyes. The Colonel and the troops were to surround the officers' messroom, and offer them life and money, or death and destruction. Here again we anticipated their choice with composure. The army was then to be paraded in the Plaza, the town overawed or converted, and, behold, the Revolution was accomplished!
The success of this design entirely depended on its existence remaining a dead secret from the one man we feared, and on that one man being found alone and unguarded at 12 o'clock on Friday night. If he discovered the plot, we were lost. If he took it into his head to attend the supper, our difficulties would be greatly increased. At this point we turned to the Signorina, and I said, briefly:
"This appears to be where you come in, Signorina. Permit me to invite you to dine with us on Friday evening."
"You mean," she said slowly, "that I am to keep him at home on Friday?"
"Yes," said I. "Is there any difficulty?"
"I do not think there is great difficulty," she said, "but I don't like it; it looks so treacherous."
Of course it did. I didn't like her doing it myself, but how else was the President to be secured?
"Rather late to think of that, isn't it?" asked McGregor, with a sneer. "A revolution won't run on high emotional wheels."
"Think how he jockeyed you about the money," said I, assuming the part of the tempter.
"By the way," said McGregor, "it's understood the Signorina enters into possession of the President's country villa, isn't it?"
Now my poor Signorina had a longing for that choice little retreat, and between resentment for her lost money and a desire for the pretty house, she was sore beset. Left to herself, I believe she would have yielded to her better feelings and spoiled the plot.
"I'll do it, if you'll swear not to—"
"I'll do it," she said.
"I've promised already," replied the Colonel, sullenly; "I won't touch him, unless he brings it on himself. If he tries to kill me, I suppose I needn't bare my breast to the blow?"
"No, no," I interposed; "I have a regard for his excellency, but we must not let our feelings betray us into weakness. He must be taken—alive and well, if possible—but in the last resort, dead or alive."
"Come, that's more like sense," said the Colonel, approvingly.
The Signorina sighed, but opposed us no longer.
Returning to ways and means, we arranged for communication in case of need during the next three days without the necessity of meeting. My position as the center of financial business in Whittingham made this easy; the passage of bank messengers to and fro would excite little remark, and the messengers could easily be so expressed as to reveal nothing to an untrusting eye. It was further agreed that on the smallest hint of danger reaching any one of us, the word should at once be passed to the others, and we should rendezvous at the Colonel's "ranch," which lay some seven miles from the town. Thence, in this lamentable case, escape would be more possible.
"And now," said the Colonel, "if Martin will hand over the dollars, I think that's about all."
(To be continued.)

His Weak-End.

Mr. Melville Ingalls, the Western railway magnate, was induced by a friend while spending Sunday with him to attend service at a church, the pastor of which is noted for the extreme length of his sermons.
As the friends were leaving at the conclusion of the service, the Bostonian, with a touch of pride, inquired:
"Dr. Blank is a most eloquent minister, is he not?"
"Very eloquent," was the dry response of the railroad man, "but he has poor terminal facilities."—Harper's Weekly.

Not That Anxious.

"I'd give a million dollars if I could keep from getting bald."
"If you will rub a raw onion on your hair every day it will keep from falling out."
"Gee! I'm not that anxious to keep my hair!"—Houston Post.

The Rest She Needed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Popley, "I'm going to take the children away to the country for a month or so."
"You'll take your servant girls with you, of course," said Mrs. Nixdorf.
"Most assuredly not! I need a rest myself."—Philadelphia Press.

Nervous.

"Jigsby got an awful scare last night."
"What was it?"
"His youngest boy fell out of bed."
"What did Jigsby do?"
"He woke up and screamed 'Earthquake!'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As Others See Us.

The Maid—Now there's Fred Hughes. He's a man after my own heart.
The Man—Well, he's scheduled for a bitter disappointment.
The Maid—Why do you say that?
The Man—Because you are heartless.



"That friend of yours, Skilliven, is certainly one of the most charitable men I ever met," remarked the passenger with the fur-lined overcoat.
"I haven't noticed him giving away anything," said the passenger with the leatherine suitcase, folding his newspaper and pocketing it. "What happened to touch his heart?"
"I don't mean that exactly," said the passenger in the fur-lined overcoat. "I don't know whether he's easy or tight, but I know he takes charitable views."
"That's easy," commented the man with the leatherine suitcase. "His ideas may be liberal, but he isn't—not to speak of. Borrowed his wheelbarrow last spring and I happened to break one of the handles. At least, I didn't break it; it was broken already, or splintered. Well, I offered to pay to have it repaired, of course, and darned if he didn't take me up on it!"
"That was pretty small," agreed the man with the fur-lined overcoat. "I don't wonder you're sore on him."
"I don't know that I'm sore, particularly. It was only 25 cents, but it didn't seem to me very neighborly. Kind of a cranky disposition, too."
"Well, of course, I don't know anything about that, but I was talking with him about old Brackenbury. Talk about a crank, Brackenbury is one for your whiskers. He's got a grudge against humanity. Hanged if I ever knew such a mean old rooster. I was telling this Skilliven about the way he acted up all the time in his office. I guess there isn't one of his clerks who wouldn't poison him if he got a good chance. Skilliven, it seems, knew him."
"I believe all that is greatly exaggerated," he says. "Of course, he's a little irritable at times, but he's suffered with dyspepsia—a good deal to my certain knowledge. We must make allowances. He's a pretty nice old man, when you know him."
"I know him pretty well by reputation," I said. "He's got the reputation of being the meanest old skink that

ever pored cheese with a razor. They tell me he won't have his shoes polished because the friction might wear them out and that he's had the barber save the hair he cuts off him for the last thirty years to stuff a mattress."
"That's nonsense," he says. "The poor old gentleman has been bald for the last thirty years. He's frugal, I know, but don't consider that a vice."
"Well, then I mentioned the old rat's love of money and he excused that by saying that most old men were more or less avaricious."
"Not to the extent of dishonesty," I says. "I've heard of things he's done that ought to have landed him in the penitentiary."
"Well," says Skilliven, "we're all human and we've got our little faults. If it isn't one thing it's another, and we don't want to be too hard on people, especially old people. I don't suppose Mr. Brackenbury has a great many more years to live, and I'm sorry for that, because he really is, when you get to know him, a very nice old gentleman. He has some excellent qualities and my family thinks the world of him." Now, I don't care what you say, when a man can talk that way about a hoary old scoundrel like W. D. Brackenbury, he's mighty charitable."
"Huh!" ejaculated the man with the leatherine suitcase contemptuously. "I don't suppose he told you that his wife is Brack's next of kin and that they expect to come in for the bulk of his money when he dies. Oh, he's a charitable duck, all right, and when it comes to wheelbarrows with broken handles—"
"Well, that wasn't the only thing," said the man with the fur-lined overcoat. "We talked about other people too—you among them—and he spoke pretty well of you."
"I don't see any particular reason why he shouldn't," said the man with the leatherine suitcase. "I never blicked him out of 25 cents."—Chicago Daily News.



A process for making rubber from wheat has been invented.
There were 1,234,278 Odd Fellows in the United States January 1.
The total number of immigrants to the United States, 1906, was 1,100,735.
Earl Gray, Governor-General of Canada, receives a salary of \$50,000 a year.
The lower peninsula of Michigan is said to be entirely underlaid with rock salt.
The churches are the Portuguese polling places and votes in Portugal are cast nowhere else.
There are 363 stock and 234 mutual fire insurance companies in the United States January 1, 1907.
Workmen in one of the streets of Madrid dug up an old walnut-wood chest containing 300 gold doubloons.
Medals of honor for distinguished gallantry in war in which the United States was engaged are held by 458 Americans.
The result of the first six months' working of the Simpon tunnel have been tabulated, and show that an average of 8,000 passengers were carried a day.
If not absolutely the oldest, the Stora Kopparberg in Sweden is the oldest copper mine of which there are any official figures. It has been worked continuously for nearly 800 years.
The dreaded north butterfly is appearing everywhere in Bohemia, threatening the devastation of the forests. The neighboring woods of Saxony and Silesia are also threatened. The Ministry of Agriculture has named a commission to investigate.

Andrew Carnegie's "hero fund" was established in 1904 with \$5,000,000 at its disposal. The commission had awarded sixty-three medals up to Jan. 1, 1907, and disbursed about \$40,000, aside from about \$85,000 given San Francisco and other sufferers from disasters.
Perhaps for concentrated inaccuracy of statement nothing can surpass the following sentence, which occurred in an account of a burglary given a short time back in a paper: "After a fruitless search all the money was recovered, except one pair of boots."—Tit-Bits.
One of the princesses of the Burmese court, a young woman not yet 20, is said to be the possessor of the costliest dress in the world. It is a court costume and worn only on rare occasions. It is studded with jewels reputed to be worth in the aggregate not less than one million four hundred thousand dollars.—Leslie's Weekly.
Several New York postmen, according to the World, have made fortunes of more than \$200,000. These men, although independently wealthy, through extra effort during leisure hours, still trudge from house to house daily with mailbag and whistle, content to accept a salary of \$1,000 a year which

Uncle Sam provides for his postmen. In every case the fortunes were made through shrewd investments in real estate.
London now has six underground electric railways (tubes) in operation, and five more are under construction or projected. The railways of London, underground and surface, carry more than 600,000,000 persons each year, of which underground lines accommodate 258,000,000. There are nearly 600 railway stations in Greater London, and into the trunk line stations alone there pass annually more than 300,000 passengers.
A dip into an official return showed that there are 1,204 London cabbies between the ages of 70 and 74, 249 between the ages of 70 and 80, while 7 return their age between 80 and 90. One almost suspects these seven old patriarchs of having carried sedan chairs in the pre-growth days. At all events, they are a living advertisement of London as a health resort, with beefsteak, overcoat and muffler.—London Chronicle.
The name "Polly," applied to the parrot, is said to have been brought to the North in an early day by flatboatmen, who took grain and provisions down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. Parrots were in cages at the doors of many French shops and the Westerners heard the French say to the bird, "Parlez, parlez," pronounced parley, and meaning "speak! speak!" This word, as they brought it back, came to be polly.
DUCKS 1,200 MILES AT SEA.
Birds Circle Around Steamship, Taking It for an Island.
The Oceanic Steamship Company's liner Mariposa, Captain Lawless, arrived from Tahiti with twenty-three passengers and a cargo of tropical products. Among the passengers was W. F. Doty, former American consul at Papeete and recently promoted to represent Uncle Sam in Persia as United States consul.
The interests of America in Persia have been represented hitherto by the secretary of the British legation at Teheran, who acted as United States vice consul whenever necessity arose. This government, however, recently appointed three consuls for Persia, among them Mr. Doty, whose post will be at San Francisco and is one of the most inaccessible consular posts in the world. In journeying to his new station Consul Doty will have to travel camel back for 1,500 miles.
On the afternoon of Nov. 9 Captain Lawless was surprised to see twelve black and white ducks flying overhead. They came from the eastward. After circling around the Mariposa a number of times, as if they were wondering what kind of an island the liner was, the ducks wheeled into line and resumed their flight, heading due west. The ducks were 1,800 miles from San Francisco and 1,200 miles from Hawaii, the nearest land.—San Francisco Call.
Oil Painting of Ancient Days.
Oil painting was an art thoroughly understood by the ancients, but was lost sight of and only revived about the end of the thirteenth century, A. D.

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS
G. Lowes Dickinson, author of "From King to King," who, in an age when fiction is paramount, shares with A. C. Benson the distinction of attracting public attention by essay writing, is one of the few authors who refuse to be photographed for public prints. So marked is his antipathy to the camera that even his publishers have no idea what he looks like.
McClure, Phillips & Co. are allowing "Pigs in Pigs," the sale of which has already reached 100,000 copies, to be printed in raised point type in the Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind, the publication recently founded by the widow of the late William Ziegler. An interesting coincidence is that William Ziegler came from the same place as Mr. Butler, Muscatine County, Iowa, where before perfecting his cream of tartar baking powder, famous as the Royal, he was a clerk in a drug store.
Mr. Burdett-Coutts is engaged in writing a life of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in which he will pay little attention to the public aspect of her life, already well known by notice in the public press, but to that which is not generally familiar. He says that the house in Stratton street is like a record office stocked with papers and correspondence going back more than a hundred years. He also laments that there is no one remaining, no Dickens or Disraeli, who, combining literary skill with intimate personal knowledge, can give an adequate character study of the Baroness.
"Before Adam," Jack London's story of prehistoric man, is being much discussed, and the differences of opinion on it give one some insight into the possibilities of literary criticism. Thus the Pittsburg Gazette-Times says that "Mr. London's book is a psychological masterpiece;" the Washington Herald declares that "It is not very convincing, nor particularly interesting." Says the New York Times: "The vitality and realism of the story beget a fascination which ultimately reaches conviction;" while the New York Tribune decides that "A few grimly dramatic episodes in the tale scarcely atone for the improbability and unpleasantness of the book as a whole." "Only a combination of tremendous knowledge and wonderful imagination could have produced it," says the Denver Post; "A labored product of his inventiveness, rather than a felicitous work of the imagination," says the Independent.
AIR IN HIGHER ALTITUDES
Same as in Other Places Except It Contains No Microbes.
It is an error to think that the chemical composition of the air differs essentially wherever the sample may be taken. The relation of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents is the same whether it be on the heights of the Alps or at the surface of the sea. The favorable effects, therefore, of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportions of its gaseous constituents. The important difference is the bacteriological one. The air of high altitudes contains no microbes, and is, in fact, sterile, while near the ground and some hundred feet above it microbes are abundant. In the air of towns and crowded places not only does the microbe impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also.
Several investigators have found traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, especially in pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless consisting of traces of essential oils, that the curative effects of certain health resorts are traced. Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tracts. But these traces of essential oils and aromatic product must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are apparently not necessary constituents of the air.
Recent analysis has shown that these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and perhaps also argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life and damp vegetation.
Hot Potatoes as Hand Warmers.
Dr. Herbert Calborne, of New York, suffers from cold hands in winter. And nothing will warm his fingers except hot water, a hot fire or a hot potato. He can be seen almost any frosty morning marching along at five miles an hour with a hot potato in each overcoat pocket and his hands grasping the two big potatoes, piping hot, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, for this purpose. "They will keep your hands warm for hours unless you happen to sit on 'em," he says. "They are great for a football match or when you go sleighriding."—Philadelphia Record.
Everything Higher.
First Sailor—On my last voyage I saw waves 100 foot high!
Second Sailor—I've been a sailor forty year and never seen 'em over forty!
First Sailor—P'raps not, but everything is higher now than it used to be, mate!—Life.
Nearly every old man has "broken up" during his business experience.