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HER SISTER'S HONOR.

A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"When people have got no money they must keep themselves. The Dean came to see us this morning. You know there was no one respected father more than the Dean. He says that we we must be brave and make the best of things."

"Yes—but, my child, I cannot bear to think of your having to work. These pretty hands should do nothing but play with pretty things."

"As for Naomi," said the owner of the pretty hands, "she is so clever with her needle that she is quite sure to get a good place somewhere. She says that she could not take a situation in the town to be reminded all day long how we have come down. So she will go to London, and I must go with her. Then I shall be near you, Harry; and perhaps—perhaps——"

"Perhaps what, dear?"

"Perhaps, before long, you will be able to take me away for good, and then I will work at nothing harder than to please you, dear."

"Dear Ruth, I ask for nothing better. There could be nothing better. But——"

"You have not told your people about me? Why not tell them and have done. They can but refuse to call upon me, I suppose."

"You don't understand, dear child. They are ambitious. They want to get into society, you see, and they expect me to help them. Well, we are rich enough, I suppose, and we've got a big house in Palace Gardens, but my grandfather kept a shop. We are only in trade as it is, although we have our offices and our clerks instead of our counter and our shopmen. See now, Ruth, my father will give me a partnership when I am five and twenty. That is in six months; then I shall be independent. Let us get along, somehow, till then. I cannot have my darling ordered about by some scoundrel shopwalker, or, working her fingers to the bone."

The girl shook her head.

"Naomi would not hear of such a thing," she said, "unless it was properly understood and was acknowledged. No, Harry, I must be independent of you until——"

"If I can afford to maintain you dear, why not?"

"No, not even if I have to go lower down the ladder, Harry. Can't you see that it is impossible? I can wait for you. And I don't suppose that I shall drag you down with me, shall I?"

She said this with a laugh, but like many light words they were prophetic. She was, although she knew it not, to drag him lower—lower; her hand was to be upon his head pushing him down, down, down.

"Let us go home," she said. "Alas, Naomi is going through the things. They all belong to the creditors—even the old books on the shelves—even the swing in the garden—all except our own clothes; even the seat under the mulberry tree. In a day or two we shall go out of the old home—we two together. What will become of us? What shall we do?"

"You are not without friends," said the young man; "you have me."

The wind freshened and the rain beat upon their faces.

"I am full of terrors," said the girl. "It seems as if something dreadful would happen to me."

"You have me to protect you, Ruth."

Her lover's words were brave, but somehow they lacked that subtle quality which insures confidence.

"Yes, Harry, I have you, and you have your own people as well; and they are not likely to welcome the daughter of the county bookseller. Let me go home."

CHAPTER III.

THE CITY MERCHANT.

The chief—the sole partner—the head of the house—sat in his private office.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

No study or smoking room of any country house was more comfortably furnished than this private office. A pile of letters unanswered lay upon the great table beside the blotting pad; a shallow basket contained the letters which he had written or signed; there were bundles of papers tied up and indorsed. On either side of the fireplace was a long, low chair; on a small table in the window stood the luncheon tray. The chief had taken his chop and pint of claret, and was now sitting in one of those low chairs, his feet stretched out before him in complete physical ease. In the rooms without he knew that his managers, heads of departments, and clerks were all diligently at work for him. It makes a man comfortable only to think that people are at work for him. Most of us, when we are not ourselves at work have got the feeling of unprofitable service. Not so Mr. John Stoke, of Threadneedle street, city. He knew that his people were working for him to what is called a pretty tune. As he rolled his cigar between his lips that tune melodiously rung in his ears. The same tune rings out every day for all the great city merchants. It was first set as a carillon by Dick Whittington in the tower of St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal, for the solace and delectation of all rich merchants for all time, and to turn away their thoughts from the parable of Dives. The words of the tune can only be heard by rich men, but I have been told that they are something as follows: "Merchant, take thine ease while the treasure grows, wise is he who reaps what another sows." I believe there is more to the same effect. Mr. John Stoke was now a man of 55 or so. The kind of face and the expression upon it are not uncommon in the city—they belong to a certain type of city men—and those who have it are generally successful. It is a masterful face. If any of Mr. John Stoke's servants fail in their duty they know better than to ask for mercy from such a face. Nelson himself did not reckon more confidently than Mr. John Stoke on every man doing his duty. He was not exactly popular with his servants, because he bought his labor as he bought his goods—at the cheapest rate—and because he exacted from labor, as from goods, the utmost profit. The law of political economy, which makes a man buy in the cheapest market, when applied to labor, does not, somehow, lead to a contented and happy service. It is a law, when applied, which only allows people to be happy when it is broken. A good many laws, moral, political and doctrinal, possess the same characteristic. Nobody likes being bought at the cheapest; we all want a fancy price to be put upon our work, especially if we have grown gray in the service. Now Mr. John Stoke allowed no allusions on this subject in his office, and had no respect for gray hairs or for length of service, or for anything in the world except his own interests.

He lay back in his chair and watched the wreaths of smoke, listening to that pleasant tune—the parable of Dives quite forgotten. Presently he began to think. Mr. John Stoke was one of those persons who are gifted with the power of thought. Out of politeness we pretend that everybody has this power. Not so; otherwise the majority of mankind would not be as sheep running whithersoever they are driven, and bleating at their leader's command. But let me continue to be polite. This man had a little coup in his mind, a trifle that would probably bring him in twenty thousand or so, and he was turning it over so as to get at the best points of handling it. The warmth and comfort of fireside, lunch, and cigar send some men into mental sleep. To this man they only gave the opportunity of uninterrupted thought.

Presently the door opened and a young man stood in the doorway—a tall and handsome young man—you have already seen him in the walk by the river side.

"Come in, Harry, come in," said the chief, pleasantly; "shut the door and come in."

"You said you should want to speak to me about half-past two."

"Yes, I did. Well, my boy, I thought that we might have a few words, perhaps two or three, just to understand each other. Sit down. Take a cigar? No? Well, you are five-and-twenty today, are you not?"

"It is my birthday." The young man looked anxious, yet expectant of some pleasing announcement. One can only be five-and-twenty once in life. Besides, things had been promised.

"Yes," his father continued, looking critically at the ash of his cigar. "Yes, yes, five-and-twenty. I was a partner before that age—before we sank the shop and became an office."

"There was the shop, though, to begin with," said the son.

"Undoubtedly; and a very good shop, too. We mustn't forget the shop. Not likely it will be forgotten. People talk about it when they go home from my dinner parties; when they have had a fortnight among my birds, with champagne up to the eyes every night, they snigger over the shop in the train going home; when they have been on a cruise in my yacht, with everything of the very best—oh, yes, the more you do for 'em the better they remember it; the more they sneer and snigger. Our friends, dear boy, will not readily forget the shop. It is their only consolation when they consider the prosperity of the firm. If it wasn't for feeling how green they get with envy I'd never have any old friends in the place at all."

"I don't see why we should want to forget it, father."

"No, there is no absolute necessity for forgetting anything. However, we are now, Harry, pretty high up the tree. I don't think there can be many men in the city likely to cut up better than your father. Very good, then." He looked at his son for a whole minute as if seeking for the best way to go on. "Very good, then," he repeated, "I've always promised and always intended to take you into partnership at five-and-twenty, and now, Harry, I have sent for you to say that I am willing to carry out that intention, and to give you a birthday present worth having."

"Oh," said Harry, with a great sigh.

"On conditions, of course. Hang it, do you suppose that I am going to admit any one, even my own sons, into my house—the house I have made—to share my income, except on my own terms?"

"Well, sir," said Harry, "I always supposed you would have your own way in everything, whether I am to be a partner or not."

"You are right, my boy. My own way I mean to have. Yet these are not my conditions. Now sit there, and don't answer a single word till I've done. You've had your fling, Harry; that you can't deny. You've lived in your own chambers, and you've had a good allowance, and nobody ever asked any nasty ones what you did with your money. Very well, then, now that's all over. A partner in my house has got to take his place—his own place, mind—in society." The young man turned pale. "I've been offered a baronetcy. Well, I won't have it; I mean to be made a peer. Do you hear that? I shall be Lord Thingamy, and you shall be the Honorable Harry. Very well, then"—he marked his sentences with short pulls at his cigar—"that's understood. Next thing, how is that peerage to be advanced and made take a respectable place? Money? not enough! Land? that isn't enough! Politics? I'm too old and you are too stupid. Your brother Joe—the Honorable Joe he will be, may take up politics in the family interest; not you. By marriage, my boy"—the young man again changed color, but this time he became crimson—"if you want to get any good out of your rank you must marry into the same blood as that into which your children will be born. By marriage, Harry. That's my condition. As to my having my own way, of course I shall have my own way. I should like to see anybody in this house wanting to have any way that wasn't mine. You will have to marry to please me. Do that, and you shall have whatever you like—you shall be a partner to begin with; you shall have no work to do; you shall have fashion, land, and rank."

Harry made no reply. His color had now gone back to pallor, and his hand trembled.

"Those are my conditions," said his father. "Have you anything to say?"

His son opened his mouth but no sound came forth.

"Perhaps I can help you, Harry." His father threw his head back and watched the blue-white wreath curling over his

"MY OWN WAY I MEAN TO HAVE."

face. "I am sure I can help you. There is that little girl you have been fooling around for six months."

"What about her?"

"I know all about her. She's a girl in an Oxford street fancy shop; her sister is employed at a Regent street dressmaker's. They are respectable girls, which makes it the more dangerous."

"I've given my—my word to that girl," said Harry, but with an apprehensive glance at his masterful father.

"I don't care what you have given her. You've got to get rid of her."

"I must keep my word." The son got up and stood before his father with dogged face.

When two obstinate faces gaze upon each other, one or the other has got to give in; everybody knows that.

"I said, Harry, that you've got to get rid of her. As for your word, or any other mess you may have got into, you must get out of it the best way you can. I suppose money will do it."

"I must marry her; I will marry her!" But there was a weakening in his face as his father's look became more obstinate.

"Well, sir," said the older, "I am not going at my time to give in to anybody. My money's my own, I suppose, to do what I like with. Now, sir, here is my offer—a partnership, a great future, an estate, a peerage, the foundation of a family—that is what I offer you, on certain conditions. If you refuse you can go straight out of this office and never come back again. You shall have no money—not a brass cent. There's your choice; take it. I'll give you an hour to make up your mind—no, I won't! I'll give you half-an-hour—no, I won't give you even a quarter of an hour. Damn it all, sir, I'll give you five minutes—five minutes to choose. Now!"

He took out his watch, one of those great gold things which you can buy for a hundred and twenty pounds or thereabouts, and held it in his hand. Harry stood before him, the obstinacy gone clean out of his face, pale and trembling.

"Well, sir?" His father put back his watch.

"I accept the conditions," said the son.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Sunday afternoon is the time when all the 'prentice youth of London, male and female, are walking out together. If it is summer they are in the park, that of Battersea, Finchley, Hampstead, Victoria, West Ham, or Southwark, proudly arm-in-arm. If it is the winter they are on their way "out to tea." This afternoon should have been numbered with those of the sweet spring season, because it was nearly the end of April, but a cold northeast wind and occasional driving showers forbade the thought of spring. On the north side of the Pall Mall a girl walked up and down the pavement.

She had called at a certain house, and, being turned away, continued as if waiting for some one, and resolved to see that person, to walk up and down before the house. She began about three in the afternoon; at four, at five, at six, she was still walking there. Nobody noticed her—not even the hall porters of the Carlton and the Reform Clubs opposite. The evening was so cold that people hurried along the street without looking at each other. Besides, Pall Mall is not a crowded Sunday thoroughfare. Therefore no one noticed the girl. She was a fair, light-haired girl; her features were regular and delicate; her eyes were blue, her figure rather thin, but tall and graceful. If anyone had stopped to look at her instead of hurrying along as if lashed with a whip by this abominable wind, he would have remarked first—generally, that here was an extremely pretty girl, and secondly, that here was a girl in trouble. Indeed, if anxiety were ever depicted upon any face, it was upon this girl's face; an anxiety which showed itself in a trembling of the lips, in quick, short sighs as she walked, in eager glances along the street as if she were asking when—when would he come?

It was at seven o'clock, just as the sun was setting and the lessening light like a messenger proclaimed the fact from its hidden lord, that he did come. He hurried into Pall Mall from St. James street, and walked rapidly along, looking down: a young man.

"I accept," he had replied shortly. Mark that this man, who seemed to the girl so noble and so brave, had become suddenly at the touch of his father's hand the merest cur and coward of a man; he had promised a thing which wanted, to carry it through, the falsest, the coldest, the cruelest of hearts. Fear of poverty and dread of his father's anger were the ruling forces which transformed a lover, manly, true and tender, into a cur. The thing makes one tremble. Under what influences, brother of mine, should we two put off the armor of the knight and reveal the craven tail of the mongrel cur?

Yet this man, who was going to do so mean and villainous a thing at his father's bidding, had so much of his father's courage in him that he was ready to tell the girl in so many words, face to face with her alone, what he meant.

"Come," he said, "I was going to write to you; but there would have been a row afterward. Better have it out in words."

"Harry—that is it? What has happened? Why do you look so strange?"

"Come up stairs," he led the way. His chambers were on the first floor. He raked up the low ashes of his fire and threw on some coal.

"Sit down," he said "you must be cold."

She waited for him to take her in his arms and kiss her, as was his wont. He offered no caress at all. She sat down, however, and warmed her hands and feet. She was very cold. Then she started up again.

"Something has happened, Harry. What is it? Tell me instantly."

It was growing dark now. The young man lit the lamp and pulled the curtains slowly, as if taking as much time as possible over the job.

"It is a fortnight since I have heard of you or seen you. What does it mean? And, Harry, I must tell you——"

"Don't tell me anything. Look here, Ruth, it's all over."

"All over? How can it be all over?"

"I say—it is all over."

"Do you mean that after all you will have to acknowledge me without your father's permission?"

"Not quite; I mean what I say, Ruth. It is all over."

"Harry!" She sprang to her feet, tired no longer, nor cold, but fired with a sudden strength. "Harry, what do you mean?"

"We had a very pleasant time in the August holidays, hadn't we, Ruth? I shall always look back to that time in the old town when we used to sit and make love in the garden under the mulberry tree. Yes—I shall never have such a time again. But that's all over. Pity that good times never last——"

"I don't understand you to-day, Harry. Why can't you look me in the face? What have you done?"

"When I came back to town I found out that it wouldn't do. I couldn't exactly explain to you why it wouldn't do. Besides, to tell the truth, I hoped it wouldn't do. I might have been made a partner without conditions or—or anything may happen. The truth is, of course, as I suppose you guess," he raised his eyes and faced her boldly, "that they want me to marry a lady."

She received this brutality without flinching.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Avoid Such Ornaments.

C. V. Boys, of the Royal College of Science, London, speaks of the danger attending the combination of guncotton and camphor when made into buttons. He says: I have received a letter from the West of England describing "a most extraordinary adventure of a lady who was standing near a bright but not blazing fire." She found herself suddenly enveloped in smoke, and a gentleman who rescued her and crushed the ignited portion of her dress had his hand badly burned. The fire was found to have originated from a spot where a large fancy button had been, but which had now disappeared, while a similar button on the dress was scorched. The following rough and ready tests of one of the buttons which was inclosed in the letter are sufficient to show the danger of this style of ornament:

A gas flame was directed against one side of an iron ring, the head of a common wax match containing phosphorus was placed on the ring about two inches from the flame, and a piece of the button was similarly placed at an equal distance on the other side. A second piece of the button was also placed on the ring, but at twice the distance from the flame. A small piece of paper was laid lightly over each. After five minutes the first piece of the button ignited and burned with a bright flame; after twelve minutes the second piece did the same; while, after seventeen minutes, the match head was still unchanged. On testing it with a light it immediately burst into flame. Another piece of the button was pinned to the surface of an old duster which was hung from a chair in front of ordinary bright fire, but outside the fender and at a distance at which the skirts of a dress might any day be found. In two or three minutes there was a cloud of smoke and a hole was burned in the duster.

The Need of the Indians.

Mrs. Collins, a Maine girl, who has been out among the Dakotas as a missionary, says the way to civilize the Indians is by nurses rather than by preachers or teachers. Instruction in the care of the sick, the nature of the disease and the proper use of medicines releases them from the influence of the "medicine man." It is these who, working on the superstitious minds of the Indians, are the greatest obstacles to their civilation. The Indians have been peculiarly susceptible to epidemic diseases, which have created greater ravages than war and privation combined. Miss Collins instances an epidemic of measles in which cleanliness and nursing saved every life but that of a child whose grandmother was a medicine woman. When the influence of a medicine man is gone as a healer of the body he has lost his power as a spiritual director and the Indian's mind is open to the words of the Christian teacher and preacher.—New York Sun.

Thickly Populated.

The empire of China, covering an area of 4,000,000 square kilometers, now has a population of 350,000,000, or about 88 inhabitants to the square kilometer. Ho-Nan is the most thickly populated province, having about 210 persons to the square kilometer.

Not a Land of Ice Only.

Labrador, a country which we always associate with Arctic snowdrifts, icebergs, etc., has 900 species of flowering plants, 59 ferns, and over 250 species of mosses and lichens.

HE—I don't see anything nice in personal reflections. She—Well, why don't you stop looking in a mirror?

THE morning stars sang together for joy, after they secured their long-hoped-for engagement.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Perils Encountered by Five Whalers—Close Quarters With a Panther—Heroism in Mines.

THE five whalers who deserted their ships in winter quarters at Herschel Island succeeded in reaching the gold mines of the Yukon. They staggered into Circle City after having tramped for nearly a month over the mountains and trackless snowy wastes of the Arctic. Physically they were more dead than alive; in appearance more like beasts than men. During their long tramp toward Circle City they made a hard fight for existence.

After their companion Thomas had been shot and Fitzgerald wounded, and the other seven of the fourteen who deserted had been captured and taken back to their vessels, the five who reached the Yukon pushed on for the gold fields with only their rifles to depend on to supply them with food. The five were Anderson, Rae, Schultz, Jorgensen and Watson. The story of their hardships in crossing the unknown northern part of the Alaskan territory was brought down from the north by the miners who returned from the Yukon on the Bertha.

When they escaped from their pursuers they were undecided about venturing into the barren country that lay between them and the gold fields. For a day or two they remained in camp deliberating on a plan of action. While thus engaged a deer stumbled almost on top of them. Two or three rifles cracked and the animal fell. It meant a fair supply of meat to begin the journey with and it decided the question. As soon as the carcass had been cut up and each man had shouldered as much of the meat as he could carry the deserters started for the Yukon.

It was almost in the middle of an Arctic winter and the men had nearly 500 miles to travel to reach their goal if they went in a direct line. Over mountain ridges and glaciers they tramped and made fairly good progress for a week. Then they were caught in a blizzard that prevented any traveling for a week. The cold was intense and the men burrowed in the snow to keep warm. They were unable to cook any of their frozen deer meat and hunger compelled them to eat it raw. By the time the blizzard had subsided their stock of provisions was almost exhausted and two-thirds of the journey yet before them.

On they plunged through the snow, their fingers and toes frostbitten, and starvation before them. Two days passed without any of them tasting food. Worn out and helpless they laid down in the shelter of an icecrag praying for the end.

Anderson was half dreaming, benumbed with the cold, when he saw a pair of eyes glisten through the gloom not over twenty feet from him. Cautiously he raised his rifle and when it cracked a large wolf fell in death. Eagerly the men skinned the animal and soon its steaks were broiling over a moss fire. That wolf lasted four days, when another was killed. The meat of the second had been eaten for two days when from the crest of a steep ridge the men saw a blue curl of smoke rising from the bottom of a valley beyond. The smoke was from Peter Hanneit's cabin on a branch of the Yukon near Circle City. There the sailors were given a welcome. As soon as the summer opened three of them started down the river for St. Michaels. The other two remained to dig the gold.—San Francisco Examiner.

Close Quarters With a Big Panther.

In an article in Scribner's on "Panther Shooting in Central India," by Captain C. J. Mollies, Ninth Bombay Infantry, this exciting story is told:

The panther was coming for us. Our position was not altogether an agreeable one. We were standing not more than five yards outside the bushes. Nothing of the panther was visible; only the noise of his oncoming told us he was charging, and I knew that I should not see him until he had burst his way out of the bushes almost on to us.

To retreat backward there was scarcely time, and I should probably have fallen over a rock or bush had I tried to. There was nothing for it but to wait and shoot on sight. So we waited. My bhil stood close behind me, and although he had merely a small woodcutter's axe in his hand, he never flinched a step, merely saying, quietly "at, Sahib, ata" (Sahib, he's coming). It was but a wait of a few moments—then out from the dark green corinda leaves burst the panther's round yellow head, with jaws agape, right before us. Quick as thought my rifle went up to my shoulder—both barrels flashed out simultaneously, staggering me with the recoil, for I had six drams of powder in each barrel, and I was enveloped in smoke. There was an instant of uncomfortable suspense. "Got me or not got me?"—the next second I realize the luck is with me and that I still stand untouched. The smoke cleared. A snarling growl came from inside the bushes—the panther had retreated. My shikari sprang up a tree and looked down, then called to me he could see something yellow. I felt no disinclination to follow him up that tree, and did so. Sitting astride the shaking branches I fired at a small patch of yellow just discernible beneath the bush. Sounds of the brute's body crashing amid the bushes followed the shot—then snarls growing fainter and fainter. At length all was still.

Heroism in Mines.

Never was there a mining disaster of any magnitude without several instances of individual gallantry in saving boys alone, says a writer in Chums. As colliery manager said the other day, "there may be a score of cases of that kind after a single accident and nobody be any the wiser.

"A boy told me once," he proceeded, "that after an explosion, one of the men who was with him brought him along a considerable distance in the workings. At last they met the after-damp. The lad was so terrified, so anxious to get out, that he wanted to rush through and make his way to the shaft. If he had gone on he certainly would have dropped, but the man would not let him—he stopped him by force, and though the lad bit and fought like a little demon, he stuck to him and held him near to the ground, so that they could breathe. How do you think he calmed the boy at last? Sang comic songs to him! Well, they had to keep where they were for about five hours, and then, when the air had got better, the man started off and brought the youngster out safely, though once he was nearly suffocated by the after-damp. Now, there's a case that nobody would have heard of probably if the lad hadn't happened to have told me about it."

As an instance of heroism in this direction that is known, however, I recall a story I heard near the bank of the Hyde pit after the explosion in 1889. You know that the slightest delay in flying for the shaft may mean death. In the neighborhood of Bolton, some few years ago, one man out of a party of colliers stopped behind for a minute or so to look for his son, a boy fourteen, who was working close by. The two met, but, alas! they perished there together, and were found clasped in each other's arms. And paternal devotion as thus manifested has cost many a brave fellow his life.

Well, on the occassion referred to a man named Haslam brought from the workings, or met as he was scurrying along to the pit mouth, a youth about sixteen; and throughout the terrible journey he stuck to the lad with the most heroic determination. Twice the boy stumbled and fell, but the noble collier dragged him to his feet and urged him to push on with all speed. Other mishaps befell them, yet both, I rejoice to say, gained the surface alive and comparatively well.

Beat Off the Bear With Fire.

An English tourist, recently returned from Nevada, tells how he narrowly escaped from the clutches of a bear. He had scrambled to the top of a large bowlder, and the bear, wounded in one of its legs, began scratching in the ground at the foot of the bowlder, says the Weekly Telegraph.

"Suddenly," he says, "I felt the bowlder on which I stood shake and give a sudden downward lurch. It then dawned upon me that the bear was undermining my stronghold, and within a few minutes it would topple over and I be delivered over to his tender mercy. In this emergency I bethought myself of a bottle of brandy which I carried in my pocket. Thinking that by pouring its contents over the ground the bear would desist from his undermining operations, I emptied half of it, but he seemed to be all the more refreshed by the smell, and worked away more vigorously than ever.

"There was but half of the brandy left, and things were beginning to look serious, when I tried, as a last chance, the extreme remedy of emptying the remainder of the flask onto the back of the bear and throwing a lighted match to the brandy. The flames immediately enveloped the animal, and, with shrieks and yells of pain, he skedaddled, to my great relief.

"I was presently rejoined by my companions, and with loaded gun we followed up the bear, whom we soon discovered licking his burnt sides, on which very little fur remained. He was so weak after his adventure at the bowlder that we had no difficulty in dispatching him."

Brave Deed of a Bicyclist.

A rowboat containing three men moved swiftly up the Harlem River at New York on a recent afternoon. When almost under the new McComb's Dam Bridge two of the men attempted to change seats and one of them fell overboard. His companions became confused and made little effort to rescue him.

When it appeared to the hundred or more witnesses of the accident that the man in the water would certainly be drowned, a man who had been riding his bicycle across the bridge leaped upon the high iron rail of the structure and dove the distance of forty feet to the river below, accomplishing one of the most thrilling rescues ever seen on the Harlem.

After seeing that the boatman was taken care of, the hero of the incident rode away without making known his name. The man who was rescued was Henry Muller, twenty-six years old.

Eleven Years in Dying.

Norval C. Miller, of Wheeling, W. Va., died Tuesday at his home in North Wheeling. Eleven years ago he was injured in an accident, and all the doctors agreed that he must die. Ever since he has lain in bed in one position, face down, and his vitality puzzled the physicians. For several years he has been wasted to a skeleton. He partly supported himself by selling small articles to school children from a stand, to which his bed was drawn.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Never Could.

Two clergymen were walking together recently, when one of them had the misfortune to fall over some orange peel. "Ha! ha!" exclaimed his brother of the cloth, "the wicked always stand on slippery ground." "So it seems," said the fallen one, "but I never could."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

REMINDED IN VARIOUS WAYS THAT OLD AGE IS COMING.

Bartow's Sage Gives Modern Athletics a Hard Rap.

I'm fond of children—good children, and I like snow, an occasional mild-tempered snow, but when they both come together the racket is appalling. Here are three little grandchildren in the house, and one of them with a birthday to celebrate. Their grandma wouldn't let them go outdoors and so we turned them loose in the back room. For awhile they played very discreetly, but by and by began to take more liberties and go to jumping off the center table and the bed and playing circus and riding around on the tricycle and screaming like wildcats, and the old dog joined in the procession and barked. Ever and anon the youngest one would get almost killed and my wife would hurry in to be at the funeral of the boy. Sometimes they would send a committee to beg me for snow and I would have to go out and get a pan full. Then they played hide and seek and it took both rooms for that, and my wife had to help them find new places. Will they never get tired and settle down? No, never.

Yesterday while it was raining my wife found a three-cornered hole in a window pane in the upper sash and she began to shiver so I thought she was going to have a chill; so I took the stepladder and went outside to patch the glass. I found a three-cornered piece that covered it nicely and while I was driving the tacks to fasten it the old ladder careened to one side and I fell a whole quadrant of a circle onto a pile of flower pots. But, like a cat, I lit on my feet and tried it again. Next I went out to feed the old cow, for my wife said she was lowing like she was hungry. I had to cross some planks that were covered with ice and before I was conscious of either age or infirmity I was down flat of my back with nervous prostration. Before I got up I looked toward the house to see if anybody was looking, but there was no one. The back of my coat told on me and they said they wished they had seen me. I am too venerable to be bumped about in these ungraceful attitudes, but my female folks make sport of me just like the Phillistines did of Samson. I walked down town yesterday to the postoffice and the rude boys snowballed me with malice aforethought. "Look out, old man," was all the warning I got. I don't believe old age is respected like it used to be. I don't believe the boys have as much manners. The legislature is trying to fix up a reformatory for young criminals, and that is all right, but the parents of the rising generation should start a little one in each family and then the big one wouldent be needed. The main thing now in raising a boy is to have him graduate as a good football kicker. So much importance is attached to the development of arms and legs that I think athletics should have a place in the curriculum of the colleges and when the report of the boy's standing is sent to his parents it should contain his jumping and running and pitching and kicking record, and this record should have weight in fixing the honors. While they are developing muscle it would be a good idea to have a rail-splitting and a cotton-picking attachment in which the farmers' sons could compete so as to be ready for business when the old man calls them home. The apprehension is that great excellence in kicking a ball will not meet with proper rewards in after life. If we should have a war and the enemy should kick balls at us we ought by all means to be ready for them, but as General Sanford remarked: "They won't come at us that way."

Samson was a very notable athlete and slew a lion and outran 300 foxes, but we have no lions and foxes are scarce. I've been wondering what we can do with these athletes when they graduate with all their muscular honors and settle down among their unpretending fellow citizens. Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey and Peter Jackson and a few others, have monopolized all the business in their line. I had a very strong darkey once who could get under a loaded wagon and hump it out of a mudhole when the team stalled, but we have good roads now and don't need these strong men.

But maybe we old men are a little jealous over our fading laurels. I was talking to Commissioner Trammell about this ball kicking business and he said with some emphasis:

"It ought to be stopped; it is a nonsensical business and is dangerous. The colleges have gone crazy."

But he brightened up when he began to tell of his own youthful sports and how he could outrun and out-wrestle any boy at school.

And George Adair is disgusted, too, but delights to tell how far he could knock the old-fashioned town ball and how he used to get his ankles bruised and blackened playing shinney and how many marbles he won at sweepstakes. "I played fair," he said, "and always toed the mark, but there was Jim Jenkins who always fudged and cheated, and he is fudging and cheating yet. As the schoolboy is so is the man."

And I bragged some, too, for I was the boss at some things. So maybe we old men had better take a back seat and saw wood. Nevertheless, I'm bound to say the boys have run this thing in the ground.—BILL ARP in Atlanta Constitution.

Cotton factories in Mexico employ over 25,000 people.