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You stand there, like a Pharisee of yore, / Proclaiming grace.

With two adulatory hands before / Your smug, flat face.

Although you know the time of day at / home,

Do not get gay with humble sons of / men.

As some clocks do: / One day your wheels will slacken up, and / then

Good-Night to you! / -Saturday Evening Post.

A FIRING LINE MYSTERY.

Life Secret of Young Bond, Whose Lips a Bullet Sealed.

THE Kansas man had served with Funston in the Philippines, had returned safely, had been a town hero for a month or so, and then went on the stump in the campaign.

Several of the campaign orators met for a Sunday in a Western hotel where their roads crossed in their journeys to assignments, and were comparing notes.

The man who had served with Funston gradually assumed command of the conversation, and the talk drifted from a discussion of the question why men rushed to serve in the Philippine campaign to one of the problems why men, in many cases, unexpectedly, show not only rare bravery but downright recklessness in battle.

The Kansas man, for whom the name Maxwell will do so far as this article is concerned, said: "As I was saying, we found men out there who had been wild, and whose parents were glad to see them enter the army; we found men who had been crossed in love; we found men who had been a failure in life, even if they were mere youths; we found many daredevils, and, curiously enough, most of them were cautious on the firing line; we found some who had pasts that they wanted forgotten; we found some under assumed names, for one reason or another; we found the usual number of bullies, bragarts and bluffers, and being once under fire was the cure for them. But all these made up a very small number in comparison with those who had enlisted for love of country, with perhaps a desire for adventure thrown in.

"But of all the curious characters I came across the strangest was a man named Bond. He was silent as to his past; he made few friends; there was a glitter in his eye if we were in danger which was positively magnetic, and we came gradually to respect his reserve and to be proud of him. There was one man in our company, however, whose propensity for nosing into others' affairs was especially marked, and who, it was plain to be seen, was offensive to Bond. The name of Peters will do for this inquisitive man. He was a good fellow, and meant nothing more than friendly interest when he was poking around to find out all about his companions, and we learned at last to overlook his weakness—all but Bond. It was evident that Bond was desirous of curing Peters or of punishing him for his offensive behavior. Bond gradually became reckless on the firing line. Any one could see it was not assumed, but was genuine, and this conduct deepened the mystery as to his past and made Peters the more zealous to find out all about him.

One day Bond fell with a wound. Peters carried him to the rear, cared for him, stayed by him as long as he could, did everything that could be done under the circumstances, like offering to write home, and all that sort of thing. He was apparently sizing up his chances of living. He was also thinking whether it was worth while to forgive Peters for the past or to give him a thrust he would never forget. It was about midnight that Peters returned to his place with us, and the next morning he had a story to tell to three of us in whom he confided.

Maxwell paused and, just as his hearers were becoming uneasy, he said this was the story Peters had related: "Boys, we've got a murderer among us, not only a murderer, but the worst kind of a one, a man who killed his father, and who, if it were proved against him, would, up to this time, have pretended that it was an accident. He's Bond. It explains why he has been so reckless lately; he wanted to be killed. Matter of conscience, you see. He whispered it all to me, asked me to write home, saying that he was dead and had passed away forgiving every one and revealing the secret. His name isn't Bond, but I'm under pledge not to tell what it is. He asked me to write without waiting for him to die actually, and he wanted me to get him reported dead so that it would be cabled home; said his friends would recognize him under the assumed name. It's a mighty sad story.

"Bond told me that he came from Ohio. His father was a bank president and was found murdered in the bank vault two years ago. Robbers had killed him and made their escape. He had evidently surprised them. Young Bond was the real He was just under two had been stealing from private business for more so as to keep on gambling set of young fellows who got together regu-

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found that his father was / It soon became the gener- / the town that the elder Bond had / there to rob the bank, and had / killed by a real bank robber, and / were those who thought they could / remember the exact looks of certain / mysterious strangers that had been / seen about town.

"Bond's conscience could stand it no longer, he says, and he went to Kansas and enlisted and came out here, hoping secretly that he would be killed, for he had not the courage to commit suicide. He wanted me to write to his relatives clearing up the entire mystery, and telling them that he had expiated his crime. The one thing I can't understand," said Peters in telling the story, "is why he wants me to write all this before he dies. He must have a dreadful conscience. He said to me: 'I am wounded exactly in the place in which my father was wounded when I shot him. I know I can't live. Just tell the truth about me, and make sure that the boys will not despise me too much. I have done my duty by them and by the flag,' says he. I broke down and wept, I'll admit, and I'm prepared to say there's no living soul but has some good in them. And then there's the duty of deciding what's to be done if Bond recovers. Ought we to give him away? I say no."

According to Maxwell the bugles just then blew for a forward movement, and soon all were lying on the firing line shooting at the Filipinos. Maxwell made another awkward pause, and one of his auditors said: "Well, I suppose Bond really died and you fellows did the right thing by him even in death."

"Die?" said Maxwell. "Great Scott, no! At least, not then. Less than two hours after Peters had told that story Bond came stealing up to the firing line, and there he lay next to me all day working like a demon. 'I thought you were dying,' I said to him. 'Thunder, no,' he replied. 'It was only a little wound. Scarcely bled at all. When Peters wasn't around the doctor told me it amounted to nothing, but urged me to stay in the rear for the night. This morning he put a little plaster on the broken skin, and here I am again. Did Peters tell you a long story about my mysterious past? Did, eh? I thought so. I told him that yarn purposely. I thought it about time to call him off and make him a laughing stock. Pretty good story, wasn't it? Any truth in it. Thunder, no. I knew I was not hurt. Even if Bond shouldn't happen to be my real name, there's no occasion for getting up such a yarn as that. What's that? Am I hurt? Yes, old man, I guess I am."

"I saw that he had been wounded seriously this time. I supported his head on my knee, gave him a drink of water, his eyes became fixed and between his gasps he said to me: 'Maxwell, I guess you had better tell Peters to write that story home, after all, just as I told it to him. I thought I was dying or near to it last night when I talked to him. I'm going—now. Be—sure—to—tell—him—to—write—'"

"Was he really a murderer and bank robber?" asked one of Maxwell's listeners. "The army records do not show that he was," was the response.—New York Sun.

New System of Electric Heating. A new system of electric heat is upon the market. It consists of an electric heater and a blower. The motor is of the standard fan type, and is secured to a conical metal case. There is an intake for air at the back. The heater consists of clay tubes wound with fine German silver wire and covered with an insulating coat of enamel. The tubes are arranged radially and the fan and the heater are both closed in by a metallic casing. The heater can draw air from without the room or car, or in cold weather can operate, using the air in the room or car. Two of these heaters will, it is said, heat a forty-foot car to the proper temperature. In the ordinary system some of the persons in the cars are uncomfortably warm, while others are cold, but with the fan distribution the heat is positively distributed. The fan will also prove useful in school buildings, on ships and war vessels. It will be especially valuable when vessels are out of commission where it is desired to both warm and move the air.—Scientific American.

Seeking Indian Brides. Letters from points beyond the Indian Territory from parties seeking Indian brides continue to be received by the officials at Muskege, Ind. Ter. The latest was received by Postmaster H. T. Estes, from Oaks, N. D., and was accompanied by a photograph. It said: "The enclosed photograph is one of a locomotive engine man, bachelor, thirty-four years, weight 190 pounds. Physical condition perfect. Will go before any board of medical examiners. At present employed on one of the largest systems in the Northwest. Have been through the country some years ago. Can you put me in communication with some good Indian girl? One with some education preferred."—Dallas (Tex.) News.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" a Reporter. A Washington special to the New York Times says the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is now a Congressional newspaper reporter. He is Lionel, the oldest son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. As a member of the staff of a Washington paper he made his appearance in the press gallery of the Senate. He is not at all as "little" as the Lord man

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To furnish the people of the world with bread, more than 2,300,000,000 bushels of wheat are consumed each year.

A new feature has been developed in the game of golf. A player on a Western link drove a ball square against the back of a caddy's head, and out of the unfortunate boy's mouth came a bawl.

The statement that pepper is an elixir of life is much strengthened by the fact that in Mexico, where pepper is the main condiment, people more than frequently live to be 110 to 120 years old. The great objection, however, to the elixir is that the people while alive have not much life in them.

Australian papers are offering prizes for the best designs for a national flag to commemorate the new era inaugurated by the Commonwealth. The most valuable is a check for \$250, offered by the Australian Review of Reviews, and in this competition the six Australian Premiers are to be the judges.

Down in the beginning of the nineteenth century smallpox carried off perhaps a greater percentage of the people than consumption does to-day. Jenner succeeded in robbing that dreadful scourge of its terrors, but to the layman it does not seem too much to hope that a second Jenner will finally conquer consumption, reflects the Baltimore Sun.

The footpad business has been reduced to a science in Chicago. Two members of the fraternity in that city, having despoiled a helpless woman of her purse, fed, pursued by a dozen citizens. When the highwaymen had lured the pursuers to a comparatively deserted street they turned at bay and held up the entire dozen, not leaving a nickel in any of their pockets.

It is evident that the popularity of books of no particular literary merit, but with the elements of acceptance in the leading publishing houses. Most of the new novels that are being put on the market now could not have secured a second reading two years ago. They are simply the publishers' dice, thrown in the hope that a luck number will be turned.

Minnesota is one of the State which are constructing new capitol buildings of elaborate design and large cost. The Minnesota capitol is to be built of white marble, to be ornamented with sculpture and to cost \$2,000,000. When completed it will bear some resemblance to the Treasury Department building at Washington, but will have a very much finer approach and besides a picturesque dome with six supporting figures of marble, each nine feet high. The State capital of Minnesota is St. Paul.

It is not objectionable, but grateful, to hear that the American fighting man is not of the machine brand. Ordinary obedience to orders is of course indispensable, and good marksmanship is highly desirable. But let him keep up his individuality and his politics, within bounds. From civil life as an individual and a free man he will return. With us the good citizen makes the good soldier, and the good soldier ought to hold his self so as to become again the good citizen, observes the Washington Star.

The New York Sun tells a good story illustrative of the effect of American labor-saving machinery. An agent coming into the London office of the concern by which he was employed was asked how the farmers were taking to a certain field machine. "I can best tell you," he replied, "by saying that while last year as a rule I sat or the fence watching twenty men do a piece of work, this year it was the twenty men who sat on the fence watching me do it." Could he have put it more graphically?

The extent to which the forests have been denuded of timber in recent years has caused thoughtful persons considerable anxiety as to where the woodpulp necessary for the manufacture of printing paper is to come from a few years hence. Consequently the news that printing paper can be made from the cotton fibre will be hailed with interest. The Atlanta correspondent of the New York Evening Post states that a large factory will soon be established in that city for the manufacture of printing paper from cotton. The project, if successful, will not only lower the price of printing paper, but will prove a great boon to the South by bringing up a new de-

velopment of the cotton fibre industry. It is a most interesting fact that the first printing paper was made in 1483 by a Frenchman named Laurent de Pise. He was a printer and he discovered that the cotton fibre was a better material for printing paper than the flax fibre. He made a paper of it and it was used for printing the first printed book in 1483.

It is interesting to note that the first printing press was invented in 1474 by a Germanman named Johann Gensfleisch. He was a printer and he discovered that the cotton fibre was a better material for printing paper than the flax fibre. He made a paper of it and it was used for printing the first printed book in 1483.

There is nothing that wears out so quickly as a theory put into practice.—New York Press.

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