[Original.] To one contemplating the strange oc currences flesh is heir to it would seem that there is a real personal fate that is constantly amusing himself with our destinies. For instance, at the end of the eighteenth century it showed a litthe Corsican the crown of France kick about by a mob in Paris. He picked it up, put it on his head and then pro-ceeded to make kings and queens of his family. Per contra, fate designated the monarch who lost the crown the Corsican appropriated to be the one of a long line of sovereigns to lose it and his head at the same time. He was the only one of the lot who in many years deserved to wear it.

In the case recited in this story i would seem that this inexorable fate took a cunning and malicious pleasure. A party of American sightseers sbroad were "doing" the gardens of Versailles. A middle aged couple strolled away from the others and sat them selves down to rest.

"At twenty," said the man, "I laid out a definite plan for my life which I have followed to the present moment. Having tastes which I had no means to gratify. I resolved to spend twenty years in accumulating a fortune wherewith to spend another twenty years in an ideal life. Before leaving America a month ago I closed out my business, baving accumulated the requisite amount. The first twenty years of my We have been passed as I intended. The second period is before me.

"Of that period I have spent but a me. In you I have met that personthe only woman I have ever wished to make a life companion. It rests with you whether this second period shall be a success or a failure. Will you spend it with me as my wife?"

There was a long silence between them, at the end of which the woman said:

"Unlike you, I laid no plan for my life. At eighteen I loved, married and was for ten years supremely happy with my husband and my children. Then within a few months they were all swept away by death. I cannot be happy without them, therefore it would be impossible for me to enable you as your companion to carry out the second part of your plan."

"Which means that this part has already failed? "If dependent upon me; not on an-

other." "Had I not fallen in with you I might possibly have been happy with

The woman was looking on the ground, making marks on it with the end of her parasol. Presently she looked up into the man's face to see there a bitter disappointment resting on every feature.

"In that case I will do my best for you. I consent," she said.

There was a wedding in the American Parisian colony, after which Walter Lanier and his bride spent (to him) six delightful months in a land where there is every opportunity for a cultivated man to enjoy himself. The only shadow falling upon him was that, despite a brave struggle on the part of his wife, she occasionally showed that gown. her heart was with those who had gone from her. The husband, seeing that occupation would be better for ber, proposed that they return to America, where she might have the care of she told him that whatever he wished was her preference.

Lanler believed it would be better to take his wife where she would enjoy the companionship of those she had always known. He planned a surprise for her. He wrote a friend to buy a house for him in the neighborhood in which his wife had been born and reared, where her father and mother and a sister would be near her. It happened that just such a place was in the market, and it was purchased for Lanier. It needed no improvements, and as soon as Lanier was advised that the papers had passed he and his bride sailed for America.

By this time Mrs. Lanier had been weaned from a constant dwelling upon those she had lost. She had married splendid man for her second husband and every day clung to him more and more. Indeed, she seemed to real ize that a living with the dead is an abnormal condition and resolved to live for her husband

On the day of their arrival at the place of their intended future resisence the wife expected to be taken temporarily to a hotel. They were met at the station by a carriage and driven away. She did not know where and did not feel in a mood to ask But presently she noticed that she was on familiar ground. She looked up at her husband inquiringly. He put his arm about her affectionately, but said nothing. When they reached the location of her old home Mrs. Lanier put her hands on her eyes as if to shut out memory. Then the carriage stopped, and her husband alighted. He had taken her hand to help her out, and her foot was on the step when she looked up at the house her husband had provided for her. With a cry, she drew back into the carriage, exclaiming:

"Take me away! It was my home!" For a moment he stood appalled, then re-entered the carriage, closed the Goor and ordered the coachman to from the home he had intended for

Now, why did fate take them to that **Barticular house?** 

EVELYN WITWORTH.

A Tongue Twister.

A member of the Players' club whose simple delight in life is collecting old bine china returned the other day from England and as usual after such a trip had some new blue treasure got on one of his customary off the besten path tramps. He showed it freely, talked about it eloquently, but always when asked where he found it evaded answering. Finally one who had noted several such evasions said to him: You've reached the very worst stage of the collector's mania. You refuse to tell the place of your treasure house for fear of rival looters.'

"You are wrong as to my motive but right as to the fact that I won't tell. I can't, but I'll write the name for you."

Laboriously he wrote on a card this fearsome thing: "Mynyddyslwyn."

As his questioner stared with startled eyes at the nerve shattering word the collector explained that it was the true and lawful name of a parish in Monmouthshire, near Pontypool, England. -New York Stm.

The Funeral Sponge.

"If you attend a Persian funeral they hand you at the door a small, fine sponge." The speaker, a popular undertaker, smiled.

"It is amusing to think of," he said. "Imagine it-by means of these sponges all the mourners' tears are collected and preserved in tiny vases of crystal. They are used afterward as medicine, for they are thought to have wonder ful healing power. During the service each mourner keeps his sponge ready, and every tear that wells into his eye is sopped up before it has a chance to escape. The undertaker tiptoes politely about, he extends tentamonth, and yet it is long enough to tively the crystal vase, and those who have taught me that to enjoy the world have anything to add to its contents I must have some one to enjoy it with squeeze their sponges solemnly therein. Then, with a bow of acknowledgment, the undertaker tiptoes on his way, extending the vase politely, now to the right, now to the left, murmuring in his gentle and soothing voice:

"'Have you shed, sir? Madam, have you shed?"

Too Scarce to Throw Away.

"They pipe water now through the burning Australian desert that lies between the coast and the Kilgoorlie gold fields, a distance of about 250 miles, but in my day in that forsaken country water was the scarcest commodity known," said a San Francisco mining engineer.

"It was often hard to get enough water for drinking purposes, and the man who was reckless enough of his money to buy a bucketful for a bath was the talk of the community. I once indulged in this luxury, and after i had finished I noticed that the water was carefully collected again by the vender.

"'What are you going to do with it?' I asked the man. 'Sell it to some other fellow for half price,' he answered. 'and after that I'll sell it several more times, for, you see, it's too scarce, mister, to throw away after only one or two men have washed in it.'

A Modest Request.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your me. In reply to this proposition staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now. But for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

Sweet Revenge.

Mrs. Shopper (after inspecting everything in the store)-I don't see anything here that suits me. I suppose I may as well go down to Stacys' and see what they have. They usually have a good assortment.

Salesman-Here's a card of one of their salesmen. Won't you kindly ask for him?

Mrs. Shopper - Ah! A friend of ours, I presume?

Salesman-No. madam, he has owed me \$10 for the past three years .-

Highly Practical.

"Your business college for young la dies seems to be all right." "It is all right." "Do you give the girls a good practi-

cal business training?" "In reply to that question I can only say that 60 per cent of our graduates marry their employers the first year. -Louisville Courier-Journal.

Absent Treatment. "What is the matter with Mrs. Spicy? I saw her sitting on her porch as I eame by gritting her teeth and looking daggers into vacancy."

"Her husband is a half hour late. and she is giving him absent treatment."-Chicago Journal.

Excelsior.

Uncle-And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy.? Tommy— I am going to grow a beard. Uncle— Why? Tommy-Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.

Getting Personal. How does a man get a 'game leg.'

"Well you see"-"Is ft by getting into a same and beving it pulled?'-New York Press.

An ugly eritleism makes more noise

## A Change of Season.

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When Miss Jounnette Poskins went te the country for a couple of months in summer it was for the purpose of relaxation. The winter social season with Miss Perkins was her "busy day." Born in the swim, with no expectation of a dowry, it was her business to mar ry an establishment. None of the young men she had met during the winter-that she could get-filled the measure of her requirements. Some were stupid, some dissipated, some puffed with vanity and none of them quite rich enough. Miss Perkins' social position required as a minimum made an excuse to call. There was to \$10,000 a year and it was her ambi be a fair for the benefit of the poor, tion to land three or four times that and she was to have a booth.

Tired of the social functions which she had constantly felt obliged to attend for a matrimonial purpose, when July came she resolved to go to some middle class resort where she would throw off the artificial and be refreshed by the natural. But even this was a part of her general plan, for she felt that some real lovemaking would give sest to her abilities as a charmet when engaged in hunting down a millionaire.

Miss Perkins received a heart fresh ming that she had not bargained for One Howard Dangler, a recent gradnate of a school for civil engineers talked so enthusiastically of the life work before him and showed so plain by that his career would be the better for her wifely encouragement and af fection that he quite flustered her. Not that she had any idea of seriously listening to his bubbling chat-not she she had no use for love in a cottage and the care of children while her hus bend would be absent-often for long terms-in various parts of the world fighting his way in his profession. But when, the season being over, they separated on a steamboat landing. standing apart from the rowd, the lovelight in Miss Perkins' erez was not all assumed.

But this is a world of change.

It is December. Miss Perkins in handed a card on which is engraved the name of Howard Dangler. A faint change of color comes over her face. followed by indications of resolution She goes to the drawing room, enter ing with a cold dignity. It is not July but December, and Miss Perkins would not be out of season. She extends he hand to her visitor as a queen would extend hers to a subject who has carried her train over a ditch that he may receive his reward.

"How do you do, Mr. Dangler? How good of you to look me up! You are the only one of my summer acquaint ances that I have met again."

The words "summer acquaintances are spoken in an unmistakable tone. "I have not been to your city before since I met you," stammers Mr. Dan gler, "or I would have"- Then, seeing that he is making matters worse, he

stops and reddens. Miss Perkins does not help him. In deed, she sits mute, waiting for him to untangle himself. He goes off into something about "that delightful season," checks himself and, with a touch of melancholy, speaks of the "formai winter." then comes again to a stop This time Miss Perkins condescends to

make a remark. "Do you remain for some time in the

city?" The words conveyed the idea that she would be willing he should leave by the next train.

By this time Mr. Dangler was beginspoke again it was in a conventional tone, with which he seemed to be quite as familiar as Miss Perkins.

"I shall be here all winter," he said. "but I fear I shall see little of you in society, for I shall be very busy. My aunt, Mrs. Walter Delano, and other relatives and friends are urging me to

accept invitations, but"-"Mrs. Delano!" exclaimed Miss Perkins. "Your aunt!" "I shall be engaged financing the A.

L and B. railroad, which we are going to build to connect two other roads of our system"

"But Mrs. Delano! I know her very well." again interrupted Miss Perkins She is the leader of our set." The young man pushed on. "It will

require some twenty millions to"-"But I thought you told me you were a civil engineer?"

"I am. My father thought a knowl edge of engineering the best equip-ment for my life work. He is manager of the system and is beginning to throw some of his smaller responsi bilities on to my shoulders. This little matter of twenty millions"-

"Are you the son of Edgar T. Dan gler, the railroad king?"

"Yes, and my father sets more store by me than most fathers do by their sons, for he has only me to carry on his great work after his death. But pardon me. I'm sure I have kept you Mogether too long for a mere summe cquaintance."

During these developments the beat of Miss Perkins' heart had gone down to something like forty to the minute She saw the opportunity of a lifetime pass without a possibility of even a clutch. Though Mr. Dangler spoke in quiet tone, he gave no sign that Miss Perkins could even be to him more than a summer acquaintance. Coldly, but courteously, he left her.

Miss Perkins kept her room for three days and when she reappeared looked as if she had been keel hauled. She had no heart for her winter campaign and it was a fallure. She met Mr. Dangler several times in company during the season, and on one occas was presented to her. He did not refer to ever having met her before.

MARY A. BOWERS.

# Kleptomaniacs.

[Copyright, 1981, by T. C. McClure.] One day in the height of his caree Inspector Bourke of Scotland Yard was sent for by a Bond street jewelry house that had been robbed of a diamond necklace worth many thousand dollars. It was almost certain that Lady Renfield was the thief. On the quiet she had been known for several years as a kleptomaniac. But for her title they would have called it by a more ugly name. She was the only customer that had looked at the neck lace that afternoon before it was found to be missing. Lady Renfield had just returned from Paris when Bourke

It so happened that just at this moment Lord Renfield was in the hands of the Jews. He had gone into a mining speculation and dropped \$250,000. Let it once be known that a scion of nobility who is supposed to have barrels of money to burn is hard up and don't know which way to turn, and his creditors come down on him like a flock of hungry wolves.

Inspector Bourke under another name and as one of the officials of the great fair was received in the lady's morn ing room. He had posted himself on the subject to be talked about, and be talked intelligently and interestingly for half an hour before bringing in his casual and usual remark. Lady Renfield promptly and vigorously asserted her innocence. He had been through the same programme fifty times before, and he mildly replied that she had three days in which to give up the necklace. After that time had expired he should feel at liberty to take some other course. Lady Renfield thereupon defied him and showed him the door. In leaving he spoke of calling again He did call the very next morning. though without the faintest hope of being admitted. To his surprise, he seemed to be expected, and as Lady Renfield came forward with extended hand she said:

"You have come again about the necklace, but I must tell you what I told you yesterday. I know nothing

whatever about it.' Inspector Bourke's line was the sentimental and pathetic. It was for him to draw a picture of one of the great est ladies in England arrested and scandalized and placed in the felon's dock. He asked her to imagine the feelings of her friends and family, the social ruin, the degradation of a proud family. Tears came to the eyes of Lady Renfield as he talked, but she nevertheless insisted that she did not take the necklace.

Then the inspector took the line of bluster. It wasn't vulgar bluster, but genteel bluster. He must go to some of her friends, even to her husband. He must get them to make her see her position. The jewelry firm wanted ne publicity, but was determined to have the necklace back or its equivalent in eash. Lady Renfield answered his covert threats by words of defiance. Her husband was in the house, and threatened to call him in and have mailer. She would welcome any sort of suit and prove her innocence. The spector left her with the observation that he would make a third call in hopes to find her in a more contrite mood. He was again admitted. He went over the case with her to show her how convincing the evidence was against her, but she only smiled contemptuously. Then he played his ng to recover himself. When he last card before proceeding to extreme ing her facts about her husband's pecuniary difficulties. She had received no hint of them, and she would not believe until the inspector had laid in contestible proofs before her. Arrest and trial had no terrors for her, but public gossip about the family finances terrified her. The caller saw that he had made an impression, and he bore flown as heavily as possible, and at length Lady Renfield gave way and

> ea.14: "I will lie to you no lenger. If you will promise me that not a breath of this gets out I will give up the neck-

lace. The promise was instantly made, and the woman made for her boudotr and seon returned with the ornament. She was tearful and humiliated, and the inspector sought to make it as easy for her as possible. She pleaded kleptomania, as they all do, and was as sared that hundreds of great he had the ailment and were the some the worse of. She would be wel ed at the store as before, and or somed at the store as beautiful a call behalf of the firm he hoped for a call at an early date. She furnish plush case for the necklace and bowel the inspector out

"There is no other man like you h England," said the head of the firm the plush case was put into his bands.

"I do my duty to the best of my abfi-My, sir," was the reply.
"Held on here, Bourke, but what is this?" exclaimed the jeweler a me

ment later. The peckiace from Lady Renfield

"But not the one stolen from as These stones certainly came from Par ha It is also a more costly necklary you been doing?" That evening as he sat in his room

and smoked his pipe Inspector Bourke Agured it out to his satisfaction. Lad Benfield had stoles the necklare of Paris jeweler and escaped suspicion Some one else had gobbled the one at Keep & Quiet's. She had given up the stolen gems to the wrong firm in or per to prevent goesip as to her hus

### Struggle to Throw Off an influence.

[Copyright, 1988, by American Press Asso-ciation.]

Elisha Hereford at twenty married s girl of eighteen. Blisha was rather a bright fellow, but without good judgment. His wife was exactly the opposite. She was not bright, but possess ed an enermous amount of "horse se." For twenty years she kept her husband on the track and when he showed signs of "breaking" would speak to him in no uncertain tone, pull strong on the curb and now and then give him a sharp cut with the whip. The consequence was that Hereford, being smart, by the time he was forty had secured a competency.

Now, the thing without which success is not to be attained is often unrecognizable, especially by the achiever. Hereford attributed it in his case to his talents, arguing that if he were not pulled back by his wife he would be a millionaire. His most intimate friends knew that his wife had put those talents to their proper use and prevented his wasting them. Perhaps if any of them had told him this it might have neutralized this story. Perhaps he would have received the ir formation as false. The latter supple sition is the more probable.

One day Hereford disappeared. It was found that he had taken \$50,000 and left \$100,000 for his wife, with no explanation whatever. This is the most practical thing he had ever done without her assistance. Almost any one would pronounce the money preferable to the explanation. But the act was just like Hereford. He was a mixture of the sublime and the ridicu

He hadn't been gone long before his wife received a letter from an American gentleman in Constantinople named Tarbox stating that Hereford had died there. He had left instructions with Tarbox to send what money he had left-some \$10,000-and his incinerated remains to his wife. Her friends said that so long as he had sent the money he needn't have troubled himself about the ashes. Mrs. Hereford deposited the former in bank an wept over the latter. When it came to sentiment she had her weaknesses the most pronounced of which was a sincere affection for Elisha Hereford. She was too sensible to keep her husband's dust in her own house, so she spent \$100 on a marble tomb, placed it in a cemetery and locked the dust in it. Not that the \$100 represented her love for her dead husband. The tomb was plenty large to contain the ashes, and Mrs. Hereford's sentiment never ran away with her instinct of

Before proceeding any further with this story I wish to say that there is a feature in it that won't be believed. You can invent a lot of imaginary nonsense, and it will be gulped down, but give people a real coincidence such as happens every day and they will laugh at you. I am sure, however, that any one who knows Elisha Hereford on hearing what I refer to would say,

"That's just like him for all the world." As I have said, Mrs. Hereford was prone to indulge a sentimental sorrow so long as it was not expensive. She went once a week to the cemetery, took out the urn, dusted it, probably because she had been used to periodically dust the marble clock on her mantel at home, wept over it and put it back. One day just after having done the dusting she turned the key and with bowed head was mutely offering a prayer for the repose of her husband's soul when she was aroused by a crash. en structure knocked into kindling wood. Starting up, there in a lot net a hundred yards from her she saw a promiscuous mass of slender timbers jumbled with some light woven texture. From beneath it a man struggled to free himself and after doing so stood upon his feet. The widow went toward the fragments, and when the man's head appeared above the wreckage she caught at an iron rail inclos

ing a burial lot. She saw him whose ashes she had been weeping over.

"Well," he exclaimed petulantly, surveying the wreck, "it's all up, and I'm glad of it."

Mrs. Hereford, who saw a medium for wasted money, breathed hard.
"Elisha," she said sternly, "what foolishness have you been guilty of

this time?" "I own up, my dear. It was this way: I heard of all these fellows trying aeroplanes, and I had a plan that I wanted to try myself. I knew you would never consent to spending the money to build it, so I concluded to take the job into my own hands, first eliminating you from the experiment. Jim Twinkler was going abroad, and I charged him to take care of you from there under an assumed name, telling him what to say and what to send. This left me \$40,000 with which to"-

"My dear."

"Have you sunk \$40,000 in that—that heap?"

"T've sunk \$20,000." "Where is the rest?" "In bank."

"You come right home with me and draw me a check for it. I was a fool not to foresee something like this. Never again will you have a dollar under your own control. I've got the money you left, and when I get that you haven't thrown away we'll be safe."

Mrs. Hereford sold the tomb and the held the purse strings to the family his garments promiscuously, so the capital. THERESA C. HOLT. deal was off amicably."

The postoffice department has deaded that children going and coming from school shall not be allowed to get their parents mail, so do not blame the postmaster if your children some home without it. The department claims that the habit among children has become a nuisance both to the public and the postmaster in many places and the department thinks it has done its duty in making the decision. This has been one of the postmasters greatest trials as the children go and come from school.

Four members of Frank Engles family, who resided near Stanley about a year ago, but moved to Mile Stone, Sask., Can., were burned to death in their home last Thursday night. Mrs. Engles and four daughters are dead and the father and son, a boy of 16 year, are badiy burned but will recover.

Swen Olson, manager of the job department of Hurd's business, and Louis Johnson, the well known contractor, have purchased the jobbing outfit from Mr. Hurd and will continue to give the patrons the best kind of service. Both are workmen of the highest type and if necessary can take off their coats and do two or three ordinary men's work.

The county commissioners at the present meeting will likely appoint an official paper to take the place of the Plaza Pioneer which is located in Montrail county.

It will be good news to the many friends of Arne Amundson, the commissioner from the Fourth commissioners' district, that he is to retain his position as commissioner. Altho a portion of the old Fourth Ditrict Mes in Montrail, there are still 29 townships of the district left in Ward county, which will allow him to retain the office.

Fred Wheelock and A. J. De Lance came down from Montrail county Monday on business.

"Little Mac" of the Stanley Sun was so well pleased over the socailed Montrail county victory he waived "Old Glory" on the front page.

The labor unions of the state are very hopeful that Senator Steel's bill making Labor day a holiday becomes

# A Snap Sale.

Fine 250 acre farm for sale in the Mouse River Valley within 30 rods of a good marketing railroad town, seven miles from Minot. An abundance of the most fertile land 150 acres an open coal mine in operation on the farm the finest grade of lignite, about 30 acres choice natural timber, two rivers join at north side of place, forms in one and runs thru farm. Good comfortable buildings. good well of water at door. Owner is too old to care for farm. Will be sold at a snap price. For further particulars address the Independent. No finer place anywhere for a home, Minot, N. D.

TRADE THAT WAS CALLED OFF. Minister's Really Good Reason for Net Purchasing Horse.

"I saw an instance recently," marked Senator Carter of Montana, "of one way to get along with Indians when it comes to a horse deal. One of the missionaries who makes coos donal excursions into the Grow cour try by way of getting on friendly terms with the tribe, commission two of the men to get him a swift, strong and presentable riding horse, and he stipulated that he would pay hundred dollars for the kind of horse described. The braves soon appeared with a horse, swift, strong and a splendid looking animal, but, alas! so vicious that he had to be clubbed almost to insensibility before he would be saddled. Then the Indians blindfolded him to get on the bridle.

"The missionary looked on, anything, but edified by the conduct of the braves and fierce temper of the horse. Still, the Indians insisted that they had brought the horse described and they demanded the hundred. The missionary explained that though horse could go like the wind, the rider ran the risk of having his neck broken before he dismounted. More than that the missionary was not strong enough to beat the horse as the Indians had. Besides, he finished tearfully, 'How can I blindfold the horse whenever I want to mount? The Indians replied that all he had to do was to take off his shirt and tie it over the horse's head. 'But conceive,' said the man of God, how I would look being compelled to take off my shirt every time I got on the horse. Why, you Indians know that I so among whites as well as Indians and women as well as men. It would cover me with shame to pull off my shirt that way. I canurn at a good profit. She secured a not huy this horse. The Crows check for what money her husband thought it over and finally gave up on had not sunk on the aeropiane, and the ground that it would not be seen-from that time to the present she has ly for the prescher to have to take of