The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER IV.

There are a hundred passengers on board the Astara—a large number of them Caucasians trading with Turkestan, and who will be with us all the way to the eastern provinces of the Celestial Empire.

As I am going to pass the night on deck, I return up the cabin stairs. The American is there just finishing the repacking of his case.

"May I ask how many teeth you are importing into China in those cases?"

"Eighteen hundred thousand, without counting the wisdom teeth!"

And Ephrinell began to laugh at the little joke, which he fired off on several other occasions during the voyage. I left him and went on to the bridge between the paddle boxes.

A rather large deal case, covered with a tarpaulin, attracts my attention. It measures about a yard and a half in height and a yard in width and depth. It has been placed here with the care required with these words in Russian, written on the side, "Glass—Fragile—Keep from Damp," and then directions, "Top—Bottom," which have been respected. And then there is the address, "Mademoiselle Zinca Klork, Avenue Cha-Coua, Pekin, Petchili, China."

This Zinca Klork—her name showed it—ought to be a Roumanian, and she was taking advantage of this through train on the Grand Transasiatic to get glass forwarded. Was this an article in request at the shops of the Middle Kingdom? How otherwise could the fair Celestials admire their almond eyes and their elaborate hair?

The bell rang and announced the 6 o'clock dinner. The dining room is forward. Ephrinell had installed himself nearly in the middle. There was a vacant seat near him; he beckoned to me to occupy it.

Was it by chance? I know not; but the Englishwoman was seated on Ephrinell's left and talking to him. He introduced me.

"Miss Horatia Bluett," he said.

Opposite I saw the French couple conscientiously studying the bill of fare. At the other end of the table, close to where the food came from, was the German with a ruddy face, fair hair, reddish beard, clumsy hands and a very long nose which reminded one of the proboscidean feature of the plantigrades.

"He is not late this time," said I te Ephrinell. "Do you know his name?"

"Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer."

"And with that name is he going to Pekin?"

"To Pekin, like that Russian major who is sitting near the captain of the Astara."

I looked at the man indicated. He was about fifty years of age, of true Muscovite type, beard and hair turning gray, face prepossessing.

"You said he was a major, Mr. Ephrinell?"

"Yes; a doctor in the Russian army and they call him Major Noltitz."

Evidently the American was some distance ahead of me, and yet he was not a reporter by profession. Ephrinell chatted with Miss Horatia Bluett, and I understood that there was an understanding between these two perfectly Anglo-Saxon natures.

In fact, one was a traveler in teeth, and the other was a traveler in hair. Miss Horatia Bluett represented an important firm in London, Messrs. Holmes-Holme, to whom the Celestial Empire annually exports two millions of female heads of hair.

The pitching now becomes very violent. The majority of the company cannot stand it. About thirty of the passengers have left the table for the deck. I hope the fresh air will do them good. We are now only a dozen in the dining room, including the captain, with whom Major Noltitz is quietly conversing. Ephrinell and Miss Bluett seem to be thoroughly accustomed to these inevitable incidents of navigation. The German baron drinks and eats as if he had taken up his quarters in some bier-halle at Munich or Frankfort.

A little way off are the two Celestials, whom I watch with curiosity. One is a young man of distinguished bearing, about twenty-five years old, of pleasant physiognomy, in spite of his yellow skin and narrow eyes. A few years spent in Europe have evidently Europeanized his manners and even his dress. His mustache is silky, his eye is intelligent, his hair is much more French than Chinese.

His companion, on the contrary, whom he always appears to be making fun of, is of the type of the true porcelain doll with the moving head; he is from fifty to fifty-five years old, like a monkey in the face, the top of his head half shaven, the pigtail down his back, the traditional costume, frock, vest, belt, baggy trousers, many-colored slippers; a China vase of the Green family. He, however, could hold out no longer, and after a tremendous pitch, accompanied by a long rattle of the crockery, he gave up and hurried on deck. And as he did so, the younger Chinaman shouted after him, "Cornaro! Cornaro!" at the same time holding out a little volume he had left on the table.

What was the meaning of this Italian word in an oriental mouth?

Madame Caterna arose, very pale, and Monsieur Caterna, a model husband, followed her on deck.

CHAPTER V.

It is half-past ten when I sit down on one of the seats in the stern of the Astara. But with this increasing wind it is impossible for me to remain there. I rise, therefore, and make my way forward. Under the bridge between the paddle boxes, the wind is so strong that I seek shelter among the packages covered by the tarpaulin. Stretched on one of the boxes, wrapped in my rug, with my head resting against the tarpaulin, I shall soon be asleep.

After some time I am awakened by a curious noise. Whence comes this noise? I listen more attentively. It seems as though some one is snoring close to my ear.

"That is some steerage passenger," I think. "He has got under the tarpaulin between the cases, and he will not do so badly in his improvised cabin."

By the light which filters down from the lower part of the binnacle, I see nothing. I listen again. The noise has ceased. I look about. There is no one on this part of the deck, for the second-class passengers are all forward.

Then I must have been dreaming, and I resume my position, and try again to sleep. This time there is no mistake. The snoring has begun again, and I am sure it is coming from the case against which I am leaning my head.

"Goodness!" I say. "There must be an animal in here!"

Now I am off on the trail. It must be a wild animal on its way from some menagerie to some Sultan of Central Asia.

I light a wax vesta, and as I am sheltered from the wind, the flame keeps upright. By its light what do I read? The case containing the wild beast is the very one with the address:

Mademoiselle Zinca Klork, Avenue Cha-Coua, Pekin, China.

Fragile, my wild beast! Keep from damp, my lion. Quite so! But for what does Miss Zinca Klork, this pretty Roumanian, want a wild beast sent in this way?

My thoughts bewilder me. I have a two-pound weight on each eyelid. I lie down along by the tarpaulin; my rug wraps me more closely, and I fall into a deep sleep. It is not yet daylight when I awake.

I rub my eyes, I rise, I go and lean against the rail. The Astara is not so lively, for the wind has shifted to the northeast.

The night is cold. I warm myself by walking about briskly for half an hour. I think no more of my wild beast. Suddenly remembrance returns to me.

I look at my watch. It is only 3 o'clock in the morning. I will go back to my place. And I do so with my head against the side of the case. I shut my eyes.

Suddenly there is a new sound. This time I am not mistaken. A half-stifled sneeze shakes the side of the case. Never did an animal sneeze like that!

Is it possible? A human being is hidden in this case and is being fraudulently carried by the Grand Transasiatic to the pretty Roumanian? But is it a man or a woman? It seems as though the sneeze has a masculine sound about it.

The eastern horizon grows brighter. The clouds in the zenith are the first to color. The sun appears at last all watery with the mists of the sea.

I look; it is indeed the case addressed to Pekin. I notice that certain holes are pierced here and here, by which the air inside can be renewed. Perhaps two eyes are looking through these holes, watching what is going on outside.

At breakfast rally all the passengers whom the sea has not affected; the young Chinaman, Major Noltitz, Ephrinell, Miss Bluett, Monsieur Caterna, the Baron Feisaschnitzerdorfer, and seven or eight other passengers. I am careful not to let the American into the secret of the case.

About noon the land is reported to the eastward, a low, yellowish land, with no rocky margin, but a few sand hills in the neighborhood of Krasnovodsk.

In an hour we are in sight of Uzun Ada, and twenty-seven minutes afterward set foot in Asia.

CHAPTER VI.

As may be imagined, it hardly takes an hour to see Uzun Ada, the name of which means Long Island. It is almost a town, but a modern town, traced with a square, drawn with a line on a large carpet of yellow sand.

As the train starts at four o'clock this afternoon, I must telegraph to the Twentieth Century, by the Caspian cable, that I am at my post at the Uzun Ada station. That done, I can see if I can pick up anything worth reporting.

Nothing is more simple. It consists in opening an account with those of my companions with whom I may have to do during the journey. That is my custom. I always find it answer, and while waiting for the unknown, I write down the known in my pocketbook, with a number to distinguish each:

1. Fulk Ephrinell, American.
2. Miss Horatia Bluett, English.
3. Major Noltitz, Russian.
4. Monsieur Caterna, French.
5. Madame Caterna, French.
6. Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer, German.

As to the Chinese, they will have a number later on when I have made up my mind about them. As to the individual in the box, I intend to enter into communication with him, or her, and to be of assistance in that quarter if I can do so without betraying the secret.

The train is already marshaled in the station. It is composed of first and second-class cars, a restaurant car and two baggage vans.

Russians will take us up to the frontier of Turkestan, and Chinese will take us through China. But there is one representative of the company who will not leave his post, and that is Popof, our head guard, a true Russian of soldierly bearing, hairy and bearded, with a folded overcoat and Muscovite cap. I intend to talk a good deal with this gallant fellow. For ten years he has been on the Transcaspian between Uzun Ada and the Pamirs, and during the last month he has been all along the line to Pekin. I call him No. 7 in my note-book.

It occurs to me to have a look at the mysterious box. Has it not a right to be so called? Yes, certainly. I must really find out where it has been put and how to get at it easily.

The famous box was still on the platform. In looking at it closely I observe that air holes have been bored on each of its sides, and that on one side it has two panels, one of which can be made to slide on the other from the inside. And I am led to think that the prisoner has had it made so in order that he can, if necessary, leave his prison—probably during the night.

Just now the porters are beginning to lift the box. I have the satisfaction of seeing that they attend to the directions inscribed on it. It is placed with great care near the entrance to the van, the side with the panels outward, as if it were the door of a cupboard. And is not the box a cupboard—a cupboard I propose to open?

"There it is all right!" said one of the porters, looking to see that the case was as it should be, top where top should be, and so on.

"There is no fear of its moving," said another porter; "the glass will reach Pekin all right, unless the train runs off the metals."

The American came up to me and took a last look at his stock of incisors, molars and canines.

"You know, Monsieur Bombarnac," he said to me, "that the passengers are going to dine at the Hotel du Czar before the departure of the train. It is time now. Will you come with me?"

"I follow you."

The dinner ends ten minutes before the time fixed for our departure. The bell rings and we all make a move for the train, the engine of which is blowing off steam.

The Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer is not behind hand this time. On the contrary, it is the train this time which is five minutes late in starting; and the German has begun to complain, to chafe and to threaten to sue the company for damages. Ten thousand roubles—not a penny less!—if it causes him to fail. Fail in what, considering that he is going to Pekin?

At length the last shriek of the whistle cleaves the air; the cars begin to move, and a loud cheer salutes the departure of the Grand Transasiatic express.

For fifteen years our guard had been in the Transcaspian service. He knows the country up to the Chinese frontier, and five or six times already he has been over the whole line known as the Grand Transasiatic.

I asked him if he knew anything of our fellow travelers. I meant those who were going through to China, and in the first place of Major Noltitz.

"The major," said Popof, "has lived a long time in the Turkestan provinces, and he is going to Pekin to organize the staff of a hospital for our compatriots, with the permission of the Czar, of course."

"I like this Major Noltitz," I said, "and I hope to make his acquaintance very soon. And these two Chinese, do you know them?"

"Not in the least, Monsieur Bombarnac; all I know is the name on the luggage."

"What is that?"

"The younger man's name is Pan-Chao, the elder's is Tio-King. Probably they have been traveling in Europe for some years. As to saying where they come from, I cannot. I imagine that Pan-Chao belongs to some rich family, for he is accompanied by his doctor."

"And the two French people, that couple so affectionate," I asked. "Who are they?"

"Stage people who are going to a theater in Shanghai, where they have an engagement at the French theater."

That is capital. I will talk about the theater, and behind the scenes, and such matters, and I shall soon make the acquaintance of the cheery comedian and his charming wife.

As to a certain scornful gentleman aboard, our guide knew nothing beyond that his luggage bore the address in full: Sir Francis Trevellyan, Trevellyan Hall, Trevellyanshire.

"A gentleman who does not answer when he is spoken to," added Popof.

"Now we get to the German," said I. "Baron Weissschnitzerdorfer?"

"He is on a trip round the world."

"A trip round the world?"

"In thirty-nine days."

And so after Mrs. Bisland, who did the famous tour in seventy-three days, and Citizen George Francis Train, who did it in seventy, this German was attempting to do it in thirty-nine?

"He will never do it!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" asked Popof.

"Because he is always late."

(To be continued.)

"PET" AVERSIONS.

Most Folk Have Unreasonable Dislikes.

"We are all born with an aversion to something, and this aversion is a thing we can no more direct than we can fly by merely beating on the atmosphere with our hands," George McPherson informs me.

"History is rich in the account of such instances. There is Vincent, the painter, who would faint if the odor of a rose was wafted to his nostrils, and the great German sportsman, Vaugheim, would become positively ill if he even saw a bit of roast pig. These aversions, often so entirely unaccountable, are curious things to study. I became somewhat interested in the subject a year or so ago, and have since that time been quietly adding to my store of information on this somewhat unusual topic by personal inquiries among my friends and acquaintances.

"Not one of them did I find without his pet aversion, for the existence of which he could give no good reason. Generally the aversion was toward some kind of food, but not always. One hated the color of blue, and nothing depressed him more than being in the company of people who were, for the most part, garbed in clothes of this hue. Another couldn't listen to the music of a harp without becoming irritated, while a third detested lilies to such a degree that he couldn't remain in the room where there was one.

"None of the men who had these aversions understood why he had them. One man told me he couldn't touch a drop of milk or cream without becoming sick, yet he thought nothing looked quite so appetizing as a glass of good rich cream. Often he had tried to partake of it, but without success. Parental influence will, of course, be urged as the reason for these aversions, but in the case of the man who couldn't touch milk or cream his mother and father were both very fond of milk, and another friend of mine who couldn't eat a strawberry had parents who simply loved them."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Trying to Hedge.

Wife—John, I'd like to have a short talk with you after breakfast.

Husband—It's no use, Mary. I'm short myself.

PULSE of the PRESS

Just when peace had been restored in Colorado, Breathitt County, Kentucky, has to loom up to disturb the national serenity.—Chicago News.

Professor Woodhead, of Cambridge, says alcohol is a paralyzing agent. This statement can be confirmed. It has "paralyzed" millions.—New York Herald.

It will be like some fool Congressman to object to reimbursing General Porter for the money he has spent hunting for Paul Jones' body.—Syracuse Herald.

"Women are far less graceful than men," says Dr. Arnold, of New Haven. It takes a man chock full of dry scientific data to say such a thing at that.—Kansas City Journal.

Henry James' dislike for President Roosevelt's literary style is perhaps a mild emotion compared with the President's feeling about the style of Mr. James.—Chicago News.

It is stated that John W. Gates has earned not less than half a million in July wheat, and yet some people wonder why their loaf of bread is so small.—Philadelphia Record.

It is believed that there is a proper and necessary limit to the patience of the United States, even as regards the putty-blowing President of Venezuela.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Belasco is making the Theatrical Trust comprehend the state of public thought. At the conclusion of the case there may be an opportunity to revive "A Hole in the Ground."—St. Louis Republic.

It is only a question of time when more of Dr. Dowie's disciples will prefer a plain financial statement to any additional inspired revelations from the founder of Zion Illinois.—Butte Inter Mountain.

One of the first things the Japanese conquerors did in Manchuria was to apply vigorous sanitary measures, a thing which in itself marks the Japanese nation as among the highly civilized peoples.—Seattle Times.

Mr. Baer says there is no sentiment in the coal business. When one considers the number of persons who froze to death last winter in the big cities for lack of means to buy dear fuel, one can well believe that.—Rochester Herald.

While there is an instinctive feeling of repulsion at securing evidence against the Beef Trust by means of detectives or spies, the fault lies with the packers themselves, who conspire in secret against the laws.—Kansas City Times.

The president of the Canal Commission, with a $30,000 salary, is also president of a railroad, and says he will not give up that position. If he can fill both places satisfactorily he must be an extraordinary man.—Montgomery Advertiser.

It is pointed out that an alliance of Japan, Great Britain and the United States could rule the world. Perhaps it could, but it would first have to get the consent of Joseph Chamberlain and the United States Senate.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Just how well our financial institutions are safeguarded is shown by the statement that the theft of $1,500,000 from the First National Bank of Milwaukee by Frank G. Bigelow was discovered by the merest accident.—New York Telegram.

Those Kansas City get-rich-quick operators who closed up their shop and left a "Good-by, suckers" sign on the door must have had great confidence in their good start and sprinting abilities, in addition to their naivete.—Indianapolis News.

The Czar thinks it would injure the prestige of the Russian arms if he made peace; but we can assure him that everybody outside of Russia knows what has happened to the Russian arms in Manchuria.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The legal battle between the Marconi and De Forrest wireless telegraphy interests is said to have resulted in a victory for both sides. This astonishing outcome ought to give Russia fresh hope that she may, after all, be whipped into peace with honor.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Simultaneously with the impending indictments of the Beef Trust magnates they raise the price of meat without any other excuse than an apparent desire to make the public pay the cost of their defense on a criminal trial. The increase of meat prices just at this juncture seems to be adding insult to injury.—Paterson Call.

No one can blame Japan for shying a little when other nations offer their "friendly offices." Japan's memory is long enough to recall that it is due to the friendly offices of certain powers that she had to expend the millions of money and thousands of lives that it cost to take Port Arthur the second time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Philadelphia trolley car crashed into a bakery wagon and sent a load of pies through the air. What with germs in the drinking water and pies in the air, Philadelphia must be an unhealthful place, indeed.—Buffalo Express.

A Colorado clergyman says the world has but two more years to exist. He is probably going on the theory that the world cannot stand another Colorado election, which is scheduled two years hence.—Washington Post.

MISSOURI'S NEW SENATOR.

Maj. William Warner Began His Career as an Ore Boy in a Mine.

At six years of age an ore picker on the dump of a mine; at 65 a member of the United States Senate. This in brief is the life story of Maj. William Warner, the Republican Senator from Missouri.

More than 30 years ago in a little room in Kansas City in which "Square" Henry White, a justice of the peace, held court, a young lawyer named Warner made a remarkable plea for justice for his client, who was on trial there. Moved to prophecy by the eloquence and logic of the speaker, J. V. C. Karnes, another young lawyer, remarked:

"If Warner lives long enough he will be in the United States Senate."

Mr. Karnes has lived to see his prediction fulfilled, for the young lawyer with the eloquent tongue was Maj. William Warner, who has been elected by the Missouri legislature to succeed to the seat so long filled by Francis M. Cockerell.

Maj. William Warner had his full quota of those American aids to political preferment—lowly birth and poverty. He was the youngest of six children, and his father worked in the lead mines of southern Wisconsin. Five years after William was born in Lafayette county, Wisconsin, his father died. A year later his mother died, and the boy faced the stern necessity of earning his own bread.

He had been to the mines with his father, and he turned to them for a means of gaining a livelihood. Too small to do other work, he began picking up bits of ore from the refuse heaps piled about the mouth of the

MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER.

shaft, and the thoroughness with which he did this attracted the attention of a mine foreman. The foreman offered the boy the position of driving the skinny old horse that worked the mine pump. William eagerly accepted, and for three years he furnished the incentive that kept the horse faithful to his task.

At the end of three years William got a promotion. He was permitted to drive the horse that hoisted the ore bucket from the mine. This horse, being a livelier and more intelligent animal than the other, did not require so much urging, and the boy had time for meditation.

In some way the knowledge crept into is active brain that an education was a good thing. At that time he did not know so much as the alphabet, but the thought took root and flourished, and one night after the day's work was over he went to the village store and asked for a book.

The clerk sold him a primer and gave him his first lesson in the alphabet. William was fascinated with the new world that the ability to read opened to him. He studied every night.

When he was ten years old he was offered a place in a grocery store. The position paid him more wages and gave him more time to study, and he took it. For four years he worked and studied and saved and accumulated enough money to pay board and tuition for a year at a college in Lawrence, Wis.

Following his year in the university there were years of teaching school, saving and studying law, and at 19 he took the examination and was admitted to the University of Michigan.

He was 20 years old and still a student at Ann Arbor when the first shots of the Civil War were fired, and he and others of about his own age formed a company and offered themselves for enlistment. The recruiting officers told them to go back to school. Most of them did so. William Warner went home and began teaching again.

But one day in 1862, while a class was in the middle of a recitation, he decided to go to war. "Go home," he said to the pupils. "There will be no more school until you get a new teacher."

He went to Shullsburg, Wis., organized a company and was unanamously elected its lieutenant. The Thirty-third Wisconsin Infantry was formed. Lieutenant Warner's company was assigned to it, and he was elected adjutant.

In the army he was engaged in active service constantly. He was with Grant before Vicksburg. For his gallant services in the fighting that preceded the surrender of General Pemberton he was appointed assistant adjutant general in the staff of T. Kirby Smith, and served in that capacity in the Red River campaign. After that he saw constant service in Arkansas and Missouri. He was farsighted enough to see the future possibilities of Missouri.

A month after he was mustered out, as a major, at Madison, Wis., at the close of the war, he was on his way back to Missouri with all his scant belongings.

A few months after he arrived in Kansas City he formed a law partnership with C. O. Tichenor that endured until 1884.

In 1867 he was elected City Attorney. The following year he was chosen prosecuting attorney of the county, not an enviable position at that time when the animosities of the war still rankled. In 1871 he was elected Mayor. In 1884 he was elected to Congress and was re-elected, finally retiring from the national lawmaking body in 1892. The same year he was nominated by the Republicans for Governor, but was defeated.

In personal appearance Major Warner is a solidly built, broad-shouldered man of medium height, with a firm face, kindly gray eyes that gleam with fire, a carriage that suggests the old military life, and a face smooth, except for a heavy iron-gray moustache. His hair is thick and shaggy as a lion's mane.

At the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, Major Warner was captain of a company in a Wisconsin regiment. He stood between the lines of the opposing forces and read the Declaration of Independence as the soldiers marched. He was cheered by both Federals and Confederates.

MANY WRITE TO OSLER.

Baltimore Doctor Made Unhappy by Letters He Receives.

If the people do not stop writing letters to Prof. Osler he will have no chance to do anything in all his waking hours but cut open envelopes and glance over the written stuff within, says a Baltimore special to the New York Press. Letters by the hundreds and by the thousands have been pouring in on the unhappy man since he vaulted into fame by declaring man was no good after he was 40, and ought to be chloroformed at 60.

Some persons write to him in all seriousness. Some have fun with him. He destroys most of his letters, but a few have come to light through acquaintances who read them. Here is one:

"Dear Dr. Osler: I am 27 years of age. I was married a year ago to a gentleman of means, who has a large and prosperous manufacturing business. My husband is just 60 years old to-day.

"I read your speech recently published in the newspapers. I hail your views as opening a new era in our social life and I am a firm believer in and an admirer of your ideas.

"Kindly accept an invitation to dine with us at your earliest convenience. I will introduce you to my husband and my husband's business manager, a very interesting young man, whom I am sure you will like.

"Hoping you will bring your chloroform along and treat us to a demonstration of your theory, I remain yours respectfully,

"MRS. YOUNGWIFE."

Another read as follows:

"Respected Dr. Osler: In these days, when the power of wealth is throttling our time-honored institutions and debauching even the fundamental principles of our civil government, we may well acclaim the change in our polity which would obtain if your theory were put into practice by law. I am a lawyer and am frequently in touch with incidents which prove to me that wealth can obtain for certain men even the highest positions in our government, where others, who should receive these positions on merit and ability, fail.

"Hoping the theory you advocate may soon become law, so that the young men may have a chance, I am sincerely yours,

"FRANK BLACKSTONE."

Another read:

"My Dear Dr. Osler: I have been married eighteen years. Before marriage I was a happy, light-hearted, care-free youth. Now I am almost a physical and mental wreck from the troubles of married life. Yet my wife is not a really bad-dispositioned woman.

"I long ago concluded that the condition of our social fabric was not as it should be. Something was wrong. Having read your theory, I have renewed hope.

"I like to honor genius in my humble way. On March 31 we are to have a social function at our home—a little dinner to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the birthday of my wife's mother. Will you do us the honor to attend? Don't forget your little bottle. Respectfully yours,

"JOHN DUNN GOODE."

A Diabolical Plot.

It was in Kansas.

The first full-bearded legislator beckoned to his mate.

"Isn't there nothing more we can do to Jawn?"

"Nothing that I can think up now, or I wouldn't be in favor of adjourning."

"I've got an idea."

"What is it?"

"W'y, when we get that new refinery built to work the convicts in?"

"Yes!"

"Then we'll have Jawn convicted for criminal operations and put him in the penitentiary—"

"Yes!"

"And then we'll put Jawn to work in our refinery in opposition to himself—"

But his mate had fainted for very joy at the prospect."—Baltimore American.

A Hard Job.

Teacher—What great difficulty was Demosthenes compelled to surmount before he became an orator?

Soffmore—He had to learn how to talk Greek.—Philadelphia Press.

The small boy who plays marbles for keeps may be giving away public libraries in after years.