

THE STORY TELLS

THE COMMON THINGS.

The sunshine and the gentle rain,
The clear bird song that hails the morn,
The meadow land which flowers stain,
The swaying banners of the corn,
The grass that whispers to the breeze—
What common, common things are these!

The broad, blue mirror of the lake
That smiles back at the sleeping sky;
The willows, too, that leap and break
And fling their foamy jewels high;
The silver clouds that one by one
Toss back the lances of the sun.

The stars that blaze as jewels blaze,
And make the world old mystery,
While they on their appointed ways,
Go speeding through eternity
Across unfathomed seas of space
On paths that we but dimly trace—

All these are common—brook and bird,
And rose of red, and meadow green;
So common that they seem unheard,
So common that they seem unseen,
And yet there is no day or night
But borrows all of their delight.

No common thing is held apart
From us, or pent with lock and key,
But in the goodness of His heart
They are all made for you and me.
It always seems God loves the best
Things He makes the commonest.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE SPENDERS
A Tale of the Third Generation
By HARRY LEON WILSON
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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Milbrey gasped. Shepher, who commanded markets to rise and they rose, or to fall and they fell—Shepher begging, entreating a child of his! Despite the soul-sickening tragedy of it, the situation was not without its element of sublimity.

"She will consider; she will reflect?"
"You're guessing now, and you're as keen at that as I. Avie is not only amazingly self-willed, as you intimated a moment since, but she is intensely secretive. When she left me I could get nothing from her whatever. She was wretchedly sullen and taciturn."

"But why should she hesitate? Shepher—Rulon Shepher! My God! Is the girl crazy? The very idea of hesitation is preposterous!"

"I can't divine her. You know she has acted perversely in the past. I used to think she might have some affair of which we knew nothing—something silly and romantic. But if she had any such thing I'm sure it was ended, and she'd have jumped at this chance a year ago. You know yourself she was ready to marry young Bines, and was really disappointed when he didn't propose."

"But this is too serious." He tinkled the little silver bell.

"Find out if Miss Avie will be down to breakfast."

"Yes, sir."

"If she's not coming down I shall go up," declared Mr. Milbrey when the man had gone.

"She's stubborn," cautioned his wife. "Gad! don't I know it?"

Jarvis returned.

"Miss Avie won't be down, sir, and I'm to fetch her up a pot of coffee, sir."

"Take it at once, and tell her I shall be up to see her presently." Jarvis vanished.

"I think I see a way to put pressure on her, that is if the morning hasn't already brought her back to her senses."

At four o'clock that afternoon, Avie Milbrey's ring brought Mrs. Van Geist's butler to the door.

"Sandon, is Aunt Cornell at home?"

"Yes, Miss Milbrey, she's confined to her room 'accout' h'of a cold, miss."

"Thank heaven!"

"Yes, miss—certainly! will you go 't up to her?"

"And Mutterchen, dear, it was a regular bombshell," she concluded after she had fluttered some of the November freshness into Mrs. Van Geist's room, and breathlessly related the facts.

"You demented creature! I should say it must have been."

"Now, don't lecture!"

"But Shepher is one of the richest men in New York."

"Dad already suspects as much."

"And he's kind, he's a big-hearted chap, a man of the world, generous—"

"A woman fancier, Fidelia Oldaker calls him."

"No—not a thing—I give you my word, auntie. If he had been what I once dreamed he was, no one would be asking me to marry him now, but—do you know what I've decided? Why, that he is a joke—that's all—a joke. You needn't think of him, Mutterchen—I don't, except to think it was funny that he should have impressed me so—he's simply a joke."

"I could have told you as much long ago."

"Tell me something now. Suppose Fred marries that Wybert woman."

"It will be a sorry day for Fred."

"Of course! Now see how I'm pinned. Dad and the mater both say the same now—they're more severe than I was. Only we were never in such straits for money. It must be had. So this is the gist of it: I ought to marry Rulon Shepher in order to save Fred from a marriage that might get us into all sorts of scandal."

"Well?"

"Well, I would do a lot for Fred. He has faults, but he's always been good to me."

"And so?"

"And so it's a question whether he marries a very certain kind of woman or whether I marry a very different kind of man."

"How do you feel?"

"For one thing, Fred sha'n't get into that kind of muddle if I can save him from it."

"Then you'll marry Shepher?"

"I'm still uncertain about Mr. Shepher."

"But you say—"

"Yes, I know, but I've reasons for being uncertain. If I told you you'd say they're like the most of a woman's reasons, mere fond, foolish hopes, so I won't tell you."

"Well, dear, work it out by your lonely if you must. I believe you'll do what's best for everybody in the end. And I am glad that your father and Margaret take your view of that woman."

"I was sure she wasn't right—and I knew Mr. Bines was too much of a man to speak of her as he did without positive knowledge. Now please give me some tea and funny little cakes; I'm famished."

"Speaking of Mr. Bines," said Mrs. van Geist, when the tea had been brought by Sandon, "I read in the paper this morning that he'd taken a party to North Carolina for the quail shooting, Eddie Arledge and his wife and that Mr. and Mrs. Garmer, and of course Florence Akemite. Should you have thought she'd marry so soon after her divorce? They say Bishop Doolittle is frightfully vexed with her."

"Really I hadn't heard. Whom is Florence to marry?"

"Mr. Bines, to be sure! Where have you been? You know she was on his yacht a whole month last summer—"



AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE.

the bishop's sister was with her—highly scandalized all the time by the drinking and gasy, and now every one's looking for the engagement to be announced. Here, what did I do with that Town Topics Cousin Clint left? There it is on the tabouret. Read the paragraph at the top of the page."

Avie read:

"An engagement that is rumored with uncommon persistence will put society on the qui vive when it is definitely announced. The man in the case is the young son of a mining Croesus from Montana, who has inherited the major portion of his father's millions and who began to dazzle upper Broadway about a year since by the reckless prodigality of his ways. His blonde innamorata is a recent divorcee of high social standing, noted for her sparkling wit and an unflagging exuberance of spirits. The interest of the gossips, however, centers chiefly in the uncle of the lady, a right reverend presiding over a bishopric not a thousand miles from New York, and in the attitude he will assume toward her contemplated remarriage. At the last Episcopal convention this godly and well-learned gentleman was a vehement supporter of the proposed canon to prohibit absolutely the marriage of divorced persons; and though he stoutly championed his bewitching niece through the infelicities that eventuated in South Dakota, on dit that he is highly wrought up over her present intentions, and has signified unmistakably his severest disapproval. However, nous verrons ce que nous verrons."

"But, Mutterchen, that's only one of those absurd, vulgar things that wretched paper is always printing. I could write dozens of them myself. Tom Banning says they keep one man writing them all the time, out of his own imaginations, and then they put them in like raisins in a cake."

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"But, my dear, I'm quite sure this

is authentic. I know from Fidelia Oldaker that the bishop began to cut up about it to Florence, and Florence defied him. That ancient theory that most gossip is without truth was exploded long ago. As a matter of fact most gossip, at least about the people we know, doesn't do half justice to the facts. But, really, I can't see why he fancied Florence Akemite. I should have thought he'd want some one a bit less flutery."

"I dare say you're right, about the gossip, I mean—" Miss Milbrey remarked when she had finished her tea, and refused the cakes. "I remember, now, one day when we met at her place, and he seemed so much at home there. Of course, it must be so. How stupid of me to doubt it! Now I must run. Good-by, you old dear, and be good to the cold."

"Let me know what you do."

"Indeed I shall; you shall be the first one to know. My mind is really, you know, almost made up."

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Horace Milbrey announced in the public prints the engagement of their daughter Avie to Mr. Rulon Shepher.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNCLE PETER BINES COMES TO TOWN WITH HIS MAN.

One day in December Peter Bines, of Montana City, dropped in on the family—came with his gaunt length of limb, his kind, brown old face with eyes sparkling shrewdly far back under his grizzled brows, with his rough, resonant, musical voice, the spring of youth in his step, and the fresh, confident strength of the big hills in his bearing.

He brought Billy Brue with him, a person whose exact social status some of Percival's friends were never able to fix with any desirable certainty. Thus, Percival had presented the old man, the morning after his arrival, to no less a person than Herbert Delaney Livingston, with whom he had smoked a cigar of unusual excellence in the cafe of the Hightower hotel.

"If you fancy that weed, Mr. Bines," said Livingston, graciously, to the old man, "I've a spare couple of hundred I'd like to let you have. The things were sent to me, but I find them rather stiffish. If your man's about the hotel I'll give him a card to my man, and let him fetch them."

"My man?" queried Uncle Peter, and, sighting Billy Brue at that moment, "why, yes, here's my man, now. Mr. Brue, shake hands with Mr. Livingston. Billy, go up to the address he gives you, and get some of these cigars. You'll relish 'em as much as I do. Now don't talk to any strangers, don't get run over, and don't lose yourself."

Livingston had surrendered a wavering and uncertain hand to the warm, reassuring clasp of Mr. Brue.

"He ain't much fur style, Billy ain't," Uncle Peter explained when that person had gone upon his errand, "he ain't a mite gaudy, but he's got friendly feelings."

The dazed scion of the Livingstons had thereupon made a conscientious tour of his clubs in a public hansom, solely for the purpose of relating this curious adventure to those best qualified to marvel at it.

The old man's arrival had been quite unexpected. Not only had he sent no word of his coming, but he seemed, indeed, not to know what his reasons had been for doing a thing so unusual.

"Thought I'd just drop in on you all and say 'howdy,'" had been his first avowal, which was lucid as far as it went. Later he involved himself in explanations that were both obscure and conflicting. Once it was that he had felt a sudden great longing for the life of a gay city. Then it was that he would have been content in Montana City, but that he had undertaken the winter in New York out of consideration for Billy Brue.

"Just think of it," he said to Percival, "that poor fellow ain't ever been east of Denver before now. It wa'n't good for him to be holed up out there in them hills all his life. He hadn't got any chance to improve his mind."

"He'd better improve his whiskers first thing he does," suggested Percival. "He'll be gold-bricked if he wears 'em scrambled that way around this place."

But in neither of these explanations did the curious old man impress Percival as being wholly ingenuous.

Then he remarked casually one day that he had lately met Higbee, who was on his way to San Francisco.

"I only had a few minutes with him while they changed engines at Green River, but he told me all about you folks—what a fine time you was havin', yachts and card parties, and all like that. Higbee said a man ought to come to New York every now and then, just to keep from getting rusty."

Back of this Percival imagined for a time that he had discovered Uncle Peter's true reason for descending upon them. Higbee would have regaled him with wild tales of the New York dissipation, and Uncle Peter had come promptly on to pull him up. Percival could hear the story as Higbee would word it, with the improving moral incident of his own son snatched as a brand from the "Tenderloin," to live a life of impecunious usefulness in far Chicago. But, when he tried to hold this belief, and to prove it from his observations, he was bound to admit its falsity. For Uncle Peter had shown no inclination to act the part of an evangel from the virtuous west. He had delivered no homilies, no warnings as to the fate of people who incontinently "cut loose." He had evinced not the least sign of any disposition even to criticize.

On the contrary, indeed, he appeared to joy immensely in Percival's way of life. He manifested a willingness and

a capacity for unbending in bona companionship that were both of them quite amazing to his accomplished grandson. By degrees, and by virtue of being never at all censorious, he familiarized himself with the young man's habits and diversions. He listened delightedly to the tales of his large gambling losses, of the bouts at poker, the fruitless venture in Texas oil land, the disastrous corner in wheat, engineered by Burman, and the uniformly unsuccessful efforts to "break the bank" in Forty-fourth street. He never tired of hearing whatever adventures Percival chose to relate; and, finding that he really enjoyed them, the young man came to confide freely in him, and to associate with him without restraint.

Uncle Peter begged to be introduced at the temple of chance, and spent a number of late evenings there with his popular grandson. He also frequently made himself one of the poker coterie, and relished keenly the stock jokes as to his grandson's proneness to lose.

"Your pa," he would say, "never could learn to stay out of a Jack-pot unless he had Jacks or better; he'd come in and draw four cards to an ace any time, and then call it 'hard luck' when he didn't draw out. And he just loved straights open in the middle; said anybody could fill them that's open at both ends; but, after all I guess that's the only way to have fun at the game. If a man ain't got the spirit to overlap aces-up when he gets 'em, he might as well be clerkin' in a bank for all the fun he'll have out of the game."

The old man's endurance of late suppers and later hours, and his unsuspected disposition to "cut loose" became twin marvels to Percival. He could not avoid contrasting this behavior with his past preaching. After a few weeks he was forced to the charitable conclusion that Uncle Peter's faculties were failing. The exposure and hardships of the winter before had undoubtedly impaired his mental powers.

"I can't make him out," he confided to his mother. "He never wants to go home nights; he can drink more than I can without batting an eye, and show up fresher in the morning, and he behaves like a young fellow just out of college. I don't know where he would bring up if he didn't have me to watch over him."

"I think it's just awful—at his time of life, too," said Mrs. Bines.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AS TO EXPERT TESTIMONY

Difference of Opinion Regarding Bones Shown in a Murder Trial.

While the jury was perspiring over the solution of a personal injury case lawyers and judge fell to talking over what an expert knew and what he didn't know on anatomy, says the Kansas City Star.

"What some of 'em don't know would fill a half dozen Carnegie libraries," remarked A. D. Risdon, one of the veterans of the bar. "Some years ago, when I happened to be 'the state of Missouri' in these parts, the sheriff brought to Kirksville one Jim Mays of Morrow township, for murdering a peddler up his way. Jim wasn't exactly an angel and at first glance it looked like they had settled on him for the guilty party on general principles."

"The peddler had suddenly disappeared from Jim's neighborhood, and of course Jim killed him, they said. There were vague rumors of another man having met a like fate at Jim's hands, and as the suspect didn't go to meetin' and wash his face every day it looked like a ready-made case, only waiting the rope. Jim swore by all the gods he knew that he hadn't killed and peddler, but of course a man will talk wild when it is to his interest."

"I gently hinted to the irate community that a little evidence would be appreciated, not necessarily for publication, but as a sort of guarantee of sincerity. About that time word came to me that a certain fellow had heard a confession from Jim, after seeing him burn the peddler's body. I went up into the township and had a talk with this very important witness. He said Jim confided to him that he had killed the peddler for having tried to cheat him and that he began burning the body one day and stayed with it all night till everything was consumed but the bones."

"I gathered up a basket of the bones and brought 'em to town. The doctors here said they had once been the skeleton of a man. The grand jury insisted on returning an indictment, but I got them to hold off for a day or two. I sent two of the bones to physicians in Chicago whom I was personally acquainted with, and related the circumstances. In due course the box came back and I opened it before the jury inside was the report. It said in Latin where they belonged on a horse, with the added opinion that it was a scrub."

"Jim begged the bones of us and sent them around to the doctors who declared they were of human origin, with a note of congratulation. I didn't blame him much, as their opinion might have cost him his life. Two years later the peddler came back to this county, and I told him what had happened. He said he was extremely sorry, and that if his conduct had made Jim's wife a widow he would have given her a couple of the best black bordered handkerchiefs he had in his pack."

Irish Goods from Japan.

"Erin-go-Bragh" was stamped on a cup purchased by a patriotic member of the Clonmel (Tipperary) Industrial association. He was surprised on examining the cup to find that it had been made in Japan.

EDITORS PROTESTING

CALL LATEST RULING OF COMMERCE COMMISSION UNFAIR.

RAILROAD ADS ARE BARRED

Say There is Nothing in the Law That Calls for Such an Interpretation—The Commission Flooded with "Kicks."

Washington.—The recent ruling of the interstate commerce commission to the effect that "nothing but money can be paid for transportation of either persons or property," means that in future the railroads will be prohibited from exchanging transportation for advertising space in the newspapers of the country.

The ruling has already aroused a storm of protest from the publishers throughout the country. Every mail into Washington brings hundreds of letters from newspaper men, all of which severely criticize the commission for "going out of its way to nit the newspapers." The publishers insist that there is nothing new in the law which would in any way forbid the railroads from purchasing advertising space to be paid for in transportation and that such a ruling is not only uncalled for by either the letter or the spirit of the law, but is unconstitutional as well.

One prominent publisher said a day or two ago:

"There is not only nothing in the new rate law which would call for such a ruling as this from the commission, but the ruling is antagonistic to the national constitution as well, and it will not be upheld by the courts. The railroads that desire publicity through the medium of my publication make advertising contracts with me, and pay me for the space used with transportation, which is the same as money to me, and it is used by myself or my employees in connection with my business. The government might with equal justice say the merchant could not give dry goods or any other marketable commodity in exchange for advertising space. The courts would not uphold such a ruling as that for one moment, and there is no more reason why they should uphold this latest erration of the commerce commission, for it is equally as untenable as the proposition between the publisher and the merchant would be."

"Everybody knows that the railroads do, and can afford to, advertise more heavily when their advertising accounts can be paid for in transportation. Nor does this increased amount of advertising affect the interests of the general public in any way, but it does assist in making the prosperity of the American newspapers and periodicals. The transportation that is given to newspapers in exchange for advertising does not affect in any way the equitable enforcement of the rate law, nor does it affect in any way the rates charged the general public for transportation for either persons or property. It is a benefit to the railroads, in that it enables them to do a greater amount of advertising than they otherwise could or would do, and in this way secure a greater amount of business for their lines, and under a just interpretation would eventually lead to a reduction of transportation charges to the general public. It is an unjust and uncalled for ruling, and both the publishers and the railroads should fight it."

That publishers are fighting it, not only by their protests to the commission but by protesting to their representatives in both houses of congress, is proven by the fact that already the commission is receiving communications from many senators and congressmen in which these representatives of the people declare they had no intention of passing a law that would affect the newspapers in this way, and that there is nothing in the new law which calls for such a ruling on the part of the commission.

S. G. Priddle, a most industrious prophet, has placarded Zion City with posters, exploiting his achievements, and soliciting a free-will offering.

Porto Rico and St. Thomas were visited by heavy earthquake shocks, creating panic, but doing no serious damage, as far as known.

Contest between opposition trolley companies causes a day of rioting on the streets of Joplin, Mo.

Latest movement in transportation line is proposed auto road from Chicago to New York.

Armenian at New York killed brother and cut up his corpse, afterwards confessing his crime.

In a wreck on the Big Four Friday morning at Brighton, Ind., two were killed.

Bryan declares Hearst will make strong campaign and says he will stump New York for him if requested.

Bertha Bellstein, notorious matricide, escapes from Pittsburg asylum and is widely sought.

Miners of Arkansas district hold Constitutional convention and much ill feeling develops.

John B. Stone, of Kansas City, is elected commander of the United Confederate Veterans.

MERITS OF THE APPLE.

See Medicinal Qualities of the Greatest Value.

A good ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest of vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with; the entire process of digestion being accommodated in 35 minutes. There are medicinal properties in the acid of the apple that are not found anywhere else, according to hygienic analysis. These acids are of great value for people of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish, serving as they do to eliminate from the body noxious matters that retained make the brain heavy and dull or bring on jaundice and skin eruptions.

The apple also contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable, and this is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for this reason, though but rarely understood, that the old Scandinavian traditions represented the apple as the food of the gods who, feeling themselves to be growing feeble or old, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of body or mind. The custom of eating apple sauce with roast pork, goose and like dishes has sound hygienic reason behind it, the malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, serving to neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating over-rich meats.

When making a pudding do not forget to make a plait in the cloth at the top, so as to allow the pudding to swell.

If the upper inside edge of the pan is well greased with butter, chocolate, milk, cocoa, or anything of the kind, it will not boil over.

To revive black velvet hats or toques, well sponge the hat or toque with a small quantity of paraffin, then thoroughly brush and leave in the open air for a few moments; this will quickly remove all smell, and cleaned in this way velvet will look equal to new.

When jewelry is put away it is apt to become dull and tarnished. At intervals the articles should be taken from their cotton cases and cleaned in clean soapsuds, using fine toilet soap. Dip them into this and dry them by using a soft brush or a fine sponge, and afterward dry them with old handkerchiefs, and, lastly, with a soft leather. Silver ornaments may be kept in arrowroot, and steel articles will retain their luster if stored in a box containing a little starch.

A soiled black coat can be quickly cleaned by applying with a sponge strong coffee containing a few drops of ammonia. Finish by rubbing with a piece of colored woolen cloth.

A Good Housekeeper.

The successful housekeeper is not essentially the one who has a spotlessly-kept house, always in order, but the one who manages the affairs of the house so that every one is made comfortable and the home is always cheery and bright. A good housekeeper does not worry over every little detail that goes wrong, but sets to work to put it in order again. She can always tell you where everything is to be found, as she always has a certain place for certain articles, and sees that they are kept there. The meals are always just on time and well cooked, and the children look neat and happy. This can not be done without good management, says Woman's Life, and the methodical housekeeper will have the day divided out for the different duties that are to be done and she will see that her system of arranging the work does not cause discomfort in the house.

The Meaning of Beauty.

To have the manners of the well-bred women, to move about with grace and dignity, to know peace, character, honesty and deep sympathy, these are the finer lines of beautifying. Who cares a cent for the dolly woman who is beautiful to look at and who hasn't sense enough to draw her breath? Such women are not after the right idea, and true beauty will never place its golden halo on their heads. Personal magnetism makes women beautiful, and what is that but the free workings of a genuinely lovely spirit? Perfume the inside of your head with tender thoughts, keep your body strong, well and clean, make up your mind to learn everything you can, and if you do not look beautiful you will be so—and that will suffice.

Proper Care of Silver.

If the box containing silver polish, a small bottle of alcohol, soft flannels, chamois skins and brushes be kept in some convenient place in pantry or kitchen, it is a trifling matter after each meal to rub the few pieces of silver discolored by egg, salad, or what not. By this means, the weekly silver polishing may be lightened or done away with.

Extra silver should be kept in cotton flannel bags with a small lump of camphor in each. It will in this way retain its brightness indefinitely.—Harper's Bazar.

Recipe for Cold Cream.

A simple cold cream is made thus: Take two ounces of spermaceti, two ounces of white wax, five ounces of oil of sweet almonds and melt together in a porcelain kettle over a slow fire. Remove, and while the mixture is still hot add one and one-half ounces of stronger rose water, in which 40 grains of borax have been dissolved. Have the rose water slightly warm. Fluff the mixture to a foam by using an egg beater. When almost thick add a few drops of oil of rose, or any preferred perfume.