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...A MAN OF FATE...

I.

New York Evening Post.

"Which trunk were my white lawn ties packed in, Annie? I wish you would find one for me." The Rev. Arthur Belden stood in front of the mirror finishing his toilet. His coat was hung carefully over the back of a chair; his hat, shining and speckless, adorned the peak of the headboard. He was brushing his hair devotedly. He was a tall man. He crouched a little in front of the low mirror to make the parting straight. The position was not altogether becoming. But he stared at himself unseeing. He was absorbed in the perfection of the part. "I like a white tie best with this suit," he went on, absently whisking the clothes brush over his neck and sleeves. Perceiving that his words met no response, "Don't you?" he said. He looked inquiringly at his wife. She was bending over the wash stand, one hand grasping a curved-neck bottle, the other fumbling in a small traveling bag.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She lifted a perplexed face. "I can't find the bag of shot to rinse the nursing-bottle. I was sure I put it in this satchel." She put down the bottle and gave both hands to the search.

"Oh, never mind being so particular, for once. Just rinse it out and let it go. I can't find those ties anywhere."

She abandoned the traveling bag, and going over to a low steamer trunk, took out box after box, examining each in the dim light with close, near-sighted eyes. She came upon it at last. It was neatly labeled: "Arthur's Ties." She handed it to him and returned to the traveling bag.

"Thank you, Annie. You always do things so nicely," he said kindly. He selected a stiff length of lawn, and squared himself in front of the mirror for a silent tussle.

She shook the shot in the bottle. She had discovered it in the outside pocket; put there to be handy. She rinsed the bottle fearfully with water from the toilet pitcher. In imagination she saw microbes and germs and bacteria slip from the pitcher into the bottle. They rose. They floated malignantly around the head of Baby Freddie, awake in his improvised crib. They crossed the hall to three-year-old Tommy asleep in the little room beyond.

"That Miss Colby will be a great addition to our table," he said. He was regarding himself absently in the mirror. "Where did they say she was from? Upton, was it?"

"Upton college, Iowa."

"Oh, yes. She's well educated, certainly. Did you notice her allusion to Dante? I must look up my Dante. Did you put it in?"

"No; there wasn't room finally. You know you wanted that volume of 'Religious Anecdotes' for your sermons, and it is so big I had to leave out the Dante and three or four small Shakespeares."

"Oh, yes. Well, never mind, I can borrow one, perhaps. It really is a pleasure to meet an educated woman once more." He smoothed his coat collar carefully and craned his neck to examine the fit of the back in the mirror. He crossed the room on tiptoe and peered cautiously into the crib. A pair of round eyes, intelligent and non-committal, stared back. The small mouth was closed firmly over a fat thumb. "He isn't asleep, is he?" whispered the father, drawing back and reaching for his hat. "I hoped that you could go, Annie. But I shall not be gone long—just down to the beach for a little while. I told Miss Colby we would come, you know." He paused, waiting for a reply.

"Yes, Arthur, you go. I will come later if I can, perhaps."

"Do try to come." He kissed her and closed the door softly. One round, oblique eye followed his departure over the top of the crib. The fat thumb was removed. The mouth remained open to emit a determined, protesting yell.

She crossed to the crib and patted the sturdy legs gently. "There, there, Freddie, lie still. Be a good boy and go sleepins," she murmured softly, in a half chant.

The thumb was replaced. The mouth closed over it. The round eyes fested complacently on her face. She smoothed the clothes, giving admonitory pats, crooning softly nonsense. The round eyes drooped to mere slits. They flew open. They regarded her reproachfully. The mouth took a fresh grip. The lids drooped once more, faltered, fluttered and were lost. She drew the knitted blanket over the little figure.

She removed the waist of her traveling dress swiftly, and slipped into a muslin dressing sacque. She gave a sigh of relief as she lifted her arms freely above her head. She transferred boxes and clothes quickly from trunks to closets and drawers. She arranged the top drawer for Arthur, the second one for herself. The books were placed on a high shelf by the medicines. Before they were married they had read Browning and discussed Meredith. She noticed that both Browning and Meredith had somehow been left behind. But the alcohol bottle was full and the lime water handy. The Dante was there after all. Arthur would be pleased. She gave the last touches to the unpacking. She laid out the night clothes. She went twice to the kitchen to ask Mrs. Goodsell about fresh eggs and milk. She found out where the kindlings were kept and how to manage the rickety bucket. When at last she had laid her head on the small boarding house pillow visions of croup and bacteria and cholera infantum and nettle rash floated about it. They crowded out a little dim wonder that Arthur was so late.

II.

He paced slowly up and down the beach, his tall figure breasting the light breeze. Beside him paced another figure, small and straight, securely wrapped in a large brown shawl. From under the brim of a soft felt hat thin intellectual features looked up at him. At each turn of the pacing he changed gallantly to the windward side to protect his companion from the wind. It also gave him a good view of the harbor.

"How long the light lasts." He waved his hand toward the water, where gleams of the afterglow still rested.

She peered around him to catch the gleams. The small gray eyes lighted intelligently. "It is wonderful," she said softly, "The light that never was on sea or land."

His chest expanded in a happy glow of recognition. "Ah, you read Wordsworth?"

"One must," she said seriously.

They paced on in silence for a few minutes. She thought first of appropriate lines to follow:

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
That brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And watch the children sport upon the shore—"

The rhyme helped him to finish the quotation:

"And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

The words lent themselves readily to pulpit inflection.

"He was a wonderful man," she said.

"Wonderful!"

"We have no poets now," she sighed.

"Not one." His voice arraigned them all.

"Nor prose writers either," she pursued.

"Well, no"—he hesitated a second—"possibly not."

She looked up quickly. "Do you write?"

"Oh, now and then—a little." He spoke with something of the offhand modesty of a Kipling or a Gladstone.

The little figure straightened eagerly. "Where do you publish?"

He coughed. He looked dreamily at the horizon. "I have published very little—as yet."

"Oh."

"A few things in The Sunday School Watchman.'

"I never see that," she said regretfully. He straightened himself a little proudly. "No, it is rather strictly a church paper. We don't expect a large audience. Dr. Tyler, of the Temple church, was saying to me the other day that he knew that anything of his in The Watchman must always have a small audience."

He glanced at her sidewise. She was peering up to him respectfully. The tone grew in confidence. "They are very appreciative readers. It was only last week I had a delightful letter from a woman in Maine about a little thing of mine on the 'Beauty of Sacrifice.' I think I have the letter here." He explored his pockets. "Yes, here it is." They stopped under the red wharf light. It fell radiantly on his full cheeks and blonde mustache as he bent over the sheet. The rich voice read modestly, "My Dear Sir: I come to you with a full heart. I have just been reading your little paper on the 'Beauty of Sacrifice.' It is a revelation to me, the dawn of a new day. My apology for writing to you, a stranger, is that you have brought light into the darkness of my life. Yours from the heart, Martha Wynne." He paused and replaced the letter. They paced on.

"I shall hope to read it," she said softly. He expanded. "It will give me pleasure. I have a copy here, I think. I will hand it to you in the morning."

"It is a great thing to be able to write," she murmured appreciatively.

He looked down at her. "Perhaps you too, write?"

"Only a few little things," she sighed tenderly.

"Poems?"

"Yes. Poor ones."

"You must let me see them."

"Perhaps—if you care."

"Ah, but you must. I insist," he said, generously. "You are to be here some time?"

"All summer."

"So are we. It is a great pleasure to meet some one who cares for such things," he said, gently.

"Yes; only souls can know each other." They paced on in silence. It grew to consciousness.

"I shall hope that you and Mrs. Belden will know each other better," he said, safely.

"I want to know her," she murmured. She looked up at his strong figure looming dimly in the fading light. "We must go in," she said. "It is getting late."

"Yes, we must go in, it is better so." He was not sure himself exactly what he meant. He had a vague sense of worldly license.

III.

"I do wish that you would go, Annie," he said, looking across the piazza to her. She was sewing on a tiny flannel garment. He rocked gently back and forth in the big piazza chair, his elbows resting on the wide arms, his hands meeting, the tips of the fingers pressed carefully together. "I shall not enjoy it without you," he went on. "A man doesn't like to get to be known as always going about without his wife."

"I should like to go." She brought the tiny hand closer to her near-sighted eyes to take three or four infinitesimal stitches. "I haven't been sailing for years—not since we were married. But I have to finish letting out these petticoats. They shrank in the wash."

"Do something else. Buy him some new ones," he ventured, vaguely.

"I can't get any here. Besides, these will do very well. I don't want to put him into thick new ones before winter."

She sewed on in silence. He watched her idly.

"What's that you are doing now?" he asked.

"Feather stitching."

"What's it for?"

"To finish the hem."

"Couldn't you do it in some easier way?"

"No—it doesn't take much longer. You wouldn't have him look like a tenement house baby, would you?"

"I shouldn't think it would matter much about his petticoats." He sighed and looked out across the bay.

"Everybody notices a baby's petticoats, Arthur."

"Do they? Well, then, you ought to have a woman to do it for you. There's no use in your slaving yourself to death over such nonsense."

She bit the fragile thread between her teeth and smothered the finished seam. "It is the only way I can earn money," she said, dryly. "If we didn't owe everybody in town at home, perhaps I shouldn't feel obliged to."

He stirred uneasily in his chair.

A small gray figure crossed the yard and came towards them. He sprang up eagerly. "Ah, good morning, Miss Colby;" he motioned his hand politely towards the big chair. She sank into it, and swayed back and forth, her slim, straight feet barely touching the floor.

Annie looked up and smiled cordially. "We are talking about the sail, Miss Colby. Are you going?"

"Yes, I rather think so. Are you?" The voice drawled a little. It was not an affected drawl.

"Mrs. Belden thinks it may be too rough for her," said Arthur, quickly.

"Oh, no, it isn't. Do go, Mrs. Belden. You haven't been since you came a month ago, have you?"

Annie looked up to reply. Her glance fell across the lawn. "Oh, Arthur! Do get Tommy. He is stuffing himself with those cherries." Arthur sauntered towards the boy and Annie gathered up her sewing. "I must go. Isn't he a sight?" she said, smiling. She disappeared with the struggling mass of arms and legs. Arthur seated himself in the little sewing chair. He sat leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, his fingertips together. Miss Colby swayed gently in the big chair.

"Mrs. Belden will not go?" she asked from the depths of the chair.

"No." He did not look at her.

"It is too bad," she said, softly.

"It makes it very unpleasant for me," he said.

"I am sorry, too."

"Yes, we should all enjoy it better if she went," he said, vaguely.

Silence fell between them. He felt comfortable. The absence of the sewing rested him.

"I've been reading your paper on 'Shams,'" she said, after a few minutes.

He straightened himself in his chair.

"Ah."

"It is grand—simply grand."

He changed his position. He struggled not to look pleased.

"Of course, there are faults," she said.

"Of course," he allowed magnanimously.

"I should like to go over it with you," she said, thoughtfully.

"I can spare the time—any time"—the tone full of gracious willingness.

"Tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, tomorrow morning."

"And this afternoon we sail?"

"The captain says it will be good."

"I wish Mrs. Belden would go."

"I wish she would," he sighed.

"But there will be others in the party?"

"I suppose so. Capt. Goodsell did not say," he replied, vaguely.

"Oh, of course, there will be others."

IV.

"Isn't it growing very black, Mrs. Goodsell?" Annie peered out through the narrow, small-paned window with near-sighted, uncertain gaze.

Mrs. Goodsell beamed comfortable over her gold-bowed spectacles. "It's shutting down a bit, maybe, but nothing to worry over. They'll be in pretty soon."

"How many went?" asked Annie.

"Only your husband and that Miss Colby. The rest decided at the last minute to go driving. You never can tell about these summer folks; one year it will be all sailing, and another year it's all driving. You can't count on 'em." She looked across to Annie for sympathy.

Annie was gazing out of the little window.

"Perhaps you would like to go down to the beach," said the old lady kindly, "Joe went down half an hour ago. But he didn't think to take the glass. You might carry it to him."

Tommy jumped up from the floor and ran tugging at his mother's skirts. Mrs. Goodsell lifted him on her arm. She smoothed the yellow head with her big hand. "I'll look after the baby," she said. He nestled against her, sticking his thumb in his mouth and locking across to his mother contentedly.

"I think I'll go." She hurried upstairs for her waterproof, and came running down, buttoning it as she went. She took the glass absently, kissed Tommy, and hurried out.

Mrs. Goodsell stood on the top step patting the little head on her arm. "Now don't you worry a mite," she called after the nervous flitting figure, "This isn't no worse than lots of weather we have here. Pa knows how to sail a boat."

A spurt of big drops fell. She drew her gingham apron quickly over the little head and turned toward the house. Inside the door her face changed. She set the child gently on the floor. She took off her spectacles and rubbed them vigorously with the corner of her apron. She blew a generous blast on her nose. Little Tommy looked up in astonishment. He was inclined to weep, but changed it to a laugh as she smiled over the top of her apron. A long, low wail sounded from the room above. "There now, I've done it," she said, regretfully; 'waked up that young one. I might have known better." She brought the baby down and set him beside Tommy on the floor. She put in each chubby hand a dark, generous ginger cooky. "There, eat that," she said peremptorily, "you never have had a cooky in your life before, either one of you, and you probably never will again, and your pa dead, like as not, before you see him." She crossed to the window and peered out into the gusty rain. "Dark as a pocket," she muttered, "But she's better off out there."

V.

Annie drew her waterproof more closely about her. She bent her head to the sweeping gusts. She strained her eyes across the shifting whitecaps to make out a sail. She stumbled upon a dark figure, crouching on the beach. He was shading his eyes, peering into the black rain. He looked up quickly, "That you, Mis' Belden?"

"Where are they, Joe?"

"Dunno. Can't make out."

"Here's the glass." She held it out to him

"Glass ain't much good," he muttered, unscrewing the metal cap and adjusting it. He swept the circumference of the bay and shook his head. "It's no use. You couldn't see her, hardly, if she was close on shore. Mebbe it'll lighten a little by and by."

They stood waiting, peering into the blackness, listening to the hoarse roar of the wind. It took on a new tone, like a human cry.

Joe started. He bent his head and reached out his hand for the glass. He held it leveled long toward a single point in the bay, his big red hands steadying it against the wind. The hands loosed their hold. "Run, Mis' Belden," he said hoarsely. "Run for Jim Weston. We've got to launch the long boat."

She ran up the beach, panting and sobbing. The wind caught at her skirts and drove her. It tore at her hair. It lashed in her face. Rain and tears and salt water blinded her as she stumbled. She found her way, like some wild creature, by instinct. She left the men far behind. She was back at Joe's side before they were in sight. He had the boat ready. He had tried to launch it alone, but had given up. He stood where she had left him, his eyes strained toward the water. He looked up. "Couldn't you get 'em?"

She nodded. She had no breath.

He looked up the beach. Again the cry came from the water.

He hollowed his hands about his mouth, and gave a long, harsh call. The wind beat it back into his throat. He looked again up the beach. Dim figures were running and tossing in the wind. "Three on 'em," he muttered. "That's good—hurry, Jim, we've got to row like the devil," he shouted.

They threw themselves upon the long boat, pushing and breathless. They heaved together with a low groan. She slid down the beach. They tumbled into her. One figure gave a final shove. A receding wave caught them. The darkness shut about them.

Annie, waiting on the dark beach, heard the clank of the oar-locks. Another sound was fitful now and then on the wind. The darkness settled more heavily. Lights began to gleam in the village on the hill above her. They shifted and ran and collected. The news was spreading. Dark figures flitted toward the beach. She stood impassive in the rain, watching them. She saw the door of an old boathouse wrenched open. Lanterns and bottles and blankets were carried in. Some one built a fire in the shelter of the hut. The wind has abated a little. It no longer sounded like a human cry. They huddled about the fire, talking and listening. Suddenly, some one darted from the circle of the fire toward the water. A hush ran through the group. A faint sound, far out in the darkness came to them. There was a catch in the breath of the wind, a rasp on the ear. A prolonged shout went up from the group. They listened breathless. A faint echo blew back from the darkness. The group scattered and ran. Torches from the fire waved up and down the beach, and hissed and sputtered in the rain. Annie ran fitfully. She followed, now one, now another. She could hear nothing, see nothing. She seemed suddenly caught in a whirl of light. Slowly they drew together, a little to the left of the hut, down the beach. She stood in the midst of the group, her head bent forward. Her ear caught the sound at last, a low, harsh clank. She threw back her head and laughed, a shrill, piercing laugh—once, twice, and again and again. An answering call came back from the water. The group stood carefully about her. Someone had put a torch into her hand. She waved it wildly about her head. It flew hissing into the dark water beyond. She dropped her hand, catching her breath in a sob. A tall, grave woman moved nearer her in the crowd. The crowd fell back.

"Ready there, boys. Stand along." All eyes were strained towards a dark shadow close at hand. It loomed toward them on a coming wave. A dozen hands had seized the gunwale. The wave receded. The long boat, her bow plunged in the sand, rested high on the beach.

Annie stood with her eyes covered. The woman waited beside her. A touch fell on her arm—"Your husband's there; he'll be looking for you, mebbe." She took down her hands and walked slowly and uncertainly towards the light.

A tall figure came out of the group. "I have been wonderfully preserved, Annie," he said.

She made no reply. Her eyes turned to the door of the hut. They fell on a dripping, horizontal figure that was being carried in. She shuddered. "Come home, Arthur. You must get into dry clothes," she said.

He suffered himself to be led away.

"How'd it happen, captain?"

"I dunno—dunno—dunno," he said, absently. He was standing in the light of the doorway, watching the group within. They worked swiftly, chafing the small hands, rolling the little figure gently from side to side. Every motion had the quickness of familiarity. The captain watched them silently. "It's no use doing all that," he said, at last. "I tried everything in the boat, coming in. It's no good. She was in the water too long, I tell you. She was the pluckiest little thing I ever see." He turned to the group about him—"she never lost her head once. She done just as I told her, from the first."

"How'd it happen?"

"I dunno; I dunno. I've sailed these waters, man and boy, for sixty years, and I never knew anything like it. It come on dark all of a sudden—t'want a real squall—more like a waterspout. I had give the helm to the parson, for a minute, and was just reefing her down, when it struck. We was all in the water, you see. She went clean out of sight. The dory came alongside, bottom up. We all grabbed her. We should a held on all right. But the parson lost his head—floundered some, and hung on to me. And I kinder lost my temper, you know, and I says, 'Gol durn you,' says I, 'I can't save the hull of you.' Thought I'd kinder stiffen him up, you know. And she just let right go, in a minute, you know. 'Save him,' says she— and down she went, quick as that."

He glanced toward the figure lying on the rough boards. The workers had left it and stood listening. The hands were folded on the breast. "She just had clean grit," he went on. "The parson was scared sensible. When she come up, he helped me hold her up on the dory. He helped about the hollering, too. He hollered good," said the captain, reflectively. "No, he won't take no harm. Ma'll fix him up all right. I guess I'd better get into some dry things myself." He glanced down at his dripping figure. "But salt water don't hurt me none. I was born in it. Lift her careful, boys. Ye don't need to brace so. She ain't no great weight. But she had grit."

HE FELT HE WOULD HAVE TO.

Gibbs—Why th' thunder did you throw that basket of fruit overboard?
Ribbs—Simply because I thought I might as well do it first as last.

Like David and Jonathan.

This is the story of the affection of a feminine David and Jonathan. Long before the Southern Pacific railroad had its track laid across the continent, before Nevada became a state, Hannah Clapp came to Carson City with friends who went to Nevada as to a wild, barren wilderness, where there was money to be made and privations to be endured.

Through a mutual friend she heard of Eliza Babcock, a girl from Maine, then living in Oakland. In a short correspondence between the strangers a partnership was agreed upon. The Maine girl came to Carson, and she and the young pioneer who had been before her started the Sierra seminary long before there was a public school in the state.

But in these days of higher education I doubt whether the Sierra seminary would be accredited. But there isn't a school in the world that holds such a record as this poor little pioneer seminary.

For, you see, it was conducted on such unbusinesslike lines. The teachers seemed to think it their affair to comfort and strengthen and uphold and love, as well as to teach. You can't begin to name the prominent men and cultured women in Nevada and California who learned what books and these two women had to teach.

"It was a home," said an important alumni. "They took us into their very hearts. We weren't pupils. We were their own children."

"If you can imagine," said an ex-Nevadan, "how it would feel to come clear across the plain, fresh from college, into a wild, little mining town out in the West. If you can imagine how one's peculiarities and one's little efforts at civilized living were ridiculed. If you can imagine how sensitive and resentful one is when he's young and how easy it was to get into a fight in young Nevada, then you can understand how I felt when I found myself in jail after a shooting scrape, and Miss Clapp came to me, like the man she is, bailed me out and took me home to nurse my wounds.'

"If you were a man," said another man who is a grandfather now, "and drink had taken such a hold on you that there was no resisting; and if a woman, plucky, strong, self-reliant, hauled you up out of the gutter and took you into her spotless, old maid's home and kept you there 'til you were fit to live as a man you'd realize how we, who did not go to school at the Sierra seminary, learned more than Berkeley itself can teach."

Nature intended Miss Babcock for a typical creature of the gentler sex. Yet, so strong was her faith, so unlimited her confidence in the executive, energetic head of the family, that she seconded every plan, no matter how unconventional, that ripened in the head of this woman, who was a new woman before the term was invented.

Witness the building of the fence around the state capitol at Carson, Nev., that enduring monument to the business capacity of Miss Babcock's "husband."

It was during Gov. Bradley's term that Nevada decided that she could afford to put a high iron fence, mounted on a stone coping, around the capitol. Plans and specifications were drawn up and bids were advertised for. The foremost and the richest firms in Nevada and California put in bids, naturally, for the state is a generous employer. When the time came to open the bids there was one signed H. K. Clapp. It was the lowest bid and it was awarded the contract.

"I never had built a fence, an iron one," chuckled Miss Clapp when telling the story, "though since then I have put up wooden ones with my own hands. But I had recently come into possession of information about the cost of iron fencing. I knew that these great contractors would expect to make $2,000 or $3,000 at least out of the contract. A thousand would satisfy me if I could make that out of it."

She did. She hired men and put them to work. In the morning after she had milked half a dozen cows and helped her mate and coworker to put the house in order, the two devoted themselves to their professed work—teaching. After school was over Miss Babcock turned her attention to domestic affairs. After school Miss Clapp drew on her stout, thick boots, donned a long, warm ulster, pulled down over her eyes a small, soft woolen round hat and went off to work.

For two or three hours daily Carsonites could see this woman contractor—who had never before (and who has not since) undertaken a contract—standing about the capitol in all sorts of weather overseeing her men.

When darkness came and work for the day was over Contractor Clapp trudged sturdily homeward.

"I think," she would say, musingly, in talking over her labors with her wifely confidant, "I think that'll be a pretty good fence."

And it was. It is, in fact; for the personal, conscientious supervision of Builder and Contractor Clapp is to be discovered in that celebrated fence after a lapse of about thirty years.

There was one time when Miss Clapp's unswerving individuality brought her into prominence, not altogether pleasantly. For the protection of these two women living alone in an unsettled mining town a most savage animal, half bulldog, half bloodhound, had been bought. Miss Clapp's Brutus was the wonder and the terror of the town. He was uncompromisingly fierce, vicious. All day he was chained. At night he was loosed; his hoarse, deep bellow warned shuddering Carsonites for blocks around that Brutus was on guard.

In view of the delight of Carson in the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest, it will not surprise you to learn that dog fights in the old silvered days of Nevada were much in vogue. When a new dog came to town, respectfully heralded by human advance agents, a bout was expected. One particular new dog, a regular Jeffries of a dog, had made his first appearance in Carson, and when his admiring press agents bragged about his attainments it suddenly occurred to a loyal Carsonite to suggest a contest with Brutus.

"Can we have your dog?" said a deputation of sports to Miss Clapp.

"Certainly," responded the obliging woman. "Go out and get him."

They went, but they didn't "get him." Brutus nearly tore his chain to fragments trying to get them, and they went off without him.

But there were reporters in those days, too. One of them saw what should have been a good story. He wrote up what might have, but what didn't occur, and the pink Police Gazette appeared with an account of the fight and a sensational picture of Miss Clapp at the ring side, applauding enthusiastically the uppercuts and left-hand smashes of her Brutus.

Nothing is more characteristic of the difference in temperature of these two women, so closely united, so far apart in nature, than the way each received this publication. For a moment Miss Clapp was furiously angry. Then she laughed out with all the enjoyment of one who can see a joke, even upon herself. But the gentle little lady, who loved her, was shocked and horrified. She never quite recovered from the blow to her pride, to her retiring, sensitive disposition. Years afterward, when both had grown gray, Miss Clapp would herself tell the story of her appearance in the Police Gazette. Miss Babcock would shrink and shudder at the thought of it and then secretly, almost blushingly, this pretty, little old, old maid would bring forth the torn copy and with the ends of her fingers she would expose to a close, discreet friend the awful depravity of the pink paper and printers' ink.

Fortune came to these two in time. When the centennial was being celebrated in Pennsylvania these old maid schoolma'ms went abroad, strange occurrences for to see. Stocks were booming on the Comstock. It was hard to say—just what one was worth. These two single women might have been worth $100,000. They might be worth more later. In the meantime their dividends from Belcher alone amounted to over $500 a month. So they traveled. They saw all they wanted to. They visited every place that tempted them. They bought whatever they coveted. They ordered furniture for their home in Carson from the most artistic furnishing houses in the country. And then, slowly, they journeyed back to Nevada—for it never occurred to these two loyal Nevadans to forsake their sagebrush home—to find that the bottom had dropped out of stocks; that their broker had held, instead of selling, and that three twenty-dollar pieces remained of their fortune after he had been paid and discharged.

So again they set to work, the indefatigable two. Through the influence of one of Nevada's senators, who has been a close friend of these women for years, Miss Clapp was given a position in the Nevada State university. They removed to Reno, where the university is, and there the health of the weaker one began to fail. But Miss Clapp's salary was a generous one, and the two lived upon it, sharing it as they had shared when they were rich and when they were poorer.

"Let's go to the bank, Duckie," the head of the family would say when pay day came, "and deposit what we can of our salary."

"All right, Miss Clapp," was the reply.

It was always "Miss Clapp"—a queer sort of pedagogical courtesy that remained long after these two were closer than most women who lavish endearing words upon each other. The head of the family, indeed, permitted herself occasional tender, protecting pet names, as a husband might. And so "our" salary was deposited.

Where is the woman married to a man who has been treated with such financial consideration? In rare cases he does hand over his wages to you, madam, but the money is his, nevertheless, given in your care only because you are more prudent, less tempted.

The wills of these two were made in each other's favor. Both had relations, who were thought of kindly, but all they had was for each other.

"When I die I shall be cremated," said the strong-minded one.

"When I die bury me," asked the other, "where your ashes may be laid upon my breast."

The night death came to Miss Babcock her protector awakened with the feeling, as she afterward said, that "a mother might have it she is troubled about her baby."

The wife of Miss Clapp was gasping, but she put her arms about the neck of the one who had cherished her so tenderly, so unselfishly, so generously, and clung there with all the strength of her last breath. Her small, stiff, white fingers had to be bent back afterward that of these two faithful comrades the living might be separated from the dead.

WALLBLOM'S WALLBLOM'S

Exceptional Values at Exceptional Prices.

Months ago we prepared for the advances in the world's markets. You can now reap the harvest in prices like the following.

PRICES GOOD ALL THE WEEK.

3 Specials from Carpet Dept.

All-wool Ingrains 49c.

Heavy Tapestry Brussels. 65c.

Smyrna Rugs, 30x60 95c. Worth $2.00.

5 Specials from Crockery Dept

Finely decorated lamps with large figured globe $1.95

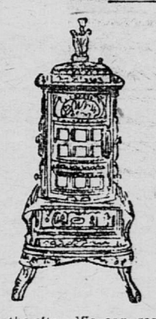
Department stores advertised these for one day only at $2.19, worth $3.95.

100-piece finely decorated DINNER SET; choice of 3 patterns $5.95

56-piece Decorated DINNER SET; 3 patterns to select from $3.89

6-piece Decorated TOILET SET; 5 styles of decorations $1.45

Handsome 12-piece TOILET SET, elegantly decorated in colors and gold, has extra large slop jar $4.25



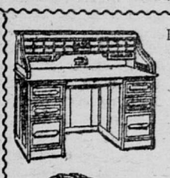
A good-sized self-feeder and base-burning heater for only $12.50

A good steel-lined air-tight HEATER, suitable for bedrooms, $1.95

We are exclusive agents for the Celebrated Imperial Coral and Brilliant Sunshine Heaters. We show the largest line of heaters in the city. We can save you from $5.00 to $10.00 on a stove. See us before you buy.

Solid Oak Cobbler seat ROCKING CHAIR (like cut) with nicely carved top, finely finished; regular price $3.00; at $1.85

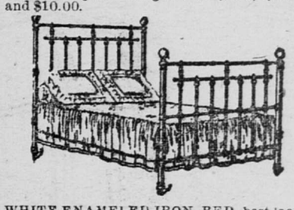
SOLID OAK or MAHOGANY FINISH CENTER TABLE, 24x24 in. top, well finished. Special price $1.35



Large-sized solid Oak, well-made, conveniently arranged desk, $14.95

We carry the largest and most complete lines of COUCHES in the city. We will sell a first-class COUCH made with spring edges, heavily tufted and finely fringed, covered in different styles of velour, at only $4.95

See our special bargains at $6.50, $8.50 and $10.00.



WHITE ENAMELED IRON BED, best lacquered brass top rail and trimmings, has 4 coats baked white enamel, fancy joints, complete with BEST WOVEN WIRE SPRING and BEST COTTON TOP MATTRESS, worth $17.50 ..... $10.95

SOLID OAK QUARTER-SAWED SIDEBOARD, polish finish, very massive, handsomely carved, swell front, plush lined drawer; an extra big bargain at $14.95

We show the finest line of sideboards in the city and our prices are the lowest.

CHILD'S HIGH CHAIR—with a nice, large, roomy table; well made, extra strong.

SPECIAL PRICE, 85c

Handsome LADIES' DESKS in oak or mahogany. We carry full and complete lines. Prices range from $3.75 TO $25.00

The WALLBLOM FURNITURE and CARPET CO.

400, 402, 404, 406, 408 Jackson Street.

OUT-OF-TOWN PEOPLE: Send for Free Illustrated Furniture and Stove Catalogue. Send 5c for Carpet Samples.

CUBAN MAHOGANY.

Likely to Take Place of Walnut in Manufacture of Furniture.

Baltimore American.

Hardwood importers of this country are at present exceedingly interested in the prospective development of a trade with Cuba in hardwood, and particularly mahogany, vast tracts of which cover the mountains of the new American possession. The interest comes of the fact that to the trade it has long been known that the American source of hardwood supply began long ago to wane, and before long the chief source of supply must be by import from foreign forests. For half a century American walnut reigned supreme and supplanted to a vast extent mahogany. Today this famous hardwood is passing. Where great forests of the staunch tree once spread, barren or cultivated acres extend, and year by year the supply, which at one time seemed inexhaustible, has lessened, until the end is in sight.

Manufacturers have of necessity turned to other woods, and the once forestalled mahogany now reigns as king of hardwoods in place of the walnut.

In the necessity of abandoning the American wood on account of its costliness, and the adoption of the mahogany, an important economic question has arisen in the tremendous cost of carrying this wood from the source to the market.

The west coast of Africa is today virtually monopolizing the world's mahogany trade, and a tremendous industry, still in a crude state of development and method, is destined to result. The African mahogany long ago entered the American market, and tremendous quantities are now being used, through necessity, despite the many disadvantages of so remote a source.

It is, therefore, a welcome prospect that promises a speedy development of the Cuban forests as a source of supply, and with the nearness to this country it is regarded as probable that the Cuban hardwood, for a time at least, will exclude from the American market the African wood, and as the island is an American possession, it is a source of gratification that the United States will again assume the place among sources of hardwood supply it has lost with the passing of the walnut.

That this source of vast natural wealth has passed or is rapidly passing from this country is a matter of wide significance, as indicating the extent of the woodman's attacks on American forests, and as indicative of a fate undoubtedly to fall to other woods that now are apparently inexhaustible. There seemed no limit to the extent of this magnificent wood when the Indiana forests rang with the ax. It was only fifteen years ago that the forests of Southwestern Virginia were systematically attacked, and yet today there is hardly a walnut to be found, except far back in the wilds, where the distance from railroads makes operation virtually impossible, though in places logs are being hauled today thirty miles to the railroad that once pierced dense forests of the tree. When cutting began in Virginia walnut rail fences were frequently found, put up by farmers who did not know its value. No such condition will be found now. Throughout all the former walnut territory but an insignificant quantity remains to be cut, and the ax will undoubtedly have the last tree down in an unfortunately short while, and with that tree will fall an industry which has meant millions of wealth to the country.

MOON OF MARS.

Goes Through All Its Changes of "Quarters" Every Night.

Pittsburg Post.

The inhabitants of the planet Mars—if there are any—witness every night a spectacle the like of which, the astronomers tell us, may be seen nowhere else in the universe. They have a moon that rises in the west and sets in the east, and that goes through all its phases in a single night. This moon, which is called Phobos, is only about seven miles in diameter, and is less then 4,000 miles from Mars. Prof Hall, who discovered it and its companion, Delmos, in 1877, found that it revolves around the planet in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes, and as the planet itself rotates in twenty-four hours and thirty-seven minutes the moon makes a little more than three revolutions while the planet is rotating once. It is this rapid motion that gives Phobos its unique distinction. It moves toward the east, the direction in which Mars rotates, but it goes so fast that it disappears below the eastern horizon and reappears above the western three times while Mars is turning over one time. Thus the Martians have a new moon, a crescent moon, a half moon, a gibbous moon, a full moon and a new moon again all in one night.

In the case of the earth and its moon the conditions are reversed. The earth turns over on its axis about twenty-seven times while the moon is going around it once. The motion of each is toward the east, but the more rapid movement of the earth makes the moon appear to be moving toward the west. That it is really going eastward is shown by its rising from forty-five to fifty minutes later every night and by the daily change of its position among the stars.

Bank Notes Destroyed.

The Bank of England destroys about 250,000 of its notes every week, to replace them with freshly printed ones. One evening in each week is set apart for the making of this expensive bonfire.

Ordinary household accidents have no terrors when there's a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the medicine chest. Heals burns, cuts, bruises, sprains. Instant relief.

DEFECTIVE PAGE