# Short Story of the Day.

## When a Man's Famous.

(By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish for The Commercial Advertiser by L. B. Fletcher.)

Ferdinand Markiewicz, the literary pride of Warsaw, flung his pen on the table and threw himself back in his chair with a violence that made that piece of furniture groan.

His young wife, who had come in ostensibly to look for her work-basket—though she knew it wasn't there—looked up at him anxiously and said:

"So tired, dear?"

"Tired! I can scarcely breathe!"

"Why don't you rest for a few days?"

"I think I will. I must, in fact, no matter what happens." He stretched himself on the sofa and continued: "The editor of the Review was here today. I have promised him the first chapter of 'Blessed Spirits' for Friday, so that he can begin printing it immediately after the holidays. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—only four days! And then—it makes me shiver to think of it—I shall not have an hour to myself for a month at least. Then I've got to finish 'At High Pressure' for the Journal, correct the proofs of 'Hard Luck' and see it through the press. Heavens! It makes my head swim!"

His wife folded her hands—a sign that she had something serious to say and intended to say it—and walked over to the sofa. "Ferdinand," she said, "if you won't think of yourself, at least have some consideration for your wife and children. You go to bed at 2 and get up before 8; you know no Sunday, no holiday. How long do you think you are going to stand it? And what will become of us when you break down?"

The writer passed his hand over his knitted brow. "You are right, quite right, my dear Aniulka. For the space of three whole days from this moment I swear I won't touch a pen, and I'll try to forget what ink looks like. Where are the children? Let me play with them." He sprang to his feet, opened the door and called:

"Zofia! Marynia! Come here!" Two pretty little girls, four and five years of age, came romping into the room.

"Papa want Malynia?" cried the younger, who was not yet on good terms with her "r's."

"Yes, my child, come and play with papa. What shall we play?"

"Oh, frogs!" Zofia exclaimed, and Marynia echoed:

"Oh, flogs, flogs!"

"Good! Frogs it is. Down on your hands and knees!"

"But they will ruin their clothes," the mother objected, laughing.

"Oh, bother the clothes! Come on, girls! Hands and knees!"

Then there was a great hubbub of frogs jumping and croaking in soprano and baritone, according to age, mingled with staccato remarks, such as:

"Heavens! This is immense! Three days! No pen and ink! Nothing but play!"

In the midst of it all the door bell rang.

"Not at home!" croaked the bull frog and "Not at home!" piped the froglings, and all three jumped higher than ever.

The door opened. In the doorway appeared a servant, who, for a moment, was stricken dumb by the strange scene.

When he recovered his wits he said: "It was the postman, and he brought these," holding out a mass of letters and packages.

"Put them on the table and get out!" cried the famous author, making a spring for little Marynia.

The man obeyed, and went off shaking his head.

A minute later, however, the writer rose to his feet.

"My old back hurts," he explained.

Then he added, glancing at the table:

"All these letters must be answered, so good-by to rest! Or shall I leave them till afterward? No. There may be something of importance I shall be worrying about, then my vacation won't do me any good. Better sacrifice this evening to them and have it over.

"Too bad, girls, but it can't be helped."

"Oh, let the letters wait," his wife pleaded.

"No, my dear Aniulka, I don't want to have anything on my mind."

Laughing, he drove the children back to the nursery, then returned and began to examine the letters.

"Shall I help you?" Aniulka asked.

"Yes, please."

Aniulka opened the first letter and began:

"Honored Master! I know that your every moment belongs to the public and that your leisure hours should be sacred—'"

"Oh!" groaned the author, pulling a long face, but Aniulka calmly went on: "'—but I also know that your heart, as great as your genius, embraces all humanity and beats in sympathy with every suffering. I am the chairman of the "Committee for the Relief of Poor Young Ladies Who Are Too Proud to Work." Our means are small, our needs enormous. The situation, indeed, is so desperate that the very existence of our society—one of the most useful in the city—is in jeopardy. But if you, honored master, will bestow upon us, out of the fulness of your portfolios, the manuscript of a novel, or even a short story, we can offer it at auction—'"

"Enough!" Markiewicz interrupted in a rage. "The devil take them! Portfolios? What portfolios? Do they think I've got Mss. to burn? Here I am with three or four editors screaming for copy, and they talk about portfolios! How's the thing signed?"

"Eulalia Kuku."

"May a hawk fly away with her!"

"Please don't be so cross, Ferdinand!" the little woman mildly remonstrated.

"It isn't my fault, you know." He caught her hand and kissed it. "Forgive me, my treasure. But, look at it! I'm worked to death already, and along comes this Eulalia Kuku and wants me to write a novel for her! Well, let's have the next one." His wife rummaged among the correspondence and pulled out a bulky package, the sight of which nearly made the author fall off his chair. "Great heavens!" he cried. "A manuscript! But there is a letter attached to it, I see." Aniulka opened the letter and began:

"'Master, the words which thou readest are a confession. Thou hast 'dwelt in my heart and slept in my bosom,' as the poet saith, and thou art the father of my child—' Ferdinand!"

Aniulka dropped the letter and glared at her husband with distended eyes.

He moved uneasily on his chair and said: "That must be a figure of speech. Give me the letter. I will read it myself."

But Aniulka had retrieved the precious epistle and clasped it to her bosom as if she would defend it with her life.

"Not for the world!" she replied. "I will know the whole truth."

She read on:

"'I have sat at thy feet like a little violet at the foot of a mighty oak, for have not the lowly at least the right to hide themselves in the shadow of the great? So I, even I, fly to your protection. I am a young—'"

"Fool" Markiewicz interposed.

"'I am a young girl, but I love literature and would serve it—oh, so gladly!—if I could hear a word of encouragement from thy lips.

"'To be sure, mamma and Aunt Andzia and Sousin Jozio are unstinted in their praises, but I am afraid they may be prejudiced, so I await thy judgment. I know that thy time is the property of the whole nation, but I trust to thy goodness and send thee these six poor volumes of my romance "On Broken Pinions." Read it. Thou art the cause of its existence, therefore pronounce not sentence of death on this infant that I have brought into the world under thy influence.'"

Markiewicz drew a long breath. "Didn't I tell you it was a figure of speech? Throw this 'infant' into the waste basket. What! Read six volumes of illegible manuscript? Never? And you wouldn't believe it was a figure of speech!"

"Please forgive me, Ferdinand," Aniulka pleaded, very meekly.

"Oh with pleasure," replied Markiewicz, whom the happy negotiation of this piece of thin ice had put into great good humor. "Read the next one, my love." Aniulka read:

"'Honored Sir—I am, by choice and profession, a philosopher, devoted to psychical studies. At present I am engaged in a psycho-physiological research, the object of which is to determine the influence of different varieties of flesh-food upon intellectual, and especially upon creative, power. Do you, for example, work most easily on a beef diet? Or upon lamb chops or veal cutlets? Which meat do you find best for the delineation of character and which for the description of natural scenes? I enclose a printed form of questions, such as I am sending to all the great thinkers of Europe, and I beg you to have the goodness to fill out the blanks, adding such additional remarks as your experience may suggest, and return at your earliest convenience. As the holidays are approaching, you will, I trust, find time to write the few hundred lines necessary, especially in view of the fact that the subject is of world-wide importance.'"

Markiewicz bounded from his seat and snatched the letter from his wife's hands, exclaiming: "Oh, that I might kick him downstairs!"

"My dear Ferdinand!"

"Oh, I apologize! What comes next? Read, read, and let us get through with them."

"Hadn't we better leave the rest until tomorrow?"

"No! Read, I tell you; read!"

She read:

"'I know that each of your minutes is a pearl in the crown of genius, and therefore I will make little demand on your time. But it has been the dream of my youth and of my riper years to see you face to face, and with this sole object I have come from my country home. I dare not come to you lest I disturb your inspirations, but if you would give a moment of happiness to a wretched, despairing woman let me see you, I beg you, if only from afar. I know not at what hours you are free, so for the next three days, from 2 to 6 in the afternoon, I shall walk up and down the Cracow avenue, between Zygmuntowska and Krolenska streets. Will you be there, or would you prefer another place and time? For I will not believe that you will fail me altogether, for a great genius bespeaks a tender heart.'"

"I hope she'll walk her legs off!" growled the author.

His wife said "Ferdinand!" again. This time he kissed her on the lips.

"Forgive me, puss!" he said. "But just picture me running up and down the street from 2 to 6—like a dog!"

He was pacing the room and working himself up into a fury. "Throw the rag into the waste basket and read the next one," he said. "Or, no! Read no more. I know the others. They are all from editors, and each editor wants an article within a week."

He counted the remaining letters.

"Eight!" he cried. "Did you ever hear the like? Put some butter on them and give them to the dog. Eight letters!"

At this moment the servant entered with a box and a note, that had just been left at the door.

Aniulka opened the box. "What's this?" she exclaimed joyously.

"Frogs. Beautiful, green, rubber frogs that can be wound up—for here is a key. Who can have sent them, I wonder? Oh, won't Zofia and Marynia be delighted!"

"Read the note," her husband suggested. "There may be some mistake."

The note ran:

"'Beloved Master: I frequently meet your charming wife and your dear little girls at church. I don't wish to flatter, but I must say that I never saw lovelier children or a sweeter little mother.'"

"That's the first decent letter today," said the author smiling. "A good, honest soul. Go on."

"'I send your children two mechanical frogs—from Paris, and the latest thing out. I hope they will amuse your darlings, and so give pleasure to your dear wife and yourself.'"

"That's the right sort of a letter!" exclaimed Markiewicz, much affected. "Read on."

"'But you can get nothing for nothing in this world, you know. Do you remember the promise you made me at Misia Pupowska's wedding, four years ago? You promised to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the Association for Improving the Conditions of Young Soaks. Now I knock at your door. The holidays are approaching, you will be at leisure, and the Young Soaks are freezing. May one trust the word of a poet? Have you forgotten? Will you refuse my request?'"

"Who—who on earth wrote that?" asked the author, in a tone of dejection.

Aniulka read the last lines. "'With best wishes for you and yours, your little friend, Skrzeczkowska.'"

"H'm! I don't exactly recollect—I'm not sure; perhaps I did promise."

He rubbed his chin. "Yes, I did promise, the little thing teased me so. And now, these toys, and that nice letter—well, I can surely hammer out some sort of a lecture during the holidays. Damn the luck!"

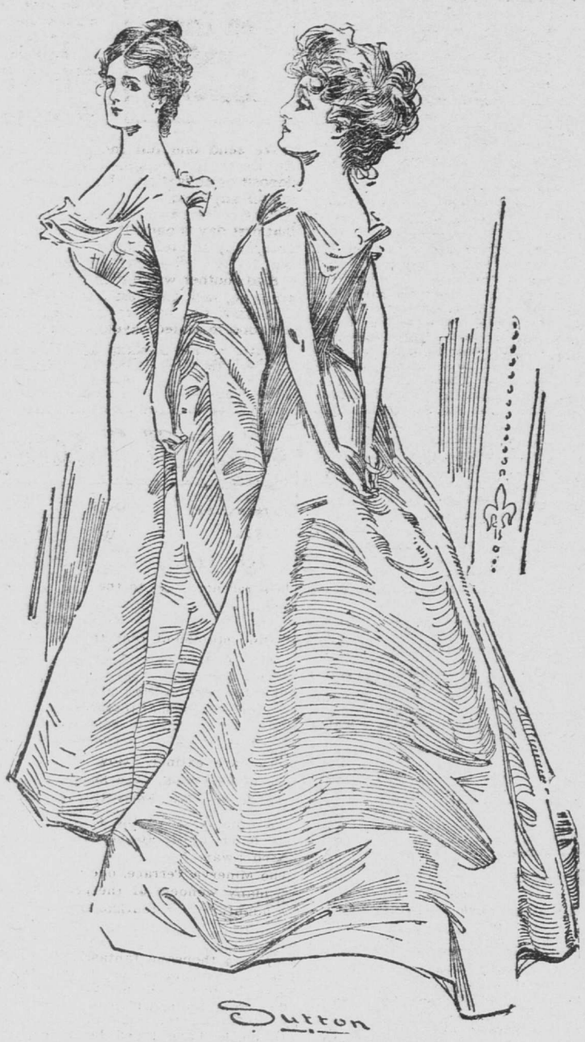
"Oh, Ferdinand!" explaimed Aniulka, horrified.

But he was pacing up and down again and muttering: "It has got to be done. There's no help for it—it! Pardon, my dear. This is my holiday, you know. I shall soon have to go to writing again."

The next instant he was down on all fours, jumping and croaking like a frog, and still crying:

"This is my holiday!"

NATURALLY.




"Miss De Fast's clothes were stolen from the bathing house."
"Well, what of that?"
"She asked the court to redress her."

## Youngest Lieutenant.

Lieut. Hugh A. Drum was born at Fort Brady, Mich., on Sept. 19, 1879, from which statement it is easy to figure out that the young officer will not be twenty-one until Sept. 19 next.

Capt. John Drum, the father of Lieut. Hugh, was killed while leading his company in the attack on San Juan, July 1, 1898. Previous to his death, Capt. Drum had been in the service of the United States government for upwards of thirty years. Before the war with Spain Capt. Drum had been detailed by the government as military instructor at St. Francis Xavier college, New York city.

Then came the war with Spain and both father and son resigned from the college and offered their services to the country. Both were accepted, young Hugh going as a foot soldier.

Then came brave Capt. Drum's death. It seems that President McKinley has the gracious habit of writing a letter of condolence to the widows of Grand Army men. Conforming to this custom he wrote to Mrs. Drum, at the same time asking her if she had a son who was eligible for appointment in the regular army. This correspondence brought about the appointment of Hugh as third lieutenant of the Twelfth infantry, then serving in the Philippines.

Here was Lieut. Drum's opportunity; here a chance to demonstrate the value of his father's rigid discipline and careful training. That he made the most of this opoprtunity is manifested by the fact that in the short time he has been in the Philippines he has been promoted twice, his name being in the last list that President McKinley sent to the senate for promotion, and Hugh is now first lieutenant of the Twelfth infantry.


# They Cure HEADACHE

## and all Kinds of Pain.

L. E. UTLEY, Lawyer, Minneapolis, Minn.

"For about a year I was greatly troubled with rheumatism and could find nothing that would relieve the pain until I commenced using Dr. Miles' Pain Pills. They are an excellent remedy for the relief of pain and I recommend them highly to anyone in need of them."

J. FRANK STERNER, Pipestone, Minn.

"I was bothered for years with headache and dull pains in various parts of the body. Hearing Dr. Miles' Pain Pills highly spoken of, I tried them and found relief at once. I think they are all right and cannot say too much in their praise."

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills,

25 Doses, 25 Cents.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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"I was a great sufferer from neuralgia and headache, and tried many kinds of medicine without getting help. A friend told me about Dr. Miles' Pain Pills, I tried them, and after using three or four boxes have not had a headache since."

REV. G. W. STONE,
Pastor Baptist Church, Windom, Minn.

"Dr. Miles' Pain Pills are frequently in demand in my family. My wife and daughter both are enthusiastic over them and declare there is nothing equals them for relief of aches and pains of every kind."

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Indiana.


## A Versatile Railroad Man

**Sir William C. Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific, is a Painter, an Architect, a Surveyor, an Author, a Geologist, a Botanist and a Student of History.**

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

They say of Sir William C. Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific railway, that, had he not decided to be a king of transportation, he might have won fame and fortune through his artistic abilities, and they base the saying on the fact that he not only sketches cleverly, but is also an expert with the brush, both in oils and water colors.

It might also be truthfully said that he could win his way to the front as an architect or a civil engineer or a writer, for he has proved his ability in all these lines and many others. His knowledge of the geology of the queen's dominions in America is profound, and his collection of Canadian rocks and fossils is not surpassed by any private collection in all Canada. He is a recognized authority on botany. He is fond of historical research and has gathered a vast amount of information concerning the early settlements of British North America. In short, he is undoubtedly the most versatile railroad magnate in America, the only one who rivals him in any appreciable degree being James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, which, like the Canadian Pacific, unites the populous East with the Pacific coast. Curiously enough, Van Horne was born in the United States, while Hill was born in Canada.

Van Horne is a big man physically, and he impresses you as a man of immense vitality. His color is ruddy, his skin is clear, and his eyes are penetrating. He is a tremendous worker or he would never have found time to perfect himself in the accomplishments which give him so well-founded a reputation for versatility, and his capacity to accomplish things is almost doubled by the fact that he requires not more than four or five hours of sleep in each twenty-four.

But he is quite as fond of play as he is of work. In the privacy of his home he is as light-hearted and sportive as a school boy. In his own house he once startled a guest by shuffling rapidly across the carpet, after which he hastily slapped a piece of blotting paper against the wall to see if enough electricity had been generated to hold it there. He is fond of games of all sorts, and plays everything well. His sense of humor is well developed, and he sometimes perpetrates practical jokes, though never of the coarser sort.

Years ago he was prone to a particular form of practical joke, which he used to play on the Montreal reporters who called upon him in search of railroad news. On one of his trips in the Hudson bay district he had picked up a lot of cigars, made of native tobacco, which were almost to rank to think about. Whenever a newspaper man called to ask about something which Van Horne did not wish to discuss, he would hand out one of these cigars. Nine times in ten the third puff at the vile weed would drive the newsgatherer out of the office and Van Horne would get out of being interviewed without having to refuse to talk. That pretty little scheme worked only a little while, however. The reporters compared notes, and, being satisfied that Van Horne had been giving them, each promised never to venture into the presence again without a freshly lighted cigar in his mouth.

One of the practical jokes which he played years ago when a train dispatcher on the Chicago & Alton is still retailed by the employes of that railroad. Somehow or other he learned that on a certain night run some of the trainmen were in the habit of taking cushions from the coaches to make themselves comfortable in the baggage car. Late one night at about the time he thought the men would have taken the cushions, he wired the head trainman of the crew a message, which was delivered by the agent at a small way station. It contained only these four words: "Put back those cushions," but it filled the hearts of the men with consternation, not to say awe, for how, unless he was blessed with the gift of second sight, could the dispatcher know they had meddled with the cushions? It is hardly necessary to say that they never molested them again.

Sir William's job as executive head of the Canadian Pacific has never been a sinecure; when he began service with the road his task was almost superhuman, inasmuch as it combined the financing of the company and the overcoming of the physical problems incident to the operation of a line through a mountainous region, where snow and ice were common much of the year. Like every other successful pioneer railroad president, he determined to study these problems at short range and work out their solution himself. He went here, there and everywhere, seeing things with his own eyes, and dealing with the situation on the spot. Naturally, in the circumstances, he has had his share of hardship and adventure.

On one occasion he was out with a surveying party in the Canadian Northwest. They were to meet another party, which was to bring stores and supplies, at a given point. But there was some miscalculation and the other party failed to appear. Van Horne and his men were far removed from any center of civilization, and they waited for a day or two, hoping for relief; but none came. At last it seemed that the only way out of the trouble was to push on to the nearest settlement, several days' travel away. Fatigued as they were and with scant supplies, that was no easy task.

Still, as they had guns and plenty of ammunition and were in territory abounding with game, they concluded to try it. Crossing a stream, however, their pack mule stumbled and fell; their little food supply was swept away by the swift current, and their ammunition was soaked in the waters of the stream. Their matches, too, were wet, so that they could not light a fire, even if they had food to cook. It was with rueful countenances that they scrambled out of the stream and took account of stock.

All that was left in the way of provisions was some loose flour, which had spilled in the bottom of a saddlebag. It was not very clean, either, and nothing but the most dire necessity would force them to eat it. But necessity waits not on squeamishness, and they made a kind of dough and baked it, and, seating themselves on logs, began to stomach the unsavory compound. It is safe to say that Sir William never partook of a worse meal than that unleavened dough, and, to add to the trials of the situation, he remembered as he ate that his life insurance premiums were due that day, while he was entirely cut off from communication with the insurance companies.

Soon after the meal had been finished, however, the members of the forlorn group heard shots, and divined that a relief party was in search of them. They could not fire in return, of course, but they shouted at the top of their lungs, and were soon overtaken by their friends. A few hours later they were comfortably ensconced in a private car.

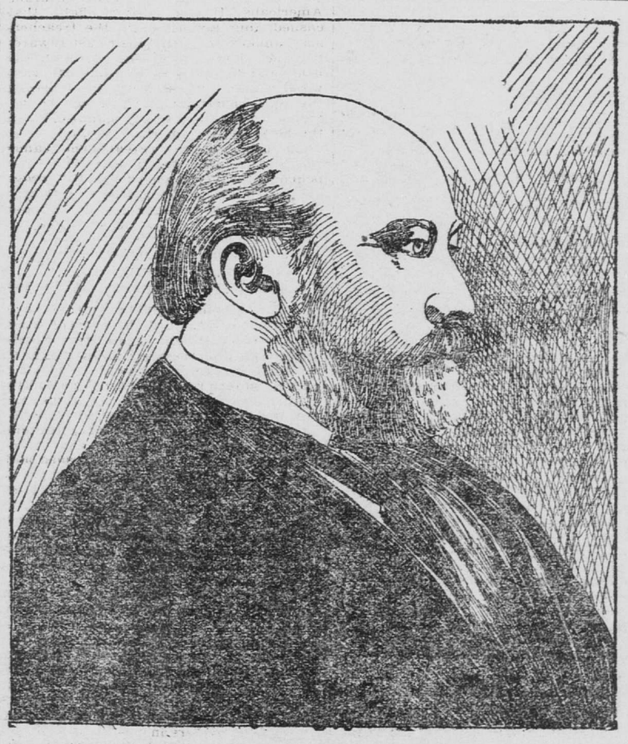
Like many another man of affairs who possesses a deft pencil, Sir William often sketches at his desk while talking business; sketching, indeed, seems to be one of his favorite methods of concentrating thought. The clerks in the Canadian Pacific offices like to gather up the scraps of paper which he has ornamented for souvenirs.

His phenomenal memory is one of the most remarkable things about this remarkable man. He seems absolutely to forget nothing, and his power of retaining facts and information has, of course, been of enormous benefit to him all through life. But his memory is not wholly a gift; it is largely acquired. His father died, leaving scant means, when the lad was about thirteen; and he began the battle of life for himself by getting a job in the railroad yards. If he was late in returning from his work, his good mother, to use her own graphic expression, would "flatten her nose against the window" looking for him, thinking he might be skylarking with boys of his own age. But he rarely did anything of the sort.

After hours he used to linger about the station and yards finding out all he could about railroading. He trained his memory by fixing in his mind the inscriptions on the cars, so that he could tell their numbers, the roads they belonged to and their destination without reference to any record. He had already formed the ambition to reach the top in his chosen vocation.

Sir William's memory occasionally plays queer tricks with his friends and acquaintances.

"You may sometimes make a remark in his presence or ask him a question," says a lifelong friend, "to which he will pay not the slightest attention. Naturally you would assume that he has failed to hear you, but nine times in ten you will be wrong. His failure to respond may mean that he has not consciously heard you, or it may mean that he was not then ready to reply. But two or three days afterward he is far more than likely to remind you suddenly that you have said so and so or this and that, and then proceed to discuss the question exhaustively. In this way he is often a source of great surprise to his associates."



SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

## THREE CURIOUS PEOPLE.

William and John Newton, brothers, of Portland, Ind., were a quaint pair. William was wealthy, and John, who hadn't anything, lived with him in the capacity of a servant. Both men perished recently in the fire which destroyed their home, says the New York World.

In the property destroyed was a quilt that had pinned to it $30,000 worth of notes. William was the banker and Sunday was his business day. Then people visited him continually paying interest, negotiating small loans and renewing old notes. William, though very "mean," was never known to distress a creditor. He dealt almost entirely with the poorer class. To guard against robbers William kept a bowie knife and gun. The brothers lived in the plainest fashion and hadn't employed any help for thirty years. A brother-in-law has been found in England who is coming to settle the estate.

* * *

By the death of William A. Lotz, of Reading, Pennsylvania has lost her biggest fireman. His uniform belt measured seventy-four inches. Lotz was over six feet tall and weighed 537 pounds. It required two men to measure him for a suit of clothes.

Once he inherited $25,000, with which he embarked in the coal business. He was of such generous nature he couldn't refuse credit, and in two years his capital had disappeared. As his fortune decreased his weight increased, and so did his capacity for beer. He could drink an entire keg of beer at a sitting.

Until he was twelve Lotz was thin and delicate, and it was feared that he would not live long. Then he began to grow, and when sixteen weighed 523 pounds. Lotz was forty-three years old. A widow and five children survive.

* * *

A family named De Maranville has lived almost a hundred years in comparative seclusion near Ashtabula, O. Aside from the fact that they came from France in the pioneer days of the Western reserve nothing is known of their history.

Miss Sally De Maranville died a few days ago, aged eighty-nine years, and now but one member of the family is left, a spinster sister, eighty-eight years old.

Miss Sally and her sister rode on a railway train but once, and then only fifteen miles. The sisters always had plenty of money, and kept large sums secreted in the house. Once burglars tortured the women to make them disclose where their money was hidden, but they did not tell.


# HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL FREE

A Bottle of the Misses Bell's Celebated Complexion Tonic Without Cost

**This generous offer is made in order that all may have an opportunity to test its wonderful merits**

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The Misses Bell, of 76 Fifth Avenue, New York, when they placed their now justly celebrated Complexion Tonic before the public, gave to those suffering from poor complexions a boon long needed. Thousands have made their skins absolutely perfect by its use.

Now, in order to still further introduce it, the Misses Bell will give to any lady writing them during the present month an opportunity to try one large bottle (the price of which is $1) at absolutely no cost. Do not wait, but SEND AT ONCE.

The Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic is not a paint or powder to cover up the freckles, pimples or moth patches, but is, as its name implies, a tonic for the skin. It eradicates the blemish entirely and forever. It not only does this, but it beautifies the skin, smoothing away wrinkles, drawing out ALL discolorations, removing all pimples, acne, eczema or roughness.

The Misses Bell have at their parlors more than ten thousand letters from patrons acknowledging wonderful improvements in their complexions. The Misses Bell have never used a testimonial in public print, as they value a woman's delicacy in such things, but the original letters can be seen any time at parlors, 76 Fifth Avenue.

Remember an opportunity is given you to try one bottle of this really wonderful Tonic for the skin FREE. Address

THE MISSES BELL
76 Fifth Avenue, New York City

The Misses Bell's Toilet preparations are for sale in St. Paul by

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Value of the eight original paintings $5,000.

One picture without advertising on it given away with every 2 lb. purchase of

Baker's Celebrated Premium Coffee

These pictures are beautifully reproduced in colors and mounted on artistic mats of dark neutral tints, 11x15. THIS GIVES THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE SEASON TO DECORATE YOUR HOME. Many people have already secured the series of 8. These pictures cannot be bought for money, but are given free at your grocers.

It was a confederate veteran who related: "A son of mine told me, while home on a visit over a year ago, to get some Ripans Tabules. I did so, and in a very short time I was benefited. I have felt better, ate more and relished it better than at any time since the war, and am doing more work now than I ever expected to do again."