

The Times' Daily Short Story.

AS REVIEWED BY THE EDITOR

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Chandler had struck his easy hour, and he threw away the stump of his after lunch cigar with a gesture of pleased relaxation. He had walked through the park on his way to the office. It was a little breeze cornered affair that seemed a tiny oasis of refreshment where the two busy streets met. He had often come that way, but had never noticed those sweet smelling bushes before. It had been nine years since he had smelled a hedge like that. Chandler didn't realize it, but for the time being the fragrance of it lingered in his nostrils and performed curious feats with his memory.

He glanced at the bundle of manuscripts that had been put on his desk just before he left the office. One had fallen directly in the center of the desk somewhat separated from the others. It seemed to challenge his immediate supervision, and its soiled, grimy aspect tickled his fancy.

"Unless my editorial eyes deceive me, you have traveled much, little crow black missive," he laughed, taking it up gingerly. The usually stern, businesslike Chandler was experiencing a tender hearted hour. Nevertheless his editorial soul groaned when he saw the title. "The Galucky Birthday Stone" was too much for him even in his most merciful mood.

He saw a little jingle about the February born. Now, it happened that the editor had carried a little amethyst ring in his pocket for ten years. It was a childish little ring, with the inscription "Marion, 1893," and, though he did not often remember that it was there, he thought of it as he sat gazing at that silly manuscript. There had been months, even, when he had forgotten the existence of that ring. He had kept it, he didn't know why, but always when he had thrown away the useless trifles that accumulate he had found room to keep that.

He had known one February girl, and he determined to please this other child if he could. Of course it was a child. No one but an audacious innocent would send in a manuscript with such a title. He could easily accept it, send her a small check out of his own pocket to buy a bangle with, then make waste paper out of the poor child's literary effort.

The first paragraph mentioned a hammock under a mulberry tree. It was queer, he thought, that she selected a mulberry tree, and— "By George"—the editor's mercy was now transformed into curiosity—"she says there was one of those hedges between the hammock and the house?" Finally the sheets of paper dropped on the desk, and he sat thinking with a puzzled, awed expression.

"To think that I should find it out like this—ten years afterward!" He mopped the cold perspiration from his brow. The editor's memory was doing some lively work now.

"So she saw me that night just when that fool of a blond widow put her head on my shoulder and I didn't have courage to push it off."

He pounded the desk in a way that should have given the blond widow joy of her very absence.

"And Marion left next morning without seeing me, left me that letter, and went to her brother out west." He looked at the address given for the return of the manuscript. It was a small town in the adjoining state. The name of the writer was either a non de plume or some one that knew Marion's story.

Next day there was an acting editor in Chandler's place and Chandler himself was on the southbound train.

He stood waiting for her after the servant had taken his card, his heart thumping like a frightened schoolboy's at his impulsive step.

Would it be Marion, and if Marion—somehow the idea that she might be married had not come to him before.

The door opened, and a tall, slender woman came toward him. It was she, but paler than he had ever seen her.

"So glad, Robert," she took his hand with a shy impulsiveness, and he remembered with joy her old habit of gasping her words in short sentences when unduly excited.

"Is it Marion—still?" he asked, holding both her hands fast and gazing anxiously into her gray eyes.

She knew what he meant and smiled faintly. "It is Marion—still," she replied.

"I never knew until yesterday why you left," putting the manuscript in her hand. Her face flushed.

"How did you get it?" she finally asked, with an increased shortness of breath.

"I have recently become editor of the magazine you sent it to."

She had evidently lost her self possession completely, and answered in an agony of embarrassment.

"I have been writing for five years. This is not the name I generally use. This little story was so different, silly perhaps, that I would not send it under my usual pen name. It has been returned again and again. My own interest in it made me determined to keep sending it until it was accepted."

He had taken something from his pocket.

"Marion, I can explain everything that you didn't understand. The editor will accept the manuscript if you will accept this in payment."

He put in her hand the little amethyst ring of childish design.

The rose color of ten years ago was on her cheeks as she slipped it on her finger.

"Perhaps if you will redote it, Robert, it will not be unlucky enough to be refused acceptance."

TROY ALLISON.

KUROPATKIN'S WHITE HORSE

Excitement Caused by the Russian General's Purchase.

The St. Petersburg Viedomosti gives an interesting explanation of the reason why the "white horse" bought by General Alexei N. Kuropatkin for 600 rubles has caused so much excitement. Ever since Kuropatkin was appointed commander in chief of the land forces, says the London News, in the far east the Russians have been comparing him to Skobelev, whose white horse was always regarded by the Russian soldiers as a pledge of victory.

The white horse superstition of Skobelev had the following origin: The general, when visiting a friend near St. Petersburg, was taken with the idea of visiting a village close by where he had taken a trigonometrical survey shortly after receiving his commission. His friend attempted to dissuade him, declaring that the country round was nothing but a vast bog, where he would probably be lost in the darkness.

Skobelev, however, persisted in setting out, borrowing his host's white horse for the journey. Before he had gone far he lost his way, wandered into a dangerous marsh and, finding the road undiscoverable, determined to take his chance. He dropped the reins, spurred his horse and, trusting

to Providence, luckily rode on to dry land. The Viedomosti prays that Kuropatkin's white horse may similarly enable him to lead Russia out of the Serbian bog of Manchuria.

"Corset Cancer."

Writing to the London Lancet, Dr. R. C. Lucas adds a new count to the indictment against the corset—namely, that under certain circumstances it may be responsible for cancer. Three cases have come under the doctor's notice in which cancer in women started at a point where the edge of the corset crosses the edge of the big muscle of the chest, says the New York Herald.

In describing two of them he says: "It occurred on the right side in each case and in women whose occupations led them to undue use of the right arm and in consequence to the excessive friction of the upper edge of the corset. The friction of the corset at this spot is therefore the cause of a cancerous process developing in this situation, and to express this fact I have given it the name of corset cancer."

Baby Quits Puss.

In Russia there is a superstition that a baby and a kitten cannot thrive in the same house. One is sure to pine away and die, so pussy is always driven away as soon as a baby comes.

TORONTO'S BIG FIRE.

One Hundred and Twenty-three Buildings Burned.

LOSS OVER FIVE MILLIONS.

One Life Believed to Have Been Lost. Desperate Fight of the Firemen, Aided by Companies From Neighboring Cities.

Toronto, Ont., April 21.—The fire that raged throughout the night and up to an early hour in Toronto's wholesale and retail business district was the most disastrous in the history of the city. The total loss is conservatively estimated at between five and six million dollars. The principal warehouses of the city were reduced to ashes and nearly 250 firms were put out of business.

The area covered by the fire was three blocks in length and varied from half a block to two blocks in width. Every building on Bay street, from Melinda street southward to the Esplanade at the water front, was wiped out, and the fire spread on Wellington and Front streets and the Esplanade, along the water front, from their intersection with Bay street for distances of from a few hundred feet to a whole block.

The total number of buildings destroyed were: Bay street, east side, 20; west side, 30; Wellington street, north side, 12; south side, 7; Front street, north, 22; south, 27; Esplanade, 4; Piper street, 1.

Early in the evening, when the fire assumed alarming proportions, appeals for assistance were sent to London, Hamilton, Montreal and Buffalo. Special trains were at once started from these points, but it was long after midnight before the first of them began to arrive, and in the meantime the local firemen were having the fight of their lives. From the time the fire started until it burned itself out there was not a moment when the shift of the wind to the north would not have resulted in the destruction of the greater part of the city.

Despite the crashing of walls and the confusion, only one serious accident occurred. Fire Chief Thompson got trapped by the flames and was forced to jump from the top of a building. A network of wires broke his fall and saved his life. He escaped with a broken leg. When the chief made the leap for his life a traveler from Montreal was on the roof with him, and no trace of him has since been seen. It is probable that he perished in the flames.

Where the Fire Started.

The fire started in the elevator shaft in the rear of the Currie building on Wellington street. From Currie's the flames spread across the street to Brown Bros. and from there east to Bay street. The wind, which had been brisk, increased to a gale. A general alarm was sounded, but before all the force had reached the scene the fire had leaped to the high buildings occupied by Ansley & Co. and Pugsley, Dingman & Co. Then Suckling & Co.'s building, adjoining Currie's on the east, caught fire. Almost simultaneously great forks of flames began to shoot out from the Brown building, and the firemen were obliged to split their forces. The roof of Dingman & Moneypenny's building, on the northeast corner of Bay and Wellington streets, was the next place to burst into flames. In an incredibly short time Suckling's, Currie's, Brown's and Dingman & Moneypenny's were all a mass of flames and the streams of water thrown into them had no apparent effect.

The Gale Manufacturing company's immense plant in the rear of Ansley & Co. was the next to fall prey to the fire and shortly afterward the flames from the east side of Dingman & Moneypenny's were carried across to the east side of Bay street to the Office Specialty building.

It was here that the firemen united forces and made a desperate stand to check the progress of the flames northward into the heart of the city. They won, but not until they had lost control of the flames which were now sweeping down Bay street toward the river front.

The fire cut its way through the rear of the Brown Bros. building, which faces on Front street, the first street south of Wellington. In a brief space of time Front street on both sides was like a roaring furnace. For over half an hour the fire in Front street burned fiercely, practically unchecked. It then began to work its way back up Bay street, Gordon Mackay & Co.'s warehouse serving as choice fuel. A few minutes before midnight the Canada Rubber company's plant started to burn. While it lasted this furnished the hottest and fiercest conflagration of the night. The flames continued north on Bay street until a complete circle of fire had formed around the Brock building on the southwest corner of Bay and Wellington streets, over which the flames had hurled in their first dash south. The building was soon in ashes.

Queen's Hotel's Narrow Escape. It was only the intervening park that saved the Queen's hotel, one of the finest hostilities in the city. So imminent seemed the danger that all the guests hurriedly packed their belongings and left. Everything portable was removed from the hotel by the management, but about 12 o'clock, all danger being over, the inmates of the hotel returned.

The flames leaped across Bay street

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IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Quotations on 46 Leading Products That Are in Demand.

Boston, April 20.—Fresh made creamery butter is in full supply, and with a moderate demand stocks are accumulating and prices continue to decline. Northern creamery, 21@21 1/2c; western, 20 1/2@21c; Vermont dairy, 18@19c; renovated butter, 17@17 1/2c. Cheese is steady, with a fair demand, without much change in quotations. Round lots, Vermont twins, 10 1/2@11c; New York twins, 11@11 1/2c.

Eggs are firmer on western, but the demand is not very active. Prices are steady at: Choice nearby, 20@21c; eastern, 19@19 1/2c; western, 18 1/2@19c. Beans are in very light demand, with prices barely maintained. Carload lots, pea, \$1.95@2.25; medium, \$2@2.05; yellow eyes, \$2.75@2.80; red kidneys, \$3.15@3.25; California small white, \$2.30@2.35; foreign pea, \$1.90@1.95; foreign medium, \$1.80@1.85; jobbing prices, 10@11c higher.

There is a better demand for choice apples, especially Baldwins, and some lots bring 25@50c above quotations. Very few lots, however, are good enough for this, as there are plenty of medium grades offering, though the market is in much better shape than a fortnight ago. Russets, \$2@3; Kings, \$3@4; Baldwins, \$2@2.75; greenings, \$2@2.50; Tolman sweets, \$1.50@2.25; northern apples, \$2.50@3.50; No. 2 all grades, \$1.50@2.

The quotations on choice Cape cranberries is unchanged at \$7.50@8.50 per bushel and \$2.50@3 per cart. Jersey cots are quiet at \$1.75. Strawberries are coming forward freely, but prices hold up surprisingly well. Choice fruit sells at 20@30c from the receivers. Maple sugar is jobbing at 13@14c for small cakes, 12@13c for large cakes and 10@11c for pails; maple syrup, 90c@ \$1.10 per gal.

Potatoes have declined a little from the extreme top, owing to better receipts, but the market is still firm. Aroostook lemons, \$1.15@1.20; Green mountains, \$1.15@1.20; Dakota reds, \$1.05; rose, \$1.15@1.20; silver dollars, \$1@1.05; sweets, Jersey double beads, \$1.50@3.25.

Celery is quiet, Boston market being quoted at \$2.50 per doz. Southern sells at \$1.50 per doz. Onions are firmer at: Spanish, large cots, \$3.25; natives, \$1.75 per bushel; bulbs, \$3.50; Bermuda, cots, \$1.65.

Cucumbers are selling lower at 30@ 65c per box. Yellow turnips are firm at \$1.50 per bushel; white French, \$2 per bushel; white flat, 75c per bushel; beets, \$1.50 per bushel; carrots, 75c@81c per bushel; parsnips, \$1 per bushel.

Hubbard squashes are selling higher, at \$40 per ton; new southern white, \$1.50 per cart. Cabbages are firm at \$3.50 per bushel for natives; Savoy, \$2.50@3 per bushel; new southern, \$4.25 per cart. Lettuce is firmer at 50@85c per doz; radishes, 40c per doz; mint, 50c per doz; cress, 75c per doz; leeks, \$1.50 per doz. String beans are quoted at \$2@2.75 per box for green and \$2@2.25 for wax. Spinach is selling at \$1.25@1.50 per bushel.

Fourth Class Postmasters.

Washington, April 21.—The following fourth class postmasters have been appointed: New Jersey—Linnvale, John W. Reed. New York—Case, A. C. Dorrance; Paderfords, A. H. Paderford. Pennsylvania—Cookport, Martin V. Ober. Ind.—William Cunningham; Lambert, Gilbert L. Dils; Pleasant Gap, William Cronble; Providence Square, Edward P. Zimmerman.

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