The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Grand Passion.

(Original.)

We sailed from Southampton on a beautiful afternoon, and as we steamed down the channel every one remained on deck. I passed a lady propped with cushions in a steamer chair and noted that she was both refined and beautiful. She was neither young nor old—twenty-eight to thirty, I should say, an age I have always considered most attractive in women. At any rate women about that age are capable of gaining the strongest influence over men. As I passed the lady, looking straight at her, she glanced at me for a moment, then lowered her eyes. In a very young girl the lowering of the eyes would have been attractive. In the case of the lady I refer to both the lowering of the eyes and the brief glaze had their effect. Not that there was anything bold in the latter. It simply bespoke the quick birth of an interest.

I looked that afternoon and the next day for some one who knew her to introduce me, but no one approached her with whom I was acquainted. Indeed, no one came near her. She seemed very much alone. However, she knew that I wished to make her acquaintance. I made that evident. She was writing in her chair, and a sheet of letter paper flew away with the wind. I chased it to a corner where she could not see me, picked it up and put it in my pocket. Then I went back, raised my hat deferentially and expressed my sorrow that I had not been able to recover her paper. She thanked me for my effort, but seemed distressed at its loss. I was obliged to assure her that it had gone overboard before she was satisfied. That opened the acquaintance.

A man strictly honorable, even squeamish, in ordinary matters may consider all fair in love and in war. At any rate I did. I wished to gain some clew to the lady's inner self. So as soon as I was in my stateroom I read the writing on the sheet. The writer rambled to a friend on trifles, then suddenly said:

"I have met my fate. I know it. I feel it. Something tells me that the rest of my life is to be given to a grand passion. He is now walking the deck near me, and I tremble. He is tall and straight—raven hair and eyes expressive of manly strength of character, teeth white under a dark mustache. Oh, the"—

I felt repaid for my dishonorable conduct. I had done evil, but good had come of it. I had discovered that I had excited a grand passion, and this stimulated a grand passion in myself.

From the moment I read the words I gave myself up to love. In the morning we mostly fenced with Cupid's arrows. In the afternoon we languished. In the evening "our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips." She could not understand how she could have been so suddenly affected and wondered if after all it were not a dream.

Then she became indisposed and was obliged to keep her room, but only for a day. During that day I sent to her half a dozen notes, in some of which I told her that I should die if she remained where I could not see her and in one of which I spoke of the happy future in store for us as a wedded pair. When she emerged she was more subdued. She was not so demonstrative in her expressions of love. She said that she had had trouble; that when I came to know more about her I might be affected adversely. I swore that nothing I might hear would ever cause me to cease to love her.

When we reached port she gave me the name of her hotel, and I received permission to call the next afternoon at 4 and drive her to the park. When I left her I wondered how I would pass the time till the happy moment when I should see her again.

The next morning I was breakfasting with my paper before me. I read a facetious article on the voyage of the steamer on which I had come over. Among other things, there was mention of one of the passengers, a woman of London whose husband had divorced her, the court giving him the charge of their children, the mother being of notoriously bad character. In the description of her I recognized my charmer.

The hour for the drive came, but I did not. I was wondering what I should do. Should I disappear? Should I remain quietly at home and trust that she would not use the notes I had written her? I concluded to do nothing; to wait.

The next morning I received a reproachful note. She had foreseen that when knowledge of the triumph of her enemies became known to me I would desert her; that, having raised her to the summit of happiness, I would cast her down into an abyss of misery. I made no reply. Two days later I received another note. Her tone was changed. She hinted at applying to the laws for protection. I paid no attention to the threat. Then came a cool note informing me that she was about to commence suit for a breach of promise of marriage. She might not win the suit, but my notes to her written on the steamer would be read in court.

This brought me down. I wrote asking how much would buy the notes. The sheet of letter paper by which she had trapped me I would return without compensation. She replied that I could have the notes for one-half of my income for one year, or $10,000. I sent her a check for the amount by a messenger, who brought me back the proofs of my folly.

No more grand passions for me.

F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

Help! Help! Help!

Nothing very serious the matter—don't get excited—but your HELP is needed.

Every man, every woman and every child can HELP.

This town needs your HELP.

It is a good town, but every good citizen wants to see it become a better town. But unless the good citizens stand by the town, lend a hand, put a shoulder to the wheel or get in front and pull, without balking, there won't be any noticeable progress.

Towns are not Topsies. No town "just grows." It's the people in a town and around it who make it grow by feeding it the right sort of diet.

A pig in a poke won't get fat. Nor will a town with its light hidden under a bushel attract attention from outside.

Unless you throw corn into a lean shoat the animal never will become a fat porker. It is just as necessary to feed a town and community with fresh material from the outside world.

It is up to you and each of us to get out and forage for the town. Speak a good word for it. Write a good letter for it. To you the place where you live is the most important place in the world. It is the best place in the world. It is the center of the world. The universe revolves around it.

This being so—and you can't deny it—why not HELP advertise the center of the universe? Why not tell your friends and acquaintances elsewhere what they are missing by living away from the real center?

Talk has built up many a town—every town, in fact. Talk can build up this town. You can't talk too much if you talk right.

P. S.—HELP! HELP! HELP!

SON'S INJURY KILLS FATHER

Boy Thrown Under Mowing Machine

AND TERRIBLY HURT

Charles Carleton Coffin of Boscawen, N. H., Hurt in Mowing Machine Yesterday and the Shock Caused His Father's Death.

Boscawen, N. H., Aug. 30. Charles Carleton Coffin, son of Henry Coffin of South Water street, was driving a mowing machine on his father's farm yesterday afternoon when the horses ran away.

The boy was thrown under the machine and caught in it, sustaining terrible injuries. He is a very bright lad, and took part in the recent old home day exercises at Boscawen Plain.

He is named for his relative, the distinguished historian and journalist.

The shock of the accident so deeply affected Mr. Coffin himself, that he died of heart disease within a few minutes after the son was hurt.

He was a prominent farmer and fruit raiser of Boscawen and widely known throughout the county.

Aged Man Killed By Reaper Blades.

Lyons, N. Y., Aug. 30.—George Correll 48 years of age, was slashed to death yesterday by the blades of a reaper.

DEFAULTER RUNYAN CONFESSES.

Testimony Used Against Mrs. Carter Receiving Stolen Goods.

New York, Aug. 30.—Chester E. Runyan, the former paying teller who stole nearly $100,000 in cash from the Windsor Trust company last June, yesterday told the story of his downfall in the court of general sessions, at the trial of Laura A. Carter, charged with receiving several thousand dollars of the money she knew to be stolen. The stolen money, with the exception of about $25,000, which has never been found, has been restored to the company. Runyan's testimony strongly implicated Mrs. Carter.

W. C. T. U. SPACE.

This space belongs to the Womans' Christian Temperance Union. They are responsible for this space.

A Chance to Be Mayor.

Patrick A. Collins, mayor of Boston for a number of years past, believes that a boy's word is worth listening to. One time complaint was made to him that a saloon was located too near a certain public school. The politicians and others interested in keeping the place open, urged him not to interfere with the resort. The school authorities desired it closed and removed.

After the mayor had listened to arguments from both sides, he said:

"Well, I 'm going to let the boys of the school tell me what they think of the place. Send me," he said to the principal of the school, "half a dozen of your brightest boys. I'll listen to them."

The next day half a dozen of the boys ranging from ten to fifteen years of age, called on the mayor. Each boy gave some reason why he believed the saloon ought to be taken away, until it came to the last one, a youngster of twelve. He looked the mayor squarely in the eye, and gave as his reason:

"My school gives me a chance to be mayor of Boston some day; the saloon don't. I think us boys ought to have all the show we can get to be mayor. That's all I know about it."

The mayor threw himself back in his chair and laughed heartily; then straightening up, he said to the last spokesman:

"My boy, you have said more than did all the politicians and the teachers. You shall have the show to be mayor. That saloon will have to quit business at once."

The boys gave the mayor a hearty cheer, and marched out of the office. They had conquered, and were consequently happy and triumphant.—Congregational Work.

Pithecanthropus.

Some years ago remains of an ape-like creature possessing unusual human resemblances were discovered in Java, and the animal was named pithecanthropus. Prof. Haeckel and some others accepted this as representing an ancestral human form closely allied to the apes. Now a special expedition, under the combined auspices of the Academy of Science of Berlin and the Dutch East Indian Government, is being organized to make a thorough exploration of Java in search of additional specimens of pithecanthropus. The geological formation in which the original discovery was made is widely extended among the mountains of that island.—Youth's Companion.

LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

One of England's leading woman suffragists; sister-in-law of former Premier Balfour.

For Mothers

Greatest Care Needed in Selecting Right Food for Baby.

Every mother should consult her physician before deciding what food to use for her little one. More sickness is caused by the injudicious use of condensed milk and ordinary cow's milk than from all other causes.

Among the half dozen foods that physicians recommend, no one is more highly esteemed than Justfood, as when prepared in accordance with the simple directions for use, it is physically the same as mother's milk, containing bone and tooth-forming material that obviates all fear of soft teeth or rickets, and as it is very delicate and easily absorbed, the baby holds it down and thus gains all the food nourishment.

It is the most economical of all artificial foods for the baby, costing 50 cents, $1.00 or $1.50, according to the size of the package. Sold by druggists. When the largest package is bought, a meal for the little baby costs less than a penny.

Liberal sample of Justfood will be sent free to any mother. Justfood Co., 60 No. Franklin street, Syracuse, N. Y.

BUILDING BIG LINERS.

Belfast Builds Largest Percentage of Magnificent Giants.

Although Ireland is supposed to be a very poor country, it is a curious fact that in her city of Belfast is built a large percentage of magnificent ocean liners than anywhere else in the world. For there is one yard in that city turning out in monotonous regularity monsters like the Adriatic of the White Star line. The gross tonnage of this enormous ship is 25,000 and she transports nearly 4,000 souls across the broad Atlantic in less than a week.

Imagine what a hive of industry and machinery must be the place where such colossal ships are born. Think of the 14,000 men, assisted by a whole world of thunderous engines, extending over eighty acres, and all at work upon guant skeletons which in a few brief months will be floating palaces of the sea!

In one year eight of these giants have been launched, and they developed altogether the power of more than 100,500 horses. Most of them have nine decks, and carry about 3,000 passengers and a crew of 500 or 600. Glance for a moment at the very latest product, the immense Adriatic, now the largest vessel in the world.

Her length—about 750 feet—exceeds that of two towering skyscrapers placed one on top of the other; and her funnels being twenty-four feet in diameter would easily admit a couple of full-sized trolley cars driven abreast throughout their whole length of 155 feet! Passengers taking their morning stroll on deck will understand that a circuit of the ship three and a half times means covering almost exactly a mile.

As the monster lies on the ways one obtains an admirable idea of her vastness. It is like looking up at one of the pyramids; only instead of rising from a desert, the towering hull commands one of the busiest industrial hives of men. Stand on the forecastle in the very eyes of the leviathan, and the ground is very nearly a hundred feet below. A confused hum floats up from the joiners' and blacksmiths' shops, for all are busy upon the giant carcass which, even in this bare states, weighs over 16,000 tons—even without engines, boilers and palatial accommodations for passengers.

These, with the water in her boilers, her stores and her 7,000-ton coal bunkers filled with the best the mines produce will raise the ship's weight, without cargo, to 45,000 tons. The lowest deck of all is known as the "lower orlop"; then, rising tier by tier, we have the main, upper, shelter, promenade, upper promenade and boat—nine decks in all.

Her vast ribs are covered with 26,000 steel plates, the largest 40 feet long and weighing about five tons. To fasten these to the mighty structural framework took 4,500,000 rivets, and some of these weighed three pounds. The rudder alone weighs sixty-five tons, or including the castings for the stem, stern post and shaft bracket, 280 tons. Three anchors of ten tons each are carried to control the giant, and each is proveded with 1,800 feet of cable, made up of twenty-two inch links, the iron in which is nearly four inches in diameter. Think of a chain of which every link weighs a hundreweight and a half!

There are even electric elevators for both passengers and mails. As to the electric plant, there are over 5,000 lamps fed by 200 miles of cable. One novel feature is a kind of central inquiry bureau which may be rung up by any one of the thousands of passengers upon any matters on which information is desired. Is it any wonder that such a ship would require 70,000 horses to drive it across the ocean?

And in the place where such ships are built there is also a kind of marine hospital where surgical operations on a vast scale are conducted. The great Indian liner China, for example, was a patient. She sank in the Red Sea near Perim and her bottom had to be entirely reconstructed. Another case was the Paris, now renamed the Philadelphia. She had run onto the dead Menacles rocks off the coast of Cornwall, England, and required an entirely new stern, as well as new engines and boilers, which were ruined.

Again, the South African liner Scot was taken into dock here in Belfast, cut clean into two parts and an additional length of fifty feet built into her body amidships. A similar operation was performed on the Hamburg-America liner Auguste Victoria.

A recent incident showing the value of these watertight compartments is that of the steamship Suevic, which ran upon the rocks off the Lizard on the English coast this year. The forward part of the vessel was badly crushed, but the watertight compartments prevented the water from filling the vessel. After the high sea had abated the rivets of the framework and outer plates were loosened and, assisted by a blast of dynamite, the vessel was separated into two parts—the forward one-third remaining on the rocks, while the after two-thirds proceeding to Liverpool under her own steam.—St. Nicholas for August.

New York Fire Does $100,000 Damage.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 30.—Fire that started yesterday in the basement of the Rochester Marshmallow company's factory, 37 Mortimer street, threatened the destruction of the Cox building and adjoining structures in the wholesale dry goods district. Loss $100,000.

FIRE AND FLOOD IN JAPAN

The Flames Cost Hokodate $15,000,000

15.000 HOUSES BURNED

60,000 Made Homeless—Floods Rob 80,000 Persons of Shelter—Korean Reforms Planned; New Emperor Crowned.

Tokio, Aug. 30.—Advices received from the American Consulate at Haskodate place the loss caused by the conflagration there at $15,000,000. About fifteen thousand houses, varying in value were burned, and sixty thousand persons rendered homeless. Former estimates are regarded as having been too low. All the foreign consulates, excepting the American consulate, and most of the public buildings, were destroyed. Three hundred lives were lost.

Flood Left 79,654 Homeless in Tokio.

In Tokio alone 79,654 people, rendered homeless by the recent floods, are being cared for by public relief. About the same number are being cared for in the prefecture of Saitama. There is no doubt there are thousands of others homeless elsewhere. The entire town of Pukuchiyama, near Kioto, was submerged. Many people are missing.

SEVEN DEATHS FROM PLAGUE.

These Out of Nine Cases at San Francisco.

San Francisco, Aug. 30.—Since June 18 nine cases of bubonic plague have been discovered here and seven deaths have occurred. The Federal authorities have sent a marine hospital surgeon her and coasting vessels are being inspected by quarantine officers. The health officers say there is no cause for alarm.

THE USEFUL YAWN.

This Lung Ventilating Process Serves a Double Purpose.

The act of yawning is distinctly beneficial in two ways. In the first place it serves the purpose of lung ventilation. The lungs are not filled or exhausted by ordinary respiration. There is a certain quantity of air which physiologists call "residual air" left in the recesses of the lungs after the ordinary respiration. This in time becomes vitiated and affects the blood and, through it, the nervous centers.

The result is a yawn, which is really a stretching of the respiratory chamber to its fullest capacity and the filling of it with freshly inspired air which drives the vitiated air out. Yawning is also beneficial in so far as it opens, stretches and ventilates the vocal, nasal and auditory chambers in immediate connection with the mouth.

The cracking sound often heard when yawning is due to the stretching and opening of the eustachian tubes, which form a communication between the middle ear and the back of the throat. The deafness which often accompanies a cold is due to the congestion of these tubes.—London Hospital.

F. W. RUCKSTUHL.

American sculptor, formerly of St. Louis, whose work has won him high distinction here and abroad.

A Savings Bank Which Never Lost a Dollar on a Poor Note.

The Vergennes Enterprise & Vermonter thinks that the good luck the Hyde Park Savings Bank has had in placing its loans is due to the policies of this Bank in investing its money at home. It says:

The Lamoille County Savings Bank and Trust Company, of which Carroll S. Page is president, passed the million dollar mark in its assets July 11. This bank has never lost a dollar on a poor note and makes all its investments in Vermont. This fact may be one of the secrets of success of this financial institution. It has been noticed before that everything that ex-Governor Page is interested in is successful.

This Bank pays 4 per cent. compounded semi-annually on deposits of $100 or more.

WHAT IS WORN.

Tan Rubbers For the Fastidious Girl. White Parasols Trying on Eyes.

Auto requisites include the long pongee silk coat, generally made of pongee in the natural or tan color. As a touch to modify this monotone, hoods, collars and cuffs of tartan plaids are being used of similar materials, resulting in a charmingly handsome garment for out of door use.

A DAINTY FLOWERED NET—5727, 5795.

Tan rubbers are worn on a rainy day by women who keep up with all the fashion fads of the moment.

No parasol is more trying to the eyes than the white one, which catches the sun's glare. Green parasols should be avoided by women whose complexions are not rosy. The white parasol as a mere ornament can be carried at an angle so as not to affect the eyes. The green sunshade can be lined with white.

Most attractive are the belts of flowered ribbon with oblong gold buckles across the back and front. They are very dainty on summer muslins that match in color.

Many of the best evening dresses are of extreme simplicity, the skirts depending almost entirely upon their cut and long beautiful lines for their effect, and hang in graceful folds without any trimming.

The flowered nets are very beautiful this summer and make fascinating afternoon and informal evening gowns. The one in the cut is charming in color, a cream ground flowered with pale yellow roses and their foliage. The silk band at the bottom of the skirt is of yellow messaline, and the waist is trimmed with valenciennes lace. JUDIC CHOLLET.

The McKinley Medal.

The three and one-half inch medallion badge of McKinley which delegates to the St. Louis convention of 1896 wore so conspicuously had this name beneath the portrait of the nominee: MacKinley. The error was never discovered until after the election.

FRANK B. NOYES.

President of the Associated Press and publisher of the Chicago Record-Herald.

MEETING A CROCODILE.

The Animal and the Hunters Were All Taken by Surprise.

While looking for a hippopotamus it was the fortune of the author of "Uganda to Khartum" to encounter a crocodile under somewhat unusual circumstances. He was following a fresh track leading through the dense undergrowth from the lake inland. Two men accompanied him, one carrying his camera and the other his second gun, while he shouldered his rifle.

Suddenly I heard a rustling noise in front of me and realized that some creature was approaching, but what? It could not be the hippo, because there was no thunderous tread, but I had no time to think, for the creature, whatever it might be, was upon me in a second.

At two yards I discovered what it was—an immense crocodile more than twelve feet long.

I was right in its path, and there was no possible escape on either side, so I stood still with my rifle at shoulder and waited. The "crock" did not wait, however, and in some remarkable way it hustled me to one side, almost knocked me over, and endeavored to make his way to the water.

To dispute his right of way would have been folly. I realized only a horrible, soft, wriggling mass pressing against my legs in a most sickening way. Why he did not bite me I do not know. At first I thought he had done so as he brushed against my leg, but I found it was only his horny scales that scraped my shin. And he was more taken by surprise than I was and forgot all about his huge jaw and the lasting impression he might have made upon my legs.

After he had passed I turned to see how the men would fare. One had got back to the shore and so was no longer in view. The other man with the camera was the funniest sight. His head was stuck fast in the thick brambles, and his legs were in the air, the camera of course in the mud beside him.

I do not think the "crock" could have seen him, for he had literally taken a header into the bush, and his legs were far above the crocodile's jaws.

THE SNEEZE.

In Past Ages It Played a Very Important Part In Life.

Many odd notions still exist as to sneezing, and some persons may be heard to exclaim "Bless, my soul, once!" "Bless my soul, twice!" and so on after each sneeze. But in past ages the sneeze really played a very important part.

In ancient Greece the people saluted each other whenever any one present chanced to sneeze. As Xenophon was addressing the Greek army in a moment of defeat on a historical occasion a soldier sneezed. The lines of battle were formed at once, for the sneeze was deemed a good omen, and the Greeks were successful.

Among the Hebrews when a person sneezed the bystanders would say, "Tobins chalim"—"A long life to you." In India criminals on the rack of torture have saved their own lives by sneezing accidentally.

A humorous story about sneezing is told in that wonderful collection of oddities, "The Arabian Nights." A schoolmaster was particular in teaching his pupils the value of politeness. He also told them that whenever he sneezed they should clap their hands and say, "Long live our noble master."

One day master and pupils went out for a stroll. The air was hot, and all soon grew very thirsty. Great was their joy at last to find a well. But the bucket was at the bottom of the well, and so the schoolmaster went down to bring it up. The boys seized the rope and tugged for dear life. Just as the schoolmaster reached the top of the well he sneezed. The boys let go the rope and clapped their hands, shouting, "Long live our noble master!"

As for the poor schoolmaster, he fell to the bottom of the well, where he may be to this day, for all one knows.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Sailors and Rheumatism.

Rheumatism is exceptionally common among sailors, owing to the cold and wet to which they are exposed.

Fan Painting.

Mme. de Pompadour encouraged fan painting and also collected fine specimens of the work. Greuze, Watteau and other great artists did not disdain to lend their talents to the art. These pictures were done mostly on vellum or chicken skin.