

The new \$20 gold certificate is said to be extremely hard to counterfeit. Unfortunately it is also hard to get.

Of course M. Witte's courtesy to his Jewish visitors was not tempered by the fact that most of them were bankers.

Philadelphia may vote its dead men, but there is ample evidence that it does not put them on its baseball teams.

The Harvard professor's discovery puts one vexed question forever at rest. The moon is not made of green cheese.

Wait till the football hero comes on the scene and then see how much fee the star pitcher and the ring "athlete" will cut.

Small waists, according to the fashion authorities, are to be "the rage." Plump sister, lace up with the fashion authorities.

Professors may require measurements to determine who is beautiful, but most people can do the measuring with their eyes.

Astronomers all agree that the moon has become thoroughly dried since it was scooped out of the place where the Pacific ocean now is.

We all know what kind of a time the sailors on the steamship Montrose had when 200 monkeys and forty parrots broke loose from their cages.

Some Englishman thinks there are too many Americans in London. There is, however, no complaint of a superabundance of American money there.

The New York World suggests that we be kind to burglars. If they can find anything valuable in our house we are willing to share it with them.

It is explained that the New York woman settlement worker who danced in blue pajamas for the gentlemen is 60 years old. She certainly acted like sixty.

Blame the earthquake on the sunspots. If it is any consolation to you. But have you stopped to think the sunspots may be caused by the earthquakes?

A London cable dispatch says the prices of sables have been nearly doubled, but unless there is an upward movement in "imitation seal" most of us will not worry.

The number of cigars manufactured in this country last year is given as 7,689,237,207. We are glad those last seven were included, for we think we know where they went to.

Life, according to John Oliver Hobbes, is becoming hard and serious, and we need humor as a relief. Yes, and something in the way of comfort to enable us to enjoy humor.

How would you like to be Mr. C. T. Crocker only son of the late California millionaire, who reached his 21st birthday last week, and now comes into his inheritance of \$6,000,000?

Despite the fact that peace has been declared, Godzyadani, Manchuria, is dying hard. Godzyadani looks so tough, despite familiarity, that we shall feel lucky if it is finally killed at all.

Young man, when your father says, "When I was your age I never had half as easy a time as you have," he is usually repeating what he heard when he was your age.—Chicago Tribune.

HIS IDENTITY

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Hollister controlled himself by a powerful effort. His face looked almost blue in its deathly pallor, and his lips seemed stretched in a taut line across his teeth. There were black, indented circles under his eyes, doubly accentuating the tense, unyielding bitterness that broke through their studied restraint. He was standing with one elbow pressed against the sharp edge of the mantel-shelf; in this position, he had been staring fixedly at his wife's perfectly impassive face for fully half an hour.

"Is your decision final?" he asked at last.

"I have said so."

"You, then, in so many words, give me carte blanche to hunt this fellow down and—"

She interrupted him with an emphatic nod.

"Hadn't you better reconsider? You know what I mean when I say that I will—"

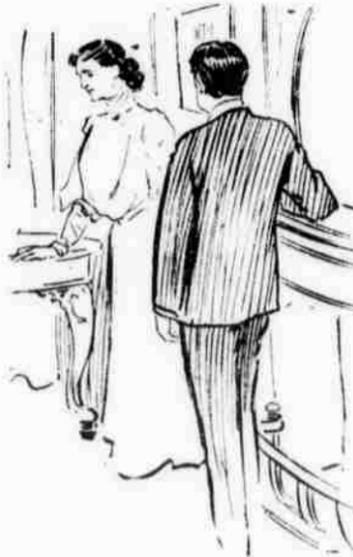
"I perfectly understand, Edgar. But my mind is unalterable."

Hollister sneered. "Of course. Your attitude is thoroughly transparent to me. You feel confident enough of your ability to protect this scoundrel and yourself—"

The look on his wife's face stopped him. "It is unnecessary to prolong this," she said, rising. "you have taken your attitude, which you assert is final, and I—I have done the same. Just one last word: If you ever find out that you have made a grave mistake, the time will be too late. I shall not ask you to honor me with your trust again; once is sufficient—nay, superfluous—as has been demonstrated. Had you seen fit to listen to me for one moment in reason and faith—everything might have been different. But when, on the other hand, you chose to insult me (from the beginning), and unheard, why then—we must both submit to the inevitable." She swept past him as she finished speaking, and laid her hand on the door-knob.

But Hollister intercepted her, taking her roughly by the arm. "I will give you one more chance to prove and establish your innocence in my eyes," he said quiveringly. "Who was the man, Beatrice?"

The woman's face did not change a fraction, except perhaps, to grow a



"Is your decision final?"

shade whiter and a shade more determined. "I cannot tell you," she said.

"You will not tell me."

"Very well, then, if that is more agreeable to you; I will not."

"I saw his face once, remember, and the day will come when both you and he will regret most bitterly that—"

"We ever lived? Doubtless. The day is already here." She shook off his hand and pulled open the door.

Hollister followed her out into the

corridor. "There's one thing more," he insisted. "I have held this back till the last, hoping that you might come to your senses without so violent an incentive, but—"

"Well?"

"If you still persist in your present course, by this time to-morrow, I shall have to ask you to—leave my roof."

Beatrice Hollister seemed to sway, almost imperceptibly for an instant, and a strange light flashed in her eyes, but she controlled herself magnificently, and acknowledged the threat with a weary shrug; he should never know, as long as they both lived, that he had stabbed her to the heart.

Hollister went back to the library and threw himself dejectedly into a chair. Some of his anger had begun to wear off and give place to a miserable sense of depression and guilt. In all the years of their married life, she had not once given him cause for suspicion or distrust until yesterday. And that she had given him no small cause on that occasion, he could not doubt. There was the evidence of his own eyes to damn her—and she had denied nothing. She had only asserted her innocence of wrong, absolutely and emphatically, but in the very face of contrary proofs. He had seen the man put his arm about her and kiss her; he had heard the endearing words he used, and those spoken in reply. That was all, but certainly it was enough to justify the course he had pursued. But perhaps, after all, had he approached her less insultingly, there might have been a better chance of learning the truth. Her manner, belligerent enough at first, had gradually grown to impress him with an undeniable sense of his own shortcoming and her rightful claim to consideration. Still, she had blamed him for lack of faith, while most positively exhibiting it herself!

A clock somewhere striking nine, roused him from his reflections. He rose abruptly and turned out the gas. Afterward, he saw that the front door was securely bolted, and then went slowly upstairs to his apartments. At the door of his wife's bedroom, he paused a moment and listened. There was not a sound, so he supposed she must have retired. He moved away a few steps, then, impelled by some unexplainable motive, he turned and went back again, tapping softly against the panel of the door. There was no response, and he pushed it open slightly and glanced about the shadowed apartment; no one was there. With a terrible sense of foreboding, he entered noiselessly. The drawers and closets had all been ransacked, and a general air of desertion prevailed. Hollister sank down in the nearest chair, and buried his face in his hands and groaned. Once he looked up and about him in sudden fright; the miserable emptiness of the room terrified him beyond measure. Now that she was gone, a thousand different solutions of what he had taken as incontestable proofs of her guilt, flashed into his brain. He started up from his chair, as though under a lash, and lighted three of the five gas-jets. The first thing that met his glance, was a tiny white note, pinned to the cushion on her dressing-table. He unfastened it with shaking fingers, and smoothed out the paper.

"Dear Edgar:

"On the eve of my departure, and after thinking over everything, I have decided that after all, I probably owe you some sort of explanation of the other night. The man was my father. He escaped from prison last week and appealed to me for help. Notwithstanding the circumstances, I did not—could not refuse. He has gone away now, and I never expect to see him again. When you confronted me

with your terrible accusation, the only thought I had then was fear for my father. I had promised him under solemn oath to tell no one—not even you—of his escape. Poor old man. His life has been a fearful one, and I am afraid he has been far more sinned against than sinning.

"You cannot blame me now, Edgar? Your lack of trust has wounded me beyond description; it has driven me, broken hearted from your home. If you had only trusted me a little while—things might have been so different! But by your own request, I am passing out of your home—and life—for ever."

"Beatrice."

The note slipped from Hollister's hand and fell, unheeded, on the floor. For a long time he stood straight and motionless as a statue, the dead white of his face offsetting the brilliancy of his eyes to an almost un-



In the abandonment of despair.

canny degree. When his strength came back, he moved mechanically over to a chair and dropped heavily into it, flinging out his arms across a table in the abandonment of despair. Presently, the touch of something small and soft and tremulous on his hair, brought him back to consciousness. He started up, half-dazedly. His wife stood looking down at him with a light in her eyes that thrilled him through and through.

"Edgar," she said, in a little weak, pitiful voice, "I—I forgot something. I had to come back."

"You—forgot something. I don't—can I help you?" he blundered out, struggling to his feet, and wondering stupidly whether he were still asleep.

"What did you forget?" he asked, battling for self-control.

"I—why—why it was—it was you, Edgar!" she sobbed, yielding herself hysterically to his outstretched arms.

She Was.

A Boston woman, after selecting some embroidery in one of the big department stores, discovered that she had not money enough with her to pay for it. She had never opened an account in this particular shop, and it was therefore agreed that the clerk should put the goods aside until the next day, when the purchaser should come for it with cash in hand.

When the woman returned the day following to get her embroidery she could not remember which of the saleswomen had waited upon her. After puzzling over the matter for a moment, however, she approached one who looked vaguely familiar and asked, "Am I the woman who bought some embroidery here yesterday?"

"Yes'm," replied the girl, stolidly, and turned to get it.—Youth's Companion.

Need for Hindoo Women Nurses.

The only doctors admitted to the rooms of sick Hindoo women are the women of low caste, who are the most ignorant of nurses, and the result is seen in the appalling number of crippled, maimed and distorted children in India. English women have opened a hospital in north India, where forty Hindoo women are being taught to be physicians, nurses and surgeons.