A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

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V.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

The train on the Chiwassee Valley extension lurched uneasily round the curves in the new track of the branch line, leaving a trail of sooty smoke hanging in the foliage on the mountain side and stippling the pools in the river with showers of cinders from the engine where the railway embankment skirted the stream. The afternoon sun had dropped behind the summit of John's mountain, but his oblique rays still poured into the valley through occasional gaps in the ridge, projecting grotesquely lengthened shadows of the moving train half way across to the western slope of Jubal mountain. A cool breeze, fragrant with the breath of wild honeysuckle and spicy with the resinous smell of old-field pines, blew in at the open windows of the car; and Thorndyke, lying back in his seat with half-closed eyes, tried once more to set in their proper order the events of the last few days in New York. There was no particular reason why they should be assorted and labeled, save one; the memory of them seemed to be slipping away from him. There were times when he could not be sure that he had signed his will; when he could not remember what he had said to his mother at parting. And as for that pathetic little scene in the dimly-lighted drawing-room at the Morrissons', it might have happened ten years before. He asked himself if it were possible that it was only two days since he had choked in trying to say good-by to Helen. It was beyond belief; the miles of distance had somehow become transmuted into years of time, and the memory of that evening, only two evenings ago, was already beginning to fade. Was it only because the change of scene and of encompassment pushed the things of yesterday aside to make room for newer impressions, or did the reason lie in the grim fact of irrevocability? Thorndyke pursued these reflections so far into the field of abstractions that the man in the next seat spoke twice before he got an answer.

"I beg your pardon," Philip said, coming back to actualities with a reluctant effort. "What did you say?"

"I asked if you were going up to Allacoochee," said the voice.

It was an unpleasant voice, reminding one of the buzzing of bluebottles and other annoying insects. Thorndyke looked around, and saw a wiry little man with keen eyes, a thin beak-like nose, scanty black side whiskers, and a straggling mustache drooped in an evident but unsuccessful attempt to cover the faulty teeth. Foreseeing tedium in the face, he answered vaguely:

"Yes; I believe my ticket reads to that point."

The human fly was not to be silenced by any such mild discouragement. "I supposed so," he buzzed. "My name is Fench—Jenkins Fench,"—handing Thorndyke a card which ingeniously combined the name with a somewhat ungrammatical advertisement of the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing and Improvement company, Guaranty building, 422 Broadway. "Drop around to my office when you get settled, and I'll give you some pointers that'll put you right in on the ground floor. What name did I understand you to say?"

"I didn't say," contradicted Philip, meekly, passing his card across to the man of business.

"Ah, Thorndyke; glad to know you, Mr. Thorndyke. As I was saying, if you'll come around—"

"I have no idea of investing in Allacoochee," Philip interrupted, hoping to escape. "I'm in Alabama for my health, and I don't expect to stay in town very long."

"Oho, yes; for your health, eh?—consumption, I suppose. Well, well; in life we're in the midst of death, and no man knoweth the day or hour."

Mr. Fench seemed nonplused for the moment, but he rallied immediately and went on with increasing zeal.

"In that case, Mr. Thorndyke, what better legacy could a man leave his folks than a few solid investments in our promising young city? Why, my dear sir, as a stranger, you can have no idea of the vast and wonderful resources of this marvelous region—absolutely no idea at all. And Allacoochee is the natural center for the whole country—the point where all the industries within a radius of 500 miles are bound to cluster. Just run your eye over this map; look at that for a location! This part that's platted off is as level as a floor, and here's the railroad running straight through the middle of it"—he was leaning over the back of the seat now, holding the map spread out before his unwilling listener—"plenty of room for sidetracks over here, you see, and for the shops that the road's going to build. Then here are the spurs down to the rolling mill and the furnace on the bank of the river; this one goes up to the coal mines and that to the iron mines across the Little Chiwassee. This piece of ground's reserved for a woolen mill, and that strip down there by the river is taken for a swing factory—baby swings, you know— a sawmill, a planing mill, a sash and door factory, a—"

Philip made two or three wild passes at his human bluebottle, succeeding finally in interrupting with a promise to call upon Mr. Fench at his office and pleading weariness as an excuse for not investigating the subject on the spot. Fench folded his map and rested his case with the promise; but he kept up a running fire of encomiums on the new south and Allacoochee, which the effort at postponement had only changed from particulars to generalities, while Philip leaned back in the corner of the seat and gave himself up to an ecstasy of loathing. While the endless tale of prosperity continued the light went out of the sky, and it was quite dark when the brakeman thrust his face into the car to call "Allacoochee!"

Thorndyke gathered up his belongings with a sigh of relief and presently found himself standing under the glare of an electric lamp on the station platform, trying to hazard a guess at the best hotel in the place as the names were shouted out by the knot of yelling hackmen.

"Here you are for the Allacoochee Inn!"

"Right dis-away for de Mountain house!"

"Shut yo' fish-trap, niggah!—yass, sah, right hyah, sah; 'bus fo' de Hotel Johannisberg."

Notwithstanding the poet's doubting question, there is always more or less in a name; and the Hotel Johannisberg gained a guest that night upon no better grounds than that the word awoke pleasant memories in the mind of a man who knew Europe rather better than he did his own country. As the omnibus jounced along over the unpaved streets, Thorndyke amused himself by picturing the probable contrast between the backwoods tavern and its high-sounding appellation. He was rather more than surprised, therefore, when the omnibus stopped in front of a three-storied building standing in a park-like inclosure and ablaze with gas and electric lights; and astonishment rose into admiration when a liveried servant ushered him into the magnificent rotunda floored with marble mosaic and wainscoted in quarter-sawed oak. Everything about the place was cosmopolitan and modern, from the convenient telegraph office in the corner to the suave clerk, who might have been a swift importation from the best-appointed hostelry in New York.

"Glad to welcome you to Allacoochee, Mr. Thorndyke," he said, hospitably, when Philip had registered. "We're a little crowded to-night, but I can give you a good room on the second floor, if that will answer."

"I'm not particular, so that it's comfortable," replied Thorndyke, glad to have his forebodings dispelled. "Is supper served?"

"Dinner, if you please," corrected the clerk, affably, summoning a call-boy. "Show Mr. Thorndyke to his room—No. 83." And Philip followed his coffee-colored guide to the elevator with an uncomfortable conviction growing upon him that he had somehow stamped himself as provincial by suggesting supper instead of dinner.

The meal was excellent and well served; and the comfort of his room, after two weary nights in the sleeping car, made Thorndyke a late riser on his first morning in Allacoochee. After breakfast he went out upon the veranda to give the feeling of appreciative surprise a chance to expand with a wider view. The Hotel Johannisberg was owned by the Town company, and its situation on a slight knoll at the foot of John's mountain had been chosen with a view to the prospect. Standing on the steps of the veranda, Philip saw a background of wooded slopes rising in green bravery to the line of rugged cliffs at the summit of Jubal mountain; a middle distance of valley where the course of the Chiwassee river was defined by a bed of fleecy mist ruffled into semi-transparency by the warmth of the morning sun; to the left, beyond the narrower strip of mist mark-

"I asked you if you were going to Allacoochee."

ing the windings of the Little Chiwassee, the bold forehead of Bull mountain overtopping the town. These were the frame for the picture which human activity was etching into the level area inclosed by the two streams. Long vistas of streets marked by furrows turned at the curb lines; open spaces dotted with the stakes of the surveyor and heaped with piles of brick and lumber; uncounted numbers of half-finished buildings upon which the workmen clustered like swarming bees; the muffled drumming of hoisting engines; the strident exhausts of the locomotives in the railway yard; the clang of hammers in a boiler shop—everywhere the sights and sounds of restless industry and impatient progress.

Under such circumstances the gregarious impulse asserts itself irresistibly. Thorndyke looked about him for a possible sympathizer, and, by a process of natural selection which is as unaccountable as it is inerrant, he pitched upon a young man sitting apart from the various groups on the veranda. Drawing up a chair, he began to unburden himself.

"It beats anything I ever heard of," he said. "What is there behind it all?"

Standing as a target for the gunnery of other people's surprise was no new experience for the man of Philip's selection, and he smiled good-naturedly. "A good many people have asked that question. I can't answer it to my own satisfaction, but others would say the coal and iron; the lack of important manufacturing centers in the south, and the consequent pressing need for one just here; the climate, and a hundred other things besides."

"Are the coal and iron realities?"

"Oh, yes, very much so; this mountain behind the hotel is a vast coal bed, and that one over there"—pointing to the cliffs across the Little Chiwassee—"is equally rich in iron of fair quality."

"Then the people are not merely crazy enthusiasts, after all."

"That's as you please to look at it. So far as natural resources go, the place is solid. There is any quantity of building material, marble, sand and limestone, fire clay, timber, coal and iron. If a city may be built upon the mere presence of raw material, Allacoochee is a fact accomplished."

"That implies a doubt; may I ask the reason?"

"Certainly, though I'm not at all sure I can make it plain. All the advantages I have named and a dozen more are here, to be sure, but they've always been here, and it remained for our friends the promoters to find out that they would warrant all this," including the visible part of Allacoochee by a comprehensive gesture. "More than that, the same advantages may be found in plenty of localities in the south, some of them much more accessible than this valley. And then I have an old-fashioned idea that cities can't be created arbitrarily."

They smoked in silence for a little while, and then Thorndyke took a card from his case and handed it to his companion.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. "I just got in last night, and you may be able to tell me what I want to know."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Thorndyke."

The reply was prompt and courteous, and Philip read "Robert Protheroe, C. E." on the card which was handed him.

"My physician has sent me here," he explained, "and he tells me I must live out of doors. How shall I go about it?"

"How do you want to go about it?"

Philip laughed. "I'll have to confess that my plans are a trifle indefinite. I had an idea that perhaps I might go into the woods with the lumbermen or the turpentine gatherers."

"You're still too far north for that; there are no lumber camps or turpentine forests in this part of the state, and if there were, I hardly think the life would be what you want. Your trouble is pulmonary?"

"Yes; pulmonary."

Protheroe reflected for a moment. "This country is said to be favorable for consumptives—on better authority than that of our friends of the prospectus, I mean—and if you ask my advice—" He paused and looked inquiringly at Philip.

"Yes; please go on."

"I should say that you might find out what it will do for you by getting board at some farmhouse in the valley. You could put in your time tramping about, and the scenery would give you an object. There is only one difficulty."

"What is that?"

"Farmhouses where you can get anything to eat besides bacon and cornpone are not plentiful in this part of the country."

Having his recent experience with the railway eating houses before him, Philip shuddered. "I'm willing to rough it," he said, "but I'm not anxious to add dyspepsia to my other ailments. Don't you suppose I could find a place where the bill of fare wouldn't be quite so limited?"

"You'll find very few of them in this mountain region; roughly speaking, there are only two classes of white people—a small minority of well-to-do planters and farmers, and a large majority of poor folk."

"That's rather discouraging; and yet it seems as if I ought to be able to find what I need. I don't expect much in the way of accommodations; I'd be satisfied with good plain country board, such as we get among farmers in the north."

"I know of but one place near here that answers your description. It's in a Scotch family up on the Little Chiwassee; but I hardly think you could get in there."

"Do you think not? I'd try not to be troublesome; and if it would be a question of money—"

"No, it wouldn't be a question of money." Protheroe stopped abruptly and twisted his mustache. "I wish you hadn't said that," he added, frowning; "there are some few things in this world that can't be bought with money: a foothold in Jamie Duncan's home is one of them."

"I beg your pardon," Philip protested, flushing painfully at the thought that Protheroe had misconstrued his meaning. "I only meant that I am able and willing to pay for what I get; I—"

Something gripped his throat, and an uncontrollable fit of coughing strangled him and broke the sentence in two. When he put a handkerchief to his lips it came away spotted with blood, and Protheroe saw it.

"For heaven's sake! I had no idea you were that far along! Let me help you."

He led Thorndyke to the elevator and through the long corridor on the upper floor, making him lie down as soon as they reached the room.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?—shall I call a doctor?" he asked.

Thorndyke shook his head. "It's rather worse than I gave you to understand; my physician in New York allowed me six months, and I've eaten into one of them pretty deeply already."

"Six months! Did the man send you down here to die?"

"It amounts to that; but I knew. It was the only chance for me."

Prothero made two or three turns up and down the room, and then stopped with his hand on the doorknob. "I'll be back after awhile to see how you are; in the mean time you lie still and just make up your mind you've got to win; it's more than half the battle. You're sure there's nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, but you mustn't let me impose on your good nature. I can ring up the office if I need anything."

Protheroe went down the hall talking to himself. "Poor fellow! I'm afraid it's all day with him. I ought to be ashamed of myself for pretending to misunderstand what he said about paying his way; I am ashamed, and I'll prove it by trusting the poor devil—and Elsie."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD SALT'S BLUNDER.

He Suffered by Taking Too Much for Granted.

"Experience," said the man who had been telling tales of the sea, "is a great thing. But it gets in the way sometimes. I'll never forget the last shipwreck I was in."

"It must be terrible," said the boy whom he was entertaining, "to be adrift in the ocean."

"It is rather trying to realize that land is miles away, no matter whether you measure sidewise or straight down. But this shipwreck wasn't on the ocean."

"But you said you had sailed the Atlantic."

"Yes; that's where I got my experience. But it was on Lake Superior that I found myself with nothing to tie to except an old washstand. It was three days before I was picked up."

"Weren't you almost dead?"

"Pretty near."

"From hunger?"

"Partly that. And I suffered some from thirst. But the most of it was humiliation. The first thing I asked for was a drink of water. I had suffered agonies. My throat was parched and my tongue felt like a herring. One of the men in the boat looked at me as if he thought I was delirious, but when I repeated my request he took a tin can, leaned over the side of the boat and dipped me up a drink. Then I realized for the first time that I was on fresh water instead of salt and there wasn't the least excuse for a sane man's going thirsty a minute. Experience is a great thing, my boy. Never turn up your nose at it. But remember that it is as likely as not to run you into trouble if you haven't common sense as a compass to steer by."—Washington Star.

MEXICO'S RICH MINES.

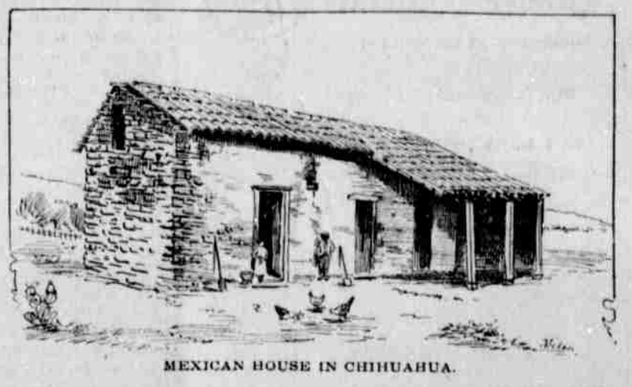
American Prospectors Are Now Taking Hold of Them.

The States of Sonora and Chihuahua Contain Fabulous Stores of Pure Silver and Copper Ores.

[Special Los Angeles (Cal.) Letter.]

Recent reports of discoveries, or rather rediscoveries, of rich silver mines in the adjoining Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua have turned a large number of prospectors in that direction, which will somewhat counteract the rush to the arctic. Since the exhaustion of the Nevada mines prospectors have percolated through Arizona into Sonora and Chihuahua. A few rich strikes, followed by the usual general rush to the new El Dorado, will hasten the inevitable—the acquisition by the United States of these provinces, which hang like a ripe peach ready to drop into the hands of anyone who is willing to grasp them. These states are, and have been for centuries, terrorized by Apache Indians, and the well-to-do ranchers, as well as the wretchedly poor who are safe from the depredations of the Apaches, look to this government as the only relief from the plundering Indians. The ranchers realize that a stable government would enhance the value of their property and the laborers feel that they would then have some incentive to accumulate property, and the mines could be worked in greater security. Indian raids have been the greatest drawback to the development of the mines. Yet more silver has been taken from the mines of these provinces than has been produced by the remaining states of Mexico; more than the output of California in the "golden days," or of Nevada in the bonanza days.

These mines are not yet exhausted. For three centuries, Mexico, or New Spain, sent about $10,000,000 yearly to the "mother country." This was the 'king's fifth," which he demanded as



MEXICAN HOUSE IN CHIHUAHUA.

owner of the earth in which the metal was found. The bulk of this silver came from these provinces. When the proverbial dishonesty of Spanish officials is considered, this estimate may be at least doubled. Spanish records and statements of travelers, the records of missions and the histories of families who have been ennobled through rich discoveries, verify these facts which convey with them a tinge of oriental romance. The Sierra Nevadas, which traverse Nevada and California, and which have electrified the world with their richness, reappear—Mexico as the Sierra Madre, and forms the boundary line between Sonora and Chihuahua. Sonora is the richer of the two, because it contains not only silver, but also gypsum, sulphur, pumice stone and salt, the latter of which is necessary for the extraction of silver, and it has an equable climate and soil equal to that of California. On the Sonora side of the mountain is the long-since abandoned mine of Arazuma, or Avishe, not far from Chihuahua—the most wonderful mine in the world, from which was taken one piece of silver weighing 2,700 pounds, the largest piece taken from any mine in the history of the world. This is proven by mining records in the City of Mexico. This famous bonanza was discovered about two centuries ago, and for about 100 years it produced such immense masses of virgin silver that it seemed for a time as if the white metal were to be debased sure enough. Not content with his one-

APACHE CHIEF RED SLEEVE.

fifth, the king of Spain confiscated it, and, under government officers, the product gradually "petered out."

Shortly afterwards, the Apaches took to the war path and almost desolated the country; and for near 100 years this most wonderful mine in the world has remained abandoned and forgotten.

On the western side of the range is the town of Batopilos—a camp honeycombed with veins of almost pure silver. "Boss" Shepperd, once well known in Chicago and Washington city, has a group of mines here, and is several times a millionaire. The oldest and richest mine is Bueno Successo (Good success) which was discovered by an Indian who had swam to the opposite side of the stream and saw flashes of silver on the banks, sparkling in the sun. He used a chisel to cut out the pure silver, and when the mine had filled with water he quit work. He took out a fortune and was ennobled. A laborer named Busta Mente discovered El Carmen, and was made a marquis. He was taxed about 25 cents on every five dollars, which built the cathedral at Chihuahua, the gold and silver ornaments of which is valued at $100,000. One of his descendants became president of Mexico.

Another remarkable discovery was that of the fabulously rich Catorce Ladrones (Fourteen Robbers) in San Luis Potosi. A negro fiddler (a rarity in Mexico), on his return from a fandango, camped on the mountain. In the morning he found in the embers of his campfire a chunk of pure silver. He had built the fire over the vein. He was not ennobled, but we next learn that the mine had been located by 14 robbers, as the camp has borne the name of Catorce for more than a century. A railroad extends for about two miles under the mountain to haul out ores. At this distance an immense cavern was found, recently, in which was found primitive mining implements.

There is a great deal of American capital invested in mines in these two rich provinces; also, considerable English capital, yet it is by no means scarce because of the Apache Indians who live by plundering others. The Mexican government gives little or no protection to these provinces, and the wealth of the foreigners is also tempting to Mexican robbers and unscrupulous officials.

But, with an increasing population, consequent upon rich discoveries, the foreigners will soon become powerful enough to settle the Indian and other questions, when capital will be safe and mines can be worked under more advantageous conditions. In this manner, but under different conditions, Texas was settled, and finally threw off the Mexican yoke. Annexation followed, succeeded by the Mexican war, and the conquest of California.

Considering the crude methods of mining in those days these mines certainly must have been wonderfully rich. The ore was carried up by the peons in leather sacks by means of wooden ladders. The shafts were not prospected to a depth beyond 20 or 30 feet, and when they became filled with water or caving earth, or when a rocky obstruction was struck, they were abandoned.

These silver mines greatly aided Spain in her conquests of territory and wars with other powers. By their discovery a large part of her nobility was created, and with their riches cathedrals and churches were built and furnished with altars of silver, golden crosses and silver ornaments emblazoned with rubies and diamonds. In learning of the richness of the El Dorado she sent an army to conquer Mexico and destroyed a civilization superior to her own. After the Spaniards had thus proven the almost inexhaustible richness of these mines the Apaches, smarting under the buteberies and burnings at the stake of their ancestors, arose and drove their oppressors out of the country—their chief source of revenue.

A half century later the Sonora mining fever broke out, and capitalists from the United States and from England flocked to the new El Dorado, which was the old. Then the Apaches again took to the war path, and almost depopulated the country.

The mining fever died out for a quarter of a century, when American prospectors from California, Nevada and Arizona began to flock in. There has been a steady stream of travel to these districts ever since, and now Chihuahua and Sonora are largely "Americanized." A number of these prospectors have realized fortunes within the past few years, especially since the mining laws were made more liberal. Several Los Angeles capitalists own silver and copper mines in Sonora. They are also introducing the system of irrigation, which will supply water for the mines and also the fertile valleys for American farmers who are seeking that section because land is cheap, and they prefer a frontier life to civilization. Sonora has the best harbor (Guaymas) on the coast, next to that of San Francisco bay. And in the Gulf of California are valuable pearls. Immense fortunes were also realized by the Spaniards in these fisheries, the king also getting a fifth and the patron saint "Lady Guadalupe" another fifth.

In addition to the influx of miners numerous colonies have recently emigrated to these provinces. With our increase of population additional territory is needed, and the present generation may see the rich mineral states of Sonora and Chihuahua "Texanized."

J. M. SCANLAND.

How She Classified Her.

"She is such a plump, fine-looking girl," said her admirer.

"It is evident to even a casual observer that she is an extraordinarily healthy girl," admitted her rival.

But there was that in her tone that made the admirer look up inquiringly.

"I have the authority of a learned doctor for the statement that a real healthy girl is almost invariably awkward."

And thereafter that admirer never discussed that subject with that rival.—Chicago Post.

An Average Neighbor.

Miss Skinpenny—This 'ere cheap butter ain't fit to eat.

Mrs. S.—No, it ain't. Run into Mrs. Goodsoul's and borrow a pound. She always has good butter—the highest priced in market. Tell her we'll pay her back to-morrow.

Miss S.—Goin' to git butter to-morrow?

Mrs. S.—We'll pay her with this.—N. Y. Weekly.

So Different.

Sarianne—Reginald, how that bear in the museum hugs that post. I like him, Reggy.

Reginald (suspiciously)—You do?

Sarianne (fondly)—Yes, Reggy, he reminds me so much of you.

Reginald—Of me?

Sarianne (coldly)—Yes; he's so different.—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Likely.

"I think we have met before."

"Quite likely; I used to be a bill collector."—Tit-Bits.

A BAD COMPANION.

He Didn't Like to Correct a Lady, But He Had To.

The man with bronzed skin and longish hair was hanging upon every word that the charming young woman spoke. She was telling of an actress whom she greatly admired.

"I will never forget how she looked," the young woman said. "She was as beautiful as Juno."

The weather-beaten auditor moved uneasily, and then said: "I beg yer pardon, miss, but I ain't sure that I heard yer remark jest right."

"I said that she was as beautiful as Juno."

"It ain't fer me ter c'rect a lady," he began in apologetic tones.

"I am quite willing to be corrected when there is any reason for doubt," she replied, in a tone with traces of congealment through it. "But I do not perceive how this can be such a case."

"I don't persume to conterdict nobody," he replied, "I haven't no observations to make further than that there ain't no accountin' fur tastes."

"Have you ever seen this actress?"

"No, miss."

"Then I don't see how you are qualified to speak."

"Might I make so bold as to inquire whether you was ever as fur west as British Columbia?"

"Never."

"Then, miss, you can't re'lize that I'm standin' up fur the lady's good looks as much as you are. Ye can't believe half of what these here miners that come east tell ye. If ye ain't even been as fur as British Columbia, it stan's to reason that ye can't have no idea of what a lonesome, ramshackle, frizup lookin' place Juneau is."—Washington Star.

The Kiss.

He begged a kiss. She frowned meditatively.

"A kiss," she said, "is an expression of sentiment. Placed upon the hand, it signifies respect; upon the forehead, friendship; upon the lips, both—and more or neither. Since you have asked it, you may express yourself in one kiss. Proceed."

He hesitated.

Through respect and friendship love may be reached. If he were too bold she—. He hesitated. He gazed down into the grass and pondered swiftly. He tried to read her mood. He would place that one kiss upon her—

He heard a trill as of many birds.

He looked up.

She was whistling softly.

Her hat was pulled down to her eyes, covering her forehead, and her hands were thrust deep into the pockets of her jacket.—Detroit Free Press.

In almost every case of marriage one of the parties in time looks the rabbit to the other's wolf.—Atchison Globe.

TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF.

Jack Was Making Money in Ways of His Own Choosing.

"Why don't you give that son of yours a chance?" asked one business veteran of another. "He must inherit some of your superior business qualities and the time will come when you must have some one to look after your affairs. He can't manage them without the necessary training."

"Don't you suppose that I have canvassed the whole situation? I have let that boy handle a small fortune, and the results have been so unsatisfactory that I have given him formal notice to look out for himself."

"But he seems to have plenty of money."

"That's another thing I don't like. I have cut off his allowance, yet he lives well and never enters a complaint. Last spring I thought I would have to put up the office blinds for want of ready cash. My collaterals were not available and creditors were pushing me. The boy walked into the office one afternoon when I was in the throes of despair, said: 'Things lookin' blue, governor?' laid down a certified check for $20,000 and walked out. I owe him that yet, but am holding it back till I can see that he needs it. When I gave him money to buy wheat and told him how the market was liable to go, he ignored my advice and bought millions of eggs; right in the midst of hot weather, mind you. On learning where they were stored I notified the health department and requested some of those in the vicinity to bring proceedings when the nuisance asserted itself. I learned incidentally afterward that he had a patent process for preserving eggs and cleared up a big pot of money. Wheat hadn't gone the way I predicted, but it was his business to do as I told him. Recently he made $15,000 at some shooting game. I don't know just what it was, but one of his friends said that Jack had taken a long shot at a horse and won. I hope the rascal had to pay for the horse."—Detroit Free Press.

Slow Pay.

Passenger—This is a very slow road.

Brakeman—Very.

"Do you suppose it pays?"

"Yes; pays as it goes."—Up-to-Date.

Aspirations without faith are powerful only for destruction. They can kindle a revolution, but they cannot mold a new order.—Westcott.

Wearing glasses seems to go in families, like consumption and red hair.—Washington Democrat.