

HER BANKERS

By C. E. Lewis

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No other little blond widow has had such luck before or since. When she drove up to the seashore hotel in the bus, seven different men were instantly conscious of a feeling of admiration for her. She was petite and handsome and vivacious and a widow.

Those seven men worked for introductions and got them. They worked to make an impression, and each succeeded. There were a Major Marsh, a Judge Truax, a Lawyer Hopkins, a real estate man, a capitalist and a contractor. It kept the little blond widow rather busy to entertain the seven and satisfy each one that the other six were totally indifferent to her, but by rising early and sitting up late she managed things very well indeed. She also managed to let it be known that her late deceased had left her something like a million dollars. She might have given exact figures, but she didn't. She might have also increased the number of her admirers from seven to seventeen when it became known that she had money to burn, but she stuck to the original number for the sake of luck.

You can do more loving at the seashore in a week than on the crest of a mountain in a month. Indeed, if you don't fall in love and propose within a fortnight you are looked upon as one who got there by mistake. Major Marsh had been acquainted with the little blond widow just thirteen days when he proposed marriage and was accepted. It wasn't a straight from the shoulder acceptance, but you understand how coy widows get around giving a square answer to such proposals. They blush or try their best to blush. They murmur something about its being very sudden, giggle a little, cast down their eyes, and all of a sudden a plump little hand steals into yours, and you have gained the victory.

The days went by and went by. The days couldn't help it, you know. The major had known the widow exactly



THE MAJOR FOUND THE DEAR LITTLE THING IN TEARS.

twenty-two days and had been engaged to her over a week when she sent him a note asking him to call on her. She hadn't appeared at breakfast that morning nor come down for her 11 o'clock bath, and he had been greatly worried. Little blond widows are as frail as little china teacups, and one can never tell when they may break to pieces.

The major had no wings to fly with, but he got to the ladies' parlor without loss of time and found the dear little thing in tears. They were tears of grief and anxiety, and each one resembled a pearl. Several things had happened all at once, she explained. Her lawyer in New York had gone out of town and failed to forward her quarterly check; two or three bills had come in unexpectedly, which is a way bills have of doing when one is short; a friend of hers at another resort had telegraphed her for a loan. Taken altogether, she was in a peck of trouble, and it would take a thousand dollars to get her out of it. She could, of course, telegraph her broker to sell some of her stocks, she could sacrifice some of her government bonds, she could even appeal to Judge Truax, who was a man of money, but—

What did the major do? Why, he put his arms around his dear little Laurie and patted her blond head and laughed at her for being troubled over such a trifle as that. The idea of her being worried and distressed for the want of a thousand dollars when he could place ten times that sum in her hands within an hour! Didn't she want two thousand—three thousand—five thousand instead? It was all the same to him—all in the family. No, she didn't want but one thousand, and she called him her dear George and wiped away her tears and looked cuter than ever. Stay, however! If he could just as well spare \$2,000, she would use the odd thousand

to set decorators at work in her New York mansion and give an order for her trousseau.

The major was almost vexed with her because she wouldn't accept \$5,000 instead, but she was firm on that point. When he handed her the vulgar dress, he printed two long, lingering kisses on her ruby lips. Those kisses cost him just a thousand dollars apiece, but at the time he thought they were cheap at that.

After the kisses the widow named the wedding day. He was to meet her in Pittsburg two weeks from that day and be quietly married, and later on they would proceed to New York and her Fifth avenue mansion. Three days later she left for Pennsylvania to close up a coal mine affair that had been worrying her for some months, and the light of the major's life went out.

Two long weeks! It was an eternity to the major, especially as he only received one brief letter from the widow. The hours and days crept away, and one morning he started for Pittsburg. So did the judge, the lawyer and the three others hitherto named. The seven of them took the same train and rode in the same car. Each looked self-satisfied and supercilious.

The major condescended to explain that he was going to Pittsburg on private business of great importance, and the others condescended to make the same explanation. The major murmured that it seemed curious that all seven of them should have private business up there on the same day and that no one had mentioned his journey to the other, but they only smiled and assumed knowing looks. He then announced that he was rather glad of their company, as they would be on the spot to congratulate him over a certain event, but they looked at him in an absent way and didn't see the point of the joke.

The gang reached Pittsburg in due time. Curiously enough, they all went to the same hotel, but no one tried to explain it. The major was the first to register and ascend to the ladies' parlor, but the other six were not long behind him. He remarked on the singularity of the thing, but the six looked at the toes of their boots and smiled. Seven cards had been sent upstairs to the little blond widow to tell her that her seven different admirers were waiting, but she didn't come down, and the landlord didn't know whether she was in Halifax or Texas.

Explanations were in order, of course. It was a drama in seven acts. Each one of the seven had been accepted by the widow, and each one had advanced her money and was to meet her in Pittsburg and lead her to the altar. For a time the seven called each other liars and scoundrels and shook their fists under each other's nose, but on motion of the major they finally swore each other to secrecy, and every man lied as he declared that he saw through the little widow from the very start and that he had not even spent five minutes of his time or 15 cents of his cash for her benefit.

The Policemen of Nice.

The policemen of Nice differ radically from their colleagues in Paris. They are not so businesslike, and they want to talk things over. If you ask a Paris police officer for a direction, he will say briefly, "Two streets ahead of you, first turning to the left." Not so the Nice policeman. I asked one the other day if he could tell me where the Rue Lamartine was.

"Why, certainly. Do you see that church with the two towers?"
 "Yes. Is it on the Rue Lamartine?"
 "No; that is the Church of Notre Dame, and opposite to it is—"
 "Ah, I see—it is the Rue Lamartine."
 "Oh, no; that is the Avenue Notre Dame. Well, you see, two streets this side of that avenue is—"
 "The Rue Lamartine?"
 "Oh, no; that is the Boulevard Dubouché. Well, you go up that boulevard for two blocks, and then you turn to the left. Hello, Henri! How are you? Wait a minute till I'm through with this man. Want to talk to you, Lemme see. Where was I? Oh, yes, going up the boulevard. Well, you go up there for two blocks and turn to the left, and there you are at the Rue Lamartine."—Argonaut.

The Result of an Accident.

Talleyrand was the greatest diplomatist of his day. His father was a military officer, and the boy would no doubt have been educated to the same profession but for an accident which befell him in childhood.

After the fashion of the time, he was intrusted to the care of a woman some miles away from home. While in her charge his foot was dislocated by a fall. It was not properly cared for, and his parents did not become aware of the fact until it was too late to correct the error.

The abnormal strain brought upon the other foot soon induced a lameness in that also, and the boy thus became a cripple for life. This seeming misfortune determined a change in the plans of his parents for him, and as a result the name of Talleyrand has become one of the most familiar among the great ones of modern history.

Terrible Life of the Epileptic.

Sufferers from epilepsy must be accounted among the most unfortunate of human beings. An early development of the malady darkens all the patient's prospects in life. However domestic his disposition, he cannot anticipate a home of his own. He is largely shut out from ordinary occupations. He is an unwelcome visitor in the social circle, and his own sensitiveness leads him to shrink from joining it. If he ventures upon the street, he is liable at any moment to be thrown violently to the ground; if he remains at home, he is in the same danger of falling downstairs or against the sharp corners of the furniture or upon a hot stove. He lives in perpetual dread.

STARTING A TRADE.

The New England Peddler and the Secret of His Success.

"Peddlin's a great business. The secret of it is that you must do a trade, even if it hurts your principles, when there's a possible chance. I remember how I once managed with an old fellow who wouldn't hev nothin' to do with me. He was so confident an' sure he warn't goin' to trade that I made up my mind he'd got to. 'I've got wooden nutmegs, pocket sawmills,' says I, 'an' horn gun flints, basswood bams, tin bangles, calico hog troughs, white oak cheeses an' various other articles too numerous to mention, includin' of cast iron ratholes, an' if any of them ain't big enough to answer I'll knock the bottom out of a fryin' pan, an' that'll let any rat through that you've got, I guess. Whoop?' says I. 'I'm comin' way in the mountings of Hepzidam, where the lion roareth an' the whang-doodle mourneth for her firstborn!' The old man just looked on and shuk his head. 'I'll take pewter, copper, zinc, iron, rags—anything,' says I, 'exceptin' money an' old maids.' But the old man on'y shuk his head.

"I just simply had to start a trade. I saw a pair of old boots, an' I said them was just what I wanted. 'What?' he says. 'D'ye buy old boots?' an' I said them was my partickler specialty. 'How much d'ye give?' he asks, an' I says, 'Half a cent a pound, 's long as half cents is coined,' says I. He didn't take no heed of my meanin', but begin to rummage round and git out three or four pair. They warn't no good to Newton, but I was startin' a trade. 'Now, hain't yer got some rags?' I says. 'Them was what I asked for first, an' the old miser said he didn't hev none, but now, stirred up by the chant of gittin' somethin' for his old boots, he brought out seventeen pound of rags, an' we done a brisk bit of tradin' for tinware. I left the old boots settin' beside the gate when I druv away. 'Them'll come in handy to start another trade on next time I come,' I says."—Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine.

KNOWING TOO MUCH.

Some Serious Drawbacks to the Pleasures of Conversation.

One very serious drawback to our pleasure in conversation with a too well informed person is the nervous strain that is involved. We are always wondering what will happen when he comes to the end of his resources. After listening to one who discourses with surprising accuracy upon any particular topic we feel a delicacy in changing the subject. It seems a mean trick, like suddenly removing the chair on which a guest is about to sit down for the evening. With one who is interested in a great many things he knows little about there is no such difficulty. If he has passed the first flush of youth, it no longer embarrasses him to be caught now and then in a mistake. Indeed your correction is welcomed as an agreeable interruption and serves as a starting point for a new series of observations.

The pleasure of conversation is enhanced if one feels assured not only of wide margins of ignorance, but also of the absence of any uncanny quickness of mind.

I should not like to be a neighbor to a wit. It would be like being in proximity to a live wire. A certain insulating film of kindly stupidity is needed to give a margin of safety to human intercourse. There are certain minds whose processes convey the impression of alternating currents of high voltage on a wire that is not quite large enough for them. From such I would withdraw myself.

One is freed from all such apprehensions in the companionship of people who make no pretensions to any kind of cleverness. "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." What cheerful sounds—the crackling of the dry thorns and the merry bubbling of the pot!—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

The Site of the White House.

The site for the president's palace, as the first maps name it, was selected by President Washington and Major L'Enfant when they laid out the federal city in 1792. They proposed to have the president's house and the capitol reciprocally close to the long vista formed by Pennsylvania avenue, and they also laid out a parklike connection between the two great buildings. The plans for the house, selected by Washington and Jefferson as the result of a competition in which L'Enfant took part, were drawn by James Hoban, a native of Dublin and a medal man of the Society of Arts of that city.—Charles Moore in Century.

Produced the Desired Effect.

Kate, when two years old, was fond of climbing. One day when her mother-er was in an adjoining room she called excitedly:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, come quick!" Her mother, thinking she was in danger, hastened to her to find her standing quietly beside the table.

"Why did you call that way?" she said. "I thought you were falling."
 "I wanted that cup, and I called you that way so you would hurry."—Little Chronicle.

Why Johnny Went to Bed Supperless

"What is the matter with this horse-radish, Maria?" asked the father of the family. "It looks mused up."
 "What's the reason they call it horse-radish, papa?" inquired Johnny. "I offered it to the horse a little while ago an' he wouldn't touch it!"—Chicago Tribune.

There is no use growing excited when a man calls you a liar. If you are one, you knew it before he told you, and if you are not you know he is.—Baltimore American.

A HORSE IN BATTLE

HOW HE FEELS WHEN IN THE MIDST OF A FIERCE ONSLAUGHT.

A Writer of Horse Stories Describes the Experiences of an Arab Charger in the Ranks of Stuart's Cavalry—The Gallop to Battle.

Probably no one will ever know just how a horse feels when going into battle. There is no way of finding out. So it is likely that no one will dispute the correctness of the description which Sewall Ford gives in "Horses Nine," published by Scribners.

The horse in question is Pasha, a half blood Arab hunter that has been pressed into service in Stuart's Black Horse cavalry. The story runs:

Early the next morning Pasha was awakened by the distant growl of heavy guns. By daylight he was on the move, thousands of other horses with him. Nearer and nearer they rode to the place where the guns were growling. Sometimes they were on roads, sometimes they crossed fields, and again they plunged into the woods, where the low branches struck one's eyes and scratched one's flanks. At last they broke clear of the trees to come suddenly upon such a scene as Pasha had never before witnessed.

Far across the open field he could see troop on troop of horses coming toward him. They seemed to be pouring over the crest of a low hill, as if driven onward by some unseen force behind. Instantly Pasha heard, rising from the throats of thousands of riders on either side and behind him, that fierce, wild yell which he had come to know meant the approach of trouble. High and shrill and menacing it rang as it was taken up and repeated by those in the rear. Next the bugles began to sound, and in quick obedience the horses formed in line just on the edge of the woods, a line which stretched and stretched on either flank until one could hardly see where it ended.

From the distant line came no answering cry, but Pasha could hear the bugles blowing, and he could see the fronts massing. Then came the order to charge at a gallop. This set Pasha to tugging eagerly at the bit, but for what reason he did not know. He knew only that he was part of a great and solid line of men and horses sweeping furiously across a field toward that other line which he had seen pouring over the hill crest.

He could scarcely see at all now. The thousands of hoofs had raised a cloud of dust that not only enveloped the on rushing line, but rolled before it. Nor could Pasha hear anything save the thunderous thud of many feet. Even the shrieking of the shells was drowned. But for the restraining bit Pasha would have leaped forward and cleared the line. Never had he been so stirred. The inherited memory of countless desert raids made by his Arab ancestors was doing its work. For what seemed a long time this continued, and then in the midst of the blind and frenzied race there loomed out of the thick air, as if it had appeared by magic, the opposing line.

Pasha caught a glimpse of something which seemed like a heaving wall of tossing heads and of foam whitened necks and shoulders. Here and there gleamed red, distended nostrils and strained eyes. Bending above was another wall—a wall of dusty blue coats, of grim faces and of dust powdered

hats. Bristling above all was a threatening crest of waving blades.

What would happen when the lines met? Almost before the query was thought there came the answer. With an earth jarring crash they came together. The lines wavered back from the shock of impact, and then the whole struggle appeared to Pasha to center about him. Of course this was not so. But it was a fact that the most conspicuous figure in either line had been that of the cream white charger in the very center of the Black Horse regiment.

Birdlike Reptiles.

The most birdlike reptiles in the world are the beautiful iguanas of tropical America. The smallest members of this family, belonging to the genus anolis, swarm in the bushes and trees of the West Indies and in many points resemble humming birds. Gosse in "A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica" gives a vivid description of them. On a bright day hundreds of these brilliantly colored creatures may be seen on trees and fences, entertaining visitors by their gambols, leaping from branch to branch, fearlessly entering houses and even alighting on individuals. When irritated, they will suddenly change their brilliant colors for a dull, sooty brown.

Analogous to these, but not nearly so graceful, are the flying lizards of the old world. With hinder ribs prolonged to support a parachute-like expansion, these brightly marked reptiles are often mistaken for birds as they take flying leaps from tree to tree, for they are thoroughly arboreal.

Baldness Due to Indigestion.

"There seem to be fewer baldheaded men than there were years ago," said a physician. "Time was when four out of five men more than forty-five years old were baldheaded or fast approaching that stage. Nowadays the average has fallen nearer to two than to three."

"What's the cause? I suppose there are many reasons, but one certainly is to be found in the general increase of outdoor exercise. Nervous disorders result in the falling out of the hair and impaired digestion brings on nervous disorders. Exercise, as is well known, stimulates digestion, and there above all else is the secret of preserving the hair. Keep your digestion in good condition and your nerves will not trouble you. All the scalp diseases in the catalogue are not responsible for as many baldheads as indigestion."

A Story of Brignoll.

Praise went a long way with Brignoll. One evening at rehearsal in New York the orchestra laid down their instruments as one man and applauded his singing of a favorite song long and vigorously. He was much pleased and, advancing to the footlights with many a bow and smile of satisfaction, said: "Gentlemen, immediately after the rehearsal there will be a champagne supper at the Everett House. I hope I may have the honor to meet you all there."

It is needless to remark that they were there, every man of them. The supper cost Brignoll \$500.

Another Tender Heart.

Clara—Going in for charity again, are you? What is it this time?
 Dora—We are going to distribute cheap copies of Beethoven's symphonies among the poor. Music is such an aid to digestion, you know!—New York Weekly.

Animals in Fire. When Cyprus was the center of the copper industry, it is asserted that a four footed animal with wings lived in the hottest furnaces among the fire and furthermore that it would die instantly upon being removed from its natural element, the flames. The salamander of old was also a creature which did not dread the fire. Some say that it could eat fire and spit flames, others that its breath would ignite all combustibles. Pliny says, "This animal is so intensely cold as to extinguish fire by its contact in the same way that ice doth."

The Noble Character.

Here is Aristotle's definition of a noble character: He does not recollect injustices; for accurate recollection, especially of injuries, is not characteristic of the magnanimous man, but he rather overlooks them. He is not fond of talking of people, for he will neither speak of himself nor anybody else; for he does not care that he himself should be praised nor that others should be blamed.

Litigants' Requisites.

An old English solicitor used to say a man's requirements for going to law were ten in number, and he summed them up as follows: First, plenty of money; secondly, plenty of patience; thirdly, a good case; fourthly, a good solicitor; fifthly, plenty of money; sixthly, a good counsel; seventhly, a good witness; eighthly, a good jury; ninthly, a good judge; tenthly, plenty of money.

Badly Behind Time.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "Isn't it a pity that the morning newspapers are so much behind time?"
 "In what respect?"
 "Why, they never print the name of the winner of a horse race until the next day, when it is too late to bet."

Dissected.

Willie—Ma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?
 Ma—No. Don't be ridiculous.
 Willie—Well, Mr. Jiggs said he was going to the Adirondacks for his lungs.

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