

THIRTEEN.

"Thirteen is unlucky," says I to John Gray. That time he got married the thirteenth of May. But John he just grinned and said I was sore because it wasn't me that was getting Bess Moore. Well, it's twelve years since then, and three weeks ago I was out to John's house in New Mexico. And we hadn't met in ten years, I guess. When one day I seen him in dining with Bess. They coated and insisted and vowed I must go to pay 'em a visit at their place, and so I climb in their wagon, and when we got there I thought we had hit on a Donnybrook fair. "It's only the children," says Bess, "and I'll send them in right away to see our old friend." And then they come in, the big and the small, and I counted the lot. There was thirteen in all. And I looked up at John, and John looked away. And says I to him, "How's the thirteenth of May?" And John said he guessed he hadn't notion to say. P. S.—There was two pair of twins.

New York Sun.

FINDLAY'S CONFESSION

It Doesn't Pay to Be Dishonest, Even Though You Win.

BY LAYTON BREWER.

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The funds were ready for them at their broker's office in the form they had specified when Findlay and Walters called. Only that morning had their holdings, a large amount secured originally by a narrow margin, been turned into coin. Walters acted the principal in the operation, but both men signed the broker's receipt, Findlay, however, under an assumed name. Then the two left the office and Findlay bore the money in a messenger's satchel, which was fastened to his wrist by a leather strap.

They were bound for Findlay's home in a near suburb, but neither spoke because of their whirling brains. As the cool harbor breezes refreshed them on the voyage across the bay, Findlay was in some difficulty to restrain his exuberance and at the same time guiltily uneasy. After a brisk walk from the ferry house they entered a cottage, of which Findlay used the key.

He ushered his companion into a library and now assumed a proprietorship over the money which he had hitherto disguised. From the bag he lifted several canvas pouches that clinked heavily as he placed them upon a table, and two thick packets of notes. "Ten per cent to you," he said, repeating a phrase well worn between them as he opened the bills and began a rapid counting.

"Yes," assented Walters. "Well, there's nothing to sign between us. Here you are," and Findlay pushed over the sum mentioned. He hastily verified the remaining packages and mumbled an apology for a moment's absence.

In the library where Walters waited he could be heard moving about directly overhead.

Presently Findlay returned. "I told her this morning to place a cover for you. I have a reasonable closet, but there is only a cook here, so the service is what one chooses to make for himself."

Walters accepted the invitation readily enough, and soon after the woman announced dinner.

After the meal, when they were secure from further interruption, they opened on the one topic of interest. Smoke wreaths drifted between them. Findlay often raised his long tumbler of Scotch and soda, slowly relaxing from his weeks of anxiety. Walters drank little.

"Thank the Lord, it is over and my tracks are covered!" exclaimed Findlay.

"Then you're out of it for good?" asked Walters. He displayed, evidently against his purpose, greater eagerness than one manifests in the affairs of a friend.

"For good?" A muffled telephone bell interrupted his declaration. He pushed his chair back from the table. "That's the works. They have me on a private line with the office in case anything important turns up while I'm here. They'll be on the books all to-night. Just one moment."

When Findlay was seated once more, he resumed: "Why, look at it! To get a few thousand ahead I took life and death chances—worse. Do you know what this week's boom meant for me? See here. They're closing up the books over there. So far my shortage has been covered by coin in the vaults—which wasn't there. Tomorrow that coin will be counted and it will be there. But if the market hadn't boomed, the corporation and the missus would have divided the life insurance, but the missus would have had the disgrace all to herself."

"It was a close squeeze," admitted Walters, "but I knew it for a sure thing."

"Certain enough for an investor, perhaps?"

"You land well ahead, at any rate?" "A couple of thousand maybe."

"Why not take a turn with that? I can place?"

"No, sir! I'm going to spend it," cried Findlay boisterously. "I'm going

to make that brute money pay me some recompense in luxury for the misery it cost me. Alice comes home tomorrow and I've arranged for a leave, and we shall make a little journey, first class. I have discounted either outcome, you see."

Walters bit his mustache. "Couldn't you stake me \$1,500 over tomorrow, then? I'll pay you what you like."

"Why, I just gave you more than that for engineering this cursed deal. Speculating under an alias—ugh! I wish I could lose the taste of it," and Findlay spat.

"But I need it—not need it, but I have a sure play in sight."

"Sorry, old chap, but that money stays right with me until I spend it. I've got a grudge against it, I tell you. It's got to work for me—get me things. It's a personal matter. Don't try to come between a man and his pet enemy. That slave can't be seduced," laughed Findlay.

So Walters dropped the matter. He rose to go soon. Findlay was noisily hospitable in his farewell. After spending his guest he walked to the dining room, drank a stiff nightcap and put out the lights. In his bedroom he handled the money again and called it names, waxing rather melodramatic. Then he put it in his safe and turned the key. "I'm glad I'm not one to attract burglars," he said as he smiled at his simple strong box. The drink and a week's sleeplessness conquered his overwrought nerves as soon as he touched his sheets and he slept heavily.

Some hours later the tiny midnight noises of a sleeping house were sharply silenced by a loud creaking of the stairs. Then everything was breathlessly still. Again the stairway creaked, but more cautiously. A slight odor of sulphur, the green flicker of a match, and then a little candle flame shed a dim light in the upper hall just outside Findlay's bedroom. His door was tried and yielded slowly, while the intruder listened to Findlay's breathing.

Presently the vague light crossed his room and played around the safe. A moment later its feeble rays were searching his clothes—such a long, long search it made! Some keys fell loudly to the floor. But the sleeper breathed with heavy regularity.

Next the candle appeared beside the safe. A key clicked and the little door swung wide. From out of its dark recesses the man dragged its treasure to the last coin.

Suddenly the air thrilled under the shrill roll of the telephone bell hanging directly beside the head of the bed. The thief sprang to the instrument and vainly tried to stifle its alarm. But in the darkness Findlay turned on his bed, stretched and slowly raised himself on one elbow, to feel the cold ring of a revolver's muzzle thrust against his forehead.

"One move and you're a dead man!" he heard.

The blind night terror was on him, and, shivering, he held himself stiff against the muzzle. Somebody talked into his telephone, but he could not see an outline in the black room. The cold ring pressed unwaveringly against his face.

"Yes, it is I." It seemed his own voice speaking.

"No, I don't remember."

"No; of course I won't come at this hour."

"No, I won't. I won't be there at all—I won't be there at all."

"Because I'm \$10,000 short."

The revolver pressed harder as Findlay started.

"Steady!" cautioned the voice in a thrilling whisper.

"No; I'm going to shoot myself."

A frightened clerk held the telephone receiver at the Combined Oil company's office. Facing his companions, he cried: "For God's sake! Here's Findlay says he's \$10,000 short!" The others came running to him. "He says he's going to shoot"—then as he held the receiver gingerly from his ear they all heard the echoed report of the shot.—New York Press.

What One Hears in the Telephone. "It is very hard to realize that the voice one hears over the telephone is not the voice of the person who is talking," said an electrician, chatting about the oddities of the business. "It seems exactly like the real tones, drawn out thin and small and carried from a long distance by some mechanical means, but it isn't. When one speaks into the instrument, a little diaphragm, like a drumhead, begins to vibrate, and such vibration sends a wave of electricity over the wire. These waves set up a mimic vibration in another diaphragm at the opposite end, which jars the air and produces an imitation of the original voice.

"That's not a very scientific explanation, but it's accurate. The autograph-telegraph, which makes a facsimile of handwriting, is a fair parallel. You write your message with a pen, attached to a special electric apparatus, and a little ink siphon at the other end of the line exactly imitates every dot and curve. The result seems like the real thing, but is merely a first class counterfeit. It's the same way exactly with the voice in the 'phone.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unexpected Defense. Judge—Have you anything to say before the sentence is passed? Burglar—Yes; if I'd know'd that spinster lady had a dinner bell under 'er pillar, things 'd a come out diff'rent.—Indianapolis Journal.

Human Limitations. Professor Garner tells us that monkeys are perfectly capable of learning the French language. Does this attack the Darwinian theory? Certainly there are plenty of men who cannot learn to speak French.—Boston Budget.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Few men have done more in the cause of spiritual beauty as well as material art than John Ruskin.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Like Shakespeare, his genius flashed suddenly upon the world. Ruskin's ancestry did not foreshadow his wonderful gifts. He came forth, Minerva-like, full equipped with rare talents.—Washington Post.

Whatever judgment be passed on Ruskin's ideas he set people to thinking who had never thought before, and what he had to say be said in phrases that will live as models of English prose.—New York Sun.

John Ruskin was almost the last of that galaxy of great minds which illumined English literature during the middle of this century. Herbert Spencer may be said to be the very last survivor.—Buffalo Courier.

As an instigator of thought, a ranking the men of his time to new and high ideals, he was a factor to be compared only to Carlyle, who shared with him an intense indignation against shams of all kinds.—Chicago Record.

If England today is less Philistine than 50 years ago, the glory of this gain belongs chiefly to Ruskin in doing for art what Darwin and Huxley and Spencer have done for science or what Carlyle and Arnold have done for letters.—New York World.

Ruskin will be remembered best and longest as a master of English prose. He wrote the richest and most poetical and luxuriant prose of the nineteenth century, prose that for music can hardly be compared with anybody's except Shelley's and Milton's.—Buffalo Express.

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How many men spend from 10 to 25 cents a day for social drinks or to treat a friend, yet never think to spend 5 cents every other day to treat their wives at home to all the pure water they can drink, and for household purposes, without having to pump or draw it out of a 60-foot bored well. Men, think of this. Add to the comfort and health of your home by having city water put in. The cost is small—only about 2 1/2 cents a day.

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ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Fine, rich compost makes the best fertilizer for flowers.

If mulch appears on the rosebushes, dust them with sulphur.

More skill is required in the marketing of fruit than with almost any other kind of farm products.

Walnut, hickory, pecan and other nut bearing trees make excellent shade trees along the roadsides and in the pastures.

One of the best ways of protecting full grown peach trees is to mulch heavily under the tree as far out as the branches extend.

Peach trees growing near the house, where dishwater and wash water are thrown out are long lived and free from worms and disease.

It is not the severe freezing that injures the strawberry plants so much as the repeated thawing and freezing. By proper mulching in good season this injury may be avoided.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

The Chicago Northwestern university (Methodist) asks for \$1,500,000 of the \$20,000,000 which the Methodist church proposes to raise as a twentieth century offering.

Chicago makes provision for its deaf children in the public schools. There are 11 schools at present scattered through the city, and they contain about 200 children.

Dr. Luis Alejandro Baralt, for many years a special instructor in Spanish at the College of the City of New York, has resigned to accept the professorship of English at the University of Havana.

E. Charlton Black, the new head of Boston university's English department, was a ward of Dr. John Brown, the famous author of "Rab and His Friends," a classmate of Barrie at Edinburgh, a friend of Stevenson and Crockett, and afterward a regular lecturer at Harvard.

"I think I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by Hannah Bros., 21 S. Palafox street.

I will repair your watches and jewelry in first-class style. J. I. Stephens.

Medical Society, Attention. There will be a regular meeting of the Pensacola Medical Society at the Board of Health office at 6 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, March 13 and 27th.

Visiting physicians are cordially invited to attend.

D. W. McMILLAN, M. D., President

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Received at the office of the Light-House Inspector, Key West, Fla., until 12 o'clock m., March 14, 1900, and then opened, for furnishing and delivering provisions for vessels and stations in the Seventh Light-House District, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, in accordance with specifications, copies of which, with blank proposals and other information, may be had upon application to F. SINGER, Commander, U. S. N. m3eod3t

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WINE OF CARDUI. WOMEN WHO WORK. St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 12. Though only 19 years old, I suffered from pains and female troubles two years. Last spring I got so bad I had to quit work. I had to support myself, and could not afford a high-priced doctor. I got one bottle of Wine of Cardui and that made me feel better. I have now used several bottles and am well. My mother used the Wine for Change of Life and was greatly relieved. MISS MARGARET WALSH. Wine of Cardui. Many girls and women find it necessary to earn their own living in various kinds of employment. Their work is often so hard and continuing that the health breaks down. Their delicate constitutions are unaccustomed to tireless tasks. Weakness nearly always makes its appearance in the peculiarly delicate womanly organs. Constant standing on the feet, and coming at the back of a superintendant or foreman, induces tending of the womb, leucorrhoea, headache and backache. The pay of women workers is often so miserably small that when sickness comes they have no money to engage skilled physicians. To them Wine of Cardui is truly a blessing. It cures them of their ills at a small cost, and they can act as their own physicians. No doctor can do as much for "female troubles" as Wine of Cardui. Druggists sell Large Bottles for \$1.00.

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