SUPERFLUOUS CASH

By E. E. GARNETT.

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Upon the breakfast tables of the town that morning the early papers had their everyday fold and suffered the usual indifferent glances; but with the crisp rattle of the opening sheets came startled exclamation and coffee and steak at many tables grew cold. Neale and Company had failed. For Neale himself the readers did not concern themselves; he had many irons in the fire and the falling of one was a bagatelle, but "Company" was a different story. Phil Graham's all was vested in that title, and the town loved Phil. Moreover, the town had advised him as to the unlucky venture, so responsibility weighted its sympathy.

"Something must be done," said Maj. Andreson, taking a gulp from his chilled cup.

"But what?" asked pretty Nell. Then there was a pause, with a family of wrinkled brows.

"You see," said Miss Benton, who was the major's ward, "there is nothing a man is more fastidious about than the way he is helped."

The Andersons all looked at her and then took demurely to their breakfasts. They had suddenly recalled the fact that this subject was of more importance to her than to anyone else except "Company" himself, and they found comfort in the thought of her income.

"True," and the major smiled as he indorsed her remark, "and the greater his need the more pigheaded Phil will get."

"So, if I might suggest—" coloring daintily.

"Yes?" The major bent his handsome gray head in gracious deference.

"I should let him alone."

"Oh," said Nell, aghast, "not even sympathize?"

"Doesn't sympathy in such a case carry a bit of humiliation? As if one were not equal to emergencies."

The major laughed. "Of course," he said, "a young lady with three thousand a year in her own right knows about the way to fight emergencies."

At this point a note came in for Miss Benton, which she excused herself to read. She grew white over it. The Andersons after a furtive glance api[illegible] kept their eyes politely to [illegible]s and talked as fast as pos[illegible]oreign subjects. All stood [illegible]th breaths of relief. Miss [illegible]wed the major to his [illegible]osed the door after her. [illegible] his courage," she said, ab[illegible], "but I forgot the weak side [illegible]is pride."

"Ah," said the major, gently putting her into a chair, "he releases you?"

"Which is absurd," with a wan smile, "what shall I do?"

"Well," walking up and down and frowning, "as I've said, he's pigheaded; but—" a sudden smile flashing out, "a beautiful girl"—and he made a little courtly sweep of hands to show the helplessness of the world before her will.

"No," flushing, "he has gone away." Yes, he had gone promptly away. A vision of Miss Benton's eyes with tears among the lashes went along, but he frowned it all down, reflecting upon the two or three households of his acquaintance where the wife held the purse. A pretty position for a man of honor and brains and muscle to call on his wife to pay his butcher! So he hurried west, well from the sight of Miss Benton and did bookkeeping at $1,200 a year.

But a woman's will is not so easily dismissed. Some three months later there came a letter from the one friend of the old town to whom he had confided his address, and it had this paragraph: "You have heard of Miss Benton's trouble? It is rumored that she has lost absolutely everything, and I judge there can be no mistake, for she has sold her ponies, dismissed her maid and is advertising, poor girl, for a position as governess."

That day Phil spent studying domestic economy and the possibilities of twelve hundred a year. The next found him with a fortnight's leave of absence and a seat in an east-bound train.

"I ought to send you away," said Miss Benton, with a sigh and a pout and a furtive glance of adoration, "but I cannot."

"Perhaps," laughed Phil, "you may do that later; but," with a look infinitely satisfactory to Miss Benton, "money is not everything."

Some two years had passed when the major happened in Chicago and called on his late ward. The street was not a fashionable one, and the house, though cozy and artistic, was small and plain.

"You don't mean to say," gasped the major, staring from the late Miss Benton's simple dress to the very plain furniture of her sitting-room, "you don't mean to say—"

"Hush," laughing, with a finger on her lips, "I have never told him."

The major sat down limp with astonishment.

"You see, we are quite happy," dimpling and flushing exquisitely, "and that superfluous cash might be a disturbing element."

"Upon my soul!"

"So be very careful, please, when he comes in. He will be delighted to see you."

"Upon my soul!"

"Do be careful," anxiously, with eye and ear attentive to the door.

"Upon—you don't touch it at all?"

"No," smiling, "not a cent of it."

"He still thinks," chuckling, "that he saved you from going out as a governess?"

"Yes," in a delighted nod. "Hus-s-sh, that's his step."

"Superfluous cash," repeated the major, discreetly low, "upon my soul!"

MINE PAYS CITY'S BILLS.

The Municipality of Baker, Wash., Owns a Profitable Deposit of Gold Ore.

The town of Baker City, Wash., is one of the most favored of municipalities, for it is the owner of a water system which is a veritable gold mine. About a year ago the city authorities issued bonds to the amount of $100,000 and established a gravity water system to supply the city from Elk creek, ten miles away in the mountains. After the new system was nearly completed it was discovered this summer that the flow of water was not sufficient to meet the demands of the city and the council issued more bonds and purchased the celebrated Auburn ditch, which brings a large supply of water from the mountains to a point about eight miles from the city. The water is excellent, there is plenty of it and it will soon be connected with the main water system, says a local informant.

All this is very well, but there is something distinctly peculiar about the new water system of Baker City. The title to the Auburn ditch carries with it the title to the celebrated Nelson placer mines, situated eight or ten miles west of the city, and in securing the water the city also acquired a gold mine, probably the first ever owned by any municipality in the United States. These mines have been leased in the past year by year to people who have taken out good returns every season. This year the owners have made a good clean-up. Next year the city can operate the mine itself or lease the privilege to others.

It is estimated by a mining man of experience that the Nelson placer mines will pay a sufficient revenue to pay all the expenses of the city government of Baker City and afford many improvements now greatly needed by this rapidly growing little city. For instance, the town is in urgent need of a good sewerage system, electric street lights, street pavement and systematic street sprinkling during the dry months. It is also proposed to erect in Baker City next year a permanent mineral palace, to be constructed of gold and silver ores and to contain a large collection of the ores from which every camp and mine in eastern Oregon, so arranged and exhibited as to answer all questions as to the mineral resources of the country. It would show to a stranger the exact location and character of all the different kinds of ores, gold, silver, copper, coal, nickel, kaolin, asphaltum and the location and description of all the working mines and prospects.

It is believed that the rental or proceeds from the Nelson placers, which in such peculiar manner became the property of Baker City, will run the city and pay for these much desired improvements, and perhaps aid in wiping out the city's indebtedness already being steadily reduced under a cash basis system of government.

BANK BILLS IN CAR WHEELS.

Currency Macerated at the National Treasury Is Used by the Car Builders.

It is the commonly accepted belief that the old currency redeemed at the treasury department is absolutely destroyed. Such, however, is not the case. A single wheel of a locomotive represents many millions of what was once good paper currency. From a bank note to a car wheel is quite a radical transformation, but it happens every day, and to become a supporting atom in the revolving mass is the ultimate fate of every soiled $1, $10 or $1,000 bill, says a Washington report.

Between $50,000,000 and $500,000,000 worth of paper money is canceled every year in the treasury department in Washington, and after being macerated is converted into filling for railroad car wheels. This pulp makes the best kind of wheels and the government gets $40 a ton for it from the manufacturers.

The destruction of soiled paper currency goes on daily and is in charge of three treasury employes, who represent respectively the secretary of the treasury, the treasurer of the United States and the comptroller of the currency. Bundles of the canceled notes are dumped into the big macerators and crushed into a puttylike mass. The pulp is then treated with an alkali, which extracts the ink; the stuff is dried, shipped in bales and forwarded to the car wheel manufacturers.

For every note so destroyed, unless it has come from a national bank in liquidation, a new one of the same denomination is printed at the bureau of printing and engraving. All this work costs the government nothing. The national banks pay the expenses, although the treasury department has full control of the redemption division.

Except Their Fingernails.

"I always try to nail a lie," said the little woman.

"What nonsense!" sneered the cruel man. "Women can't nail anything."—Chicago Daily News.

The MISSION OF LITTLE QUIET

By ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.

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In the neighborhood of "Diamond Row," as some one wittily dubbed the long block of showy, pressed-brick houses, Little Quiet's advent caused no end of comment and burning curiosity. Lawyer Hodges, the keenest lawyer of the city, had once been a waif and made his own way upward. His wife was an invalid and they were childless. When one day a child of a year old and a nurse maid were installed at their house the women of the block were not satisfied until each had made a friendly call and elicited such crumbs of information as Mrs. Hodges would impart.

Pieced together it was meager information. The child belonged to one of Mr. Hodges' clients and he had promised to give it his personal supervision. Mrs. Hodges did not know who the parents were nor why the child was there. The child was no annoyance to her, because it was quiet. In fact, they called her Little Quiet, although her name was Mary.

The good matrons of "Diamond Row," eager to do and be real society people, felt and resented the subtle differences between that baby and their own less dainty and beautiful offspring. For Little Quiet was delicate and pale, she had starry eyes and a small, red mouth. Her curls, now light brown, would one day be as dark as her lashes. Her skin was fine and her hands and feet daintily formed. Money was lavished on her, money from somewhere. She was a little queen, even if isolated with her nurse in the third-story front of the pressed brick. She was not neglected. Before Lawyer Hodges took his hat each morning he mounted the two flights of stairs, cast a suspicious eye over the nursery and bedroom, inspected the child gravely and kindly and departed—satisfied.

Little Quiet could not talk well, but she chose to show appreciation or affection by little smiles or movements and gestures. Her nurse, who had something like a conscience after a long siege of troublesome charges, soon adored her.

"There never was a baby like her," she would say ten times a day. "Wherever her people are, they are missing the sweetest one God ever sent below."

Even Lawyer Hodges thawed as the child began to look for his morning visits. He showed it by a sharper scrutiny and a dozen useless commands, impractical and accepted by Nurse Brown with charity.

One gloomy day Lawyer Hodges received a cablegram of some length over which he looked sore. While he was knitting his forehead, the head clerk ushered in a woman. The lawyer glanced up, suddenly pushed back the cablegram and rose. His keen eyes met eyes quite as keen, but beautiful and imploring.

"Madam!"

"You are surprised to see me, of course. I have recovered. I am here because I want my child."

"Your husband must inform you, madam. I am merely his lawyer. I act by his instructions."

"And he is in Europe. I know the child is not with him and you know where she is. I would not let my lawyer come—nor can I wait. I must see my child—do you hear? I must see the child."

"But, madam—"

"You need not say one word. I defy you. I am not afraid now of the whole world, because I have the clew to the tangle. Harold was and is a madly jealous man. He married me from the stage with no deceit or guile on my part. He was always jealous, always suspicious. And when I was ill, he thought he found those suspicions verified, seized the child and fled to Europe. But God is good. I am now well and I will not be trodden to the dust. Harold did not take baby to Europe. She is hidden somewhere and you know where. Think of it, think of it! My child torn from me and I am wholly innocent. Can you deny me her one moment? Think how her mother must feel!"

During this impassioned appeal the lawyer stood peering out at her as if appalled. He had not the least doubt of her innocence, for he knew men and women well. But the husband was his client and he must stand on the other side. Something made him hate himself as he said, slowly:

"Madam, you must settle this with your husband. I cannot act save as he instructs me."

"As you instruct him, you mean. I know lawyers' ways. Harold is rich and is your client. But I tell you that in the name of humanity you dare not refuse to tell me if that child is safe and well."

He meant to shake his head and be done with it—but there came a sudden memory of Little Quiet's clapping her hands at the sight of her that morning, her starry eyes alight, as were these others before him. He cleared his throat.

"She is well and safe."

"For so much I thank you. You may write to your client and tell him what you please. Whatever he does, I will be righted—because there is no wrong with me—and he has destroyed his own happiness."

When she had gone Mr. Hodges pulled forward the cablegram. It told him that the writer was about to return and intended to at once sue for a divorce and the custody of his child. The papers must be ready when he reached New York.

* * * *

"Yes," the papers are ready," said the lawyer on the eighth day afterward to a tall and athletic young man, who seemed to fairly fill his small office; "that is, if you are fully determined. Your wife will fight the case. She has retained Van Cassyl—and will fight for the child. Had we not better arrange something?"

Harold Thynne shook himself like a weary dog.

"No, I want it over with. I am sure—sure. It was my own mad folly. These women of the stage—pah!"

"But," interrupted the lawyer, "you are too rash, were too rash then. Think of the child—that is a nice little child. You ought not to expect me to not think of her in this case, for I've looked after her for you."

"So you have," said the man, gloomily, "but she is so like her mother."

"We will go and see her before we do anything else," said the lawyer, quietly. "In fact, I insist that you must see her before going forward."

Half an hour later the two men stepped quietly up the two flights of stairs. The house seemed very still, and there was nothing to lead Mr. Hodges to expect the scene he met on opening the nursery door. The child was seated on her beautiful mother's lap, the tiny arms about her neck. Mrs. Hodges was crying in a chair near by, and Nurse Brown was blowing her nose violently from time to time.

"Arethusa!" exclaimed Mr. Hodges, amazed beyond further speech by the sight before him.

She turned fiercely upon him.

"When I never would have thought, Timothy, that you'd have hid away a sweet child from its mother, and all on account of a bad man's jealousy."

Mrs. Thynne had risen with the child in her arms. Her eyes blazed as she faced her accuser.

"You shall not have her, Harold. You would make her as miserable as you have made me. Think of snatching a tender little thing from its mother's arms and then running off to Europe and leaving her with strangers."

"It shows what a rash, wildthoughted man you are," sobbed Mrs. Hodges, "and you've had a bad influence over my husband or he would never have helped you."

Harold Thynne was pallid to the lips.

"Didn't I see you talking to the actor you knew before we were married? Didn't I see you give him a letter or note?—and you had promised me to give up those people."

"That's where I was foolish," replied the little mother, bravely. "I should never have turned my back on old friends—and should occasion offer, I will show what that note was and where its destination."

"She was sending money to a poor sick woman that had always looked after her, you wretch," cried Mrs. Hodges; "she told me so, and I believe her—and not asking her about it you steals her baby, and her sick at the time. Ugh! but you are a thoughtless one and don't deserve such a wife and child. Timothy shall not take your case, not he."

The lawyer whistled softly.

But Little Quiet had been making up her mind from her perch in her mother's arms. She had been shyly eying her father while smoothing her mother's cheek. Now her seldom-heard voice was raised in entreaty.

"Papa, p'eas tum here."

It was as if a bombshell had exploded in the room. Nurse Brown fled, weeping audibly. The dazed Timothy found himself hustled out by Mrs. Hodges, who fairly drove him down the stairs. Sitting down upon a divan in the hallway she sank back among the cushions with a wail of recrimination.

"If it wasn't for that blessed child, Timothy, you'd be a miserable sinner. But the Lord has upset your plans, and although I don't like that man, she may bring him around so he'll act like other people. They got a little child to lead them, anyhow."

Knew from Experience.

Not long ago, in Perthshire, Scotland, relates a foreign exchange, a woman was driving her husband down a narrow lane, when, on turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's cart. Neither had room to pass, and in most disagreeable tones the woman said:

"He must go back, for I shall not. He ought to have seen us before entering the lane."

"But, my dear," how could he, with this sudden turn in the road?"

"I don't care," said the woman, haughtily; "I shall stay here all night before I give way to him."

The driver of the cart overheard all the conversation, and said, resignedly:

"A' richt, sir; I'll gang back"—adding, sympathetically, "I've goe just such anither one at home."—London Tit-Bits.

"Mammy's" Art Criticism.

The old negro "mammy" of the ante-bellum type is fast disappearing, and when one does meet with the genuine article there is generally reason to remember the occasion pleasantly. Recently a gentleman was making some purchases in a small grocery in West Baltimore, when there entered the store one of these characters belonging to days gone by.

Hanging conspicuously on the wall of the store was a large lithograph depicting an airily clad youngster in a field of waving grain. The picture immediately caught the eye of the newcomer.

"Who's dat?" she asked the clerk.

"Why, that's George Washington," replied the clerk, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Huh!" grunted aunty dubiously. "Hit luks mo' lag Moses in de ambush."—Baltimore Sun.

PARCEL DELIVERY BY TUBE.

Private Company That Has Installed a System in Boston—Plan Would Save Much Traffic.

Pneumatic tubes have long been used for the transmission of change, messages, and other light articles. They were also employed for a time in Boston, New York and Philadelphia for mail transmission, although this was stopped about a year ago. It is quite possible that tubes—which have long been in extensive use on the other side of the water for the dispatch of mail, may again be employed for that purpose in this country, and not only in the cities named, but also in others. In the meantime an interesting experiment in the use of pneumatic tubes for delivering ordinary parcels was begun by a private company in Boston last August and is described by the engineer of the company, Mr. Edward D. Sabine, in the Engineering News. The line starts in the midst of the retail district and has two branches. One runs to the Back Bay, a distance of a mile and a half. The other runs a mile to a point in the South end, whence a line continues a mile farther to Roxbury, and from there another line extends a mile and a quarter farther to Dorchester. Every line is really double, one tube being for outward and the other for inward business. The carrier travels at the rate of a mile in two minutes. Bundles are collected by team for deposit and are distributed by team from the other end. It is obvious that a proper pneumatic tube parcel delivery system, having direct connections with big stores and other centers of distribution in the downtown district in any large city, would obviate a great amount of traffic in that district. The Boston system is not such a one, but so far as it goes the results of its use will be instructive.

THE PEOPLE OF MARS.

New Convert to Theory That Planet Is Inhabited—Says Communication Is Impossible.

Prof. Samuel A. Harker, occupying the chair of mathematics and astronomy in the University of Indianapolis, lately gave out a statement that he is a convert to the theories advanced by Sir Robert Ball, Garrett Serviss and others, that the planet Mars is inhabited, and that its people are exceedingly intelligent and enterprising, but it is impossible to communicate with them.

Prof. Harker further says, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer, that "the Martians are a people of stupendous power and wonderful engineering skill. Were it possible to signal them, there is little doubt that they would understand and reply, as they are a race of enormous brain development."

Prof. Harker further adds that in all of the thousands of years of the earth's history its people have not succeeded in changing the face of the planet to any such extent as the people of Mars have changed theirs, but he sees no way of signaling to them. He does not take kindly to the theory advanced by Tesla, of electric signals conveyed through the ether, as Prof. Harker believes it an impossibility to develop the requisite energy to transmit the waves so far.

THE ORIGINAL JUDGE LYNCH.

No One Condemned Lawlessness More Heartily Than He—Strange Prank of Tradition.

Tradition sometimes plays strange pranks with dead men's reputations, says Thomas Walker Page in Atlantic. It would make an interesting half hour for the eavesdropper beyond the Styx, if he could hear the exchange of amenities between Duns Scotus and "Judge" Lynch—the one a shrewd, clear reasoner, whose name now signifies a fool; the other, a simple Quaker gentleman, whose name has come to stand for organized savagery. Charles Lynch was a man whose services to his country as a brave pioneer and righteous judge, as a soldier and a statesman, are by no means deserving of oblivion, still less of obloquy. It seems, indeed, one of the iniquities of fate that his name should now be universally applied to proceedings that no one would condemn more heartily than he. The records of the court of Bedford county, in Virginia, and those of various Quaker meetings, the journals of the Virginia house of burgesses and of the first constitutional convention, taken together with family documents and traditions, show him to have been an upright and useful member of society and a wise and energetic leader at the most important crisis of American history.

Cheap Railroad Fare.

India is the land of cheap railway traveling. The returns of the East India railway show that in 12 months 18,560,000 passengers used the line and that of these 17,000,000 traveled third or lowest class. The cost of carrying was one-eighteenth of a penny per mile, and the charge to the passengers was a little more than one farthing. Great as is the difference between the cost of transit by this line and parliamentary or even workmen's rates, the comparison between incomes of the lowest class of passengers in India and Great Britain is still greater. The average monthly income of the former in shillings corresponds with the number of pounds earned by the latter in a like period.

Petrified Fruit in Coal.

Petrified tropical fruits have been found in coal from Spitzbergen, the island group in the Arctic ocean, midway between Greenland and Nova Zembla.

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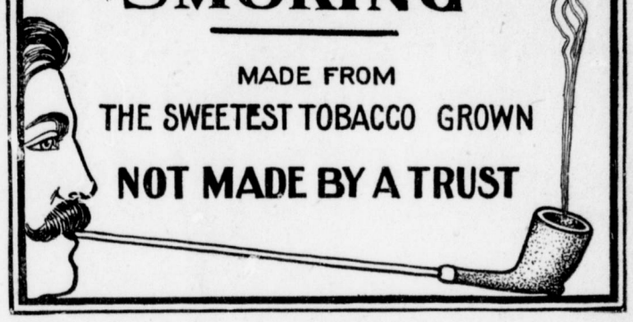

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