

Washington Gossip

Interesting Bits of News Picked Up Here and There at the National Capital

GOVERNMENT OPENS WAR ON PREDATORY ANIMALS

WASHINGTON—The government has obtained an official "hunter" not a mere mollycoddle of an octopus slayer or a special commissioner who seeks the money devil in his sky-scraper hall...

WORKINGMEN SAID TO BE SHARING IN PROSPERITY

IT IS predicted in official circles that the forthcoming bulletin of the bureau of labor will show that the increases in wages this year have been all records and that the prosperity which is so much heralded is tangible and that the working people are fully participating in it...

MAY PUT NAME OF DAVIS BACK ON FAMOUS BRIDGE

WHEN Franklin Pierce was president of the United States his secretary of war was Jefferson Davis, attorney general was the Confederate States of America.

SECRETARY CORTELUO GIVES GARFIELD SNUB

WHEN the war of the rebellion began and the erstwhile secretary of war became the executive head of the confederacy, the name of Jefferson Davis was placed on the bridge.

IN OCEAN'S GREATEST DEPTHS.

Pressure of Water That Would Destroy a Battleship. More than half the surface of the globe is hidden under water two miles deep; 7,000,000 square miles lie at a depth of 1,000 feet or more.

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ARE PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS NOSTRUMS?

To one not qualified, and few laymen are, to discriminate intelligently between physicians' prescriptions, proprietary medicines and nostrums, it may seem little more than a truism...

JUST THE SAME AS CURRENCY.

Third Son Felt He Had Nothing to Reproach Himself with. William Knoepfel, of St. Louis, has invented and hopes to patent a secret process for the cure of baldness.

PUSHED THE BEAR ASIDE.

Surveyor Tells of Experience He Does Not Care to Repeat. To walk right up to a monster bear and try to shove it out of the way and then escape unscathed is an experience of a lifetime.

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She had drawn his head close to her face, and her great blue eyes searched his as though they would pierce to his very soul. She was waiting for his simple appeal for him to allow her to see his heart, to see that there was nothing black there.

As she gazed her beautiful hands played through his hair as to a mother's through that of the child she is soothing in sickness. "Bob, speak to me, speak to me," she begged, "tell me there was no dishonor in the getting of those millions. Tell me no one was made to suffer as you and I have suffered. Tell me that the suicides and the convicts, the daughters dragged to shame and the mothers driven to the madhouse as a result of this panic, cannot be charged to anything unfair or dishonorable that you have done. Bob, Bob, answer me, answer me, my heart will break; or if, Bob, you have made a mistake, if you have done that which in your great desire to do and my father seemed justifiable, but which you now see was wrong, tell it to me, Bob, dear, and together we will try to undo it. We will try to find a way to stone. We will try to find the millions to the last, last penny to those upon whom you have brought misery. Father's loss will not matter. Together we will go to the end, tell him what we have done, what we have lived through, tell him of our mistake, and if he says he will forgive his own. For such a dishonor has my father of anything honorable that he will embrace his misery as happiness with the thought that his teachings have enabled his misdeeds to undo this great wrong. And then, Bob, we will be married, and you and I and father and mother will be together, and be, oh, so happy, and we will begin all over again."

"Beulah, stop. In the name of God, in the name of your love, do not say another word. There is a limit to the capacity of a man to suffer, even if he be a great, strong brute like myself. I have reached that limit. The day has been a hard one."

"I must go into the hustle of the street, into the din and sound, and get down my nerves and get back my head. Then I shall be able to think clear and true, and I will come back to you, and together we will see if I can do anything that makes me unfaithful to the checks and the notes and the lips of the best and most beautiful woman God ever put upon this earth. Beulah, you must not decide you to save my body from the fires of this world, and my soul from the torture of the damned, and I promise you that if I did this, if I have done wrong, what you call wrong, what your father would call wrong, I will do what you say to atone."

He went into the Battery. The benches were crowded with that jostling and steam of humanity that New York's mighty sewers throw in armies upon her inland beaches at every sunrise. Here a sodden brute, sleeping of a prolonged debauch, there a lad whose frankness of face and homely charm and bewilderment of eyes spell "from the farm and mother's watchful love." On another bench an Italian woman who had a half-dozen children and social graces about her, and whose clothes told of the immigrant just into port. Bob Browning apparently saw none. But suddenly he stopped. Upon a bench sat a sweet-faced mother holding a sleeping babe in her arms, while a curly-headed boy nestled his head in her lap and slept through the magic lanes and fairy woods of dream-land. The woman's face was one of girlish wood, the confidence of youth, and I followed a number of times I thought to speak to him and try to win him from his mood, but I restrained. I could see there was a soul battle waging and I realized that upon its outcome might depend Bob's salvation. Some seek the quiet of the woods, the soothing rattle of the leaves, the peaceful ripple of the brook when battling for their soul, but Bob's woods appeared to be the noisy place of misadventure. His leaving the horse din of the multitude and his brook's ripple the tears and the man-dammed of the great city, for he stopped and he conversed with many human derelicts that he met on his course. The hand of the clock on Trinity's steeple pointed to four as we approached the of-

gently pushed her back with a "hush" unwilling to rob the sleepers of their heaven. "What are you doing here, Mrs.?" he halted. "Mrs. Chase? Mr. Browning, when I went away from Randolph & Randolph's office I married John Chase; you may remember him as a delivery boy. He is a very nice fellow, and my husband was good; I did not

Upon a Bench Sat a Sweet-Faced Mother Holding a Sleeping Babe in Her Arms, and to typewrite any longer. These are our two children."

More than half the surface of the globe is hidden under water two miles deep; 7,000,000 square miles lie at a depth of 1,000 feet or more. Many places have been found five miles and more in depth. The greatest depth yet sounded is 31,200 feet, near the island of Guam. If Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain, were plucked from its seat and dropped into this spot the waves would still roll 2,000 feet above its crest. Into this terrible abyss the waters press down with a force of more than 10,000

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