BLINDFOLDED

By EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist as an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men was noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man and snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton furnishes an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return. Finally he has gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues the finding and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself ushered in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of Dudley. He can hear nothing about the mysterious box further than that it is the "Peril and Daily Menace" to her father. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Dicky, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the Wilton home and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the note was forgery. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the life of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Sorsen. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Oh, Mr. Wilton, you'll pardon my boldness, I'm sure," she said with an amiable flirt of the head, as I seated myself beside her and watched Luella melt away into the next room; "but I was afraid you had forgotten all about us poor women and it's a dread full thing to be in this great house when there isn't a man about, though of course there are the servants, but you can't count them as men, besides some of them being Chinamen. And we—I—that is, I really did want to see you, and we ought to have so much to talk about, for I've heard that your mother's first cousin was a Bowser, and I do so want to see that dear, delightful Chinatown that I've heard so much about, though they do say it's horrid and dirty, but you'll let us see that for ourselves, won't you, and did you ever go through Chinatown, Mr. Wilton?"

Mrs. Bowser pulled up her verbal catch-and-six so suddenly that I felt as though she must have been pitched off the box.

"Oh," said I carelessly, "I've seen the place often enough."

"How-nice!" Then suddenly looking grave Mrs. Bowser spoke from behind her fan. "But I hope, Mr. Wilton, there's nothing there that a lady shouldn't see."

I hastened to assure her that it was possible to avoid everything that would bring a blush to the cheek of a matron of her years.

Mrs. Bowser at this rattled on without coming to any point. I was listening to the flow of her high-pitched voice without getting any idea from it, when my wandering attention was suddenly recalled by the words, "Mr. Knapp."

"What was that?" I asked in some confusion. "I didn't catch your meaning."

"I was saying I thought it strange Mr. Knapp wouldn't go with us, and he got awfully cross when I pressed him, and said—oh, Mr. Wilton, he said such a dreadful word—that he'd be everlastingly somethinged if he would ever go into such a lot of dens of—oh, I can't repeat his dreadful language—but wasn't it strange, Mr. Wilton?"

"Very," I said diplomatically, "but it isn't worth while to wait for him, then."

"Oh, laws, no!—he'll be home tomorrow, but he won't go."

"Home to-morrow!" I exclaimed. "I thought he wasn't to come till Wednesday."

Mrs. Bowser looked a little uncomfortable.

"I guess he's old enough to come and go when he likes," she said. But her flow of words seemed to desert her.

"Very true," I admitted. "I wonder what's bringing him back in such a hurry."

Mrs. Bowser's beady eyes turned on me in doubt, and for a moment she was dumb. Then she followed this miracle by another, and spoke in a low tone of voice.

"It's not for me to say anything against a man in his own house, but I don't like to talk of Doddridge Knapp."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "A little rough in his speech? Oh, Mrs. Bowser, you should make allowances for a man who has had to fight his way in the roughest business life in the world, and not expect too much of his polish."

"Oh, laws, he's polite enough," whispered Mrs. Bowser. "It isn't that —oh, I don't see how she ever married him."

I followed the glance that Mrs. Bowser gave on interrupting herself with this declaration, and saw Mrs. Knapp approaching us.

"Oh," she exclaimed cheerily, "is it settled? Have you made all the arrangements, Cousin Julia?"

"Well, I declare!" I'd forgotten all about telling him," cried Mrs. Bowser in her shrillest tone. "I'd just taken it for a fact that he'd know when to come."

"That's a little too much to expect, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Knapp, smiling gaily at Mrs. Bowser's management. "I see that I shall have to arrange this thing myself. Will Monday night suit you, Henry?"

"As well as another," said I politely, concealing my feelings as a victim of feminine diplomacy.

"You have told him who are going, haven't you?" said Mrs. Knapp, to Mrs. Bowser.

"Laws, no! I never thought but that he knew."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Knapp. "What a gift as a mindreader Mr. Wilton ought to have! Well, I suppose I'd better not trust to that Henry. There's to be Mrs. Bowser, of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and Mr. Horton, and—oh, yes—Luella's."

My heart gave a jump, and the trip to Chinatown suddenly became an object of interest.

"I mama?" said an inquiring voice, and Luella herself stood by her mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Knapp. "It's the Chinatown expedition for Monday night."

Luella looked annoyed, and tapped her foot to the floor impatiently.

"With Mr. Wilton," there was the slightest emphasis on the words, "to accompany the party, I shouldn't think it would be necessary for me to go."

"It is either you or I," said Mrs. Knapp.

"You will be needed to protect Mr. Horton" said I sarcastically.

"Oh, what a task!" she said gaily. "I shall be ready."—And she turned away, before I could put in another word, and I walked down the room with Mrs. Knapp.

"And so Mr. Knapp is coming home to-morrow?" I said.

Mrs. Knapp gave me a quick look.

"Yes," she said. There was something in her tone that set me to thinking that there was more than I knew behind Mr. Knapp's sudden return.

"I hope he is not ill," I said politely.

"I think you will find him all right when you see him. But, here—you must meet Mr. and Mrs. Carter. They are just from the East, and very charming people, and as you are to do them the honors on Monday evening, you should know them."

Mr. and Mrs. Carter had pleasant faces and few ideas, and as the conversational fire soon burned low I sought Mrs. Knapp and took my leave. Luella was nowhere to be seen.

"You must be sure that you are well guarded," said Mrs. Knapp. "It quite gives me the terrors to think of those murderous fellows. And since you told me of that last plot to call you down to Borton's, I have a presentiment that some special danger is ahead of you. Be cautious as well as brave."

I thanked her as she pressed my hand, and, with no Luella waiting me by the stair, I took my way down the stone steps, between the bronze lions, and joined Porter and Barkhouse on the sidewalk.

CHAPTER XVI.

An Echo of Warning.

"All quiet?" I asked of my guards, as we took our way down the street. "Dicky Nahl was along here," said Porter, "and he said Terrill and Meeker and the other gang was holding a powwow at Borton's, and we'd best look out for surprises."

"Was that all?"

"Well, he said he guessed there was a new deal on hand, and they was a buzzin' like a nest of hornets."

"Well," said I, "we had better go down to Borton's and look into this matter."

There was silence for a time. My guards walked beside me without speaking, but I felt the protest in their manner. At last Barkhouse said respectfully:

"There's no use to do that, sir. You'd better send some one that ain't so likely to be nabbed, or that won't matter much if he is. We'd be in a pretty fix if you was to be took."

"Here comes Dicky now," said Porter, as a dark figure came swinging lightly along.

"Hullo!" cried Dicky, halting and shading his eyes from the gaslight. "I was just going up to look for you again."

"What's up, Dicky?"

"I guess it's the devil," said Dicky, so gravely that I broke into a laugh.

"He's right at home if he's come to this town," I said.

"I'm glad you find it so funny," said Dicky in an injured tone. "You was scared enough last time."

"Well, I've kept out of his claws thus far, and it's no use to worry. What's he trying to do now?"

"That's what I've been trying to find out all the evening. They're noisy enough, but they're too thick to let one get near where there's anything going on—that is, if he has a fancy for keeping a whole skin."

"Suppose we go down there now," I suggested. "We might find out something."

Dicky stopped short.

"Caesar's ghost!" he gasped; "what next? Wouldn't you like to touch off a few powder-kegs for amusement? Won't you fire a pistol into your mouth to show how easy you can stop the bullet?"

"Why, you have been down there and are all safe and sound—so far."

"Well, there's nothing much to happen to me, but where would you be if they got hold of you? You're getting off your cabesa, old fellow," said Dicky anxiously.

"If, I could see Mother Borton I would fix it," I said confidently.

"What! That she-devil!" cried Dicky. "She'd give you up to have your throat cut in a minute if she could get a four-bit piece for your carcass. I guess she could get more than that on you, too."

Mother Borton's warnings against Dicky Nahl returned to me with force at this expression of esteem from the young man, and I was filled with doubts.

"I came up to tell you to look out for yourself," continued Dicky. "I'm afraid they mean mischief, and here you come with a wild scheme for getting into the thick of it."

"Well, I'll think better of it," I said. "But see if you can find out what is going on. Come up and let me know if you get an inkling of their plants."

"All right," said Dicky. "But just sleep on a hair-trigger to-night."

"Good-night," I said, as I turned toward my room, and Dicky, with an answering word, took his way toward the Borton place.

I had grown used to the silent terrors of my house. But as we stumbled up the stairway the apprehensions of Dicky Nahl came strong upon me, and I looked ahead to the murky halls, and glanced at everyway as though I expected an ambush. Porter and Barkhouse marched stolidly along, showing little disposition to talk.

"What's that?" I exclaimed, stopping to listen.

"What was it?" asked Barkhouse, as we stopped on the upper landing and gazed into the obscurity.

"I thought I heard a noise," said I. "Who's there?"

"It was a rat," said Porter. "I've heard 'em out here of nights."

"Well, just light that other gas jet," I said. "It will help to make things pleasant in case of accidents."

The doors came out of the darkness as the second jet blazed up, but nothing else was to be seen.

Suddenly there was a scramble, and something sprang up before my door. Porter and I raised the revolvers that were ready in our hands, but Barkhouse sprang past us, and in an instant had closed with the figure and held it in his arms.

There was a volley of curses, oaths mingled with sounds that reminded me of nothing so much as a spitting cat, and a familiar voice screamed in almost inarticulate rage.

"Let me go, damn, ye, or I'll knife ye!"

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Let her go, Barkhouse. It's Mother Borton."

Mother Borton freed herself with a vicious shake, and called down the wrath of heaven and hell on the stalwart guard.

"You're the black-hearted spawn of the sewer rats, to take a respectable woman like a bag of meal," cried Mother Borton indignantly, with a flow of fearful oaths. "It's fire and brimstone you'll be tasting yet, and you'd 'a' been there before now, you miserable gutter-picker, if it wasn't for me. And this is the thanks I git from ye!"

"Come in," I said, unlocking the door and lighting up my room. "You can be as angry as you like in here, and it won't hurt anything."

Mother Borton stormed a bit, and then sullenly walked in and took a chair. Silence fell on her as she crossed the threshold, but she glowered on us with baleful eyes.

"It's quite an agreeable surprise to see you." I ventured as cheerfully as I could, as she made no move to speak. My followers looked awkward and uncomfortable.

At the sound of my voice, Mother Borton's bent brows relaxed a little.

"If you'd send these fellows out, I reckon we could talk a bit better," she said slowly.

"Certainly. Just wait in the hall, boys, and close the door."

Porter and Barkhouse ambled out, and Mother Borton gave her chair a hitch that brought us face to face.

"I reckon you don't think I come on a visit of politeness?" she said sharply after a brief silence.

I murmured something about being glad to entertain her at any time.

"Nonsense," she sniffed. "I'm a vile old woman that the likes of you would never put eyes on twice if it wasn't for your business—none knows it better than me. I don't know why I should put myself out to help ye." Her tone had a touch of pathos under its harshness.

"I know why," I said, a little touched. "It's because you like me."

She turned a softened eye on me.

"You're right," she said almost tenderly, with a flash of womanly feeling on her seamed and evil face. "I've took a fancy to ye and no mistake, and I'd risk something to help ye."

"I knew you would," I said heartily.

"And that's what I come to do," she said with a sparkle of pleasure in her eye. "I've come to warn ye."

"Now dangers?" I inquired cheerfully. My prudence suggested that I had better omit any mention of the warning from Dicky Nahl.

"The same as ever," said Mother Borton shortly, "only more of 'em."

"What is the latest plot?" I asked gravely, as I fancied that my light manner grated on my strange guest.

"I don't know," she said slowly.

"But you know something," I argued.

"Maybe you know what I know better than I knows it myself," growled Mother Borton with a significant glance.

I resigned myself to await her humor.

"Not at all," said I carelessly. "I only know that you've come to tell me something, and that you'll tell it in your own good time."

"It's fine to see that you've learned not to drive a woman," she returned with grim irony. "It's something to know at your age."

I smiled sympathetically upon her, and she continued:

"I might as well tell ye the whole of it, though I reckon my throat's as like to be slit over it as not."

"I'll not breathe a word of it," I replied fervently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"MOTHER BORTON SULLENLY TOOK A CHAIR"

*WANTED NO MORE SISTERS.

One Girl Had Had Enough of Censorious Remarks.

"I didn't think you'd get so angry because I said I thought you ought to wear gray suede shoes with your gray dress instead of white ones. I didn't mean to offend you," her friend very sweetly apologized. "Never mind," she returned huffily. "It was all right, but it made me angry for two reasons. First, because I had to wear the white shoes because I didn't have any others that were presentable, and, secondly, because when I left my family of sisters, who made every possible sort of comment on my clothes, I declared I would never stand it from anybody else. I said to myself that whenever a friend got so friendly that she thought she could treat me like a sister I'd shake her."

She Knew It.

"My dear," said the head of the house, looking over his morning paper at his better half, "there is a crisis coming in China."

"I know it!" she moaned. "Susan has left only half a dozen pieces whole out of our new dinner set."

ETIQUETTE OF THE PUNCH.

Matter That Is Sometimes a Difficult Thing to Decide.

To punch or not to punch is one of the most difficult questions in life. There is an etiquette of punching, but it does not always help a man much when the contingency arises and he is forced to decide on the spur of the moment whether he will or not. When the lie is given or certain opprobious epithets are personally applied etiquette calls for a punch. This is supposed to be the irreducible minimum of punching, without the use of which no man can go through life holding his head erect. Beyond this irreducible minimum a man may suit his taste, his disposition and his temper in the use of his fist, within certain limits, without violating the proprieties or incurring disapproval as a bully. There are many optional punches, so to speak, on which the world looks with approval besides these two compulsory punches. The punch chivalrous, for instance, the weapon of modern knight errantry, in defense of the distressed maids and matrons is of the optional but approved sort.

Musings of the Metropolis

News of New York Town Outlined in Brief Form.

Society Leader Tells How to "Belong"

NEW YORK.—Frederick Townsend Martin, the new leader of New York society, has the following to say about social conditions in this city. Looking to the future, he says:

"It will not be long before entertainments in New York society are totally different from those which have been the rule. We shall find the society of the future composed of the women who has written the newest successful novel; the man who has found a new gold mine in Alaska, and taken $10,000,000 out of the earth; the actor who has created a new character; the brainy reporter who has tracked down the murderer whom the police had failed to find; the actress who sinks the funniest new song; the scientist who has just discovered the new process for making aluminum at half the cost it had ever been made before; the physician who has reduced the death rate in typhoid fever; the clergyman who has brought about the correction of a political evil; the politician who has won out in a great fight; the young woman whose beauty is the marvel of the day; the priest, the rabbi, and even the man of free thought.

"These are everyday gatherings in what is now the best London society. To-morrow they will be as common in New York."

Here are a few of his epigrams on the social situation:

"The people who belong to society—I call it that for want of a better name—must have something more than money; they must have personal magnetism, tact, common sense. They must have been successful in some way.

"I will hold it against everybody that money to-day counts for less in New York than in any other great city in the world.

"There are plenty of people who are not rich, among those who make up what is called society. They never lack for invitations. But they have tact, self-control, personal magnetism. They do things. They are not afraid. They have opinions of their own. Monkey dinners or moonlight bathing parties do not interest them.

"New York is too colossal to-day to be ruled by mere money.

"Society has been set ridden long enough.

"Twenty years ago the late Ward McAllister ruled New York society. The ball-room was his life. The books and articles he wrote indicate that he never thought of anything outside of dinner, dance, or cotillion. The life of this middle world did not concern him in the least.

"The day of bizarre entertainments has passed.

"Why should we object to an actor in society? We are glad to meet a soldier or a cabinet officer, a man who has invented something that will benefit the human race. They are far more interesting people than those whose only claim to distinction is a vast inherited wealth.

New York May Soon Have a Maxim's

GEORGES Everard, the Plaza's recently imported maitre d'hotel, who once owned Maxim's in Paris, and says he originated, that famous restaurant, declares that it is only a question of time before he will startle New York with an original and festive restaurant in Times square. But, apparently there will be Illusions in the American version which do not exist in the Parisian cafe.

"To be sure, it would be necessary to avoid unbridled license," said M. Everard. "I expect to maintain the fine line between good cheer and hilarity. At Maxim's women are allowed without escorts. This would be impossible in New York. At Maxim's there is a space for dancing, which would be a rather doubtful success here. However, if the guests were given to understand that lax dancing would not be permitted it would be possible to tone down this part of the entertainment.

"There are three essentials of a successful restaurant. They are good food, good music and good manners. The latter is all important. New York likes a place when it becomes a popular rendezvous. Every few years a great city changes its preferences. People go to a place when they know they will be surrounded by their friends. Directly a restaurant has the name of popularity, its prosperity is without limit. This explains the present success of the Knickerbocker grill. The fickleness of the public must be taken into consideration. That explains the present changing favor for cafes.

"Maxim's is no longer the jolly place it was. It is now frequented by sightseers and tourists and much of the old atmosphere is destroyed. It is a place where people go to be wicked, and whenever there is an effort all effect is lost. People think Maxim's is the name of the proprietor. When I was starting that place 18 years ago, I cast about for a terse and easily remembered name. I did not want to use my name, and I wanted to avoid the word cafe. 'Maxim,' the word for an adage, struck me as agreeable, and, therefore, I used that. I should like to call my New York place 'Caprice's.'"

Everard sold his interest in Maxim's for $50,000, which he promptly lost in speculation. Ever since he has been a maitre d'hotel.

Hetty Green Being Made Young Again

MRS. HETTY GREEN, whose social thermometer has jumped almost to fever heat within a month and shows indications of going higher yet—clear to the top of the line where the "400" mark is—is having her face made over at a beauty foundry and planning an invasion of Newport from the vantage point of a summer cottage.

These are the two latest bulletins in regard to Mrs. Green, who, having blossomed into splendor in the society hothouse of the Plaza hotel, gave a dinner there a few nights ago that was declared quite the thing and very recherche. Mrs. Green's advance guard, the beauty parlors where the treatments she has been taking recently have transformed her rather classic features into a blooming resemblance to a pink-cheeked, white-haired marquis of one of the old portrait painters, was made diffidently, as became one venturing into an undiscovered country. It was predicted by some far-seeing persons when plain Hetty Green moved out of her inexpensive "but homelike" Hoboken flat and, casting economy to the winds, took title to a suite at the Plaza, that she had "got society" instead of religion. "You'll see," they said, knowingly. "Pretty soon she will be giving teas and dinners and bridge parties, owning an auto, and finally buying a Fifth avenue mansion and a Newport villa." Nothing short of a miracle can now save her from the ravages of the bacillus of social ambition." It begins to look as if these prophets knew whereof they spoke.

The transplantation and transformation of Hetty Green of the financial columns to Mrs. H. Robinson Green of the society news is a big jump. The Hetty Green of a month ago was a national character. People used to point her out to their country relatives and say: "That's Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world." It looks as if old Hetty of the financial district is lost to that part of the town forever.

Millions Spent Daily for Food and Drink

NEW YORK is a voracious city. It is estimated that $4,000,000 a day is spent for food and drink. A goodly portion of this sum flows into the lockers of the lobster palaces and grill rooms in the white light district. That there must be some profit in lobster a la Newburg at $1.50 a bite and pate de foi gras at $1.50 a smell is shown by the fact that some of the idle money will be used to boost the eating game and increase the supply of fizz water this fall, for Longacre Square is to have two immense restaurants. That is, it will if present plans get beyond the paper stage.

One of these places will have a seating capacity of 8,000, and as your New Yorker does not indulge according to his palate, but his purse, and is fond of garish displays, it is proposed to make one of these lobster palaces a modern hanging garden of Babylon. When the dream is fulfilled one can stand in Longacre and look up in the air and on the fiftieth floor see a real lake, real trees growing from truly mossy banks.

Colony of Six-Toed People.

A unique colony of six-toed people live in Maine. Starting some generations back, intermarriage has apparently reproduced the deformity until there are few families free of the freak foot. Some of the afflicted ones—for the extra toe interferes with wearing ordinary boots—have resorted to surgery to remove the distinction which sets them apart as abnormal folk.

Tradition has it that some ancestors several generations ago settled in this vicinity, and while at work in the woods split a toe with an ax, and, instead of adhering, the two parts separated, and in the course of time, as the generations passed, the sixth toe made its appearance in a more perfect form.

The theory, however, will not be accepted by scientists. The sixth toe is an offshoot from the little toe of the ordinary foot. It is perfect in shape, although it is not always in alignment with the other five toes of the foot.

Nicotine in Tobacco.

While the finest Cuban tobacco have less than two per cent. of nicotine, the rankest Kentucky tobacco contains nearly eight per cent.

BEST WORKERS ARE SPANIARDS.

Their Wonderful Capacity for Hard Labor on Slim Diet.

A present-day globe-trotter said to a New York Press writer: "I should like to recommend the employment of Spaniards to dig the Panama canal. The rest of the world does not seem to realize the wonderful capacity for work possessed by the Andalusians. Why, I have seen in the castle of Solomon copper mine men doing the hardest sort of labor for full 12 hours a day and knock off as happy as a lark, ready for a fight or a frolic, ready to go mad at the distant tinkle of a guitar, ready to beat their hands sore keeping staccato time to the Cadiz cachuca.

"And what has his ration consisted of? A piece of bread dipped in a cow's horn of oil and another of vinegar, spiced up with hot green pepper, garlic and salt. In summer his food consists of a section of pink melon.

"How many million pounds of meat have been shipped to Panama since the digging began? The Andalusian has not the hunger for meat. He is fever in. The climate of the isthmus have their hands full all the time trying to cure disease directly due to meat.

"Here is a common Spaniard who would pull a bull down by the horns, drive his knife through a three-inch plank, nourishing his robur and stamina on a slice of melon brought from that moist province where the mocking proverb says, 'The trees are grass, the earth water, the men women and the women—nothing.'

"Yesterday I witnessed in one of your semi-fashionable restaurants a New Yorker double up and pack on his fork for one calm mouthful about four cubic inches of red roast beef. It was not a pleasant sight. I compared the man's food capacity with that of people who had achieved.

"The Arab on his rice diet scourged the shrinking world. The Roman soldier on his sour wine and vinegar bread mapped out Europe with his roads. One of our great generals, Francis Marion, the swamp fox, kept his forces in perfect physical condition by a daily sip of vinegar. Oil stands for the most ethereal fat you can feed the stomach flame with and vinegar for the destroyer of thirst and purifier of the blood."

Great Thought of the Ancients.

"Plato," said Socrates, "you have observed, I doubt not, that we have two ears and two eyes."

"Now that you mention it," quoth Plato, "I have."

"And but one tongue."

"Quite so."

"Herein nature doth teach us that we should hear and see twice as much as we talk. Is it not so?"

"But, my master," objected Plato, "we have two nostrils and only one mouth. Must we therefore smell everything twice before we eat once?"

"Plato," irritably rejoined Socrates, "anybody can make a flippant comment that will knock the juice out of the wisest saying a philosopher can pull off. I wish you'd cut it out."

On preparing the stuff for publication, therefore, Plato prudently cut out his flippant comment.

Salt Is a Necessity.

"Salt is a most necessary article of food," says a well-known scientist. "All mankind, civilized, either civilized or in a savage state, have the same regard for salt.

"In parts of Central Africa the natives regard salt as a luxury, and will willingly do much to obtain it. So much do they like salt that the ashes of the burnt veldt grass are used to season their meat. These ashes contain saltpetre, which imparts the coveted flavor to food.

"Animals, too, are fond of salt. In a wild state they will readily go to a spring the water of which has been salted. Sportsmen know this, and use it as a bait.

"Salt exists in all parts of the body. So omnipresent is it that even the tears taste of it—hence the 'salt, salt tears,' of the poet."

Woman Appropriately Honored.

A handsome granite monument was unveiled recently in Berlin, with much ceremony, though erected somewhat hardily, in memory of Johanna Stegen, who distinguished herself by her conspicuous bravery at Lueneburg in April, 1813, while the town was hard beset by the French under Gen. Morand. Johanna contrived repeatedly to convey cartridges and provisions in an apron to her countrymen. Three times she was captured, and escaped disguised as a nurse. Several times she passed through the enemy's lines, and it is believed that the battle was finally won owing to her valiant efforts.

Force of Habit.

There is a certain western congressman whose boundless affability and habitual absent-mindedness have occasionally led him into absurd mistakes. One day, during his last campaign, as he stepped from the train at the station of his home town after an arduous two weeks of stumping and "glad-handing," his little daughter rushed up to him and kissed him. The congressman beamed upon her with a proud and loving parental smile.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't my little Alberta!" Then he added mechanically: "And how is your dear old father?"—Success Magazine.

World's Largest Bowlder.

The largest bowlder in the world is in Victoria, Australia. The name of "The Leviathan Rock" has been given to it. Its estimated bulk approaches, if it does not exceed, 30,000 tons. This great rock may be likened to an immense egg lying on its side, the part resting on mother earth being not more than 30 yards square. Hundreds of persons could find shelter under it from a passing storm or the sun.

More Art.

Auctioneer—Going! Going! Gone! Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain, sir. The frame alone is worth the price.

Connoisseur (ripping out the picture)—The frame was what I wanted. —Pick-Me-Up.