BLINDFOLDED

BY EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrives in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones 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. Hardly has he 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 his disguise and permits himself to be known at Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton, who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that he is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles finds himself locked in a room. Diddles gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Lucilla, his daughter. He learns the note was a 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 bills of the guards being paid by one Richmond.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Yes, I suppose so," said I drily. "But the woman has done me service—saved my life, I may say—and I'm willing to forget the bad in her."

"That's not for me to say, sor, but there's quare things happens, no doubt."

"This note," I continued, "is written over her name. I don't know whether it came from her or not; but if she sent it I must see her. It may be a case of life or death for me."

"An' if it didn't come from her?" asked the policeman shrewdly.

"Then," said I grimly, "it's likely to be a case of death if I venture alone."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Wilton," said Corson after a pause. "If you'll wait a bit, I'll go with you—that is, if there isn't somebody else you'd like better to have by your side to-night. You don't look to have any of your friends about."

"Just the thing," I said heartily. "There's no one I'd rather have. We'll go down as soon as we can get a bite to eat."

"I'll have to wait a bit, sor, till my relief comes. He'll be along soon. As for getting a bite, you can't do better than wait till you get to Mother Borton's. It's a rough place, but it's got a name for good cooking."

I was bewildered.

"I guess there's not much to be got in the way of eating in the house. There was nothing left in it yesterday morning but the rats." I spoke with considerable emphasis.

"That's quare, now," he said, looking to see if there was a jest behind the words. "But 'twas all there when McPherson and I put a club to a drunk, as was, raising the Ould Nick in the place and smashing the bottles, not six hours ago. When we took him away in the ixpress wagon the ould woman was rowling out those long black curses in a way that would warm the heart of the foul fiend himself."

There was some fresh mystery about this. I held my tongue with the reflection that I had better let it straighten itself out than risk a stumble by asking about things I ought to know.

Corson's relief soon appeared. "It's a nasty night," he said, buttoning up his overcoat closely, as Corson gave him a brief report of the situation on the beat.

"It's good for them as likes it dark," said Corson.

"It's just such a night as we had when Donaldson was murdered. Do you mind it?"

"Do I mind it? Am I likely to forgit it? Well, a pleasant time to you, me boy. Come along, sor. We'd better be moving. You won't mind stepping up to the hall with me, will ye, while I report?"

"Certainly not," I said with a shiver, half at the grim suggestion of murder and half at the chill of the fog and the cutting wind that blew the cold vapor through to the skin.

"You've no overcoat," said Corson. "We'll stop and get one. I'll have mine from the station."

The silence of the house of mystery was no less threatening now than on the night when Henry Wilton was walking through the halls on the way to his death. But the stout-hearted policeman by my side gave me confidence, and no sign showed the presence of an enemy as I secured Henry's heavy overcoat and the large revolver he had given me, and we took our way down the stairs.

A short visit to the grimy, foul-smelling basement of the City Hall, a brisk walk with the cutting wind at our backs and I felt rather more than saw that we were in the neighborhood of the scene of my adventures of a night that had come so near costing me my life, and then I saw the lantern sign give forth its promise of the varied entertainment that could be had at Borton's.

"Here we are," said Corson.

We pushed open the door and entered. The place had the same appearance as the one to which I had been taken by Dicky Nahl.

"A fine night, Mother Borton," said Corson cheerily, as he was the first to enter, and then added under his breath, "—for the divil's business."

Mother Borton stared at him with a black look and muttered a curse.

"Good evening," I hastened to say. "I took the liberty to bring a friend; he doesn't come as an officer tonight."

The effect on the hag's features was marvelous. The black scowl lightened, the tight-drawn lips relaxed, and there was a sign of pleasure in the bright eyes that had flashed hatred at the policeman.

"Ah, it's you, is it?" she said sharply, but with a tone of kindness in her greeting. "I didn't see ye. Now sit down and find a table, and I'll be with ye after a bit."

"We want a dinner, and a good one. I'm half-starved."

"Are ye, honey?" said the woman with delight. "Then it's the best dinner in town ye shall have. Here, Jim! Put these gentlemen over there at the corner table."

"It's not the aristocracy of stolle ye get here," said Corson, lighting his pipe after the coffee, "but it's prime eating."

I nodded in lazy contentment, and then started up in remembrance of the occasion of our being in this place as the shadow of Mother Borton fell across the table.

"If you will go upstairs," she said sourly, "you know the way. I guess your friend can spare you."

"Is there anything that can't be told before him?" I asked.

"You'll be safer in my care than in his," she said, with warning in her tone.

"Yes, yes, I know I am safe here, but how is it with my friend if I leave him here? We came together and we'll go together."

The crone nodded with a laugh that ended in a snarl.

"If the gang knew he was here there would be more fun than you saw the other night."

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Wilton," said Corson with a grin. "I've stood her crowd off before, and I can do it again if the need comes. But I'd rather smoke a pohe in peace."

"You can smoke in peace, but it's not yourself you can thank for it," said Mother Borton sharply. "There'll be no trouble here to-night. Come along." And the old woman started for the door.

"Are you sure you're all right?" asked Corson in a low voice. "There's men gone up those stairs that came down with a sheet over them."

"It's all right—that is, unless there's danger to you in leaving you here."

"No. Go ahead, I'll wait for ye. I'd as lief sit here as anywhere."

I hastened after Mother Borton, who was glowering at me from the doorway, and followed her footsteps in silence to the floor above.

Mother Borton walked the passage cautiously and in silence, and I followed her example until she pushed open a door and was swallowed up in the blackness. Then I paused on the threshold while she lighted a candle; and as I entered, she swiftly closed and locked the door behind me.

"Sit down," she said in a harsh voice, motioning me to a chair by the stand that held the candle. Then this strange creature seated herself in front of me, and looked steadily and sternly in my face for a full minute.

"What have you done that I should help you?" she broke forth in a harsh voice, her eyes still fixed on my face.

"I really couldn't say," I replied politely. "You have done me one or two services already. That's the best reason I know why you should do me another."

The hard lines on the face before me relaxed at the sound of my voice, and the old woman nodded approvingly.

"Ay, reason enough, I guess. Them as wants better can find it themselves. But why did you sneak out of the house the other night like a cop in plain clothes? Didn't I go ball you were safe? Do you want any better word than mine?" she had begun almost softly, but the voice grew higher and harsher as she went on.

"Why," I said, bewildered again, "the house sneaked away from me—or, at least you left me alone in it."

"How was that?" she asked grimly. And I described graphically my experience in the deserted building.

As I proceeded with my tale an amused look replaced the harsh lines of suspicion on Mother Borton's face.

"Oh, my lud!" she cried with a chuckle. "Oh, my lud! how very green you are, my boy. Oh ho! ho ho!" And then she laughed as inward, self-consuming laugh that called up anything but the feeling of sympathetic mirth.

"I'm glad it amuses you," I said with injured dignity.

"Oh, my liver! Don't you see it yet? Don't you see that you climbed into the next house back and then through on to the other street?" And she relapsed into her state of silent merriment.

I felt foolish enough as the truth flashed over me. I had lost my sense of direction in the strange house, and had been deceived by the resemblance of the ground plan of the two buildings.

"But what about the plot?" I asked. "I got your note. It's very interesting. What about it?"

"What plot?"

"Why, I don't know. The one you wrote me about."

Mother Borton bent forward and searched my face with her keen glance.

"Oh," she said at last, "the one I wrote you about. I'd forgotten it."

"SHOW ME THE NOTE," SHE SAID, SHARPLY.

This was disheartening. How could I depend on one whose memory was thus capricious?

"Yes," said I gloomily; "I supposed you might know something about it."

"Show me the note," she said sharply.

I fumbled through my pockets until I found it. Mother Borton clutched it, held it up to the candle, and studied it for two or three minutes.

"Where did you get it?"

I described the circumstances in which it had come into my possession, and repeated the essentials of Corson's story. Mother Borton's sharp, evil face was impassive during my recital. When it was done she muttered:

"Gimme a fool for luck." Then she appeared to consider for a minute or more.

"Well?" said I inquiringly.

"Well, honey, you're having a run of the cards," she said at last. "Between having the message trusted to a fool boy, and having a cop for your friend, an' maybe gitting this note before you're expected to, you're setting here genteel-like having agreeable conversation along with me, instead of being in company you mightn't like so well—or maybe floating out toward Fort Point."

"So you didn't write?" I said coolly. "I had an idea of the kind. That's why my friend Corson is smoking his pipe down stairs."

Mother Borton gave me a pleased look and nodded. I hoped I had made her regret the cruel insinuation in her application of the proverb to me as the favorite of fortune.

"I see," I said. "I was to be waylaid on the road here and killed."

"Carried off, more likely. I don't say as it wouldn't end in killin' ye. But, you see, you'd be of mighty small use in tellin' tales if you was dead; but you might be got to talk if they had ye in a quiet place."

"Good reasoning. But Henry Wilton was killed."

"Yes," admitted Mother Borton; "they thought he carried papers, and maybe they ain't got over the idea yit. It's jest as well you're here instid of having a little passear with Tom Terrill and Darby Meeker and their pals.

"Well," said I, as cheerfully as I could under the depressing circumstances, "if they want to kill me, don't see how I can keep them from getting a chance sooner or later."

Mother Borton looked anxious at this, and shook her head.

"You must call on your men," she said decidedly. "You must have guards."

"By the way," I said, "that reminds me. The men haven't been paid, and they're looking to me for money."

"Who's looking to you for money?"

"Dicky Nahl—and the others, I sup pose."

"Dicky Nahl!"

"Why, yes. He asked me for it."

"And you gave it to him?" she asked sharply.

"No—that is, I gave him ten dollars and told him he'd have to wait for the rest. I haven't got the money from the one that's doing the hiring yet, so I couldn't pay him."

Mother Borton gave an evil grin and absorbed another inward laugh.

"I reckon the money'll come all right," said Mother Borton, recovering from her mirth. "There's one more anxious than you to have 'em paid and if you ain't found out you'll have it right away. Now for guards, take Trent—no, he's hurt. Take Brown and Porter and Barkhouse and Fitz hugh. They've wide-awake, and don't talk much. Take 'em two and two and never go without 'em, night or day. You stop here to-night, and I'll git 'em for you to-morrow."

I declined the proffered hospitality with thanks, and as a compromise agreed to call for my bodyguard in the early morning. Rejoining Corson, I explained Mother Borton's theory of the plot that had brought me thither.

"She's like to be right," said the policeman. "She knows the gang. Now if you'll take my advice, you'll let the rats have your room for this night and come along up to some foine hotel."

The advice appeared good, and fifteen minutes later Corson was drinking my health at the Lick House bar and calling on the powers of light and darkness to watch over my safety as I slept.

Whether due to his prayers or not, my sleep was undisturbed, even by dreams of Doddridge Knapp and his charming but scornful daughter; and with the full tide of life and business flowing through the street in the morning hours I found myself once more in Mother Borton's dingy eating room, ordering a breakfast.

Mother Borton ignored my entrance, and, perched on a high stool behind the bar at a table drawer, reminded me of the vulture guarding its prey. But at last she fluttered over to my table and took a seat opposite.

"Your men are here," she said shortly. And then, as I expressed my thanks, she warmed up and gave me a description by which I should know each and led me to the room where, as she said, they were "corralled."

"By the way," I said, halting out side the door, "they'll want some money, I suppose. Do you know how much?"

"They're paid," she said, and pushed open the door before I could express surprise or ask further questions. I surmised that she had paid them herself to save me from annoyance or possible danger, and my gratitude to this strange creature rose still higher

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORLD CENSUS OF JEWS.

Only Two Countries Have Greater Number Than America.

In the American Jewish Year Book, just issued by the Jewish Publication society of Philadelphia, the Jewish population of the United States is given as 1,777,185. Only two countries have a greater Jewish population, Russia, with 5,215,805, and Austria-Hungary, with 2,076,287. The immigration through the ports of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore for the year ended June 30, 1907, was 134,113. The Jewish population of the United States is larger by 531 than the combined Jewish population of the British empire, Germany, France, Italy, Morocco, Turkey, Spain, China, Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Peru and Crete. The British empire has only 361,639 Jews, of whom 17,403 are in Australia, 18,228 in India, 48,820 in South Africa and 40,000 in Canada and British Columbia. There are 463,686 Jews in Turkey, 30,578 in Egypt and 49,500 in Persia. In these three countries there are about 100,000 fewer than there are in New York city. The Jewish population of the world is given as 11,585,202.—American Jewish Year Book.

Punctuation marks were first used in 1499.

A Hurdy-Gurdy Romance.

The day was sunny and warm. The shade of an oak tree overhanging a board fence offered a grateful shelter to the old woman who wheeled a hurdy gurdy slowly down the street. Leaving the organ at the curbstone, the woman seated herself on the ground close to the fence, untied a red bandanna from which she produced a luncheon not over dainty or appetizing in appearance, spread out a newspaper, and set forth the meal, evidently expecting some one else.

The old hurdy-gurdy man soon joined her, bringing with him the pail of beer for which he had stopped on the avenue. He was brown and wrinkled and grimy like herself; but before beginning the meal he bent down and kissed the old woman, as if observing a sacrament.

And life seemed suddenly purer and sweeter to the passerby.—N. Y. Press.

Both Old-Fashioned.

An old physician of the last generation was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One time a lady called him in to treat her baby who was lightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor-oil. "But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy." "Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

Rapid Strides of Capital in Population

WASHINGTON.—The census taken recently by the police force of the District of Columbia indicates that the national capital is growing in population at an exceptional rate. The increase in inhabitants for the last year is reported as 9,812, which would mean a growth, if steadily maintained, of almost 100,000 for the current decade.

Of course such a rate of growth has not been maintained since 1900. According to the federal census of that year, Washington's population was 278,718. The population reported by the police in 1908 is 339,402, so that the increase in eight years has been 60,685. By 1910 Washington may be expected to gain at least 15,000 more inhabitants and its population to rise to about 355,000.

Compared with its nearest rival—Baltimore—Washington is making rapid strides forward. Baltimore percentage of growth between 1890 and 1900 was 17.1, while Washington's was 20.9. The disparity in expansion will undoubtedly be greater in the decade from 1900 to 1910, for Baltimore's growth was checked for a year or more by the losses of the great fire of 1904, while Washington's growth has been stimulated by enormous building operations most of them conducted under the auspices of the national government.

The check to business resulting from last fall's panic will also be felt less in Washington than in perhaps any other American city. The national capital does not depend for a livelihood on manufacturers or commerce, and its workers have steady employment assured them because the government's activities are being continually extended.

In its physical aspect Washington has gained enormously in attractiveness in the last eight or ten years. It is an ideal residence city, and its charms appeal most potently to Americans with leisure enough to enjoy them. It has become the winter home of families of wealth and refinement from all parts of the union, and its quiet, order and beauty make living within its borders constant satisfaction. It still has great potentialities in the way of architectural development, and its material prosperity is secured by ever-broadening activities of the great governmental machine.

Former Blacksmith a Power in Congress

BEFORE Jim Tawney got into politics up in Minnesota he was a blacksmith. He was so rough that they had to throw him down to put him into a boiled shirt, some of his warmest admirers say.

That blacksmith training proved mighty good experience for him, and, applying blacksmith methods to his congressional career, he has forged to the front so rapidly that they do say down here in Washington that if Speaker Cannon doesn't look out some day he will get run over, because Jim Tawney is coming with wonderful strides.

Tawney is the man who would be picked out at a glance as the real ward politician of the house. He is just the kind of a man the voter always finds ready to tell him how to vote at the primary; the type of man who always leads the revolt in a cut-and-dried convention—in short, the practical politician who gets out the vote.

Tawney, when he came to congress, wasn't welcomed within the big tent. He had to wait around on the outside. Then the blacksmith got busy. He just walked off the reservation, taking enough insurgent Republicans with him to spill the beans for the big five. And so it came to pass that the big fellows reckoned with Tawney, and now he is chairman of the most important committee in the house—appropriations. Hon. Jim is a fighter from Fightersville. But he is that kind of a fighter who knows when to fight and when to let the other fellow do the fighting.

Only once has Tawney been whipped. That once came from Congressman Goebel of Cincinnati, when he got the mail carriers' pay increased, in spite of Tawney and Chairman Overstreet. The whipping didn't tickle Tawney. So, when the fight to hold down the appropriation on the agricultural bill came up Tawney quit guarding the treasury, and let Scott of Kansas tackle the job. Tawney went to his committee room. The farmers wiped up the floor with Scott.

War Department Seeking a Legal Drink

THE war department is looking for a beverage to take the place of beer and whisky at army posts. The beverage must not be of the class of drinks prohibited by the anticanteen law.

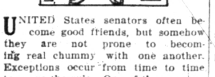
The federal courts have never passed upon the question of the percentage of alcohol which will render a beverage an intoxicant. The state courts also have been chary of deciding the question. In certain cases the authorities have spoken, however.

Thus, in Rhode Island, it has been held that where beer contained 2.89 per cent. of alcohol no evidence was necessary to show it was intoxicating. In Texas, a tonic containing from 2½ to 4 per cent. of alcohol has been held to be intoxicating liquor. By the laws of Massachusetts it is held that a beverage containing more than one per cent. of alcohol at 60 Fahrenheit is intoxicating.

The law in regard to the nonsale of intoxicants in post exchanges, must, of course, be followed in good faith by the army. In the absence of any federal decision as to the question at issue, the authorities must fall back on the decision of the state courts. These vary materially, and, therefore, the department may seek the solution in a practical way by ascertaining the view taken in prohibition states as to the sale of any given drink.

Where post exchanges are situated in a prohibition state it is considered entirely safe to prohibit the sale in such exchanges of preparations not allowed to be sold under the prohibition laws of the state. Where such exchanges are situated in nonprohibition states it would be safe to ascertain whether any specific drink is allowed sold in any prohibition state and let the exchange be guided accordingly.

Senators Knox and Crane Real Chummy



UNITED States senators often become good friends, but somehow they are not prone to becoming real chummy with one another. Exceptions occur from time to time to prove the rule. One of these exceptions applies to Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania and Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts. If the afternoon wanes without their meeting, one is likely to start out to see where the other is and to learn what has happened.

When the Knox automobile and the Crane automobile exchange honks in the morning. Not infrequently the senators ride to the capitol in the same car. When the luncheon hour comes, Senator Crane may descend to the committee on rules, perhaps herald his advent by turning out the lights in the vestibule, and then lead his crony off to the senate restaurant.

The fondness that Senators Crane and Knox evince for eating together is reminiscent of the fondness that former Senator Edmunds of Vermont and the late Senator Allen G. Thurman of Ohio used to have for drinking together. That was in the earlier days, when drinking at the capitol was not frowned upon.

All the oldsters in political Washington are fond of recalling that story, how the two senators kept a black bottle in the room of the committee on judiciary. They were certain to adjourn there twice or thrice every afternoon; that the senate held a long session. It was at first a marvel why the two men seemed to have the same thought at the same moment, and began to make tracks simultaneously from different parts of the senate chamber—one being a Democrat and the other a Republican—toward that committee room.

It turned out that they had prearranged signals. The "Old Roman's" signal was to pull out that famous red bandanna handkerchief and to blow his nose with clarion loudness.

Crusade Against the Fly.

As the national crusade against the house fly is now in progress, supplanting temporarily the international battle against mosquitoes and rats, Prof. Underwood of Massachusetts declares that one fly killed this month may prevent the existence of 32,000,000 by midsummer. Such is the prolific nature of the common fly. Such, too, is the ignorance of the past that when a Roman emperor was found killing flies as a habit he was not hailed as a benefactor, but was finally dethroned as too trivial to be tolerable as a Roman despot. Still it appears in the light of history as a whole that this is a good time to invest as much as ten cents in a first installment of fly paper.

Letter Long Afloat.

A correspondent writes: While sailing off Felixstowe on August bank holiday last year I addressed a postcard to myself, stamped it and placed it in a bottle which I threw in the sea. I had quite forgotten about it, but the other morning I received the card through the post, bearing the Tromsoe (Norway) postmark and the sender's name and address. The bottle had been floating about nearly eight months.—London Chronicle.

TOPIC NEAREST TO HER HEART.

Whether or Not He Was Married Interested the Girl Chiefly.

Seeking to know how best to interest her in my conversation, I bled me to the wise man, who spoke and said: "Speak then of many things." So hang as she ejaculates, the subject, then must change; but when she asks a question, then will you know the topic that is nearest to her heart."

Whereupon I returned unto the maiden and lifted my voice most tunefully into speech.

"I was talking to a friend of mine as I came along the street," remarked I unto her. "He is a writer of books and has been the strangest sights and scenes."

She turned to me the face of innocence, but nothing said.

"He has traveled in distant lands, has sailed the seas and triumphed o'er the mountain tops. He has braved the snows of Alaska and the tropic sun of the Amazon. India has been his stamping ground, and over China has he widely roamed."

"Just to think!" she cried.

"He has visited the picture galleries of the whole wide world—London, Vienna, Paris, Florence; he knows them from vestibule to roof—column, base and architrave."

"The idea!" she cried.

"He has slept in the house where Dickens was born and has paid his pilgrimage to the room where the great Thackeray breathed his last. He has sat at the table whereon Balzac wrote, and Kipling and he are the most particular friends."

"You don't say!" she cried.

"He was a war correspondent and made a record in the Boer war. At Port Arthur he ran the blockades both by land and sea and twice was left for dead upon the field."

"Gracious!" she cried.

"Before that he was a dramatic critic, and the boldest actor trembled at the words that he might say. He knew the stars that twinkled in the firmament and all the minor constellations on the broad and great white way."

"Fancy!" she cried.

"He has hunted the tiger in India and the elephant in Africa. He has tracked the lion to its lair and the leopard to its den."

"You don't say!"

Whereat I paused, breathless and discomfited, for never an interrogation had she made, and vainly did I cudgel my mind for the topic that was nearest to her heart, but as I was about to make retreat, lo, she raised her face and queried:

"Is he married?"

The Woman and the Feline.

A western judge—let us hope he had been singularly unfortunate in his female relatives—recently remarked that all women were cats. Women read that press dispatch everywhere, one morning, and for a few hours at least the ears of that judge must have burned, writes Isabel Gordon Curtis, in Success Magazine. Still, there are women who indorsed his judgment, although they feel that he might have qualified his remark and said: "Some women are cats." One can't help wondering why poor pussy, from time immemorial, should have been picked out as the prototype of a mean, treacherous, back-biting woman, for a cat which is well-fed and kindly treated is a lovable animal, and, queerly enough, it is the animal on which most women lavish their love. A man who studies the traits of dumb creatures tells us, however, that the female cat treats the species of her own sex in a peculiarly mean and vicious manner. It bites instead of backbiting, and, at the first throb of jealousy, will scratch like a good fellow. If that is so, we have to confess that there are cat-like women everywhere, in the lowest rank of life and in the highest. Nor we have had cat-like queens; clever old Queen Bess had many a pussy-cat trait.

Sticking Pins in Paper.

The modern pin-making machine works automatically and completes the pin, with the exception of coloring and polishing, without the aid of human hands. In 1841 the device for sticking pins in rows of papers was invented by Samuel Slocum of Connecticut, and put in use in the factory where pins were made by Dr. Howe's machine. It was later improved by Thaddeus Fowler. This machine is described as scarcely less ingenious than the pin-making invention. By the use of these devices the total pin product in this country, chiefly in Connecticut, was a little over 50,000,000 gross in 1900, of which about 47,500,000 were ordinary pins, about 1,500,000 were safety pins and about 1,000,000 were hairpins.

Gambling-House Profits.

The statement is published of the profits realized by the gaming tables at watering and seaside resorts during the past season. The total sum passed from the gamblers into the croupiers' tills was £405,000 odd, 15 per cent. of which is to be claimed by the state. Vichy heads the list with a profit of £87,000, and Aix-les-Bains comes next with £64,000. Trouville netted over £47,000, Dieppe, £37,000, Boulogne a little less, and Dinard nearly £29,000. Even Calais, which one had never looked upon as a wild gambling resort, made upward of £4,000 out of visitors.—London Telegraph.

Fatal Blow.

It was the leading lady's birthday.

"I don't care for any expensive presents," she hinted. "If you would send me a rose for each year, why—"

But the leading man jumped two feet in the air.

"A rose for each year!" he gasped. "Why, roses are a dollar each and I only have $49 to my name."

And after that she never spoke to him except during the play.

Ideal Determines the Character.

Keep your ideal constantly before you, never lost sight of it. The ideal's have transformed the world and spurred their kind on to effort and accomplishment. They have made us great by mingling with our daily pursuits transcendent conceptions and so have thrown around our daily life, our sensuous life, the grandeur of a better