JOHN RAWN PROMINENT CITIZEN

By EMERSON HOUGH

AUTHOR of THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE, 54-40 OR FIGHT.

ILLUSTRATIONS By RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

John Rawn is born in Texas. Early in life he shows signs of masterfulness and inordinate selfishness. He marries Laura Johnson. He is a clerk in a St. Louis railway office when his daughter Grace is born. Years later he hears Grace's lover, a young engineer named Charles Halsey, speak of a scheme to utilize the lost current of electricity. He appropriates the idea as his own and induces Halsey to perfect an experimental machine. He forms a company, with himself as president, at a salary of $100,000 a year, and Halsey as superintendent of the works at a salary of $5,000. Rawn takes charge of the office in Chicago. Virginia Delaware is assigned as his stenographer. She assists in picking the furniture and decoration for the princely mansion Rawn has erected. Mrs. Rawn feels out of place in the new surroundings. Halsey comes to New York with Rawn and Miss Delaware to explain delays in perfecting the new motor to the impatient directors. He gets a message that a deformed daughter has been born to his wife. Grace Rawn Rawn bargains with Miss Delaware to wear his jewelry and appear in public with him, as a means to help him in a business way. Rawn is fortunate in market speculations, piles up wealth and attains prominence. He feels because his wife does not rise with him in a social way. He gives her a million dollars to leave him. He asks his daughter, Mrs. Halsey, to take charge of his household.

CHAPTER IX.

Asparagus, Also Potatoes.

What is written is written. Grace moved to Graystone Hall and Halsey remained at the factory cottage; nor did the separation, which was expected by both as merely temporary after all, affect either to the extent that both had supposed it would. Grace now became acting mistress of a large and elaborate menage. As to her husband, his domestic affairs fell into the hands of Mrs. Ann Sullivan, wife of Jim Sullivan, Halsey's most trusted foreman in the factory.

Mrs. Sullivan, blessed with six children of her own, alleged that it would be no trouble whatever to her to take on the sweeping, mending and all else for an additional household, and to furnish meals for the solitary head thereof; and such was her ability to make proof of all these statements that she in part was to blame for the sad truth that Halsey was not as unhappy as he ought to have been.

The chief reason for Halsey's easy readjustment, however, lay somewhere in his comparison of the Halsey blood with blood of half Rawn. Grace had been cold, after all. She had openly been discontented, and especially unhappy since the birth of the deformed child. She had left him and gone to her father with no great protest; nor did she, at the occasions of their rare and lessening visits, display more than lukewarm interest in her husband and her former home. Within six months she was beginning to blossom out in raiment, in demeanor. She spoke of things not in his knowledge though in hers. She was changing. She was going up in the world. He, for the time at least, was doing no better than to stand still; as the factory now was doing, and International Power, also—marking time, waiting for something.

Ann Sullivan was not a bad philosopher, besides being a good cook, and at times she did not hesitate to engage Mr. Halsey in conversation when they met at this or that time of the day; as when by chance, one noontide when he came home for lunch, he found her sweeping down the front stair.

"You're lookin' lonesome to-day, Mr. Halsey," she remarked without much preliminary. "You're fair grievin' for your wife, I suppose? Why, why should you expict anny woman to stay herwhin she has such a Pa, with such a house as her Pa has?"

"Would you have gone over there, Mrs. Sullivan?" asked Halsey, stopping and feeling in his pocket for a pipe of tobacco. It was a question they often had discussed.

"Would I? In a minnit! I'd love Jim Sullivan for iver if I'd one chanct such as your wife had."

She grinned, but her look belied her speech.

"What I'm wantin', Mr. Halsey," she went on, "is what anny woman wants. I want a diamond star to wear on me head whin I'm sweeping flures. I need di'mond earrings and bracelets to wear whin I'm makin' your beds, you mind; and a silk dress that bellens 'I'm a-comin'!' whin I start out to scrub the steps. Ain't it the truth, Mr. Halsey? Ain't that what ivery woman in the wurrld, at laste in America, is wantin'?"

"Sure," nodded Halsey. "Don't forget the automobile while you're wishing."

"Thru it is! Whut woman of anny social position has not got her awtomobeel to-day? Luk at me. If I had me rights, I'd have me electric bro'om brought to the coorb ivery mornin' for me to go to market; and ivery evenin' after I'd got me sweepin' done, I'd have me long gray torpedy come around to take me and Jim out for a fast spin up the bullyvard. Me with di'monds on me hair, with rings on me fingers an' bells on me toes, settin' there an' lukkin' scornful. Oh, I was born in Ireland, but I'm American now. The day Jim Sullivan gives me what is me due, and I git me first awtomobeel, 'twill be the proud day for me—the day whin I'm first fined fer vi'latin' the speed law of the city. 'Tis a great country, this!"

Mrs. Sullivan grinned happily at her romancing; but presently set her broom against the door-jamb and turned to speak more to her real mind.

"Anny woman wants to blackguard a little once in a while, Mr. Halsey, sir, and all women like to lie twice in a while. I'm just lyin' to you now, because the birds is singin' and the weather is so fine.

"Listen! Anny woman that's gofn' to be happy is goin' to be happy because of the stomach she has for eatin', and the joy she has for dancin', and the heart she has for love of her man and her children. And anny woman that has her heart in the right place is goin' to stand by them and not by herself; and not by anny one else. Try me and see if I'm lyin' now! You're the boss. Fire Jim Sullivan to-day, and see do I stick with him, or do I go with some man that gives me di'monds, and awtomobeels. I'd stick—and so'd anny other woman that loved her man and her children."

"I'm glad you think so, Mrs. Sullivan."

"You know I think so! Oh, maybe it's because I wasn't born in this country. Over there, 'tis the woman helps to make the stake. Here, she helps to spend it. 'Tis a fine country this—for policemin. So far as bein' happy in it's concerned, I dunno! Maybe it's the Irish in me that's happy, and not the American. I dunno again. 'Tis all a question which you want to be, rich or happy!"

"Or useful!" ventured Halsey.

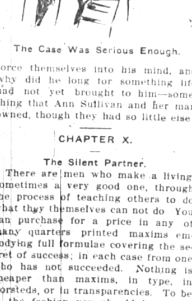
"They're the same. Bein' useful is bein' happy. Ain't it the truth?"

Halsey nodded again and Mrs. Sullivan reached once more for her implement of industry.

"Jim Sullivan fits in his job," said she. "He's strong and can hold his job all right. I'm strong, and I can hold mine here, just the same. We've only six children, and I wish 'twas a dozen. No, it's no trouble to take care of this house, too. I'm only thinkin' out loud, mind you, Mr. Halsey, sir. Ivery woman wants to have each other. And as I was sayin', we've the birds and the sunshine—and the priest! So take your mystery you've got in there, and march it up with mine. L'ave Jim Sullivan alone, and when these two mysteries get together, yours and ours, why, maybe there'll be hell!"

Halsey did some thinking when he was alone. He knew now, and had known, that something, somebody besides the pickets of the labor unions, had an eye on this mysterious factory of theirs. He had felt for a long time that there was an enemy somewhere, that a spy was making definite attempts to get secret information. Now, this unknown enemy was able to offer ten thousand dollars bribe money. The case was serious enough.

It was worse than serious. He had been sufficiently warned. Why, then, his pipe cold in his teeth, did he sit staring now and think of things altogether apart from the factory? Why did he dream of the birds and the sunshine? Why did comparisons still



The Case Was Serious Enough.

force themselves into his mind, and why did he long for something life had not yet brought to him—something that Ann Sullivan and her man owned, though they had so little else?

CHAPTER X.

The Silent Partner.

There are men who make a living, sometimes a very good one, through the process of teaching others to do what they themselves can not do. You can purchase for a price in any of many quarters printed maxims embodying full formulas covering the secret of success; in each case from one who has not succeeded. Nothing is cheaper than maxims, in type, in worsteds, or in transparencies. To be in the fashion you should have certain of these above your desk, and should incline your ear to those who profess to teach what can not be taught even by those most nearly fitted to teach.

Halsey has cared little for maxims, being above them, in his own belief, at least. In all likelihood he had never read the advice of the philosopher, to wit: that each man should hitch his wagon to a star. No, he knew something better. He hitched his to a river.

Very naturally, John Rawn selected the largest river he could find. His silent partner was none less than the Father of the Waters!

There is this to be said about a river, that it is wholly tireless and immeasurably powerful; that it enters into no combinations against capital, and does its work without unseemly disturbance. Rawn was wise enough to know these things, nor asked any maxims to advise him therein. In his belief it was better to allow this sort of silent partner to furnish the industry and the economy.

Who shall measure the power of a river, for ever falling to the sea? How many millions of horses and men has it equaled in its wasted power in each generation, in each decade, in each year? Certainly sufficient to lift the entire burden of labor from the shoulders of the world.

What mind can measure the extent of such a force, or dream the possibilities of its application, if it could be set to work? What equivalent of human brain and brawn could be valued against this careless, ceaseless power, derived endlessly from the air and the earth—power given to the peoples of the earth before the arrival of our present political and industrial masters; given them in the time when the earth was the Lord's and the fullness thereof. The minerals under the earth, the food produced in the soil, the waters offering paths and power—before the earth and its fullness passed from the hands of the Lord into those of our present masters, there, it may be conceived, were intended as the Lord's gift to the peoples of the earth. That, however, was quite before the advent of John Rawn.

Toil has always been the human lot. We have carried the mechanical burdens as well as the mental burdens of life on our own human bodies and souls; although all the time thousands of patient giants were waiting, willing to serve us. John Rawn could see them waiting. He knew to whom one day would be dug the power, and the kingdom, and the glory. He could look toward the white-topped mountains, foreseeing the day when they would be put under tribute, because they breed tumbling waters of immeasurable strength and utility. Their heritage of beauty and majesty is naught to minds such as that of John Rawn's. Utility is the one word in the maxims of such as these, men beloved of the immortal gods.

We speak of kings, of emperors, but what emperor in all the history of the world had such servants as these, submissive giants such as these, to work for him? We speak of miracles of old. What miracles ever equaled the business wonders, the money-piling miracles, of the last twenty years in America?

Where got this silent partner of John Rawn's its own tremendous power? Out of the sun and the earth, the parents of humanity. The raindrop on the leaf, shot through with the shaft of the sun, fell to some nearby stream, joined by other rills, marched on, alive, tireless, tremendous, toward the sea. Even far up toward their source, had your little boat-lodged counter to the current, on some rock or snag, had you attempted to push it back against the thrust of the downcoming waters, you might have got some knowledge of the power of even a little stream. Ten feet below you, that power again would have been quite as great; and ten feet below that again as great; and so on, to the sea. It required the advice of no professional maxim makers to teach a few of our great men, our specially endowed superiors, John Rawn first among them, that this power one day must be used. In accordance, as it happens, with the burden of humanity may be lifted from the man shoulders, or thrust crushingly down upon them until indeed humanity shall cease to hope. The earth and its fullness are no more the Lord's today than they are John Rawn's.

The simple plan of International Power company was to make some strong obstruction inviting the enormous resistance of the Father of the Waters, tantalizing that power into harnessing. Thus, in a manner perfectly simply, the force once evoked and utilized, would turn numberless wheels endlessly, tirelessly. So much for the material side of manifested power. The essence, the soul, the intangible spirit of that material power was, in the plans of International, to be transmitted by wire at first, and later through the free air. Its sale in definite and merchantable quantities would come as near to the solution of the problem of perpetual motion and perpetual profit as could be arrived at in this world of limitations.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Up to Date.

"How are you?" asked the first nosey man.

"Well, thank you," answered the second, with his guard up.

"How do you find business, these days?"

"By advertising."

AT THE RIGHT TIME

By FLORENCE LILLIAN HENDERSON.

"Going, Arnold?" questioned Hal Daniels, as he stood in the suburban real estate office of Young & Co., addressing the manager of that branch of a big city business.

"I'll tell you in a minute," replied Arnold White—"four, six, eight, nine," and he flipped over the bank bills in his hand and then said definitely and withal quite decisively—"no."

"Why not?"

"Can't afford it."

"Nonsense! See here, I believe you are showing the white feather. Anyone watching out with half an eye during the past month, can tell where your chief interest is. And Miss Leila Morton is well worthy the attention of any young man!"

"No doubt of that," half sighed Arnold. "In fact, that's the trouble. Others besides myself feel the spell of her witching sweetness and beauty. She has any number of cavaliers and how do I show up with—well, for instance such a suitor as Ray Eastburne?"

"Yes, Eastburne has some money and is a great catch," agreed Hal, "but he don't stand the ghost of a show. A motionless idler is not the style of man Leila fancies. Confidentially, Arnold, my sister—"

There was an interruption. A customer came driving up in an automobile, wishing to look at some houses listed for sale by the office and Arnold had to hurry away at once.

"Have you half an hour to spare, Hal?" he inquired of his friend.

"Sure—double that time, if I can be useful."

"Just keep the office open until I return, will you?"

"I'll do that," responded Hal and settled himself back in the comfortable swivel chair as the machine whirled away.

Hal had not fully dropped into the luxuriousness of repose when there was a visitor. He was a bronzed faced, brisk framed man with all the marks of an outdoor life upon him. His rugged, however, was tempered by a certain intellectual tinge. He might have been a professional man, judging from his eye and his manner of speech.

"He Is the Best Fellow in the World."

"Mr. Arnold White?" he spoke inquiringly.

"No, sir, only his friend."

"I was told I would find him here."

"Mr. White is temporarily absent with a client," explained Hal. "I expect him back within half an hour."

"Ah, then I will wait," said the stranger, seating himself. "Friend of Mr. White, are you? How is he getting along?"

"He is the best fellow in the world," declared Hal with unction, "and an up-to-date salesman. When he came here he made a two years' salary contract for a ridiculous sum. That expires soon. He'll get rich on his commissions, if they give him half a chance."

"That's promising," commented the visitor. "Contented, happy, I suppose?"

"Well, he's in love," laughed Hal.

"Tell me about that," rather eagerly urged the stranger.

"No, I'm talking too much, I guess," dissented Hal, suddenly realizing that he was discussing his absent friend too freely with a stranger.

"See here," said the latter. "I'd better tell you something. You are a real friend of Mr. White, are you not?"

"Arnold thinks so."

"Good. A little closer, please—I have something confidential to tell you."

For nearly five minutes the stranger poured a strange tale into the ears of his amazed auditor. Hal looked startled, then delighted. He slapped his knee with a sounding whack and burst forth into jolly laughter.

"Capital! famous! Arnold deserves it all!" he cried loyally. "Yes, you need to know all. You see, my sister—"

And this time Hal Daniels found a listener to what his sister, the fast friend of Leila Morton, knew of her preferences as to her many beaux, Arnold White especially considered.

"This gentleman wishes to look over your property," advised Hal, as Arnold returned in the automobile and his first customer drove away.

"Ah, yes," bowed Arnold. "One word, Hal," he added, stepping to the side of his friend and speaking confidentially; "I wish you would get word to Miss Morton through your sister that I cannot attend the theater party to the city tomorrow evening."

"Nonsense!" began Hal stormily.

"No, it isn't. I haven't asked Miss Morton—"

"No, but I'll bet she expects it."

"I can't afford it just now, Hal," asserted Arnold seriously. "Another thing, I can't hope to keep up the society pace with her gentleman friends who have nothing to do but spend their money."

As to marriage, he was too much of a man to ask any young lady to share his lot unless he had a comfortable home to offer her.

"I'll put aside the dream impossible and plug away at business," he told himself, and addressed aloud briskly to his visitor: "Now then, sir, what can I show you?"

"I want you to pick me out the neatest, most convenient house you have on your list," was the reply.

There were many, all new houses, to see. The customer insisted on Arnold expressing his preference and judgment. Finally the stranger said:

"I'll take that house—it's a little palace."

"As to the terms," began Arnold, as they proceeded back to the office.

"I want no terms—all cash," observed the stranger. "How soon can I have the deed?" he inquired, as they were seated in the office.

"First thing in the morning. What name is the deed, please?" inquired Arnold, taking up a pen.

"Arnold White."

"What?" exclaimed Arnold. "Why, that's my name!"

"I know it is," bowed the stranger coolly. "I am following out my instructions exactly."

"But I don't understand—"

"You soon will. I am an attorney from Montana, representing Ernest Drake."

"What! my old friend whom I have not heard from for two years?"

"The same, and the man you loaned $200 to. Well, he went west and got in jail. Stayed there for two years, stubbornly fighting for a valuable land entry he had made. There was a technicality and he stood by his guns. I helped him. We beat the land sharks and he is rich today. There is the money you loaned him with interest," and the stranger handed the astonished Arnold a check, "and as soon as that deed is made out the money is ready to pay for that house and lot."

Arnold was stupefied. Then his first thought was of Leila. He was independent now, and a wave of gratitude to the far away friend he had started in life, to be richly rewarded, warmed his heart.

"By the way, Mr. White," said the stranger—"about this young lady Mr. Daniels told me about?"

Arnold flushed up. He resented this intrusion upon his personal affairs, but his companion smiled.

"Ernest Drake would think of your happiness ahead of anything else," he said. "As his representative, I give you this news, reliably acquired: Miss Morton is only waiting for you to ask her company to that theater party. You will ask her and she will go. At the theater party pop the question and she will accept you."

And Leila did.

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SEES WORLD NEAR ITS END

Reverend Gentleman Has Fallen into the Famous Vision of Nebuchadnezzar.

Before a great audience in Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. C. I. Schofield of New York announced that the end of the world is at hand, and at any time we might expect that interesting event. He predicted the destruction of the planets in a mighty catastrophe, and, horrible to relate, the crash might come in the lifetime of a majority of his hearers.

Upon looking to see on what fact he built this gloomy apprehension, we note it is the vision of Nebuchadnezzar, as interpreted by the prophet Daniel. This prophecy involves the interpretation of many historical events, which has been done a good many times, but in every case the universe survived. So we expect it will be so again. We never did have much faith in old Nebuchadnezzar, anyhow, and if the good Lord ever communicated the information of when and how the universe would be destroyed, he would have communicated it to St. Paul or St. Luke or some hero of the faith.

We shall expect that the planets will continue to roll in their respective orbits, and this dear old earth will maintain its beautiful destiny long after mankind has disappeared from its arid and indurated sphere, and gone off to that happy region where the spirit forever dwells.—Ohio State Journal.

Lost Spring Rediscovered.

The hot spring at Matlock Bath, England, which was lost 180 years ago, was rediscovered the other day. Its source is in a lead mine which has not been worked for 100 years. Dr. Short of Sheffield left a record in 1773 that the vicinity of the mine, and discovered a hot spring many degrees hotter than the present spring at Matlock Bath, which is eight degrees Fahrenheit. Efforts to rediscover the spring have been made for months by Mr. D. Palmer Pearson of Matlock Bath and by Messrs. J. W. Puttrell, Sheffield, and Percival Ashford, the cave explorers, but they did not meet with success until the other day. They have had thrilling adventures in the numerous caves and mines of the district.

Japanese Entertainments.

Stage management in Japan is somewhat eccentric. When an actor is killed during the play a man in black rushes on and holding a large cloak before the supposed corpse, who rises and runs off the stage. The scenes are never shifted, but the whole stage revolves upon wheels; while between the acts the children among the audience run behind the curtain and play until the drum beats for another act. The performance begins at 10 a. m., and the audience provision themselves for twenty-four hours, curling themselves up on mats and smoking the whole time.

The Cause.

"Who is that fellow?" asked Greene of a friend one evening at the club. "Why, that's Henderson," was the reply; "you know him, don't you? Come on over, I'll introduce you." "Excuse me," said Greene, with considerable emphasis, "I have no use for that fellow." "Why," queried the other, in some surprise, "what have you against him?" "Well, old man, of course you didn't know," explained Greene, "but, you see, he jilted my wife once."

SERVING FISH DINNER

MAKEUP OF MENU A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE.

May Be Made the Important Dish of the Meal or an Accompaniment of Other Foods, According to One's Desire.

When planning a fish dinner decide first what other foods are to be served and how the fish are to be cooked. A large fish baked with an oyster stuffing is a rich, satisfying dinner in itself and little else will be needed, writes Henrietta D. Graael in the Chicago Journal. Small fish, however, are sweeter in flavor and make an excellent course between the soup and the entrees.

For the last a half-pound fish should be allowed for each diner, and you will need a slice of bacon for each fish for garnishing.

After the fish, that are to be fried, are scaled and cleaned, it is necessary to rub them well with a soft, clean cloth if you expect the cracker dust to adhere to them. Rolling the fish in flour and then dipping them insures a good coating, but one too hard and thick to be enjoyed by the majority. There are persons who like a coating of cornmeal, but this is always granular and pebbly and not to be compared to the cracker dust.

To fry small fish have plenty of frying fat very hot, but not smoking. Roll the fish in sifted, seasoned cracker dust and immerse at once in the fat. Do not put too many fish in at first; it reduces the heat of the fat and ruins the process.

If the fish are to be pan fried use a mixture of bacon dripping and butter, and have it very hot when the fish go in, cook slowly until one side is well browned. Turn and finish the under side.

Everyone does not like a sauce served with fish, and, except sauce, there is nothing more desirable than parsley nicely fried and the bit of bacon I spoke of above. Have the bacon sliced thin and broil it in its own fat. It should be golden brown in two minutes. Remove it and turn in the parsley minced finely, lift the pan from the fire, as too much heat takes the bright green color out. Toss it about until it is crisp and sprinkle on the fish and bacon.

Corn Pudding.

Chop the contents of one can of corn until fine. Add one pint of milk, level teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, one tablespoon of butter, three tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of flour and two eggs beaten. The flour should be thoroughly stirred into the other contents. Pour into buttered dish, set in pan of cold water. Bake about three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven. Remove from oven, slip knife around the edge and invert pudding on hot dish, where it will slip out, keeping its shape. It can be served with tomato sauce or for an extra occasion it can be garnished with crisp popped corn, buttered and salted.

Baked Fillets of Halibut.

One thin slice of halibut, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Cut the fish carefully away from the central bone. This will give four strips from the slice of fish. Remove the skin, roll each portion of fish into a compact shape and fasten it with a wooden toothpick. Butter a shallow baking dish and lay the fish in it. Season and squeeze lemon juice over each roll. Cover with greased paper and bake 15 minutes. Serve preferably on individual plates, having the fish covered completely with Hollandaise sauce and garnished with parsley, cut lemon and shoestring potatoes.

Timbale of Salmon.

One can of salmon, four eggs, four tablespoons cream, salt and pepper to taste. Remove the salmon from the can and reject all bone and skin. Mash the salmon fine, adding slowly the cream, then add the salt and pepper and the yolk of the eggs well beaten. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, then stir them carefully into the mixture. Fill greased custard cups two-thirds full of this mixture and put cups in a pan of hot water and bake 15 minutes. When serving, a pan of peas heated and placed as a border on the dish in which the timbales are served, makes a dainty dish.

German Peach Pie.

A German pie of peaches, the crust made like a rich baking powder biscuit, makes an excellent dessert. Make the dough and roll out in sheets to fit a long biscuit tin. It should not be more than half an inch thick. Brush the top with butter and cover with slices of peaches arranged in symmetrical overlapping rows or halved peaches rounded side up. Sprinkle generously with sugar, cover with another tin and bake from 20 to 30 minutes.

The idea is to cook the fruit, but not reduce it to a pulp.—Emma Paddock Telford.

New Chocolate Dainties.

Chocolate sardines are a recent addition to the list of chocolate dainties. They are dapper little fish, three or four inches long, packed in proverbial fashion into a tinfoil box, which is a good imitation, even to the gilt lettering, of the box their fishy brothers are packed in.

Another chocolate dainty is the butterfly. With wings outspread—and that is the only way he can hold his wings—he measures four or five inches across. He comes in a box shaped just to fit him, decorated on its cover with a butterfly in colors.

Mummy Minerva's Chicken Gumbo.

Cut up and fry one chicken in the fat of three slices of bacon, browned to a crisp. Season with salt, pepper and a bit of mace, two sticks of allspice, a cup of New Orleans gumbo and a cup of water. Simmer slowly, adding more water when it boils low. When the chicken has boiled to pieces and the stew resembles cream sauce, pass it through a coarse colander and bring to a boil. Before serving add twelve large oysters. When they crinkle serve immediately.

SPLENDID TRIBE OF INDIANS

Inhabitants of Tiburon Island, According to Consul, Closely Approach Physical Perfection.

United States Consul Long at Nogales, Mexico, tells of a peculiar people known as the Seris Indians, who occupy Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California. He says that the island of Tiburon is one of the largest and most picturesque in the Gulf of California, and is peopled by a most remarkable tribe of Indians, who are noted for their large size and extraordinary athletics on land and water. Those who have witnessed their aquatic sports at a respectful distance declare that many of them can actually walk, or rather run, upon the water with no other assistance than broad rawhide shoes. The consul states that they are expert fishermen and huntsmen, having rigid ideas as to the maintenance of game preserves on their island and limiting the killing of game under severe penalties. They destroy all children in infancy that are malformed or "generally lacking in intelligence." In this way the standard of physical and mental conditions in both sexes is kept very high.

The natives have no school, but each home has a system of physical training. No man is allowed to penetrate the island, even if he should make a landing. The natives guard the shores day and night. It is said that no epidemics have ever prevailed on the island, and disease is scarcely known among this extraordinary people, so that the men and women are magnificent in physical endowment. No man or woman is allowed to live beyond the age of 70, no matter how well preserved in body and mind. By careful selection, a large percentage of the women have a transparent, peachy complexion and deep auburn hair.

Somewhat Harsh.

The famous barytone had been giving his concert and the critic from the country was asked:

"How was the timbre of his voice?"

"Well," said the critic, "it seems to me to be full of knotholes."—Harper's Weekly.

EASY TO DETECT FORGERIES

Microscopic Examination Puts an End to "Reproduction" of Works of Art.

Some methods of detecting forged old masters by chemical examination of the pigments were described in a lecture before the Paint and Varnish society by A. P. Laurie, professor of chemistry at the Royal academy.

The information, based on examination of literary materials, said Professor Laurie, is very imperfect and inaccurate. He then told of special methods which he had devised for examining microscopic portions of known works of art, thus identifying pigments used at various times with absolute certainty. The lecturer described the results obtained with reference to the palettes of the illuminators of ancient manuscripts up to the end of the fifteenth century, and then dealt with the pigments used in later times, tracing them to the dawn of modern chemistry. He showed how, apart from general scientific and historical interest, the inquiries were of great value in enabling forgeries to be detected in works of art.

"There is no doubt," said Professor Laurie, "that a large number of forgeries have been produced, and the history of the pigments, used in earlier and later times, showed that the detection of these forgeries will now be comparatively easy."

Romantic.

Awnings and carpets were beyond the means of a certain wedding couple, without those accessories the ice that formed on the church steps was likely to cost somebody a fall. Just before the ceremony the sexton appeared with a bucket of sawdust. A messenger from the bride got there at the same time.

"She don't want any of that stuff," said the messenger. "It ain't romantic enough. She wants rice for good luck. Here is a ten-pound package. Sprinkle that over the pavement and steps. It's rough and will keep folks from falling."

So the sexton sprinkled a path of rice from curb to door and the bridal party passed safely over.