The Pit

By FRANK LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer, because of scientific tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Securities, in life preservers private office and escapes with $100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes about the Belle Julie as a sergeant. Charlotte Fredericks of Whahaska, Minn., who has seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank, recognizes him and sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith, anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis, but escapes from the capcons. He decides on Whahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train. Griswold falls in on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Whahaska by Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Whahaska. Margery finds the stolen money in Griswold's suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the frail Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it. Griswold recovers to find the stolen money gone. He meets Margery's social circle and forms a friendship with Raymer, the iron manufacturer. Broffin comes to Whahaska in search of the woman who wrote the anonymous letter to Galbraith. Margery takes Griswold to the safety deposit vault and turns the stolen money over to him.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"You still think I could tell you that, if I chose?" she said, willfully misleading him, or at least allowing him to mislead himself.

"I don't think anything about it—I know! You'd met him somewhere before that day in the bank—before you knew he was goin' to turn gentleman holdup. That's why you don't want to give up his real name."

She had risen, and in self-defense Broffin had to grope on the floor for his hat and stand up too.

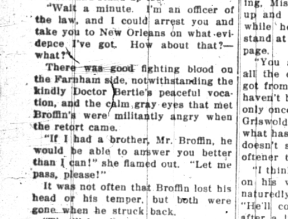
"Wait a minute. I'm an officer of the law, and I could arrest you and take you to New Orleans on what evidence I've got. How about that?—what?"

There was good fighting blood on the Farnham side, notwithstanding the kindly Doctor Bertie's peaceful vocation, and the calm gray eyes that met Broffin's were militantly angry when the retort came.

"If I had a brother, Mr. Broffin, he would be able to answer you better than I can!" she flamed out. "Let me pass, please!"

It was not often that Broffin lost his head or his temper, but both were gone when he struck back.

"That'll be all right, too!" he broke out harshly, blocking the way to force her to listen to him. "You think you've



"I Am an Officer of the Law."

bluffed me, don't you?—what? Let me tell you: some fine day this duck whose name isn't Gaylitt will turn up here—to see you; then I'll nab him. If you find out where he is, and write to him not to come, it'll be all the same; he'll come anyway, and when he does come, I'll get him!"

When Miss Farnham had gone in and there was nothing left for him to do but to compass his own disappearance, Broffin went away, telling himself with many blandishments that for once in his professional career he had made an ass of himself. The doctor's daughter knew the man; she had known him before the robbery; she was willing to be his accomplice to the extent of her ability. There was only one explanation of this attitude. In Broffin's wording of it, Miss Farnham was "gone on him," if not openly, at least to such an extent as to make her anxious to shield him.

That being the case, Broffin set it down as a fact as good as accomplished that the man would sooner or later come to Whahaska. The detective's knowledge of masculine human nature was as profoundly acute as the requirements of his calling demanded. With a woman like Miss Farnham for the lure, he could be morally certain that his man would some time fling caution, or even a written prohibition, to the winds, and walk into the trap.

This misfire of Broffin's happened upon a Wednesday, which, in its calendar placing, chanced to be three weeks to a day after Griswold had left Mereside to settle himself studiously in two quiet upper rooms in the Widow Holcomb's house in upper Shawnee street.

That it was also a day of other coincidences will appear in the casting up of the items on the page of events.

For one thing, it marked the formal opening of the De Soto inn for the summer season. For another, the special train from the far South arriving at noon and bearing the first detachment of the inn's guests, had for one of its human passengers an elderly gentleman with a strongly-marked Scottish face; a gentleman with the bushy white eyebrows of age, the long upper lip of caution, the drooping eyelid of irascibility, and the bearing of a man of routine; in other words, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, en route northward on his customary summer vacation, which—the fates intervening—he had this time determined to spend at the Wahaskan resort.

For a third item, it was at three o'clock of this same Wednesday that Raymer came out of Jasper Grierson's bank with his head down and a cloud on his brow; the cloud dating back to an interview just closed, a short and rather brittle conference with the bank's president held in Jasper Grierson's private room, with the president sitting at ease in his huge armchair and his visitor standing, quite destitute of ease, at the desk-end.

Raymer's horse was only a short half-square away, hitched in front of the Winnebago house, and he went to get it. But at the instant of unhitching, Miss Grierson's trap was driven up and the untying of knots paused while he stepped from the curb to stand at the wheel of the modish equipage.

"You are getting to be as bad as all the others," was the greeting he got from the high driving seat. "You haven't been at Mereside for an age—only once since the night you took Mr. Griswold away from us. By the way, what has become of Mr. Griswold? He doesn't show himself in public much oftener than you do."

"I think he has been getting to work on his writing," said Raymer, good-naturedly apologizing for his friend. "He'll come down out of the clouds after a little. I understand he dines at Doctor Bertie's tonight."

The young iron founder was looking up into the eyes of beguiling when he said this, and, being a mere man, he wondered what made them flash, and then grow suddenly fathomless and brooding.

"When you see him, tell him that we are still on earth over at Mereside," said the magnate diagnostically, and a moment later, as Raymer was turning out of Main street into Shawnee, he narrowly missed running over a heavy-set man with a dark face and drooping mustaches; a pedestrian whose preoccupation seemed so great as to make him quite oblivious to street crossings and passing vehicles until Raymer pulled his horse back into the shafts and shouted.

One more small coincidence will serve to total the items on the Wednesday page. If Broffin had not stopped to look after the man who had so nearly run him down, he might have been crossing Main street in front of the Winnebago at the precise instant when Miss Grierson, with young Dahlgren in the second seat of the trap, came around the square and pulled up to let her horse drink at the public fountain.

"Who is that Bitter-creekish-looking man crossing over to the Winnebago house?" asked Miss Grierson of her seatmate, indicating Broffin with a wave of the whip, and skillfully making the query sound like the voicing of the idlest curiosity.

"Fellow named Broffin, from Louisiana," said Dahlgren, who, as assistant editor of the Daily Whahaskan, knew everybody. "Says he's in the lumber business down there, but, I doubt it," said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear."

"Why do you doubt it?" queried Miss Grierson, neatly flicking a fly from the horse's back with the tip of the whiplash.

"Oh, on general principles, I guess. You wouldn't say he had any of the earmarks of a business man."

"What kind of earmarks has he got?" persisted Miss Grierson—merely to make talk, as Dahlgren decided.

"I don't know. We were talking about him at the club the other night, and Sheffield—he's from Kentucky, you know—thought he remembered the name as the name of a 'moonshine' raider he'd heard of down in his home state."

"A moonshine raider? What is that?" By this time Miss Margery's curiosity was less inert than it had been, or had seemed to be, at first.

"A deputy marshal, you know; a sort of government policeman and detective rolled into one. He looks it, don't you think?"

Miss Grierson did not say what she thought, then, or later, when she set Dahlgren down at the door of his newspaper office in Sioux avenue. But still later, two hours later, in fact, she gave a brief audience to the Mereside library to a small, barefooted boy, whose occupation was sufficiently indicated by the bundle of evening papers under one arm.

"Well, Johnnie, what did you find out?" she asked.

"Ain't had time," said the boy. "But he ain't no millionaire lumber-shooter. I'll bet a nickel. I sold him a paper just now, down by Dutchie's lumber yard, and I sat him what kind o' lumber that was in the pile by the gate. He didn't know, no more'n a goat."

Miss Margery filliped a coin in the air and the newsboy caught it dexterously.

"That will do nicely for a beginning, Johnnie," she said sweetly. "Come and see me every once in a while, and perhaps there'll be more little white cartwheels for you. Only don't tell, and don't let him catch you. That's all."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Forward Limit.

During the days which followed his settling up of the standard of independence in Mrs. Holcomb's second floor front, Griswold found himself entering upon a new field—a world corresponding with granting of fidelity to that prefigured future which he had struck out in the waking hours of his first night on the main deck of the Belle Julie.

Wahaska, as a fortunate field for the post-graduate course in Experimental Humanity, was all that his fancy had pictured it. When he came to go about the town, as he did daily after the pleasant occupation of refurnishing his study and bedroom was a pleasure past, he found that in some mysterious manner his fame had preceded him. Everybody seemed to know who he was; to be able to place him as a New Yorker, as an author in search of health, or local color or environment or, some other technical quality not to be found in the crowded cities; to be able to place him, also, as Miss Margery Grierson's friend and beneficiary—which last, he surmised, was his best passport to the good graces of his fellow-townsmen.

Coincidently he discovered that, in the same mysterious manner, everybody seemed to know that he was, in the Wahaskan phrase, "well-fixed." Here, again, he guessed that something might be credited to Margery. As to the manner of conducting the war against inequality and the crime of plutocracy, the plan of campaign had been sufficiently indicated in that white-hot moment of high resolves on the cargo-deck of the Belle Julie. For the propaganda, there was his book; for the demonstration, he would put the sacred fund into some industry where the weight of it would give him the casting vote in all questions involving the rights of the workers.

With the rewriting of the book fairly begun, he was already looking about for the practical opportunity when the growing friendship with Edward Raymer promised to offer an opening exactly fulfilling the experimental requirements. Raymer had overenlarged his plant and was needing more capital; and some of Raymer's half-confidences had led him to suspect that the need was, or was likely to become, imperative. Griswold waited patiently; he was still waiting on the Wednesday afternoon when Raymer called him over the telephone and made the appointment for a meeting at the house in Shawnee street.

"Your pair of minutes' must have found something to grow upon," laughed the patient waiter, when Raymer, finding Mrs. Holcomb's front door open, had climbed the stair to the newly established literary workshop. "I've had time to smoke a pipe and write a complete paragraph since you called up."

Raymer flung himself into a chair at the desk-end and reached for a pipe in the curiously-carved rack which had been one of Griswold's small extravagances in the refurnishing.

"Yes," he said; "Margery Grierson drove up while I was unhitching, and I had to stop and talk to her. Which reminds me: she says you're giving Mereside the go-by since you set up for yourself. Are you?"

"I'm not likely to," was the sober rejoinder. "My debt to Miss Grierson is a pretty big one, Raymer; bigger than you suspect, I imagine."

"I'm glad to hear you put the debt where it belongs, leaving her father out of it. You don't owe him anything; not even a cup of cold water. There's a latter-day buccaneer for you!" he went on, warming to his subject like a man with a sore into which salt has been forcibly rubbed. "That old timber-wolf wouldn't spare his best friend—allowing that anybody could be his friend. By Jove! he's making me sweat blood, all right!"

"How is that?" asked Griswold.

"I've been on the edge of telling you two or three times, but next to a quitter I do detest the fellow who puts his fingers into a trap and then squawks when the trap nips him. Grierson has got me down and he is about to cut my throat, Griswold."

"Tell me about it," said the one who had been patiently waiting to be told.

"Grierson a year ago tried to get a finger into my little pie. He wanted to reorganize the Raymer Foundry and Machine works, and offered to furnish the additional capital and take fifty-one per cent of the reorganization stock. Naturally, I wouldn't see it. This spring we had the capacity limit in the old plant and the only thing to do was to enlarge. I borrowed the money at Grierson's bank and did it. My borrow was one hundred thousand dollars, and there was a verbal understanding that it was to be repaid out of the surplus earnings, piecemeal. I told Grierson that I should need a year or more, and he didn't object."

"This was all in conversation?" said Griswold; "no writing?"

Raymer made a wry face.

"Don't rub it in. I'm admitting that I was all the different kinds of a fool. There was no definite time limit mentioned. I was to give my personal notes and put up the family stock as collateral. A day or two later, when I went around to close the deal, the trap was standing wide open for me and a baby might have seen it. Grierson said he had proposed the loan to his directors, and that they had kicked on taking the stock as collateral. He offered to take my paper without an indorser if I would cover his personal risk with my stock collateral, assigning it, not to the bank, but to him. I fell for it like a woolly sheep. The stock transfers were made, and I signed a note for one hundred thousand dollars, due in sixty days; Grierson explaining that two months was the bank's usual limit on accommoda-

"Make It Ten Thousand and I'll Contribute the Remaining Ninety."

tion paper—which is true enough—but giving me to understand that a renewal and an extension of time would be merely a matter of routine."

Griswold was shaking his head sympathetically. "I can guess the rest," he said. "Grierson is preparing to swallow you whole."

"He has as good as done it," was the dejected reply. "The note falls due tomorrow, and, as I happened to be uptown this afternoon, I thought I would drop in and pay the discount and renew the paper. Grierson shot me through the heart. He gave me a cock-and-bull story about some bank examiner's protest, and told me I must be prepared to take up the paper tomorrow."

"Of course you reminded him of his agreement?"

"Sure; and he sawed me off short; said that any business man borrowing money on accommodation paper knew that it was likely to be called in on the expiration date; that an extension is really a new transaction, which the bank is at liberty to refuse to enter. Oh, he gave it to me cold and clammy, sitting back in his big chair and staring up at me through the smoke of a fat, black cigar while he did it!"

"And then?" prompted Griswold.

"Then I remembered the mother and sister, Kenneth, and did what I would have died rather than do for myself—I begged like a dog. But I might as well have gone outside and butted my head against the brick wall of the bank."

Griswold forgot his own real, though possibly indirect, obligation to Jasper Grierson.

"This is where you made a mistake; you should have told him to go to h—l with his money!" was his acrid comment. And then: "How near can you come to lifting this note tomorrow, Raymer?"

"Near isn't the word. Possibly I might sweep the corners and gather up twelve or fifteen thousand dollars."

"That will do," said the querist, shortly. "Make it ten thousand, and I'll contribute the remaining ninety."

Raymer sprang out of his chair as if its padded arms had been suddenly turned into high-voltage electrodes.

"You will?—you'll do that for me, Griswold?" he said, with a queer stridency in his voice that made the word-craftsman, always on the watch for apt similes, think of a choked chicken. But Raymer was swallowing hard and trying to go on. "By Jove—it's the most generous thing I ever heard of!—but I can't let you do it. I haven't a thing in the world to offer you but the stock, and that may not be worth the paper it is printed on if Jasper Grierson has made up his mind to break me."

"Sit down again and let us thresh it out," said Griswold. "How much of a socialist are you, Raymer?"

The young ironmaster sat down, gasping a little at the sudden wrenching aside of the subject.

"Why, I don't know; enough to want every man to have a square deal, I guess."

"Including the men in your shops?"

"Putting them first," was the prompt correction. "It was my father's policy, and it has been mine. We have never had any labor troubles."

"You pay fair wages?"

"We do better than that. A year ago I introduced a modified plan of profit sharing."

Griswold's eyes were lighting up with altruistic fires.

"Once in a while, Raymer, a thing happens so fortuitously as to fairly compel a belief in the higher powers that our fathers included in the word 'Providence'," he said, almost solemnly. "You have described exactly an industrial situation which seems to me to offer a solution of the whole vexed question of master and man, and to be a seed-sowing which is bound to be followed by an abundant and most humanizing harvest. Ever since I began to study, even in a haphazard way, the social system under which we sweat and groan, I've wanted in on a job like yours. I still want in. Will you take me as a silent partner, Raymer? I'm not making it a condition, mind you; come here any time after ten o'clock tomorrow, and you'll find the money waiting for you. But I do hope you won't turn me down."

Raymer was gripping the arms of his chair again, but this time they were not unpleasantly electrified.

"I had only myself to consider, I shouldn't keep you waiting a second," he returned, heartily. "But it may take a little time to persuade my mother and sister. If they could only know you—why can't you come out to dinner with me tonight?"

"For the only reason that would make me refuse at the present writing," was the prompt rejoinder. "About this partnership; what would be your notion?" he asked.

"The simplest way is always the best. Increase your capital stock and let me in for as much as my ninety thousand dollars will buy," said the easily-satisfied Griswold. "We'll let it go at that until you've had time to think it over, and talk it over with your mother and sister."

The iron founder got up and reached for his hat.

"You are certainly the friend in need, Griswold, if ever there was one," he said, settling the hand of leave-taking as if he would crack the bones in it. "But there is one thing I'm going to ask you, and you mustn't take offense—this ninety thousand; could you afford to lose it—or is it your whole stake in the game?"

Griswold's smile was the ironmaster's assurance that he had not offended.

"It is practically my entire stake—and I can very well afford to lose it in the way I have indicated. You may call that a paradox, if you like, but both halves of it are true."

"That's all right, then; other thing you ought to know, and I'm going to tell it now," Raymer went on. "We do a general foundry and machine business, but a good fifty per cent of our profit comes from the Wahaska and Pinebora railroad repair work, which we have had ever since the road was opened."

Griswold was smiling again. "Why should I know that particularly?" he asked.

"Because it is rumored that Jasper Grierson has been quietly absorbing the stock and bonds of the road, and if he means to remove me from the map—"

"I see," was the reply. "In that case you'll need a partner even worse than you do now. You can't scare me off that way. Shall I look for you at ten tomorrow?"

"At ten to the minute," said the rescued plunger; and he went downstairs so full of mingled thankfulness and triumph that he mistook Doctor Farnham's horse for his own at the hitching-post two doors away, and was about to get into the doctor's buggy before he discovered his mistake.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Bridge of Jehennam.

Griswold took a final look at himself in his dressing-case glass before going to keep his evening appointment at the doctor's downtown office. It was comfortably reassuring. So far as he could determine, there was little in the clean-shaven, square-shouldered, correctly garmented young fellow who faced him in the mirror to suggest either the bearded outcast of New Orleans or the unkempt and toil-sodden roustabout of the Belle Julie. If only she had not rude him speak to her. He had a sharp conviction that the greatest of all the hazards lay in the chance that she might remember his voice.

He found the cheery little doctor waiting for him when he had walked the few squares to the Main street office.

"I was beginning to be afraid you were going to be fashionably late," said the potential host; and then, with a humorous glance for the correct garmenting: "Regalia, heh? Hasn't Miss Grierson told you that Wahaska is still hopelessly unable to live up to the dress coat and standing collar? I'm sure she must have. But never mind; climb into the buggy and we'll let old Bucephalus take us around to see if the neighbors have brought in anything good to eat."

The drive was a short one. Broffin was once more shadowing the house in which, first or last, he expected to trap his amateur MacHeath; and when the buggy was halted at the carriage step he was near enough to mark and recognize the doctor's companion.

"Of this time," he muttered sourly, when the two had passed together up the graveled path and the host was fitting his latchkey to the front door. "It's only the sick man that writes books. I wonder what sort of a book he thinks he's going to write in this infogotten, turkey-trodden, cane-along village of the Rebben yaps?"

Griswold, waiting on the porch while Doctor Farnham fitted his key, had a nerve-tingling shiver of apprehension when the latch yielded with a click and he found himself under the hall lanterns formally shaking hands with the statuesque young woman of the many imaginings.

"You are very welcome to Heme Nook, Mr. Griswold; we have been hearing about you for many weeks," she was saying when he had relinquished the firm hand and was hanging his coat and hat on the hall rack. And then, with a half-embarrassed laugh: "I am afraid we are dreadful gossips; all Wahaska has been talking about you, you know, and wondering how it came to acquire you."

"Don't hasn't acquired anything very valuable," was the guest's modest disclaimer, its reddening arising out of a grateful easing of strains now that the actual face-to-face ordeal had safely passed its introductory stage. "And you mustn't say a word against your charming little city, Miss Farnham," he went on. "It is the friendliest, most hospitable—"

The doctor's daughter was interrupting with an enthusiastic show of applause.

"Come out to dinner, both of you," she urged; and then to Griswold: "I want you to say all those nice things to Aunt Fanny."

In the progress to the cozy, home-like dining-room Griswold found the contrast between the Farnham home and the ornate mansion three streets away on the lake front strikingly apparent; as clearly marked as that between Margery Grierson and the sweetly serene and conventional young person who was introducing him to her aunt across the small oval dining table.

So far, all was going well. But a little later, in the midst of a half-uttered direction to the serving maid, Miss Farnham stopped abruptly, and Griswold could feel her gaze, wide-eyed and half-terrified, seemingly fixed upon him.

It was all over in the turning of a leaf; there had been no break in the doctor's genial raillery, and the breathless little pause at the other end of the table was only momentary. When the dinner was over the doctor, in the act of filling two long-stemmed pipes for his guest and himself, was called away professionally. Miss Gilman, least observant of chaperons, had been peacefully napping for a good half-hour in her low rocker under the reading lamp, and the pictures in a thick quarto of Gulf Coast views had pleasantly filled the interval for the two who were awake, when Griswold finally assured himself that the danger of recognition was a danger past. As a mental analyst he knew that the opening of each fresh door in the house of present familiarity was automatically closing other doors opening upon the past; and it came to him with a little flash of the seer's exaltation that once again his prefigurings were finding their exact fulfillment. In a spirit of artistic daring he yielded to a sudden impulse, as one crossing the finest of bridges may run and leap to prove that his theory of safety stresses is a sufficient guaranty of his own immunity.

"You were speaking of first impressions of places," he said, while they were still turning the leaves of the picture book. "Are you a believer in the absolute correctness of first impressions?"

"I don't know," was the thoughtful reply; but its afterword was more definite: "As to places, I'm not sure that the first impression always persists; in a few instances I am quite certain it hasn't. I didn't like the Gulf coast at all, at first; it seemed so foreign and different and unhomelike. As to persons, however—"

She paused, and Griswold entered the breach hardily.

"I know," he affirmed. "There have been times when, with every reasonable desire to live up to you before the evil, a still stronger impulse has made you believe in the good."

"How can you know that?" she asked; and again he saw in the expressive eyes the flying signals of indeterminate perplexity and apprehension.

Resolutely he pressed the hazardous experiment to its logical conclusion. Once for all, he must know if this young woman with the sympathetic voice and the goddesslike pose could, even under suggestion, be led to link up the past with the present.

"It is my trade to know," he said quietly, closing the book of views and laying it aside. "There have been moments in your life when you would have given much to be able to decide a question of duty or expediency entirely irrespective of your impressions. Isn't that so?"

For one flitting instant he thought he had gone too far. In the hardy determination to win all or lose all, he had been holding her eyes steadily, as the sure mirror in which he should be able to read its sentence, of acquittal or condemnation. This time there was no mistaking the sudden widening of the pupils to betray the equally sudden awakening of womanly terror.

"Don't be afraid," he began, and he had come thus far on the road to open confession when he saw that she was looking at him; she was looking past him toward one of the windows giving upon the porch. "What is it?" he demanded, turning to look with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In several towns in Germany workingmen are visited at their homes on pay days by savings bank officials to collect their savings for banking.

ITALY UNDER MANY RULERS

Fertile Land, During the Centuries, Has Been Prize Worth the Expenditure of Blood.

Charlemagne tacked Italy to his unwieldy empire and left it to his weakling son, Lothaire, by the treaty of Verdun in 843. The peninsula enjoyed a measure of peace for some years, then petty counts and dukes began a series of internecine wars which continued until Otho the Great marched into Rome in 962 and forced the pope to place the imperial crown of gold on his head. This was the beginning of the Germanic holy Roman empire. It established a precedent for the German emperors, and they continued bringing their armies across the Alps to feast on Italy's plenty until Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, was defeated in 1268. The Hapsburgs then took up the pursuit of Italy.

The feudal system never gained a firm hold in Italy, which lightened the labor of Germanic commerce. In 1056 the pope and the free commercial cities made a common defense against the emperor. They had more or less success until Frederick Barbarossa swept down on the land and buried all opposition. The Lombardy league collapsed in 1167, and Italy became as much a German province as Alsace is today. No German emperor in those days rested content until the pope had placed the imperial crown on his head—first the silver crown at Aix la Chapelle, then the iron crown of Lombardy, and then the one at Rome.

Nature's Crushing Plant.

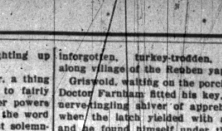
A well-known manufacturer of crushing machinery gives it as his opinion that there is but one manufacturer who has ever produced a perfect pulverizing machine, and that is the Divine Inventor. He continues: "I examined one of His machines in 1882. I was impressed with the magnificent output of a million tons a day, crushed from coarse to slimes or silt, according to figures given in a report of the United States geological survey. I am referring to the great Colorado river. It generates its own power, with no loss of time for repairs, no slipping of tapets, no broken cams and no stopping of stamp heads—a perfect work from start to finish, and a perfect object lesson for the inventor. Large irregular rocks are worn into bowlders, and from that into cobblestones, and from cobblestones into sand, and from sand into slime, and then delivered to points where the product will do the most good for the human race. The immense imperial valley and various other valleys have the finished product from that magnificent pulverizing machine."—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Lucky in One Way.

Blobbs—Bones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met.

Clobbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love?

Blobbs—I suppose so, at any rate, he has never been married.



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Its Nature.

"Is this condiment hot?"

"It can't be, it's chilly sauce."—Baltimore American.

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