

IN THE DRIFTWOOD

Flooded River Brings Precious Gift to Reunite Husband and Wife.

By MARGARET CAMERON.

John Bascombe stood upon the bank of the whirling river, looking on the wreck of his home. His wife, Mary, stood at his side, but even in this extremity of affliction her hand did not seek his, and there was no sign that their common disaster had united them.

Things had not gone well with them during the three years that had elapsed since their marriage. He had been a clerk in St. Louis, and Mary was a school teacher. It was a boy and girl marriage, followed by a boy and girl marriage; then, spurred by necessity and aided by the inheritance of a few hundred dollars, John had purchased a few acres in the flat lowlands of the western part of the state. There they had struggled almost from the beginning. It was the desperate struggle of the soil-hungry, seeking to maintain their hold upon the precious earth.

Gradually, under the influence of the hard and remitting toil, they had drifted apart. If Mary had had a child it might have brought them together. But because this was not destined to be they had grown to be almost strangers. Mary found the hard struggle intolerable and longed for books, people, intellectual life, such as she had been accustomed to; and John, busy from dawn to dark in his battle with nature, hardly had any other life at all.

When they ceased to hope for a child it seemed as though they must drift apart for ever. In fact they had spoken of a separation, at first tentatively, then hopefully, then eagerly, as something to be anticipated.

"You can have everything except the house and the land," John said to her. "I want to be free, as you do. I'll send you—"

"I don't want your money, John," she flashed out at him. "There isn't anything of yours I want—now. There was only one thing—love—and I don't want that any more."

They were to have separated that very day, John remaining there, Mary



Stood Side by Side Upon a Little Knoll.

returning to St. Louis, to take up her work in the public schools again.

And then, a week before, the river began to rise. And soon came stories of the floods up the country that were carrying all before them, bursting through levees, overwhelming towns, sweeping away houses and churches as though they were but driftwood floating upon the stream, and drowning thousands.

And hourly the river rose, and Mary, forgetting for the time her own plans, stayed at John's side and fought the floods with him. It was little she could do; but all along the banks men were building up the levees, hoping to dam back that roaring tide before it burst through into the fertile fields that they had won from the scrub-covered bottoms of the old water-channels. And Mary, with a corps of devoted women, ministered to the savage, wearied, toiling men.

Then the worst happened; the river burst its banks, and, when the crest of the flood had passed, the little settlement was as matchboxes. Not a house was left standing. Only logs, shingles, and foundations remained. And down the stream poured the debris from a half dozen states on its wild career toward the Gulf of Mexico.

They stood side by side upon a little knoll and looked at the dull yellow ponds that covered their land. The land was there still but all the fruits of their works had been carried away. They looked into the turbid river, and then into each other's eyes.

"What are you going to do, John?" asked Mary.

"I'm going to move west," he answered. "And you?"

"I shall go back to St. Louis," she answered. "There is no use in my staying here now."

"No," he agreed.

Mary was to leave on the following morning. They were sheltered in the railroad depot nearby which accommodated the homeless sufferers and stood just beyond the highest reach of the flood. On the next morning John set off at dawn. He could not

resist the temptation to look once again at the ruin of his home; but he had not the heart to awaken Mary. When he left the squalid, sordid enclosure it was with no intention of returning.

And Mary knew that. She had not slept that night. She had thought, all through the long, sleepless hours, of that other ruin, their common life. Had she not also been to blame for that? She recalled times when she might have been more to John; endearments which she had repelled; times when she had let pride master her inclinations toward reconciliation. And John had not changed, only he had let material things creep up between their love like noxious weeds, and strangle it. Yet, she could not bring herself to call him back. She watched the bent figure pass out of the enclosure, and out of her life, as she thought.

Half an hour later he was back, his face aflame. She looked at him in amazement. He might have been another man—no, the old one, her boyish sweetheart who had so long been only a memory to her.

"Mary!" he called. "Come! No, put on your cloak and bring your grip. I will carry it for you. Come—I'll show you!"

She accompanied him outside the squalid buildings to where the receding floods had left a swampy stretch of earth. Here their farm had been, their house and growing crops, and now—

She started in amazement. A new house stood almost upon the spot of the old one. It might have been their house—the house they had planned in the first dreams of their married life. Firm and foursquare it stood, with its eight rooms, its neatly shuttered windows, its front door with the gleaming knocker. Mary turned to John.

"It's magic, John. What does it mean?" she asked.

John pointed to the receding river. "It is the river's gift to us," he answered.

Torn from its foundations, hundreds of miles away, in heaven only knew what county or state, even, it had been deposited there by the flood. It needed but two teams of oxen to place it upon the foundations of the old home. And it was theirs! For it could never be taken away; probably those who had once owned it had died in the cataclysm. It was theirs, this home. They crept up toward it, wading like children through the swampy places. And, looking in, Mary gasped with wonder. For it was furnished, neatly, cheaply, but tastefully. There was a parlor, with a table and chairs, a living room; even the curtains waved upon their rods. The river had borne it upon its breast as gently as a child.

"I wonder if the upper floor is furnished, Mary," John suggested.

Suddenly she caught his hand in hers and motioned to him to remain silent. "Hush, John!" she whispered, listening intently. "Did you hear anything?" she asked presently.

John had heard nothing except the sullen lapping of the waves upon the river banks. But Mary's eyes were alight with a strange fire and her cheeks flushed and the hand that he held in his was trembling.

"What is it, Mary?" he asked stupidly.

Suddenly she dashed wildly up the steps of the stranded house, while John looked after her, wondering at the feverish eagerness which had succeeded her customary apathy. She disappeared inside, and almost immediately afterward she reappeared. Her hair was tumbling all over her face, upon her lips there played a smile of tenderness that he had often imagined there but had never seen. In her arms she carried a bundle.

She came toward him, and, as she unwrapped it, the feeble cry of a child smote upon his ears.

"Look, John!" she whispered. An infant of six months was lying in her arms. And even as John looked he saw the little arms go upward, seeking Mary's neck, and, having found it, they clasped themselves contentedly around it.

"What do you think, John?" said Mary, with a little laugh. "He hasn't even finished his bottle—although the milk is souring. You didn't hear him," she added, "but I did."

She stood there so proud, so happy in this vicarious motherhood that John's arm stole timidly around her waist and he drew her toward him.

"Mary, dear," he whispered, "I have often thought that if we had a child—like this—it would have drawn us together. We would not have drifted apart as we have done."

"So have I," she answered passionately. "I felt that you resented it, John, my—my childlessness, and so—"

"You hadn't grown tired of me?"

"No, John, indeed no. If I had thought you wanted me to stay—"

"But I did and do want you," he answered triumphantly. "Only, Mary"

"John!"

"He stays with us."

"Of course," she answered, turning up the little face of her husband's kiss.

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Rialto Gossip.

"There goes Susan Brett," remarked Yorick Hamm. "She loves to hear herself talk."

"Then it must be a great trial to her," responded Hamlett Fatt, "to have to work all the time for the movies."

Her Way.

"Does your maid ask for many evenings out?" "No." "That's good." "She takes 'em."

AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

REV. S. A. CHAMBERS, Editor, 702 Whitehead Street.

A mean man will do more for spite than for any other cause.

The nose is a part of the face, therefore, you need not cut it off to spite the face.

Some are guilty of dirt and some are guilty of dirty dirt. This is the limit.

A man steeped in sin can be steeped in no deeper dye. No stain is harder to completely eradicate.

You have to work to get what you want and you have to work as hard to hold it. If you relax your efforts after you obtain it you will soon have an empty treasury.

All that a man can hope to be resides in his will. If he has no will he has no strength, physically, morally or intellectually.

Our will associated with consequent efforts will raise us above our immediate environments. Otherwise we become creatures of circumstances.

He who is a creature of circumstances has degenerated from the heights of his creation to the common level of animals of the lower order.

A horse will cross if he finds a way prepared for him to cross, but when man gets there if he finds no way he will make a way. And if at first he does not succeed he will try again, and again, until he perfects what is in his mind.

A lion may be king of the forest, but man is master of the world. He rules and supersedes.

A man with a weak frame and a strong will is a strong man. But a man with a strong frame and a weak will is a weak man. To him a straw is an insurmountable barrier, a grasshopper a burden, the meowing of a cat is as the roaring of a lion, and an ant hill a giant mountain, and a stream a yard wide swells before him to the proportions of a sweeping river maddened.

By those in position to best know we were informed that Mrs. George Roberts is a little improved. We trust that it may not prove deceptive. She is still very sick. We wish a change for the better.

Mrs. Rosaloe Smith, 223 Angela street, was quite successful with her dinner sale last Monday. She wishes to thank all who patronized her and helped her to succeed.

Mr. Robert Knowles is having his new house finished at No. 208 Angela street, and will move in as soon as Mr. Perkins says "It is finished." It is a nice home.

Mr. William Weech who is employed on the Revenue Cutter Miami, is expected in the city Sunday. All having friends and relatives on that steamer are looking forward with great anticipation to a happy meeting and are preparing to give them a warm reception. May they all reach home in triumph.

Mr. Milton Thompson and Miss Florida Scriben were married Monday night at the home of the bride's parents on Eaton street. Quite a large company of well wishers witnessed the ceremonies which were performed by Father Roe, Rector of St. Peter's. We wish them much happiness on the journey they have started together. This journey is largely the two make it. Nobody can fix it or unfix it but the two whose hearts are supposedly one.

Miss Syble Albury of Daytona was in the city a few days ago, the guest of Miss Mary Brady. She has returned to her home. Her stay was quite pleasant, her company agreeable.

Mr. William Brady and Miss Cinderella Culmer were married Monday night at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. L. A. Forbes officiating. There was a congested crowd to witness the happy event. Amid showers of congratulations they launch forth upon the matrimonial sea for a harbor not yet discovered. May their days be full of sunshine and roses. The wedding march was played by Miss Florence Knowles. Best man, Willie Sawyer; bride's maid, Miss Kathleen Baptiste. Refreshments were served in abundance.

There will be given at the home of Miss Annie Roberts today at 4 o'clock p. m., a peanut hunt for the children. Admission ten cents. In the evening there will be a watermelon cutting for young ladies and gentlemen. Admission 10 cents. For the benefit of the A. M. E. Zion church, 105 Petronia street. Please help the good sisters to succeed. Encourage them.

The rally at the A. M. E. Zion church will continue through next Sunday. The trustee and pastor hope that all who have not complied with the request will try to do so as fast as possible, as we have other things that claim our attention and must be given consideration. Do your best.

Mrs. Maggie Baptiste of 517 DuPont Alley who has been very sick for two or three weeks, is slightly

improved. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Dave Allen, who was wounded the 4th of July, is doing nicely. He will soon be out again. Nothing unfavorable is threatened. We wish for his complete recovery.

Little Geneva Foster, daughter of Mrs. Bosa Foster, 221 Petronia St., is sick. We hope she will soon be well.

Mr. George Walker, who went to Miami a few weeks ago to be at the bedside of his sick father, who died June 20th, returned home Monday. He wishes to thank the friends of that city who were so kind to his father during his illness, and who were so careful to see him put away.

Mr. Walter Lamery returned home on the Olivette Monday from Tampa, after spending a week with his mother.

There will be given at the residence of Mrs. Mary Lamotte in Day and Allen Lane, this afternoon, a party for the children. At night there will be an entertainment for the adults. This affair will be under the auspices of the Paris Club, Mr. Eugene V. Kemp, Captain. All members and friends are cordially invited to attend.

The Misses Jones, spoken of in Saturday's Journal as prominent young ladies of Port Myers, arrived here Monday night on the Millard. While here they are the guests of Mrs. Frances Jefferson on Thomas street. They were entertained at dinner at the parsonage of Newman M. E. church. They left over the East Coast for Miami, where they will spend several weeks. From there they will go to Asheville, N. C. They are prominent graduates of the Emerson Home and Industrial School for girls, Ocala, Florida, and from the Boylan Home in Jacksonville. Miss Eliza Jones has been here two or more times, but Miss Charlotte has not been here before.

The dinners given by the clubs on last Monday were generally successful. They were not as well attended as they have been.

All members of the choir are asked to be present at practice on time tonight.

All members of the church are asked to be present on time on Thursday for prayer meeting.

Mr. John A. Sweeting is still on the sick list. He is improving very slowly. The members are asked to call and see him.

Christ Blessing All Nations.

There was always light enough to be saved by, and every man has had his light. Christ lighteth every man that cometh into the world (read John, chapter 1, verse 9). Every man, wherever he is born, has something good in his life that would not have been there if Christ had not lighted his light. There is a light in every soul that never would have shone there if God had not given Christ to the world. In some men it has shone so strongly that they have risen up and become great religious teachers of men. Far off there in China was Confucius; in India, Buddha; in Persia, Zoroaster; in Greece, Socrates, and thus in nearly every great nation there have been men who have taught the people the right. The light of Jesus was shining in their souls, though it shone but dimly. That explains the life of these great and good men, who said so many grand and true things, and taught the people to worship God, and every man who was true to the light that shone upon him, and followed it, was saved by the power and grace of Jesus Christ. Many, many souls have followed on after the light they had seen, and have been guided to the gates of the heavenly city. An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away. Amen.

JOS. PH. RODRIGUEZ.

Man's Superiority Early Shown. Rude sculpture dating back, scientific authorities believe, at least 20,000 years, show that primitive man made representations of other creatures at a stage of human development when the conditions of existence were little in advance of those prevailing among the higher mammals of that period. But no other denizen of the earth manifested the slightest desire or ability to make images of anything.

Financial Explanation. "Well, sir," cried Mr. Richpop, "what does this mean? My daughter sitting on your lap, sir?" "Why, yes, Mr. Richpop," said Waggley. "You see, sir, I have just suggested a consolidation of our interests, and I have undertaken to act as a holding company until the merger is completed according to established forms."—Harper's Weekly.

Judging by the Sound. Asked to explain the meaning of vis-a-vis, a boy at Elm House school, Surbiton, wrote: "Vis-a-vis means the stuff that comes out of a champagne bottle before the champagne itself."—London Mail.

Better Than Drugs. For people who are severely troubled with the inability to sleep soundly, some diversion is needed, a party, an entertainment or theater. Reading poets and philosophers will help, and very often a hot drink will prove a great help in inducing a natural and restful sleep. But above all, breathe deeply of good pure air just before retiring, and have your sleeping room well ventilated.

MADE LIFE A TRAGEDY

WOMAN'S SUFFERING WHEN SHE HAS TO ADOPT GLASSES.

Everything Seems Changed for the Worse, and Her Consolations Are Few—Sly Scrutiny a Thing of the Past.

I wear glasses! It's positively tragic, I look so wise and owl-like. It was bad enough to have an intellectual nose, but with intellectual eyes as well I am hopeless. None but the significant men like wise-looking women. Be capable, but look incapable if you want to be a success. These little windows to my soul reveal what I for so long have attempted to conceal. How shall I ever adjust myself to this reorientation is a problem.

With a coy upward glance at my next to best young man, who is tall, I meet the top of my glasses instead of two fond eyes and feel foolish; with a coquettish side glance I strike a wide reflection and feel awkward. I will have to get a short man so I can look straight ahead; but I don't like short men.

A sly scrutiny of my neighbor's gown is no longer possible. I must turn and boldly stare or remain absolutely ignorant whether the embroidery is hand or machine made. Never, never more will I see with my shoulders. My head will bob up and down, to the right and to the left, but goodby to the sly-sneaky glance with which one takes in a roomful and yet remains poised and unconscious.

The week under beladonna, when all was dim and blurred, brought with it a realization of what actual blindness must be and a resolution to read to those unfortunate creatures so afflicted when my own sight was restored.

How my letters piled up during that week! Mother kindly offered to read them to me, but I didn't think it nice to have other people's letters read. Just "Sweetheart, what magic spell have you cast about me? I live in a dream and I tread on air," or "Madam, kindly send us your check for \$95 for the gown purchased two months ago," and you had only owned up to fifty! No, it certainly is not the proper thing to have letters read to you.

The one consolation for that beladonna week was that I had all the mending and darning done without a murmur. The family thought it strange that I could find all those rents and holes in my garments with such poor sight, but I said my sense of touch was becoming accentuated.

For a few days I thought I was getting good looking. My complexion took on a soft, velvety appearance and I was beginning to beam like a beauty and have an aggressively self-satisfied air; but when I put on my glasses, which magnify about five times, I rushed to mother and asked her if she was sure I hadn't the smallpox, everything looked so big and people seemed so coarse with large hands and feet. I wouldn't take those lovely shoes I had ordered because they made my foot look so large; but while I was looking down at them my glasses fell off and the foot returned to its normal size, so I consented to accept them. Now in purchasing pearls, diamonds and such I always remove my glasses.—Exchange.

Rescue From Electric Shock.

In dealing with persons suffering from electrical shock, if the victim remains in contact with the circuit his body must not be touched by the rescuer, but the latter may pull him out of contact by hauling on the clothing, or he may take off his own coat, insert his hand in the sleeve and then handle the victim with little or no risk.

Almost any article of clothing or material may be used, provided it is dry and of moderate thickness. Dr. Morton points out that death from electrical shock is only an apparent death at first, and that there is practically always a time during which it is possible to resuscitate the victim by artificial respiration.—The Lancet.

Indians to Build Model Village.

When the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands have already a national reputation for enterprise the Skidegates, whose village lies at the south end of Graham Island, have in view the most ambitious undertaking of the tribe yet. In the coming year they will install an electrical system furnishing power to their industrial enterprises.

They will put in a modern sewer system, water works and also fire-fighting apparatus. The Skidegates are chiefly famous for their band, which has the reputation of being the best Indian band in either Canada or the United States.—Vancouver Sun.

Power of Smell.

If, when you went to school as a child, you carried a tin lunch box which often contained, let us say, some gingerbread and sandwiches and perhaps an apple, it is worth while to take a sniff at such a box again, now it is surprising how this simple experiment may recall the pattern of long-forgotten feet and the memory of childish voices that startle over the long lapse of years.

These flashes of memory aided by smell are wonderful. Through smell we achieve a sense of the past; the secret members of the mind are aroused to life and memory. What a pity that we waste this talent!

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Storer E. Crafts, General Manager.



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John Lowe Jr., Sons

Called Music Nerve Poison.

Frederick Nietzsche agreed with those who found no inspiration in music. Indeed, he regarded music as a nerve poison, and declared that some music—particularly that of Wagner and Tschalkowsky—deranged the minds of many who heard it. Tschalkowsky killed himself after completing his famous "Sixth Symphony," which, as several other have died by their own hands after playing it, has come to be known as the "suicide symphony."

Open to Question.

The head of a certain household is one of those Christians whose preaching always is in advance of his practice. One day he asked a beautiful grace before beginning a meal, then found fault with everything on the table. The meal concluded, he returned thanks with characteristicunction. The youngest daughter of the family pulled at her mother's sleeve. "Which does he believe, mamma, what he tells us or what he tells God?"

Maintained Belief in Ignorance.

Opposition to state education in the past was due largely to a belief that too much learning was not good for the masses. The worthy Hannah More even, who was one of the most earnest supporters of the movement for the establishment of schools for the poor in England, had very definite ideas as to how far the children should be educated. The curriculum, she declared, should comprise only reading the Bible and the catechism, and "such coarse works as may fit the children for servants," adding decisively, "I allow of no writing for the poor."

About as Far as He Could Go.

On the first of the month there was to be a shift in studies in some of the public school grades, and a young son was consulting his father. He and finished with ancient history, which was ancient arbitrarily up to the time of the Christian era. "How far did you get in it?" asked the father. "Down to zero," responded the son.

SAUCE FOR GANDER

Indulgent Husband Who Could Not Resist a Practical Joke Taught a Lesson.

By MRS. D. E. COOPER.

Bobson was a good citizen, an indulgent husband, a boon companion; but he positively could not resist a practical joke.

His wife was indignant when he, on their wedding day, notified her by phone that he had broken a leg and could not come to be married; and when, as she was about to tearfully dismiss the guests, he appeared, jowly, unconcerned and whole, he never knew—she was a woman of spirit—how near she came to dismissing him. Then there was the time that he pretended that his sister Dora and her husband had been killed in a railroad accident and that he and his wife would have to rear the six children.

"Brutally coarse," she called it. Mrs. Bobson never laughed at her husband's jokes—not considering them funny—and on one particularly gloomy day in early spring, after a shock that aggravated her almost past endurance, she decided that he had reached the limit.

To Whom It May Concern: Parties are hereby notified that I am not responsible for debts contracted by my wife.

"ROBT. BOBSON."

With eyes flashing danger she dashed the little local paper on the dining table where Robert had, with unusual good humor, left it.

"So this is his idea of a joke!" she exclaimed with compressed lips that deepened her dimples. "This! Well, it is his last."

"I'll teach him a lesson he won't soon forget," she confided to the hall mirror as she viciously thrust a hat pin through hat and auburn tresses. Shortly after noon Bobson appeared at his sister Dora's home. Dora was serving dinner for the hungry children.

"Tessie always hangs the foliage plant in the window as a signal for me to come home to dinner," he ex-



"So This Is His Idea of a Joke!"

plained, "and I tell you what, Dode, I'm afraid to go home, for she has not signalled me today. Guess she's a bit upset," he laughed a little lamely, "about the ad—just did it to get a little joke on her, you know."

"I don't know what you mean," replied busy Dora, "but I did hope, Rob, that you would settle down when you were married. You are twenty-five now, and I declare, act with no more judgment than my own Rob, who is less than half your age."

"There she is now!" called Bobson, pulling Dora to the window. "Mad as a March hare. Gee! but she looks fine in that new suit!"

"The box is a beauty," replied Dora. "It shows off well when she walks."

"Yes, she is making the fur fly, so to speak," chuckled Bobson. "I say, Dode, just give me some dinner with the kids. I'll get none at home today."

Along in the afternoon, Will Rathbone, of Rathbone, Sutton & Streets, came into Bobson's office.

"Good boy, Billie," called the effervescent Bobson. "You look like Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.' Anything happened to the horse?"

"It's about the advertisement," said Will hesitatingly.

Bobson leaned back and laughed uproariously. "The best ever," he exclaimed. "But I guess Tess is mad," said he, sobering somewhat.

"I wanted to say," continued Rathbone, unsmilingly, "that you can hardly expect to be unaccountable for the debts contracted before the notice was published."

Rathbone, noting the look of dumb astonishment on Bobson's face, added: "I hate to speak of it, Bob, but we are in for about \$600, and can ill afford to lose it. You know I am somewhat in debt—my wife's father, you understand. The new department was my idea, you know. So Sutton & Streets blame me, for I was the one to let the account run; knowing you and Tessie so well."

"Bobson rose, in a towering passion. "Rathbone, if you say another word I'll throw you out."

Rathbone straightened perceptibly. "I hardly think so, Bobson. Better consider a moment, first. Remember, you tried that on me at school some 15 years ago, and it didn't work just as you anticipated."

Bobson's hair stood on end. Was this the end of their David and Jonathan affection? And through what ghastly freak of torture had Tessie not told him! Six hundred dollars! Somewhat blindly he put out his hand. "Don't let us quarrel, Billie," he said a little thickly. "I will fix it some way. I only put it in as a little joke on Tess. I thought every one would know."

Rathbone took his hand and tried to hide the scorn in his voice: "All right, Bob; but if that is your notion of fun I am sorry for you."

"I'm sorry for the little girl," he returned simply, as Rathbone left him.

Alone, he sat, unable to fix his attention on business, ashamed even to glance through the window.

Along in the afternoon his sister Dora's husband, a man several years Bobson's senior, walked thoughtfully into the inner office. Though on the best of terms, Bobson had a profound respect for Stewart.

"This is bad, Robert," said Stewart, "but it seems that for decency's sake you might have taken some other way."

Bobson, the chills playing sportively down his spine, felt what was coming. "But you can't expect me to waive my rights," continued Stewart.

Bobson raised his head to speak but at his visitor's hand, lifted to enjoin silence, he waited.

"It is not right of you," resumed Stewart. "You always bragged, you know, even to Dora, that Tessie was the best dressed woman in town. I don't deny that she is; but I meant to get Dora one or two things to make her work lighter—a new sewing machine and a gas range, when you paid me, and it is hardly fair that she should go without these things in order to satisfy Tessie's love for dress. It was \$400, you know."

Four hundred dollars! Indeed, he did not know. Bobson sprang from his chair and paced the small office, while Stewart grimly waited. He would not betray Tessie even to the family, but why, why—

"Man alive," he exclaimed, "I'll make it right. Even if it ruins me," he muttered. "But see here, Stewart," he continued, "I only put that ad in for a joke."

"Well, I hope you will enjoy it," returned Stewart unfeelingly. Bobson was stunned. "Business can go to thunder," said he between his clenched teeth, as flinging on his hat and coat he went by the back way to his home. Finding the house locked he entered by the way of the cellar—a trick that he knew.

"Tess, Tessie, girl!" he called loudly, softly, pleadingly, as he searched each nook of the tiny house. Going to the telephone he rang up his wife's mother.

"She's not here," was the curt reply, and he heard the click of the receiver as it was hung up. Dismayed, he stood motionless. Tess' mother was clearly vexed at him. She, who had always taken his part—then he was indeed forlorn.

For hours he walked the floor or flung himself groaning into a chair to wait and to plan how to pay a debt of \$1,000 when he had invested all that his business would permit in their little paradise of a home.

When the midnight train from Chicago pulled into the little station, Bobson, who had hitherto been ashamed to show himself, was madly pacing the platform, questioning a party of returned theater-goers, the only passengers to get off, whether his wife had been on the train.

"Yes, she has left me, and I richly deserve it," he muttered as he returned home and staggered blindly into the house. Haggard and worn he reached his home and switched on the light.

"You're out late, Bobbie," said a voice, sleepily, and Bobson started and almost cried out from sheer nervous exhaustion. "Tess, girl!" he cried, dropping on his knees and clasping the sleepy bundle of lacey whiteness and vainly seeking her face, which seemed hidden by the abundant auburn hair, "can you ever forgive me? I didn't know that you owed anything. On my soul, I didn't. It was one of my cursedly idiotic jokes. It is my last, you may be sure."

"Yes, dear, never mind!"—the slim hand passing lovingly through his hair—"and, Bobbie, boy, she tried to raise the bowed head, 'I don't owe a cent!'"

"Tess!" The burden of years seemed lifted from his soul. "Oh, but I shall make Rathbone and Stewart smart for this!"

"Why, Bobbie Bobson!" she exclaimed, naively aggrieved; "that was a practical joke!"

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Died From Eating Too Fast.

James Gregory of Queens died suddenly the other day. An ambulance surgeon expressed belief that death had resulted from strangulation, caused by too rapid eating and inadequate mastication.

Gregory, who was 47 years old, went to Manning's hotel for dinner. When half through the meal he collapsed. He was carried to a drug store and a telephone message was sent to St. Mary's hospital, Jamaica, for an ambulance. Doctor Stark found Gregory dead when he arrived.—New York Tribune.

Too Late.

"There was one sport the Roman mobs at the Coliseum missed." "What was that?" "Killing baseball umpires."

The Plain Truth.

"Was your friend suffering when I saw him, from convulsive contractions?" "No; just fits."

CUT OUT THE HYPHEN

NEW BATTLECRY TAKEN UP BY WRITING WORLD.

The Explanation Is That Enormous Amount of Energy Is Wasted and That Mark Is Not Really of Much Use.

There is enough energy wasted in placing the little hyphen in the words "to-day," "to-night" and "to-morrow" every week day to haul a passenger train around the world, according to statistics that have been compiled by those interested in the strictly modern movement toward higher efficiency.

It is claimed there are 200,000,000 English-writing people and that they average to hyphenate the words "to-day," "to-night" and "to-morrow" three times a day. That is, while some may not average to do this more than three times a week, and a few, perhaps, not three times a month, others write those words and place the hyphens in them scores and scores of times each day, especially newspaper men, typewriters, authors, business men, school children and the like.

The acquiring of sufficient power from making these hyphens each day to propel a passenger train around the world is figured on the basis that it takes half an ounce of energy to make the stroke—either with pen or pencil, and more for a typewriter—that represents the hyphen, and this would total 2,190,000 pounds of energy, or sufficient for the train.

It takes an ounce of energy to make the hyphen on a typewriting machine and three ounces of energy to make it on a typesetting machine, and the same statistician has figured that typewriting and typesetting machines alone take up sufficient energy each day to propel a battleship from New York to the Panama Canal.

All these figures were not compiled for amusement, but as an argument against using the hyphen in these words. Many people do not use the hyphen, but it appears that the majority do. Those who are working toward greater efficiency in everything claim that the hyphen in these words is not at all necessary and should be discontinued by everyone, saving a great deal of valuable time and energy.—Exchange.

Return Ticket Needless.

A congressman with just a bit of keen Celtic blood in his veins was buying a ticket for a western town at Union station in Washington. A group of friends were gathered about saying good-bye, for his fate had been sealed in the November elections. The mournful gathering moved up with him toward the ticket window while he asked for a ticket home. "Will you have a return trip ticket?" gently asked the polite official at the window. The congressman glared. Then there was a peal of laughter.

"What in the name of common sense do I want to return for?" he demanded. "No," he sighed, "the voters out my way decided it was to be just one way this time."

The breaking up of congress is always interesting because while familiar forms and faces are disappearing, new people step into their places and the magic wand of political prestige passes from one official head to another.—Affairs at Washington, by Joe Mitchell Chapple, in National Magazine.

The Regeneration of Organs.

Many inferior animals have, as is well known, the power of replacing various parts of the body when lost, such as the tail, and even, in some cases, the head. A worm may sometimes be divided into various sections, and each section will proceed to live its separate existence. Experiments made by naturalists to obtain a better understanding in this regenerating faculty have shown that the lungs of frogs and salamanders have grown again after being almost wholly extirpated. Also the horns of snails have been extirpated with like results. Each so-called horn has an eye which communicates with the outside world, and these eyes have been re-grown with the horn, though practically useless for purposes of vision. It is established likewise that the caudal horn or tentacle of the silkworm, if taken off, will grow again, although it will be smaller than the primitive one, and in some cases invisible to the naked eye. The crab and lobster, as is well known, can grow new claws.—Harper's Weekly.

Old Siege Guns Discarded.

The old siege ordinance of the army, which consisted of 5-inch and 7-inch howitzers, is to be discarded for weapons of more modern design. Most important of the new equipment is a 7.6-inch howitzer, which will fire a projectile of 250 pounds. The carriage for this howitzer is so heavy that it will be necessary to remove the howitzer from the carriage, which will be drawn by eight horses. The gun will be placed on a special vehicle and will be transported by an equal number of horses. The 4.7-inch field gun and the 6-inch field howitzer are now classed as field artillery material, rather than siege material, because it has been found that each gun on its own carriage can be drawn rapidly enough to keep up with infantry on the march.

Two batteries have been equipped with the new 4.7-inch long recoil field gun, one at Fort Sill, Okla., and the other at West Point, N. Y.

RIGHT TO PLACE IN HISTORY

Young German Discovered Error in Constitution That Had Hitherto Evaded All.

An error, so patent as to be termed glaring, has existed in the very first sentence of the Constitution of the United States since its adoption, undetected, as far as can be ascertained, by lawyers or rhetoricians. Strange to say, the error was only exposed by a foreigner applying for citizenship, whose ability to understand this foundation stone of our government was being called into judicial question.

A young German, who, five years ago, had taken out his "first papers"—that is, declared his intention to become an American citizen—was recently taking out his "final papers" in a court of the District. One of the essential steps in this procedure is the examination of the applicant by the judge as to his knowledge of the Constitution. The form of the question is, by immemorial custom, as follows: "Have you read the Constitution of the United States, and, if so, do you understand it?"

In this instance the young German, to the astonishment of the examining judge, replied: "Yes, your honor, and I think the men who wrote it did not know how to write correct English. The very first sentence is defective."

"What do you mean?" queried the judge, bewildered by this foreign attack upon the bulwark of our liberties.

"Why," replied the German, "the first sentence says: 'We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union.' Now, according to the best, or indeed, any authority, the word 'perfect' means something that is by its very nature superlative; it cannot be improved upon. How, then, could the people of the United States form a more perfect Union? If it was perfect before, they could add nothing to increase its perfection. It might be made more effective or more binding, but certainly not more perfect!"

The young German got his papers without more ado.

Standardization.

Standardization is not by any means the new and revolutionary thing that efficiency engineers and scientific management fakers would have you believe. Standardization is, in fact, as old as the hills.

Take wheels—buggy wheels, for example. They are all the same standard size, and they are painted in just a few standard colors. When a buggy wheel breaks, you don't have to get one made to order. You replace it at any shop—it's standard size.

All circus rings, the world over, are precisely the same diameter to an inch, no matter what may be the size of the tent itself. Thus the circus rider knows the angle at which he must lean—the angle of safety in Copenhagen.

Ladders are standardized. The hod carrier, with his heavy load, need never watch his step—for every step or rung, on a builder's ladder is seven inches.

Altered His Idea.

Wrote Tompkins, the novelist: "Woman is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is there is a paradise; where she is not there is a desert. Her smile inspires love, and raises human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. She is the ladder by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the practical teacher of mankind, and the world would be a void without her. Man is a wreck."

He left off just here, and went home and found that dinner wouldn't be ready for another hour yet; and the neighbors say his wife and he went at it so much that his left eye is in a sling, and he's been compelled to wear a wig till his hair grows.

A poem in six cantos, commencing "Woman is a wretch," is now in the press, and will shortly be published. Rumor whispers that the author is Tompkins.

Roumanian Tobacco.

Roumania, the dark horse of the Balkans, may be said to have been waited into good government on a cloud of tobacco smoke. For it was the tobacco monopoly established by the degenerate ruler Couza that brought about his compulsory abdication. Every Roumanian smokes, and Couza came up against a national habit—with the usual result. It was in 1866 that the present ruler, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was invited, in the teeth of the concert of Europe and the sultan, to become Couza's successor, and nothing finer ever happened to Roumania—except its queen, "Carmen Sylva." But the good fortune of Roumania is also due to Bismarck, who counseled the young prince to accept the offered throne, remarking: "If you failed you will at any rate have a pleasant reminiscence for the rest of your life."

From the Depths.

A widely known New York producer received a letter from a young woman in a small town in Pennsylvania last week in which she told of a play she had written.

"It is a play of the underworld," she wrote. "I notice by the papers that underworld dramas are in high favor now. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

The producer replied that he'd be glad to look the play over. When he received it he opened the package and settled back in his easy chair to have a look at the underworld drama.

He found it a story of a murder in a coal mine.

ROOSEVELT TO REDUCE FAT

Strenuous Colonel Will Ride Horseback and Hunt Last Indians in Arizona.

New York.—Ease and an office chair and too much sugar on his cereal have done the trick for Colonel Roosevelt. He's getting fat—again. There's only one course possible to the vigorous colonel when this bulbous condition of the equator develops. He at once determines to get out where he can ride a horse and holler and work that superfluity down to a hollow. So that this summer, according to the gossip that has fanned up from Oyster Bay, he will go out to Arizona and hunt for a lost tribe of Indians. Incidentally, he will re-discover the last hole in his belt.

"Lost Indians in Arizona?" said Doctor Goddard of the department of anthropology of the Museum of Natural History. "Not precisely. But it is true that there are some out there that have never been found."

It appears that there are Indians scattered all over Arizona—the Wapais and the Hopis and the Pinas and the Papagos and the Apaches, and chief of them all the Navajoes. A good many of them earn an honest living by giving an aboriginally modified Bill show for the benefit of summer tourists. Others keep sheep and scream every time one touches schedule K. Still others peddle Massachusetts blankets in bright colors to persons from Boston. And others live out in the mountains, far from the maddening white man, just about as their ancestors did about the time that Cortez discovered them—hold as a means of getting rich quickly.

"The wildest lot," said Doctor Goddard, "are the Navajoes. They are



Theodore Roosevelt.

perfectly peaceful, but we have had no report on the tribes in the western part of Arizona. There are men twenty-five years old who have never seen a white man. No doubt a visit to them would be entertaining and instructive. It will be if the colonel is the visitor.

MUST SWIM FOR DIPLOMA

Columbia University Student Passes Other Tests, but Balks at Swimming Pool.

New York.—Columbia university has taken a new stand in the matter of graduation requirements. The authorities declined to award a diploma to Felix Metzger Rosenstock at the commencement exercises unless he could prove himself cured of carconserinusabmetu.

In other words, there is a rule at Columbia that no college degree can be won unless the candidate has learned to swim the length of the pool in the gymnasium. The only exception is allowed in case of physical disability, attested by a physician's certificate.

Rosenstock, who passed all the other examinations, completely balked at swimming throughout his college course, and as an excuse declared he was suffering from a terrible skin disease known as the carconserinusabmetu. He obtained a physician's signature to this statement.

The physical director could find no visible trace of such a malady, but from a Latin lexicon he evolved his explanation of the student's affliction. "Caro, meaning flesh; aserinus, resembling the goose; abmetu from fear; or, freely translated gooseflesh from fear."

The authorities, however, did not have sufficient sense of humor to cause them to extend leniency to Rosenstock.

WILLIAM TELL IS OUTDONE

Insane Voyager Tries to Shoot Cigarette Out of Mouth of Jamaican Negro.

New York.—When the steamer Oruba was nearing Cartagena, Colombia, John George Cunningham of Southampton, a first cabin passenger, forced a Jamaican negro to stand ten yards away while he attempted to shoot a cigarette out of his mouth. Cunningham fired six shots before the noise brought Chief Officer Green to the scene.

Green tripped Cunningham up, but it took four sailors to lash his hands and feet and carry him to the hospital, where Dr. Morton declared the man was insane from alcohol. Cunningham was put ashore at Colon in a strait-jacket.

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