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Billy Patterson, author, was downdown to 57 cents. When he reached his room, which was back, third flat, east Bide, that sanct um was in gloom. With a precision boxn of much practice he tossed upon his table the mail he had fetched from his pigeonhole in the hall. Then he lit his lamp. The illumination showed him that his aim had fallen short. One package lay upon the floor. The envelope was a large one, and he read at a glange the print at the left hand top corner, The Stellar Magazine.

"Same old story!" said Billy grimly and with double meaning. He addressed a framed photograph that hung upon the dingy wall over his table, the picture of a girl with a pair of splendid earnest eyes, that followed him wher ever he moved within the confines of his little room. He returned the look for some moments, the gravity of his unshaven countenance melting into a grim smile. Then he blew a kiss to



HE LAID THE COINS UPON THE TABLE. the photograph and drew from his pocket the reginant of his revenue. There were eight coins- a quarter, a

"Looks like a comet, looks like a his reflections upon the latent possibili-sparingly. Man uses it largely. ever done. He swept up the coins and the steadfast eyes of the photograph. cial employment that is obvious to us. A knock at his cloor broke his reverie.

A stout young woman, of a businesslike countenance, promptly accepted his monesyllabic invitation to enter. "I'd like some money, please," she

Mr. Patterson. He wheeled and confronted the blond collector of his flat. "You're a week behind," she said se-

"I can give you 57 cents on account," responded young Mr. Patterson, and thetically. The eyes of the young woman not being sympathetic, he turned his upon those of the picture girl. This action apparently still further nettled the collector.

"There were two gentlemen," she said, emphasizing the last word, "looking for a room today. They are ready to pay \$4 for this. I shall rent to them from tomorrow. Of course you understand if you can't pay up"- She glanced significantly at Billy's shabby

"You're right," said Billy. "And that's it. There's nothing in it. I've hung up everything except myself. Perhaps in the morning"- He glanced at a large hook in the ceiling, but when he turned his gaze to the door again the material picture that had been framed there had departed in wrath.

Billy closed the door and sat wearily upon his bed. He was only twentythree. It seemed to him that he had failed. His was a bright, wholesome, optimistic mature, with an acute sense of humor, yet his stories were almost invariably of a morbid and depressing character and met with little if any Success.

After a time he sat up and stared at the faded pattern of the carpet, mentally comparing it to the flowery design of his ambitions and his hopes field as he put three lumps of sugar in coffee and sandwiches. when they, too, were new and upon which, it seemed to him, the world had trampled until all the color was quite gone. Suddenly he tossed back his head, laughing oddly, and fixed a strained gaze upon the large book in the plaster just over his head.

"After all." he said harshly, "what metters? Nothing matters?"

He stood upon the bed and reached a hand to the iron hook. It seemed firm. He placed a middle finger through it and put his whole weight upon the sheepish to eat mutton?" hook. It held. He stepped to the floor and with less gimbee measured the dis- restrict themselves to a diet of scrape." hance from the surface of the bed to Pittsburg Gazetta.

the floor. As he turned again his even met those of the girl in the picture upon the wall. The blood flowed into his pale face, and he trembled as he leaned with elinched bands upon the table's edge. Suddenly he turned and flung himself, face down, upon his bed, weeping with the bitterness of regret and

When at last Billy Patterson sprang up, he kicked over his chair and paced the little room like an innocent man in a prison cell.

"My God," he said, staring upward, will the tide never turn?" But be looked beyond the iron book this time straight into the eyes of the girl.

He flung up the window and took a deep draft of the cold night air. In the deep blue of the velvet void over the great city of New York the goblen stars were shining.

In a frenzy of mingled courage and hope he hurriedly opened the half dozen packages. One by one he removed his rejected manuscripts, and one by one with increasing violence he flung the torn covers upon the floor. When, his hopes driven from cover to cover, as it were, he had flung down the last with an oath, he stood moodily staring. his gaze unconsciously upon the one unopened package that some time before he had kicked aside. Suddenly aware that its fortune, good or ill, was still an unknown if not unguessed quantity, he picked it up.

"Small need," he remarked bitterly. ripping up the package. He laughed harshly as he drew out what he recognized at a glance as his manuscript of the story of the woman and the snake. Then he started and stared. Instead of the customary editorial printed slip of courteous rejection there was -a letter. His fingers trembled as he opened it. His eyes glistened as he read it.

Dear Sir-We have pleasure in inclosing you our check for \$30 for your story 'Princess Adele" and shall be pleased to consider other stories of the same nature from you We return herewith the story 'The Woman and the Snake," which we regret is not available. It is too grewsome in character for our use. We have persistently cut out of the service everything that does not lend more or less cheer and give satisfaction to the reader. Yours

EDITORS STELLAR MAGAZINE To Billy Patterson the lamp seemed to suddenly shine with a new light, the dingy little room grew radiant and the eyes of the picture seemed to smile. Leaning across the table, he took the frame in his hands and kissed the pictured face of the girl.

How Metals Are Used by Nature. Nature uses largely four gases - oxydime, four nickels and two cents. He gen, nitrogen, hydrogen, chlorine. She laid them upon the table, abstractedly uses also largely two inorganic nonmeuses one metalloid, phosphorus. Man only eighteen and he not in his work uses all these elements, one. snake," he soliloquized, breaking from with some others. Nature uses iron

ties of 57 cents. He became suddenly. Nature uses the metal calcium largeconscious of a clouble analogy between ly, letting it enter into the construction the form of the row of coins and the of the bone of every skeleton of animal. package that still lay upon the floor. Man uses calcium in a rough way in A comet was a sort of star, the return- the formation of buildings in the comzine, and the story of the manuscript er metals in the grand storehouse-tin, for years." was the story of a woman and a snake. copper and aluminium, substances stood with puckered brows gazing at mercury, for which nature has no spe-

A Penalty of Genius.

of genius that it is denied the privilege nearly akin to a blizzard raging. The of perpetuating its name and kind be- air was laden with sleet that seemed said, with equal promptness, regarding youd a few generations at most. Thus armed with needles, and carried by with apparent disfavor the young man, it is said that there is not now living a the gale with a force and rapidity that who still had his eyes upon the photo- single descendant in the male line of threatened to impede locomotion. Tra- "I would have had the man able to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Mil- vel was suspended and telegraph wires "So would I." replied the indigent ton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Byron or Moore: not one of Sir Rhilip Sidney or of Sir ough, Petersborough or Nelson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, the coins reappeared. "That's every Pitt, Fox, Burke, Graham or Chancent I have in the world," he added paning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton and the snow banks might have been or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macaulay; not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence: not one of David Garrick, John white scene. Kemble or Edward Kean.

> Warned In a Dream. On the occasion of a fatal accident to a lift in Paris-I think at the Grand hotel-a number of years ago a lady who was just going up in it started back. saying, "Oh, there is that dreadful man again!" and tried to induce her husband to come off of it too, but he refused and was among the killed.

The "dreadful man" to whom she referred she had seen in a dream, which was a growing sense of cold physicalthe niece of the friend who told me the ly and foreboding thought mentally. story had heard her relate a day or two before the accident. It was of a funeral drawn up at her door, so pompous as to produce a great impression on her, presided over by a hig, dark ed into view an ex team with a snew man in a strange sombrero hat. This plow, in various directions spades man she saw, or believed she saw, in were piled with vigor, and anon there the lift; and the coincidence terrified arrived on the train as aroms of hot her from going up in it.-Notes and coffee, very tempting to benighted be-Queries.

Influence of Food. "What do you think of the theory that food has a potent influence in determining character?" asked Mr. Smith-

his coffee. Wood as he severed a portion of his a little start, which, however, was anbeefsteak. "It always seems a little sheerved by her. cannibalistic to me when you order Tabater."

"Well," retorted Mr. Smithfield good humoredly, "I ought to have known it hospitality." was dangerous to lend you money after asked, and without pausing for a re-I discovered your fondness for beets. ply passed on. It was Mrs. Hunt's But, seriously, if there were anything turn to start. That voice! Where in the theory, wouldn't it make a man had she heard it before? Directly

"It would, and prizefighters ought to years.

BITTER-SWEET.

A couple once, that lived in quiet. Quarrelled and split about their diet. He said: "Tis immb." "Tis mutton!" the orless.
And good mutton too, and manght beside And fizally, as things grew worse, They appealed to law and got a divorce. When seven long years had passed away. They chanced, in good humor, to meet one day. And then they agreed the hatchet to bury. They were married then that very night, With hopes of happiness full and briant. But at breaklast she said with sort of joor:
"That was mutton, you know, my dearest dear"

WARNED OVER.

"No youthful romance warmed over for middle age, I thank you," said Mrs. Nellie Hunt with decision, to her niece, Edith Day.

They were gathering chrysanthemums at Mapleton, Mrs. Hunt's pleasant homestead, where her niece from the West was visiting her.

"Why, auntie, I thought youthful romances were the best kind," said the young girl, shyly. (She had one on hand herself.) "Yes, dearie, so they are at your

age," laying a bright blossom against the girl's flushed face. "You remember I said 'warmed over." Well, auntie, I don't see any ob-

jection to having it warmed over if it were all it should have been at first," Edith urged. "I'm sure mamma thinks as I do—that Major Townley is a fine man and would make you a Street Station, found John McDonald, splendid husband."

spiracy among my friends," said the ears, a favorite method of resuscitaelder lady, playfully.

auntie, but O, I would like to know Lawson, a Good Government Club what separated you so long ago," said man, living at 40 West Tenth street. she, suddenly,

smiled. "I'm afraid it would only spoil the romance for you," she replied, "the policeman. circumstances were so prosaic. Yet it "I know

will tell you what you wish to know. "Major Townley and I were schoolmates when we were young, and I can you.' not remember the time when we were not attached to each other. We graduacademy, where we got a little tinc-

in our case. After we left school we kept up our studies together. One evening we got into a discussion about in the street for a long time, and was a certain line of Virgil. We could not agree about the translation and were long and too warmly. Neither would admit of being in the wrong.

"The result was that unkind words were were spoken and our engage- again begged to be allowed to go. placing them in elliptical form, with tallic bodies, carbon and sulphur. She ment was broken off. You must rethe quarter for a head and the dime for uses metals, calcium and iron. She member that we were both young-I

"Which was in the right?" asked

looked the matter up. I think we were Mr. Lawson had to help the policeman both sorry, but we would not acknowledge it, so we took separate roads, and now we are both middle-aged and prosaic, and I, at least, am a little gray. ed manuscript from The Stellar Maga. pound form of lime, together with oth. As for the Major, I have not seen him

Mrs. Hunt had been a widow for He reflected with some pride that it which nature shows no preference for some years, and the gentleman in was the most grewsome thing he had in any of her artistic and mechanical question had lost his wife a couple of works. Man also uses zinc, lead and years before, so that mutual friends. knowing of their former romance, had been, perhaps, a little too officious in their efforts to effect a reconciliation.

Three months later, one dreary De-It seems to be the frequent penalty comber day, there was a storm very

were down. On a snow-bound train in Indiana we find our friend, Mrs. Hunt, who had been summoned by telegram to Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, the bedside of her sick sister, and had Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlbor- run right into the teeth of the approaching storm.

Six hours ago the huge iron horse had halted in sheer discouragement, walls of adamant separating the belated travellers from their homes. Apprehension was followed by anxiety as night settled down on the weird,

A squad of laborers, brought into strong relief against the white background by the headlight of the engine worked vigorously in the biting blast. The blockade had occurred near a village, and through the storm the glimmering of friendly lights told of rural peace and plenty, cheering if unattain-

But as the hours were away even those disappeared and left the night a prey to snow and cold and sleet and howling winds. Within the cars there

The night wore away, as nights will. however uncomfortable, and as old Sol condescended to favor the travel-lers with his smile, answering smiles seemed less difficult. Son there loomingo many miles from the home dining

A man of about fifty years of age, with dark hair and momiache and a singularly winning smile, was followed by a stout mulatto boy, with huge pati and loaded basket, dispensing

As the gentleman aprocached the "I guess it's all right," replied Mr. little woman in widow's weeds he have As she took the proffered refresh-

ment she said, impulsively: "This restores my faith in Western "Had you lost it, madame?" he

memory took her A New Buginal village came to

back a score of

rambling old farm house, watching a tall, slender young man as he hurried

down the country road. She watched him out of sight, thinking be might look back; he did not, and she had never spoken to him again-for he left the village and went West -until now; he had come back to her again out of the white drifts which had blocked her way, and brought him

She was called back from her reverie by the low-spoken word, "Nel-Hel A quick flush suffused her face as

she said: "You know me, then?" "When I first saw you," he replied. They talked and lamphed over the dear old days; with saddened voices they spoke of griefs which had come to each of them in the long years of separation; a softened light came into their faces and the misunderstanding of the past faded out naturally with-

out need of explanation. Toward night, just before the train, reinforced with another engine, pulled out, he held out his hand at parting. saying, with a smile: "But that line in Virgil-who was

right, Nellie?" She laughed, and then sighed a littie, saying: We were both wrong."

"But we are both right now, are we not?" he asked. For answer she put her hand in his. -Exchange.

Acted on the Citizen's Advice. Policeman Moore, of the Charles of 2 ludson street, lying on the street Yes, dear, that is undoubted—she almost unconscious the other night. told me so herself. I think it is a con- The policeman began to rub the man's tion in use with the police. While so "I don't want to be inquisitive, occupied, he was interrupted by C. S. 'My good man," said the citizen, Mrs. Hunt started a little, then "you have no right to maltreat a man because he is drunk."

"I am not hurting him," said the

"I know better-you are." returned is the little things of life that go to the citizen. "What you should do in make up the important whole. But I a case of this sort is to call on some citizen to help you." "All right," said Moore. "I call on

Mr. Lawson was in evening dress, wore a silk hat and white kid gloves. ated at the same time at the town He said he was going out to dinner, and could not stop.

'Oh, yes, you can," said the police-"It is said that a little learning is man; "you know, a citizen who redangerous thing. Certainly it was fuses to help an officer when called upon can be arrested, so come along." The drunken man had been lying

covered with dirt and mud. Mr. Lawson took hold of one coat unwise enough to argue the matter too sleeve gingerly. For some reason, the policeman did not have a very firm hold on the prisoner, and he promptly toppled over on the citizen. Mr. Law-"Nixie," said the policeman, "I need

your help. I can never get this man in ælone. So Mr. Lawson had to take up his part of the burden, and trudge along with the reeling man. Three times "I don't know, dear. I never even the intoxicated man fell down, and

> tion house Mr. Lawson made another, attempt to get away. "See here, officer," he said, "I'll be

> pick him up. At the door of the sta-

"Very sorry, sir," said Moore, "but couldn't possibly get this fellow into the station house without your help. So Mr. Lawson went inside with the prisoner, and waited while the Sergeant took the man's record. Then Lawson was allowed to go. He went away calling somebody a "darned Policeman Moore says he was talking gently but firmly to him-

In the Jefferson Market Court Moore told the story with great glee. 'If I had been left alone." said he, walk inside of five minutes."-New

York Times.

Queer Tides of Bolhow. The tides of Hoihow are, according to Consul Parker of Klungchow. as hopeless a puzzle as ever. Though the customs authorities have now four years' records, there is absolutely no rule to be deduced therefrom. The tides outside the spit are regular of man to account for, and the level of he often several feet above that indde. There is a tidal creek near the consul's house, over which he can rarewalk during the day in summer, but he had walked over it every day but two at 6 P. M. during the past two months-close of last year and beginning of this-s fact which of itself renders the inner tide question inex-

plicable. Perhaps the best explanation is that of a Chinese naval commander, who says that, owing to the conformation of the spit,, it is impossible for the water to flow into the mouth of the creek when the northeast wind blows and tide is rising. That would apear to explain why, during the lay, the winter tides are almost invariably low inside the spit, while during the night. when the wind usually drops, they have an average height. Perhaps also the Maring of the wind from the southwest direction explains why, during the typhoons of the end of September and the beginning of October Hellow was completely under water, and the tides were four feet above the highest ordinary mark; but the consul is not able to my from what direction the wind was acculty blowing when the flowis took place it anpeared to blow from all quarters.

Semething New in Cigara. A western manufacturer has place upon the market a fancy brand of cigars in all the fashionable sizes, each of which is encoused in a handsome noticelly scaled. It is explained that "by this process the aroma and exquisite qualities of the tobacco are preserved and the effects reached which are mid to be found in the cigars smoked by the crowned heads of Europe, and for which fabrious prices are paid." Cigary pait up in this style sell at from forty to sixty

OUR FASHION NOTES

VARIETY IN THE STYLES OF FANCY COATS.

Some Odd Conceits-Blouses are Prettier and Daintier Than Ever-The Latest Fad in Millinery-The fall in straight full ince Use of Roses.

Everybod. at this season of the year s wearing some kind of a fastey coat inner part. and the styles in which these garments are made display as great a variety as do the figures which they quarter Mauby model in meating

In these days of such generosity in the way of fashions there is absolutely no excuse for any woman wearing effect a all that one could wish. an unbecoming garment. Whatever is a round yoke emphasized by re her style and her taste she may easily of stitching and from this part gratify them and yet remain a la half loose garment falls in bee mode. However, there is one thing lines which broaden out toward. she must have and this is a fancy coat; that is, if she desires to be are somewhat will and have take strictly modish.

If she is a wee bit inclined to stoutness, then her model will be a semitight fitting one in a three-quarter parrow stitched strap which butter length. The slender woman—that for on the inside of the arm, the tunate individual who never has to section of the sleave is not one. The



knows they are designed especially for her type-may indulge her fancy for walsts, this one fastened at the one of those tiny taffets affairs which For the mace of perhaps talk look more like an abbreviated kimons down the back the threads w than anything else I know.

There are pretty Chantilly coats and of Spanish drawn work was those of velling made upon a silk the open foundation, while the light colored was a cluster or about a cloth ones appear amarter than every tucks. This furnished all One of the loveliest coats made this tion observed upon the season is the Bechoff-David model, of blouse. The front, however, printed mousseline over silk. The sed a more fancy appearance

disphanous fabric is exquisitely color- recily down the centre was the ed with pink flowers and green foliage drawnwork design, then at w upon a delicate ground of creamy late for dinner. Can't you let me go white. The coat almost reaches the bottom of the skirt and is intended for evening wear. Its broad sleaves have the same stamped design in soft collors and are bordered with a tiny tentoon of ribbon knots. The bottom of

the coat is finished to match. A Capuchin hood makes this garment somewhat ploturesque and quaint. About the shoulders; bordering this round, collar-like affair and overlaid with radiating bands of ribbon on a foundation of lace, there is a three inch shirring of plain mousseline. Where this crosses the bust there are two rosettes of the chillon, from which depend long and broad streamers of velvet striped ribbon having the proportionate ends cut pointed. At. the throat the coat is finished with a high turn over collar trimmed with straps of black velvet ribbon and oval-

applications of lace. A slender figure will find the graceful and clinging fullness of this cost very becoming and its airy daintiness enough, but those inside clude the wit is particularly appropriate for use at this time of the year. Mousseline of the water outside is positively said to course, is a perishable fabric, but nothing as yet designed is quite so effective for certain purposes and surely nothing could be prettier.

A smart taffets cost is shown in the gerie those then more three-quarter model, which has long and so on until the entire revers faced back with sors silk, was covered with handwo showing pompadour figures. The half. The sleeves and two class fitting garment is simbled at the sides tucks running from the and is bordered all around with three a point midway between the graduated widths of black valvet rib albow and bare bon. These bands follow the outline order to small be of the cost and form a point at the top of the sixthen. Two widths are used upon the revers and fat collar. while the regulation cost sleeves are finished with a deep turn back out of some barriers Pompadour, all edged with veive or the great

The tight fitting cost of stre is another smart style in the popular direcquarter length. This entire much it made of acre cloth in an absorable cut-out design laid upon a formation of tallets exactly the same should The pattern of the cloth speligts suggests loss broadenies panels coming from a functionly wrong'st your effect and with this design duplicated in the wideborder. The sleaves propier. considerably at the bottom and an made sadesly of the applique design with a parametr border marking the bell shaped wage. A russe or sect sec inished the sterrer at the hand, and three black velvet loops are causent at regular space in this frill

A straight perrow band at the medi bas a turn over rulle of the ectu lace and this too, is marked by intersecting loops of mirrow black velvet ribbon The fell of less continue sown the front to the buse and at this point are

to match the body of the shoulders. They, too, are louisine and trimmed with after the fashion of the rest

Very mart indeed is

Nothing could be more styling wear at the races than such a g and combined with the Virot hottom. Unique are the cleeves, width drawn in at the elbow by of tiny tucks which extend upward few inches. At the chow under worry over new fashions, for she fits the arm closely here, gradually broadening as it reaches downward until it finishes in very wide turn be cutts stitched around to metals the yoke and faced with wilk the color the cloth. There are lapels water round in the same way as the your and oulfs, and these, too, are stilled.

Blouses are pretiter and delution than ever and invariably they are made so by means of the fine band work put upon them. Here is a coals blue lines, which particularly attended my attention, for it appeared it simple and yet so smart. Over he shirt walste give way entirely to sook and more seminine blousse in white ecru and all the pale shades, and these are elaborately adorned with feether atitching, lace and embroidery band and all manner of pretty self-color

embroideries. Nothing has succeeded quite no well with the summer woman as these limgerie blowes, and it seems rather. topishing to find that many of the are marked at the same Agures handsome creps and mouselles or However, this fact is readily as ed for by a slauce at the fine: run tucks and handwrought des

This particular blouse was order from Wedgrood blue lines contrary to the usual mode for ed out, and a very effective



order to many the s