

The Faith of Mari

A Case of Too Many Wives

By AGNES G. BROGAN

A great city. There is a noise in the streets, over the streets, under the streets. A whirling mass of human beings in the morning rolls down from the north like the ebbing tide and flows up again in the evening. And all night the whirl goes on, but a different whirl. There is a glow of electric lights; the streets are full now not of workers, but of pleasure seekers. They pour into the theaters, into the hotels, into the restaurants. And then they pour out again.

Captives in the cage of the city jail, men moved about like bees in some mammoth hive, and not unlike the buzzing of bees came the continuous hum of their low voiced conversation. Here rough faced men possessed the anxious hours, engaged laboriously in a game of cards, while over there others sat lost in deep brooding dejection.

One figure alone seemed to stand apart, different from them all. This difference might have been accounted for by the jaunty suit and cap and the high white collar which the young man wore; but, after all, it was a certain infectious light of good humor in the boyish blue eyes, an irrespressible air of happiness, which distinguished Peter Olaf from his companions in crime. Once again he walked the length of the long room, keeping time to his step by a subdued though merry whistle; then he paused sociably at the side of a prisoner who glowered up at him. Peter spoke with a soft foreign accent.

"That makes twelve times around," he said. The man addressed lumbered to his feet, joining the youth in his walk.

"What chu here for?" he growled.

The boyish blue eyes widened, while a dull red crept to the blond hair on Peter's forehead. "Bigamy," he announced briefly. The elder man stood still with a muttered exclamation.

"Bigamy," he repeated, and exclaimed again—"Bigamy, a kid like you? What chu do it for?"

Peter Olaf shook his head. "I didn't mean to," he said slowly. "I—I don't know."

"Just happened. Far away in Russia was Mari. Before I came to this new country Mari and I were married.

"Some day I would send her money, then she must come to me. So I told her we would be rich here and happy. And Mari was glad. At first I wrote to her long letters, and then—Peter stopped abruptly. When he spoke again his tone was harder, more constrained.

"Well, in the house where I boarded lived Blanca. I was lonely here in the strange country, oh, very very lonely.

"Blanca was most kind and beautiful. Together we went to many places—out upon the ferryboats in the moonlight, down to the sands of the sea. And Mari seemed to fade away so far that I could scarce remember her face. If I grew dim like a dream one has almost forgot.

"And so I did not send to Mari the money. May not one have a new wife in a new country when one shall never return to the old? Blanca also had a lover who would have married her.

"This she told me. The boy passed his hand across his forehead. "So what could I do?" he asked. "Could I lose Blanca? And then that very day when we were married Mari comes along to this country. Alone she had worked and saved, and now she is here.

"And Mari asks them to find me for her—the officials—and when they find me I am married again. So you see I am bigamy. That is what they tell me, and I must be held for trial. The boy clutched the prisoner's sleeve fearfully. "What will they do with me?" he cried.

The hardened man, whose own crime had brought suffering to many, stared disgustedly into the frightened face.

"Do with you," he answered fiercely. "Do with you? I don't know, but I hope they will lock you up. I hope they make you work as she never thought of working—that little Russian thing you deserted. Chances are they won't do it, though. That innocent baby face of yours will carry you through. You'll only be deported."

"Deported?" questioned the boy eagerly. The man turned on his heel.

"Yes," he answered gruffly, "sent back where your kind belong."

Peter Olaf stood considering. He seemed to see again the little village that had been his home, the tiny school-house where he and Mari had gone so many years together. Then across his memory flashed a picture of Blanca—the eyes of the crimson lips and laugh of Bianca. The great oaken doors just beyond the heavy screen opened now, and closed with much grating of locks. As through a mist he saw the figures of an officer and a girl.

"Forty-five!" rang out the officer's voice, and the girl's slender figure came wavering, indistinctly, toward him. A moment she stood, her white face pressed close against the railing wires, her dark eyes shining golden black in the reflected light. Then with a joy-

The Planet Mars.

As to the habitability of Mars, the planet popularly regarded as offering the nearest approach to a duplication of earthly conditions, E. Walter Maunder, F. R. A. S., in "Are the Planets Inhabited?" is uncompromisingly negative. A consideration of the Martian atmosphere and atmosphere leads him to this conclusion:

"What we know of Mars shows us a planet teeming every night, but with a day temperature somewhat above freezing point. As we see it, we look upon its warmest spots, and the rapidly with which it is cleared of ice, snow and cloud shows the atmosphere to be rare and the moisture little in amount and readily evaporated. These seas are probably shallow depressions filled with ice to the bottom, but melted as to their surfaces by day. From the variety of tints noted in the seas, and the recurrent changes in their outlines, they are composed of conglomerates of shallow pools, fed by small, sluggish streams. Great ocean basins into which great rivers discharge themselves are quite unknown."

Had Planted a Quince.

The gardening season had opened, and in the train the usual boastful garden talk was in progress. "Have you got a quince in your garden?" asked the quiet man in the corner. There was a dead pause. "A quince, you mean?" suggested the botanist, politely. "No, a quince." "Ah, they're no good here," said the next man, confidently. "won't bloom in this soil, you'll find."

"I'm surprised you haven't got one," said the quiet man. "It was the first thing I planted after I laid out my garden—been quite a success with me."

"How do you spell the name?" asked a notice (only three months married), respectfully, determined to look up the catalogue at once. But it was the common, not garden, dictionary that enlightened him. There (says the Manchester Guardian) he learned that a quince is an arrangement of five trees or plants, one at each of four corners and one in the middle. Next morning all the talk was of golf handicaps.

"Thirteen" Pursued Him.

When the misfortunes of Gustaf Adolf IV. of Sweden were on him the king pointed out to the queen how the number thirteen had influenced his life: "Even the name G-u-n-a-a-f A-d-o-l-f IV. is thirteen letters. . . . I am the thirteenth king of Sweden from the time of Gustavus Wasa. At the age of thirteen I became king, and I reigned thirteen years after attaining my majority. I was made a prisoner on the 13th of March. It is now twenty-two times thirteen since Gustavus Wasa was elected king of Sweden in 1523, and seventeen times thirteen years since the death of Charles XII. In 1718; these added together produce the number 1806, the current year. . . . If you transpose the numbers one and three, which stand for thirteen, they make thirty-one, which is precisely my age now."

Curiously enough, he died in room No. 13 at the Welsse Rossli, St. Gallen—this date, Feb. 7, 1834—"An Exalted King."

High Price For Straightness.

One of the most difficult problems in practical mechanics is to make a straight edge. How difficult it is may be judged from an incident that occurred in the shop of a celebrated astronomical instrument maker.

A patron asked what would be the price of "a perfect straight edge of glass thirty-six inches long."

"It cannot be made perfect," said the instrument maker, "but it could probably be made with a limit of error amounting to only a fraction of a wave length of light."

"How much would that cost?"

"About \$40,000."

It turned out that the customer wanted the straight edge for a scraper and that an error of one sixty-fourth of an inch would not bother him.—St. Louis Republic.

The Water Vine.

Containing a quart of clear, pure water to every foot of the water vine, a black, snake-like, leafless stem, dropping from the celbs and mahogany trees to which it has clung, is one of the wonders of the Guatemala jungle. When the stem is cut the water spurts forth in a refreshing stream. Moisture is drawn up from the soil and filtered through the pores of the plant.

Must Be High Class.

"You have a beautiful manor house, but you ought to have a little village for the peasantry as we do in England. It adds to the landscape."

"All right," said the multimillionaire, "but it must be a restricted affair. No peasant admitted earning less than \$5,000 a year."—Kansas City Journal.

His Misfortune.

"You have no one to blame but yourself for your unlucky business ventures," said the stern parent. "I advised you to look before you leaped."

"I did look, dad," explained the repentant son, "and I didn't leap. I got dizzy and fell."—Buffalo Express.

The Overlight and Fog.

It will be noticed on a foggy night that the beam of a searchlight seems abruptly to come to an end if the light be pointed upward. On the other hand, if the beam be directed horizontally it will gradually fade away into nothing. Why should the vertical beam behave in this curious way? The reason is not far to seek. Where the end of the beam seems to be at just that point does the fog end, for the beam cannot be visible to us unless there are small particles in its path. This circumstance is of great assistance to sailors in judging the state of the weather, since they can determine the thickness or depth of the fog. They can also tell by throwing the beam horizontally whether the fog is of great extent or whether it exists only in patches. If the fog extends a great distance then the beam will become gradually more and more dim. If the fog exists only in patches, then the beam is lighter in patches, and if it proceeds through a place where there is no fog at all that part of the beam will be black or invisible.—Harper's.

Work of the Beaver.

The beaver's conservation work is accomplished principally by means of the dams he constructs. These dams, we are told by Enos A. Mills, author of "In Beaver World," save soil, check erosion, reduce flood damage, store water and help to sustain stream-flow, provide waterholes for deer and are helpful in maintaining deep waterways by reducing the extremes of both high and low water and also reduce the quantity of sediment carried down into the river channels. When we take into consideration the fact that at one time in the country's history the beaver population was "upward of a hundred million," it is possible to realize what may have been accomplished by him along conservation lines. Like other wild creatures of the mountains and plain he suffered from the advance of civilization, though he was a prime factor in bringing this about.

Fairly Well.

One of the cherished heirlooms of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh was a Greek Testament that his great-grandfather, the Rev. John Brown, obtained under interesting circumstances.

The Rev. John Brown was a hard lad on the brass of Abernethy, and while he was still teaching himself Greek he tramped one night to St. Andrews, twenty-four miles away, to buy a Greek Testament. The bookseller to whom he confided his ambition was inclined to laugh at him, but a professor who chanced to be in the shop took the coveted volume in his hand, opened it, and turned to the young herdman.

"Boy," said he, "read this, and you shall have the book for nothing."

The boy acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his new friend and carried off the prize.

An Old, Old Question.

The servant question is not a new one, and were the wise Akiba still alive he might with right use be trilled, "It has all been here before," in connection with the problem. This may be demonstrated by no less an authority than Goethe. In his "Wilhelm Meister," written in the latter days of the eighteenth century, there is a scene where the hero comes to the home of Therese, sent there by Lothario and Jarpo. Receiving Wilhelm, Therese asks to be excused because of her scant board: "My cook," she says, "just ran away at a most inopportune time, and our man mangled his hand. I had to prepare all myself. Nothing bothers one more nowadays than servants; no one will serve, not even themselves."

A Queer Bargain.

Some young men from Boston applied to an old fisherman up in the country to see if he could get some bait. He thought he could and started off. Three hours afterward he appeared with a ten quart pail full of angle worms. The boys were alarmed lest there should not be money enough in the party for such a wealth of bait, but they put on a bold front and some one asked, "How much do we owe you?" "Well, I don't rightly know," answered the old man; "the ground is kinder solid and the worms is far down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em, but I've had a mind to go fishin' myself tomorrow, an' if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."

The Best Testimony.

I would rather hear the experience of a lifelong sufferer on the problem of pain or of a faithful lover on the mystery of love or of a poet on the influence of natural beauty or of an unselfish and humble soul on the question of faith in the unseen than the evidence of the most subtle theologian or metaphysician in the world.—Arthur C. Benson in "At Large."

Starting News.

New Yorker (at box office window)—Have you two orchestra seats in the fourth row, center, for tonight? Ticket Seller—Yes, sir. New Yorker (after recovering from the shock)—I guess I don't want them. The show can't be any good!—Lippincott's.

The Secret.

Mr. Gasp—That romantic Miss Ensee says there is a secret connected with her birth. Miss Pickles—So I've heard. It's the date.—New York Globe.

Alike One Way. Bacon—Huxley said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch. Egbert—Well, I know both of them run down easily.—Yonkers Statesman.

Envy is an awkward homage that in sincerity pays to merit.—La Motte.

The Coast Line to Mackinac.

THE CHANGES OF OUR SUMMER SEAS

OF OUR SUMMER SEAS

The new season and our Coast Line

Between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, Niagara Falls and Albany, Albany and Mackinac.

ALBANY ST. MACKINAC

THE GREAT WESTERN SEAS

THE GREAT WESTERN SEAS

THE GREAT WESTERN SEAS

Daily—Cleveland and Buffalo—(May 1st to Dec. 1st)

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO STEAMSHIP CO.

"Onyx" Hosiery

THE Best Hose for the entire family, Men, Women and Children, can always be found in the "Onyx" Brand.

FOR Quality, Style and Wear, get a pair of "Onyx" Hose in Cotton, Lisle, Silk Lisle or Pure Silk, from 50c to \$5.00 per pair—none genuine without trade-mark stamped on every pair. Sold by all dealers.

Lord & Taylor - - New York

Wholesale Distributors

3 IN ONE OIL

CLEANS POLISHES PREVENTS RUST

3-In-One is a light, pure oil that never gums. 3-In-One lubricates perfectly sewing machines, typewriters, bicycles, auto motors, lawnmowers—prevents rust over acids, oils, greases, etc. No greases. No acids. A little 3-In-One on a cast-iron stove and polished perfectly all rusted or scratched surfaces and a sparkling clean surface. 3-In-One on a yard of black muslin cloth makes an ideal dusting duster cloth. 3-In-One absolutely prevents rust on gun barrels, auto. fixtures, lawn mowers, everything metal, indoors or out, in any climate. It will lubricate the unseen metal parts and forms a protecting "varnish" which stays on. Free—3-In-One—Free. Write today for generous free bottle and the 3-In-One Dictionary of hundreds of uses.

3-In-One is sold in all good stores in 3-ounce bottles 10c (1 ea.), 25c (3 ea.), 50c (6 ea., 2 1/2 doz.). Also in new patented Handy Oil Can, 10c (2 1/2 ea.).

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
41 D.A. Broadway, New York City

"YES, IT IS FRENCH—therefore exquisite. The greatest creation of the greatest French perfumer."

THE WHOLE WORLD KNOWS OF THE FAMOUS

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

Its delicate fragrance makes it a favorite perfume of exclusive society here and abroad. Wherever you go, in city or village, the best people use ED. PINAUD'S LILAC.

Have You Tried It?

Perfume your handkerchief with it. Use it in your stonizer and bath. Spray your linen with it. It has many uses—it is a constant delight to refined men and women. Men use it a perfect after-shaving preparation, so refreshing and lasting. Remember the price, 6 oz. bottle 75c. It is wonderful value. Ask any dealer or write us direct. Send 4c. today for our liberal testing bottle. Enough for 50 handkerchiefs.—Address our American office.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, DEPT. M.
ED. PINAUD BUILDING NEW YORK