

A Worthless Lot

It Was Used For a Bridal Outfit

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

One of the men who went to Colorado on the breaking out of the gold fever there was Amos Clark. His family consisted of his wife and his daughter, Maria, the latter sixteen years old. Clark was an uneducated man, but with a good deal of grit. Mrs. Clark was a sickly woman, while the daughter was a sprightly girl, but unsophisticated.

The Clarks were Missourians, and the natural route for them to take was overland from St. Joseph. Clark purchased an outfit consisting of a "prairie schooner"—the name given to the wagon used by emigrants crossing the plains—drawn by four horses, in which were stored such articles as would be needed on the journey. Jacob Cowdry, a young man who had been a neighbor of the family in Missouri, volunteered to go with them, and the offer was gladly accepted.

One leaving the Missouri river today in a palace car and skimming along over the plains can hardly realize what that journey was sixty years ago. True, the alkali plains are there; but, protected by the comfortable car, it is hard to appreciate what toiling along in a wagon would be over the limitless, unshaded stretch of country between the Missouri and the mountains.

The route was infested with Indians, the atmosphere was so dry that the wheels of the wagons would shrink and fall apart, and there was lack of good water. On the way Clark fell ill, and Cowdry, who was only twenty years old, assumed the leadership. To his strength of will and his management was due the safe arrival of the family at the foot of the mountains, where, in the salubrious climate, they rested till Clark recovered. Then they ascended till they reached what afterward became Georgetown.

Gold was being taken out all along Clear creek, and Clark and Cowdry occupied themselves in washing for the precious metal—a process which consisted in putting dirt from the margin of the creek into a pan, washing it out and leaving tiny bits of gold, which sank to the bottom of the water in the pan. In this way they made a living, occasionally stopping their work to do some prospecting.

But the story of the Clark family is the same as that of nearly all gold hunters. No great luck came to them. Mrs. Clark died, and Maria, who by this time was eighteen years old, was obliged to supply her place. It was hard work for the girl, and she repined that she had been brought to a rough country, where she was spending her youth without the advantages of education or refinement.

Cowdry adored her. She appreciated his worth, but there was not in him that culture to which she aspired. The country was filling up with men who were bringing capital with them or representing capital, and Maria had her eyes open for a husband from among them.

Clark entered a number of claims, but had not the means to develop them. He was tied down to rocking pans of dirt in order to support himself and his daughter. Cowdry did some digging for himself and his friend, but did not strike pay dirt.

Such was the situation when Clark died. Maria, being cut off from her father's support, lived by disposing of one of the claims he had left her. Cowdry would have gladly married her, but she looked higher. While her property was passing out of her hands a young man named Stapleton came from the east, representing or claiming to represent eastern capitalists desirous of investing their money in Colorado gold property.

One day some prospectors went to Stapleton and let him into the secret that they had struck a vein of rich ore and would like to get some money with which to develop it. Stapleton made an investigation and found that the vein widened toward a five acre claim to the west. He represented no capital, as he pretended, but had gone out to Colorado to try to make money by his wits. Telling the prospectors that he would write to his principals of the find and endeavor to secure the capital necessary to develop it, he set about to discover the owner of the lot lying to the west, with a view to getting possession of it before the owner became aware of its value.

Now, this lot was the last of the claims that Amos Clark had left his daughter, Maria. The only reason it was the last was that it was supposed to be the least valuable. At any rate, so she considered it.

Learning that the property belonged to Maria Clark, Stapleton sought her out, finding that she was a marriageable young woman, laid his plans accordingly. Without saying anything about her property, he began to pay court to her. This was exactly what she wished, and had not Stapleton been an unscrupulous adventurer there would have been no reason why she should not encourage him. He did not delay his courtship, enhancing his suit by telling Maria that he had secret information of a mine which promised to be a bonanza and for the development of which he was about to procure capital. An organizer of the com-

pany he expected to receive a block of stock that would make him rich.

Stapleton was so far above Maria in outward appearance that she was troubled by the difference. She was very desirous of lessening this gap by improving her wardrobe and was planning for this when her lover came to her and announced that the mine which he was to promote had assayed \$5000 to the ton, that he was anxious to get his company organized at once lest some one else should bear of its value and get ahead of him. He had really got an assay of ore from the vein showing the proportion of gold he claimed, and this was all the truth there was to his story. He asked Maria to marry him at once and go east with him on his quest.

Maria demurred at such haste simply for the reason that she did not consider herself presentable as a bride, especially to the grand folks in the east to whom her lover would introduce her. She did not give him this as a reason; she told him that he was a stranger to her and she didn't like to take the risk of marrying him without his being vouched for. Stapleton, falling to persuade her to marry at once, gave her references in Denver.

This suited Maria's plans exactly. She would go to Denver, get some apparel that would be more appropriate for a bride than her cheap, soiled garments, see the persons referred to and return without a word to her fiancé of what she was going to do. But one thing interfered with her plans—she had neither money for the journey nor for the clothes.

There was but one way for her to secure the necessary funds, and from this she shrank. Jacob Cowdry might possibly have enough for the purpose and would doubtless let her have it, but she knew that to leave her, and how could she ask him for money with which to buy a trousseau for marriage with a rival?

While she was trying to throw off her repugnance Jacob came to see her. She received him with so much graciousness that it excited in him a hope that she might yet be won.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, about \$500!"

"I've got something over \$400. Can you make that do?"

"Reckon."

"All right; I'll go and get it for you."

"But I've only one way of paying you—the last of the claims father left me, and that isn't worth \$50. I've been trying to sell it for that, and I can't."

"I don't want any return, Maria. You know that anything I have you're welcome to."

This staggered her. She was not dishonored and would not accept such a favor without telling the truth. She did so and was pained at the impression her revelation made on him. He did not speak for some time, then said:

"Maria, I'll not deny that this is a shock to me, but we must stand what is meted out to us, and I will do anything to make you happy."

The girl winced, but she had made up her mind to better her condition for the present and the future, and she steeled herself to what she was doing. She permitted Jake to go for the money and when he had gone unlocked a tin box in which she kept the deed to the last of the lots her father had left her and, taking it out, assigned it to Jacob Cowdry. When Jake returned with the money she hung her head in silence for awhile, then handed him the deed, saying:

"It's all I have to repay you, Jake, but I shall never forget your kindness."

"I don't want it," said Jake.

"Take it. I will feel better if you do and will be happier if it should some day turn out to be valuable."

Jake took the deed, remembering that he would need a wedding gift and this was all he had to offer. Then he went away. As soon as he had gone Maria sat down and cried.

Stapleton missed Maria the next day, and he concluded that she had gone to Denver. The references he had given her were his pals, and he knew they would give a good account of him, so he rubbed his hands gleefully and awaited her return with impatience.

When he saw Maria again she was dressed becomingly, and it occurred to him that if he really wanted a wife he might be inclined to keep her after he had married her. He complimented her on the clothes she had purchased.

"They're all I have in the world," she said. "You'll have to take me as I am or not at all."

"I love you for yourself alone. But how," he asked presently, "did you get money to buy this outfit?"

"I owned five acres of worthless land. I sold it for \$400."

Stapleton started—started inwardly, not outwardly. His cold gray eye was fixed upon her, but gave no sign of what was passing within him. Then, after having secured a promise from her to marry him the next day, he departed.

That was the last Maria ever saw of him. Where he went she did not know. On the day the wedding was to be celebrated he did not appear, but Cowdry came with the deed, resigned to her for a wedding gift. Throwing her arms about his neck, she said with tear dimmed eyes:

"Jake, I'm going to be married to-day, and I'm going to marry you if you'll take me."

Jake took her gladly, and the ceremony had no sooner been performed when a man appeared and offered Jake \$10,000 for his lot. Jake concluded to look into the matter and refused to sell. He and his wife owned in it one of the large gold mines of Colorado.

WIT IN HISTORY.

A Brief Address and a Pithy Reply That Won With Royalty.

Frederick the Great once granted a hearing to a subject on condition that he should cut his remarks very short. "Let him say but two words," said the monarch.

"Very well," agreed the subject, and on entering the presence of Frederick he held out a petition and uttered but the two words:

"Sir, sign."

The subject won his request.

King Henry VIII wished to commission a nobleman of his court to visit Francis I.

It was at a moment when international relations were extremely shaky, and the courtier showed no particular desire to absent himself from his home and country on so dangerous a mission.

"Do not be afraid," said King Henry. "If you lose your life in my service I will arrange you a hundredfold. I will take off the heads of all the Frenchmen in my power."

"Thank your majesty; your majesty is most gracious," said the courtier. "But of all those heads which you take off there may not be one which will fit on my shoulders."

The witty reply resulted in the courtier being excused from his dangerous mission.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

Where Were Ultima Thule and the Lost Atlantis Located?

A most puzzling geographic mystery has come down from ancient times. This is the old question as to the identity of Ultima Thule. It was about 400 B. C. that Pytheas, a citizen of Massilia, sailed on his famous voyage. He discovered Albion and then continued farther north until he reached a spot which he named Ultima Thule. What this country was has never been determined. It may have been Shetland or Norway or Iceland.

Another ancient puzzle is that of Atlantis. It is commonly believed, now, that this vanished continent did not actually lie beyond the pillars of Hercules, and there are theories unending concerning it. Some regard the Canary Islands as fragmentary remains of it, others think that the supposedly lost land was really America; but, in considering these speculations, it is well to bear in mind the fact that the first mention of the country was made by Plato, and many scholars are sure that the philosopher merely indulged in an imaginative flight. The solitary evidence that Atlantis ever existed is his reference to it.—Chicago Herald.

Origin of Humberg. It is not generally known that the word "humberg" long ago much in vogue is of Scottish origin. There was in olden times a race called Bogues or Bog of that ilk in Berwickshire. A daughter of the family married a son of Hume of Hume in process of time, by default of male issue, the Bogue estate devolved on one George Hume, who was called popularly "Hume of the Bogue," or, rather, "Hume of the Bog."

He was inclined to the marvelous and had a vast inclination to exalt himself, his wife, family, brother and all his ancestors on both sides. His tales, however, did not pass current, and at last, when any one made an extraordinary statement in the Nocturnal, the bearer would shrug up his shoulders and style it just "a hum of a humbug." This was shortened into humbug, and the word soon spread over the whole Kingdom.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Clearing For Action. When a warship is cleared for action not only is everything movable on the decks removed or made secure, but every article made of wood is, as far as practicable, thrown overboard. Sofas, tables, chairs, pianos, all the furnishings of officers' quarters, in fact, are hurriedly put over the side by the bluejackets, and in a few minutes as much as \$1,000 worth of stuff is floating round the Dreadnought.

At the moment that a warship is preparing to fire not a single soul is to be seen on the decks. All the sailors are below working the guns and getting the ammunition ready.—London Answers.

A Declining Art. "Don't you want your boy, Josh, to be a good speller?" asked the school teacher.

"I dunno," replied Farmer Corntossel. "About all the notices a good speller gets nowadays is 'bein' called on occasionally to decide a bet.'—Washington Star.

A Poor Remedy. "I notice a man who had a cold in his head has committed suicide."

"Poor fellow! Now what fool friend could have advised him to try that remedy?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Very High. "I just got that doctor's bill for that fever of mine."

"How was it?"

"It was a very high fever—higher than I dreamed."

Unusual Sight. Once we were young, and now we are older, but never yet have we seen a man's wife going to his folks for advice as to what she should buy.—Galveston News.

Classifying Men. Men may be divided into two classes—those who regard whiskers as an ornament and those who hold shaving as a sacred duty.—Athenian Globe.

Faith must become active through works.—C. W. Wendt.

DUMDUM BULLETS.

They Got Their Name From the Town Where They Originated.

Dumdum bullets have their name from a little town in India, near Calcutta, where the ammunition factory for the British government in India is situated. For the benefit of Afghans, possible Indian motives, negroes and other barbarians the British had a bullet manufactured here which is half covered with steel, but with a soft leaden nose. When discharged from a modern rifle of high power this soft nose expands, or "mushrooms," turning the bullet in the air into a horrible bulging object, which tears through the flesh of a man, surely bleeding him to death.

The purpose of this bullet is to kill the man every time. The purpose of the ordinary humane bullet of modern warfare which is wholly incased in steel or nickel, is merely to put the man out of the fight. It makes a small, clean wound. If it does not strike a vital part the bullet may go entirely through the man without wounding him seriously. But it shuts him out of the fight for the time being.

The British military authorities in India considered that a humane bullet like that would be of little use to fight savages with, and therefore, at Dumdum, they manufactured the soft nosed expanding bullet. But the international conference at The Hague in 1864 decided against the use of this bullet in war and adopted a rule forbidding it.—New York Mail.

ONE VIEW OF WAR.

And the Question of the Mother of the Sain Soldier Boy.

When I but consider the word war I feel a shock, as if one spoke to me of witchcraft, inquisition, some dead and distant thing, abominable, monstrous, unnatural.

When we hear of cannibals we smile with pride and proclaim our superiority over those savages.

What are savages, real savages—those who fight to eat the victims of those who fight to kill, merely to kill?

Those youthful soldiers of the line speeding along yonder are destined to death, just as the flocks of sheep driven along the roads by a butcher. They are destined to fall on a plain, their heads clof by a stroke from an sword or their breast pierced by a bullet. And these are young men who could work, produce, be useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who during twenty years have loved and worshipped them, as mothers can worship, will learn in six months or perhaps a year that the son, the child, the big child, brought up with so much trouble, with so much money, with so much love, was thrown into a hole like a dead dog after his body, riddled by a bullet, had been trampled and crushed into pulp by the charge of cavalry. Why have they killed her boy, her noble boy, her only hope, her pride, her life?

She cannot tell. Yes, why?—Guy de Maupassant.

No Heart in It.

A broad street employer of a temperamental stenographer is a man of practical sense and real kindness who wants the girl to succeed at her business. The other day he called her into his private office and had a fatherly talk with her. Later one of her colleagues in the same building met her in the elevator.

"Say, Gladys," she said, "what's this about your boss having a heart to heart talk with you this morning?"

"Heart nothing," responded the temperamental creature, tossing her blond locks like an oriflamme of war. "What he wanted to me hadn't no more heart in it than there is in a slab of liver at a ten cent bonnery. See?"

Which is one reason why girl stenographers can be hired at \$3 a week.—New York Sun.

Damascus. It is estimated that at least 20,000 pilgrims pass through the city of Damascus each year. They are material to the financial welfare of the ancient city, spending in the neighborhood of \$300,000 for goods of every kind. Damascus is busy, and the people are industrious. Nearly everything actually needed by the native is made there, and there is a surplus sufficient to supply a large surrounding territory and the pilgrims and visitors who pass that way. In this respect Damascus has not changed in hundreds of years. It has always been a maker and distributor of food and raiment.—Argonaut.

The Doldrums. "In the doldrums" is a phrase more often employed than understood. It refers to a belt of calms contiguous to the equator and straits between the course of the southeast and northeast trade winds. Long periods with scarcely a stir in the air and a torrid sky above, broken by sudden squalls and violent storms of short duration, make the doldrums a dreaded area for sailing ships.

London's Costly Tree. Probably the most costly tree in the world is a plane tree which grows in Wood street, London. It occupies a space that would bring a rental of \$1,250 a year, and this capitalized at thirty years' purchase gives a value of \$37,500.

Memory. Says Joan Ingelow: "They are poor who have lost nothing; they are poorer far who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor of all who lose and wish they might forget."

Our wealth is often a snare to ourselves and always a temptation to others.—Cotton.

A Refugee

By EUNICE BLAKE

My sister Rose and I were both girls of a keen sensibility. We were inseparable, and often when together Rose would mention something that I was thinking about, or perhaps it was I who would mention something that Rose was thinking about. For a long while we considered this thinking about the same thing at the same time simply due to coincidence, but at last we came to wonder if it were not thought transference.

When this solution was first suggested we both laughed at the idea, but after a few more very pointed coincidences of the kind we believed it to be true.

Our first separation occurred in the spring of the breaking out of the war between the triple alliance and the triple entente. Rose found an opportunity to go abroad with a party of friends, who took her along as their guest. With much reluctance at leaving she accepted the invitation and sailed when the annual summer heira of Americans commenced. During the month of July I, who needed rest instead of the excitement of travel, went into the country as far as I could get from a railroad and where the only newspaper was a weekly journal with no news in it except what was of interest to the surrounding farmers.

One night I dreamed that I was in a foreign city. I say I dreamed it, for my consciousness was more like a dream than any other sensation. I was in a hotel situated on a square. I looked out through a window on the square below, through with people all in a state of intense excitement. Some of them were throwing up their caps and shouting, others were hurrying in and out of the houses, while cab drivers were guiding their horses or auto-cars were endeavoring to get through the crowds without running persons down.

Then without being conscious of any transition I was on a railway train. Every town it passed through was filled with soldiers, and everybody seemed to be bent on doing something in the least possible time. In the fields women were gathering in the harvest, not a man being there to help. Mules were dragging, great cannon along roads, and locomotives were drawing other munitions of war on platform cars. Everybody and everything was moving in the direction of our train was moving.

By and by we passed into another country. There were long drawn breaths of relief by my fellow passengers. We were in a valley on one side of which loomed fortifications into which soldiers were hurrying. There were two lines of these works, and they extended about a city, almost encircling it. These two lines were so filled with men that in the distance they looked like myriads of insects.

Our train entered the city, and I, with others, was hurried to another train. Soon I was again flying across the country. Now the people instead of hurrying in the direction I was going hurried to the other direction. Soldiers were marching in great multitudes on the road, and presently I saw some bearing the English flag. There seemed to be less worry on the part of all of us, our only course of anxiety being to catch a steamer, which was to sail from a coast we were approaching.

The next phase of this sensation was running through a fog on the ocean without lights and without a sound to indicate our presence. None of us slept, and most of us were in the cabin grouped in terror. Stewards were going from room to room stuffing pillows against the portholes or hanging curtains over them to conceal from without every ray of light.

My dream, my vision or whatever it may be called faded away in the morning I awoke feeling as if I had been flayed in dreams we never see anything we have not seen while awake. I had seen sights that were absolutely new to me. I could not understand it. Naturally I connected it with something that had happened to Rose abroad.

So impressed with this was I that I determined to go to the city. I was driven twenty miles to a station. Along the route the country people were pursuing their daily vocations, some of them getting in hay, others moving leisurely over the roads. When I arrived at the station I saw a man standing on the platform reading a newspaper. I saw in big black letters running across the page:

"The Belgians Still Hold the Ports at Liege."

"I asked him what it meant and he told me that all Europe had suddenly burst into a war flame. I bought a newspaper and read an announcement of the arrival of a ship at New York from Antwerp bringing American passengers from Europe, some of whom had left Germany on the last train that was allowed to come through. I wondered if Rose had not made her escape from Munich, where she was when I had last heard from her, and come out on that train.

I reached home in the evening. As I went up the steps the front door was opened, and out rushed Rose, and, throwing her arms about me, she exclaimed:

"I have escaped; but, oh, what a terrifying experience!"

When I told her of my dream, giving her such impressions of scenes that were vivid, she told me that I had gone through in my dream what she had gone through in reality.

PAID TO GET THE GOODS.

Subsequently He Felt That They Were His by Right.

A claim once made on the explorer Cameron in the neighborhood of Gaboon, Africa, shows the weirdly peculiar workings of the native African's mind. Some of Cameron's possessions proved unduly attractive to a native, and he determined on transferring the ownership to himself. He accordingly paid another native \$200 to procure for him the coveted goods.

The assistant took the money and did his best to earn it, but Mr. Cameron had perversely looked up the very articles that the fellow's employer had set his heart upon. The man could not carry out his bargain, and neither did he feel that he could part with the money. Therefore he ran off with it.

What more logical than that the man who was the loser to make the loss good? This he assuredly did expect. He went to Mr. Cameron and told him the story, demanding in the first place the \$200 which he (Cameron) by locking up his goods had compelled the complainant to lose and, secondly, the actual price of the goods themselves, which but for these arbitrary measures would now have been in his possession. It is not stated that his expectations were realized.—London Spectator.

EARLY BANK RUNS.

The Dutch Fleet in the Thames Started One in London in 1660.

The first run of which we have any account in the history of banking occurred in the year 1667. It was quickly stopped. At that date the bankers of England were the goldsmiths, who had a short time before begun to add banking to their ordinary business and had become very numerous and influential.

In 1689 the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, blew the fort at Sheerness, set fire to Chatham and burned some ships of the line. This created the greatest consternation in London; especially among those who had intrusted their money to the bankers, for it was known that the latter had advanced large sums to the king for public purposes, and it was rumored that now the king would not be able to pay the money. To quell the panic a royal proclamation was issued to the effect that payments by the exchequer to the bankers would be made, as usual.

In 1771 there was another run on the London banks, when Charles II. shut up the exchequer and refused to pay the bankers either principal or interest of the money which they had advanced. On this occasion many of the banks and their customers were ruined.—London Standard.

Ten Stick Island.

In the Southwest bay, in the New Hebrides group, there is a small wooded island of considerable height above the sea, although only a few hundred yards in circumference. The story of its acquisition is a curious one. South-west bay used to be considered a good place for target practice by the British men of war on patrol duty there, and this small inlet was used as a target so frequently that it seemed in danger of being gradually shot away. The chief who owned it protested and wanted compensation. The captain of a man-of-war who understood the natives knew that these claims would be a ceaseless source of blackmail unless they were settled once for all, so he bought the island for the British crown, paying ten sticks of tobacco for it, and every one was satisfied. The place since then has been known as "Ten Stick Island."—London Standard.

Isn't a Lost Always Bread?

"How is Robert getting on at college?" asked the minister, who was being entertained at dinner.

"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various social, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred.

"That evening little James, who had been an intrested listener, said, 'Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by 'college bred'?"

"Oh, that," said papa, who had been looking over his son's bills, "is a four years' loaf."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Scotch of Danzig.

One of the latest Scotch colonies of the continent formerly existed at Danzig. In the last decade of the fourteenth century a number of Scottish knights journeyed to Danzig to help in the crusade of the Teutonic order against the Lithuanian heathens, and one of the city gates—now known as the Hobe Thor—was christened the Douglas Thor, after Lord William Douglas, who was slain there.—London Spectator.

Subleties.

"The English style of humor differs from the American," said the man who is over studious.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Where we use chin whiskers to denote a politician the English usually employ side whiskers."—Washington Star.

Just Had to Talk.

Madge—Why don't you think before you speak, dear? Marjorie—If I did that I shouldn't have time to say half what I wanted to say.—London Telegraph.

Happy, Indeed.

Romantic Reader—Did your last novel end happily? Author—Yes; the publishers paid me \$2,000 the day I finished it.—New York Times.

Self-control is a great virtue. He is most powerful who has himself in his own power.