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THE CARPETBAGGER

BY OPIE READ AND FRANK PIXLEY

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CHAPTER XIV—Contonued.

A feeling of rascally humor seized the Governor and he significantly replied: "Well, you don't know how much it might have been worth to me either."

"It will carry joy to a stricken household," said the widow, too earnest in her gratitude to catch the Governor's joke.

"It couldn't be borne by a better messenger, madam."

"Thank you, Governor, you are very kind."

"How's that? Kind? Then there must be something wrong with me tonight, for I haven't heard that before since I struck the state." Jim came down. "On the table," said the Governor, motioning. The negro put down the pen and inkstand and took occasion to slyly whisper:

"White lady up dar yit, sah."

"Go on, go on," commanded the Governor, and under his breath added something that Mrs. Fairburn did not hear—it was just as well that she didn't. Jim nodded, grinned and resumed his place on the portico, slowly pacing up and down.

The Governor signed the pardon. "Understand," he said, "I don't really know anything about the merits of this case; I do this for—"

"For justice, Governor."

"No," said he, handing her the paper, "for a live goddess."

There was a tramping of feet on the flag-stone walk. The Governor listened. Mrs. Fairburn arose. Jim stepped in. "Mr. Lummers, Mr. Willetts an' some udder folks, sah."

"Show them in. It's Mr. Reynolds."

"I must go," said Mrs. Fairburn. "Where's Roy?"

"Don't—please don't," the Governor pleaded. "Wait."

They stood a little apart, with their eyes on the door, waiting for the newcomers to enter. Tremulous, but walking proudly, old John Reynolds, followed by the rest came through the broad doorway. The old planter was a picture, a picture now almost faded from the canvas of our national life, an out-of-date dignity, an emphasis of over-conscious self-respect in black. He advanced well within the room, glanced down to see that his wife was beside him, and stood erect, as still as his physical weakness would permit. The Governor bowed and was silent, gazing at the old man—the palsied remnant of a country's aristocracy. Mrs. Fairburn ran to the woman and embraced her. Willetts was the first to speak.

"Well, here we are, Governor."

"Yes," Lummers spoke up, "and a hard time we had bringing them, too."

The Governor cleared his throat. "Sit down, everybody," he commanded, but no one moved.

The old man took no notice of the Governor, but with a courtly gesture addressed himself to Mrs. Fairburn. "Good evening, Madam. And have you come here to intercede for me? That was wrong, Madam; it should not have been done." Then he slowly turned his old eyes upon the Governor. "Will you inform me for what purpose I have been brought here in violation of all forms of law?"

Mrs. Reynolds gently touched his arm. "John!" she pleadingly said.

The old man turned and bowed to her, and then addressed the Governor. "Well, sir!"

The Governor's voice was so soft that Mrs. Fairburn looked at him quickly, and Willetts moved uneasily. "Mr. Reynolds, no one could regret more deeply—"

"Spare yourself that trouble, sir," the old man interrupted. "Am I to be informed?"

"Mr. Reynolds, I have sent for you to—"

"By what authority?" the old man broke in.

"Well, by the authority of a kindly interest—if no other."

"I recognize no such authority, sir."

The old woman touched his arm again and called his name, speaking it in a voice full of sorrow and admonition—"John!" He saluted her gal-

"Now that you have come," continued the Governor, "I should like to hear your story."

"Story? I do not come here primed with a story."

"I want to hear your side of the case."

"This is no court of law, sir."

"Of course not; but understand—I do not demand this—I request it."

There was a softening change in the old man's manner. "Very well, sir, you shall have it. One morning I found that some one had thrown down my fences and ridden through my plantation. I put the fences up. The next day I saw a man throw down the fence and start to ride through. I hailed him. 'Sir,' I said, ' don't you do that again.' He made a sneering answer and rode on. Then I called out to him: 'Sir, if you do that again I will shoot you.' I am told that today my fences were thrown down again and that this man rode through. Later, he was found dead near a gap that he had made in the fence."

"With a bullet hole in his head," Willetts spoke up.

The Governor made a gesture to enjoin silence. The old man proceeded:

"Somebody killed him. I did not. And do you think sir, that if he had fallen by my hand, I would stand here and deny it? No, sir. I did not kill him; but—the infamous scoundrel, I wish to God I had!"

Willetts stepped forward. "Governor," he began, "you must remember—"

"Silence, sir!" the Governor thundered. Then in kindly tones he said: "Mr. Reynolds, I have decided to take the law in my own hands—"

"You have already done that, sir."

"And release you on your own recognizance."

"You cannot do that, sir. I am answerable to the sheriff alone."

"I made the sheriff," the Governor quietly replied.

"Then, sir, to the law," said the old man.

"Damm the law—I beg your pardon, ladies." The Governor had lost his patience, though not in unkindness. "Take them away!" he said.

"Stop!" Reynods interposed, "I demand to be taken back to the jail."

His old wife's pleading voice was heard. "Oh, John, let us not go back to the jail," she said. "It's such a dreary place."

"To the jail!" he cried excitedly. "It is the law."

The old woman looked up at him as he turned away. Taking his hand she softly said: "Then we'll go back together."

They turned toward the door and went out in silence. Willetts and Lummers prepared to follow them.

"Wait," said the Governor. "Put them down at their own door."

"But, Governor," Willetts interrupted.

"Do as I tell you—at their own door. Don't let them know where they are going Lummers, go to the sheriff and tell him that under no conditions are they to be admitted to the jail again. Go!"

CHAPTER XV.

A Horticultural Idea.

The Governor and Mrs. Fairburn stood in silence till they heard the carriage roll away. "Governor," said the widow, extending her hand, "I thank you. It was a noble act."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied, taking the proffered hand gingerly.

"You have proved yourself a man, Governor."

"You are surprised?"

"I am highly pleased."

"But—surprised. I'm sorry. You came to see the Governor and were surprised to find a man."

"I am glad that the man I found is greater than the Governor I came to see.

The Governor waved his hand in acknowledgment of these warm words of praise, and motioning toward a chair said: "Sit down. Mrs. Fairburn," he said, after a pause, "do you think it wrong for a man to play the cards that circumstances have dealt him?"

"Not if he play them honorably, Governor."

"In a game where everyone else is cheating?"

"An honorable man should not be found in such a game," she replied.

"But remember," he insisted, "the cards of life are dealt by circumstances. A man is forced into the game, and must play the hand that is waiting for him."

She did not agree with him. "Man is not the creature but the creator of circumstances," she said quietly.

"No," contended the Governor, "the wise man as well as the fool is the creature of environment." He ran his fingers through his hair, thinking. Suddenly he looked up. "Imagine a tangled garden," he said, "wild and neglected, choked with weeds and briars, an unsightly jungle. Amid that rank wilderness of weeds a single rose lifts its head. It isn't much of a rose; but it is a rose. Do the magnificent flowers which glorify the well-kept garden across the road, deserve more credit than the stunted weakling which has fought its way to the air and the sun?"

It was her turn to reflect, and she did so for a moment or two. "But who would plant a rose in such a jungle?"

"Circumstances might; circumstances do," he replied. "Is that the fault of the rose?"

"No," she admitted. "We are not responsible for our existence; we are responsible for our lives. How much better if kindly hands would tear away the weeds and let in the pure air and the sunlight."

Jim stepped in and handed the Governor a card. He looked at it. "Um, Captain Pointer. Tell the Captain to come in."

Mrs. Fairburn arose. "I must find Roy," she said, "and bid you goodnight."

"No; not yet, please."

"Yes, I really must be going. I don't know why I should have remained so long. I—"

Captain Pointer appeared at the door. He saw Mrs. Fairburn, bowed to her and entered the room. Advancing toward the Governor he halted and with a military salute, bade him good evening. Mrs. Fairburn turned toward Jim who stood at the door.

"I wish you would see if you can find my son," she said, "tell him that it's time we were going home."

"Just a minute," the Governor spoke up, addressing Mrs. Fairburn as the negro hastened off. I'm rather interested in that horticultural idea of yours."

The Captain glanced slily at Mrs. Fairburn and handed the Governor a letter. The Governor opened it, read its brief contents and handed it back. Mrs. Fairburn had moved over to the window, and stood there looking out with her face turned away from the two men.

"I don't believe in this sort of thing," said the Governor in a low tone; "don't believe in it at all—seventeenth century. Tell him I want to see him. Ask him to come here—alone—and we'll talk it over."

The Captain gave him a cool smile. "But, Governor, such a thing would be—"

"I know all about that; you tell him to come here."

"He will no doubt come sir, if you refuse to—"

"Good-night, sir. Give him my answer."

The Captain, with his smile growing cooler, bowed himself out. Mrs. Fairburn did not look round. If she had heard their conversation she gave no indication of that fact.

The Governor advanced toward her. "Mrs. Fairburn," he began, "when I was a boy I used to fear death; now I know that life is the only thing to be feared. The ruler of an enemy's country—with every man's hand against me—not a friend save my own flesh and blood and one whose skin is as black as the estimation in which I am held. That is my garden, Mrs. Fairburn."

"It may be an enemy's country, Governor, but it holds one friend who will always be grateful to you and a hand that shall never be against you." She held forth her hand and the Governor took it.

"Mrs. Fairburn," he cried, "I am the one to feel grateful tonight; and I do." He hesitated for a moment, still holding her hand. "You have changed the current of my life."

"Governor," the widow said, with more earnestness than he had ever notice before, "a little thing may serve to divert the current of your life; but you alone can change it."

"Alone?" echoed the Governor, looking into her eyes.

"Alone," she repeated. "You must do it yourself."

She gently withdrew her hand and for a moment neither spoke. There was a queer lump in the Carpetbagger's throat which kept him silent and Mrs. Fairburn seemed to be thinking of something away back in the past. "Governor," she said at last, her voice low and musical and soothing, "I was born among the mountains of old Tennessee and I love that rugged country. To me there is nothing in the whole realm of nature more beautiful than a mountain brook—clear as crystal, bright as the sunshine, sweet as the dews of heaven. I never see a muddy stream, dark and polluted, that I don't think of what that stream was, away back up yonder in the mountains. I never behold such a stream without a sigh and a wish that somehow I could remove the contaminating influences that have made it what it is."

She looked straight into the Governor's eyes and he read the imagery of her words aright.

"A muddy stream may be powerful," she continued. "Circumstances may make it very powerful. It may even be very useful, in its way. But it is no longer beautiful, Governor, because it is no longer pure."

He tried to speak, but, though his lips moved, no sound came from them. It seemed as if a giant hand had tightly gripped his throat. When at last he found his voice its sound startled him. "Yes," he whispered, hoarsely, "I know. I understand. It's all true. But if this stream, dark and muddy as it is, could be made as clear as a crystal spring—could the world forget—could you forget—that it had once been polluted?"

Big Jim came lumbering into the room. "I kain't find dat Cap'n boy no whar," he said. "I thought I yere him an' Miss Nellie a-laughin' one place an' I wen dar, an' den I yere him an' her summers else an' I goes an' dey aint dar. I looks up in the moonlight an' dey aint dar—an' de Lawd only knows whar dey is."

The negro suddenly discovered that he had not an attentive audience and stopped short in abashed amazement. Mrs. Fairburn detached a rose from her bodice and extended it toward the Governor.

"Make it clear," she said.

CHAPTER XVI.

Not Quite So Muddy.

Roy did not make his appearance and Governor Crance volunteered to escort his fair visitor home. Jim looked after them as they walked out. Then he laughed. "Things gwine on yere, I tell yo.' Fust thing I knows I'll hab two pa'r o' couples t' watch. An'—an'—a white lady in de liberry." He went to a door opening out into the garden, and whistled. Nellie and Roy entered cautiously. "An, now, if you'll 'scuse me fur t'arin' myself away," said the negro, "I'll jest step out on de po'ch an ' ketch a few flies fur de alligator."

Nellie and Roy sat down beside each other. They had formulated a desperate scheme. The fragrance of the flowers, the soft air, the moonlight had been too much for the girl to withstand. All nature demanded something romantic of her. "And remember," she said, "it must be at midnight—precisely."

"Yes," drawled the boy, a little afraid now that he was out of the moonlight, "but I don't see the use of all that."

"Well, how else could it be done?" she pouted.

"Why, I'd just go up like a soldier and tell him."

"Oh, no, no; that would never do."

"I don't know. I think the Governor likes me pretty well, and, besides, I think he's a little soft on mother. I'd just as soon chance it. I'll bet he'd say yes."

"Of course he would, you goose, and that would spoil it all. Anybody could be married like that. If I can't elope, I won't be married at all."

The boy pondered for a moment or two and then looked up brightly. "If we ask him, maybe he'll let us elope."

She was angry enough to have boxed his ears. "Why, you ninny, this is a secret," she cried, indignantly. "We mustn't tell anybody about it. All elopements are secret. Don't you remember how they did in the 'Lost Heiress?' Have you got a black horse?"

"No, but I've got a bay."

"That won't do. It's got to be black."

"And how about the ladder?" she asked.

"What ladder?"

"Why, the rope-ladder."

"What do you want a ladder for?"

"To get out of the window. How do you suppose I'm going to get down?

"Why, come down the stairs, can't you?"

She gave him a look that was enough to have withered him. "No, sir; who ever heard of such a thing? Coming down the stairs!"

"Won't any sort of ladder do?" he asked.

"Oh, I forgot!" she cried. "We can't have a horse. Couldn't take Bulger on a horse. Or the parrot, or the cat, or the alligator."

"Great Scott! Can't you leave 'em here?"

"No, sir; do you think I'd leave Bulger behind?"

It was time for the boy to think again. "Well, if everything's got to go along," he growled, "it would take an express wagon to run away with you."

Jim, outside, gave a warning whistle. A moment later the negro poked his head into the room. "Coast ain't clear now, Miss Nellie. Man-o-wah's comin'."

They heard the Governor, whistling a merry tune. Nellie and Roy hastily took seats on opposite sides of the room. The Governor came in briskly. "Captain, your mother wants you," he said.

(To be Continued.)

SCENES IN STRIKE OF 5,000 STEEL CAR WORKMEN NEAR PITTSBURG.

Rioting marked the progress of the strike of the employees of the Pressed Steel Car company at McKees Rocks, near Pittsburg, from its very beginning. When a large force of deputies under Sheriff Gumbert were unable to quell the rioting the state police were called upon, and several pitched battles followed. Sheriff Gumbert planned an arbitration meeting between representatives of the strikers and the company, but Frank N. Hoffstot, president of the company, refused to consider arbitration and declared that none of the men concerned in the strike ever would be employed by the concern again. Many families were evicted from dwellings owned by the company, and the women fought the police and deputies furiously while this was in progress. More than 5,000 men walked out of the plant when the strike was ordered.

"REMEMBER, IT MUST BE AT MIDNIGHT, PRECISELY."---The Carpetbagger.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOLLEMAN'S ACCOUNT CROOKED.

Anderson Cashier Makes Way With Bank's Money.

Anderson, July 20.—J. T. Holleman, who for two years has been cashier of the Bank of Anderson, and who for four years was assistant cashier, has been found short in his accounts approximately $35,000 and has left for parts unknown. In the cash drawer of the bank he left a letter addressed to President B. F. Mauldin, in which he made a clear-cut and complete confession, saying that he lost the money in speculating in cotton futures. Rather than face his friends he said in the letter he would flee, and this he did on Sunday morning when he left Anderson supposedly on his annual vacation.

The people of Anderson are severely stunned for there was no man in Anderson who enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the people more than did Mr. Townes Holleman. The board of directors issued the following statement today:

"The board of directors of the Bank of Anderson make the following statement in regard to the shortage of J. T. Holleman, in his accounts as cashier, which came to the knowledge of the officials last night. After carefully looking into the affairs of the bank we find the amount will be about $35,000 and inasmuch as the capital stock is $150,000, and the surplus $225,000, making a total of $375,000, to which is added the liability of the stockholders $150,000, making a total available for creditors of $525,000, the public can readily see that the standing of the bank is not impaired and that the business of the bank with its well-known ability to accommodate its customers will not be lessened. The loss will be charged off tomorrow when the bank examiner ascertains the exact amount."

This statement was signed by President B. F. Mauldin; Vice President J. A. Brock; Attorney Joseph N. Brown and five directors.

No statement ever issued in Anderson occasioned greater surprise and consternation. The officials of the bank knew nothing of the matter until last night. Mr. Holleman left the bank Saturday afternoon supposedly with the intention of going away for a vacation of a week or two. He told his associates in the bank of his intention last week and he left with their fullest permission and they did not dream that there was anything wrong. He is supposed to have left the city some time Sunday. It is not known where he has gone. The bank was opened as usual Monday morning and everything ran smoothly during the day. When Mr. A. M. Sharpe, assistant cashier, went to balance the cash last night, he found in the cash box a letter addressed to Mr. Mauldin, the president. He also saw that there was something wrong with the cash. Mr. Sharpe sent for Mr. Mauldin, who was at his home, and the letter was opened and read. In it Mr. Holleman made a complete confession. He said he had been speculating in futures and had gone from bad to worse until he had finally become desperate and decided to leave as he could not face his friends. He turned over all his property to the bank, but this will not come near covering the shortage.

The directors of the bank were summoned and after examination they placed the facts before Mr. Giles Wilson, the state bank examiner, who happened to be in the city on one of his regular trips and he is now going over the books. The directors, however, have already satisfied themselves that the shortage is not more than $35,000, and of course, this will not in any way cripple the bank, which is one of the strongest in the up-country. Everything will go on as usual. The bank has large surplus fund, seven or eight times sufficient to take care of the shortage. Mr. Holleman, in his letter, said he first began speculating in futures about a year ago with $600, which he had saved. He lost that and then borrowed $1,000 from the bank with which to recoup his loss. This soon went and other sums in rapid succession.

It is an old story of a small beginning by a man who was the soul of honor and had no intention of defrauding anybody.

Mr. Holleman is a native of Walhalla, and has lived in Anderson about twenty years. He has a wife and several children. He has held several responsible positions in the city and has been with the Bank of Anderson about six years. He was frugal in his habits, steady and industrious and had always lived within his income. He was just about the last man in the city that would have been suspected of being short in his accounts. The announcement of his trouble will be received with the greatest surprise throughout the city and county and state and there will be the deepest sympathy for him. He was universally liked. It is not known here where he has gone and no statement was made today as to what steps would be taken to apprehend him. All of his friends and the bank directors were too stunned today to map out any course of action.

In the midst of the grief over his downfall, about the only comfort is that the solidity of the bank was not impaired in the slightest degree and of course it does not affect any of the other banks in the city. Mr. Holleman's popularity is shown by the fact that several of his friends said today that if he had told them of his trouble they would have furnished the money to cover his shortage and given him a new start.

Woman Built House.

Miss Lillie M. Johnson built the nine-room house in which she now lives, says the Kansas City Journal. Miss Johnson began work on her house in the fall following the big flood in the Kaw valley of 1903. She was a Salvation Army worker in Armourdale at the time of the flood. She lost everything except $7. She went to a real estate firm and arranged to buy on payments, the 100 feet of ground on which her house stands.

In May, 1904, Miss Johnson built a two-room house, doing all the work herself and getting the lumber on payments. She received two women boarders and by July she was able to buy a cow. She began taking in washing. Through these various means she was able to meet the necessary payments on her lot.

But Miss Johnson was not satisfied. She desired to enlarge her house. She graded her lot with a spade and wheelbarrow, laid the foundation, put up the frames, boxed and weatherboarded the additions. She has finished the entire interior of the house, laying the floors, lathing, plastering and papering the walls.

The grounds about the place are well kept. A large grape arbor, fruit trees and flower beds, with the blue grass lawn, make the place attractive.

LONG FUNERALS.

Abbeville Press and Banner Delivers Stinging Criticism.

The Abbeville Press and Banner in its account of the funeral of the Rev. J. Lowrie Wilson, makes use of the following unusual and stinging criticism of those who held the obsequies:

"Every seat was occupied. Standing room was all taken, and many who came late lingered about the door without coming in. The weather was warm, but it is presumed that those who had seats were comfortable enough. Those who had standing seats were tired out long before expiration of the hour and a half to which time the services were prolonged.

"The Rev. Mr. Law read the Scriptures and delivered a talk which had not been carefully digested or reasonably well prepared.

Rev. Mr. Gregg talked for a long time in commonplace.

"Our own judgment is, that the funeral services were not up to what might have been expected of so good a man as Dr. Wilson, while they were cruelly long.

"Even in the prayers there was dearth of thankfulness for the life of the good man who had so long labored amongst us, and who had so lately entered upon that great sleep which men call death.

"We are inclined to think that on occasions of this kind it may reasonably be assumed that the Lord knows a little of us and for this reason the speaker need not bore an awaiting audience with a common-place recital of facts that are known to us all.

"It is simply next to unpardonable to an audience waiting for an hour and a half that the speakers may talk themselves instead of eulogizing or portraying the character of the dead."

We say, this is a remarkable piece of writing, but it deals with a practice that is all too common in the clergy and one about which we have often given serious reflection. Our contemporary has no doubt hurt some feelings and wounded pride, but it hit the nail on the head just the same. What occurred at the funeral of Dr. Wilson, as described by the Press and Banner is by no means an exceptional case. Many funeral services are too long and one of the main causes of this is just what our Abbeville contemporary points out, preachers too frequently fail to assume that "the Lord knows a little about us."—Greenville News.

CHINA NOT OLD.

At Least It Resents Being Thought Too Old to Learn.

China is not an old country, according to opinions expressed by Woo Shine and Cheng Tau of Ying Na, China, to a Washington Herald reporter. These two sons of the Celestial empire have been delegated by the Chinese Central government to visit the United States and obtain all the information possible on the American railroad system, with a view to making use of their observations for the improvement of the railway service in their own country. Mr. Woo Shine speaks English fairly well, having acquired a knowledge of the language in China. His companion is a silent and close listener and observer and here and there interjected a word or two in Chinese. Wearing their hair short, they were asked if they were members of the reform party in China. They replied they were not; that they wore wigs in order not to attract so much attention in the United States. The wigs were ill-fitting and made from the straight, black, coarse Chinese hair, parted in the middle, and in connection with their unusually dark complexion, gave them the appearance of Indians. For the same reason the Chinese officials discarded their native garments and are wearing cheap store clothes, which they bought in San Francisco. They will call on Wu Tingfang, the Chinese minister, when they will apear in their Chinese apparel, sans wigs, sans store clothes, pigtail, silk gown, and mandarin cap, coral button, and all.

"People say China is an old nation, that its people are too old to learn," said Mr. Woo Shine. "That is not so at all. If we are old, we are waking up and find ourselves young, full of life, enthusiasm, and enterprise. If we were old, we would be useless; but we are not, as you will admit. Our great wealth of mineral resources, of coal, iron, gold, silver and all sorts of precious metals and stones, has hardly been touched. We have not yet begun to build railroads, and our rivers and canals do not show the activity of steamboats as they do in your waters. We want to learn from America, whose people we regard as our best friends, and we want them to teach us and help us. China is a young country, like America; it is a great country like America, and is imbued with the desire to be America's best friend. With a strong and powerful China guarding one side of the Pacific and America the other, and the two countries good friends, no country would dare to disturb the peace of the world. No power as it even now dares to entertain aspiration for the political control of China."

The Monument Dedication.—An item copied from the Yorkville Enquirer in the Saturday Evening Chronicle, gives the information that the King's Mountain battle monument is to be dedicated on October 7. The arrangement for the ceremonies is in the hands of the King's Mountain Chapter D. A. R. This is an event that will be looked forward to with interest. But for the battle of King's Mountain, the British might have had us. The monument marks the turning point in the fortunes of this country, and it is not to be forgotten that Congressman E. Y. Webb of North Carolina, was mainly instrumental in securing the erection of the monument.—Charlotte Chronicle.

ZEPPELIN'S POLAR FLIGHT.

Will Try For a New Mark In Northern Travel.

Nowithstanding the statement given out by Prof. Hergesell to the effect that the main object of the proposed Zeppelin expedition from Spitzbergen next year would be to explore northern Greenland, says a London letter, there is little doubt that with favorable weather conditions a flight to the north pole will be attempted. The German papers are unanimous in urging Count Zeppelin, on patriotic grounds, to plant the German flag at the pole. Count Zeppelin's friends favor the scheme and are confident that the attempt will be successful.

Dr. Eckener, one of Zeppelin's intimates, is of the opinion that the north pole will be much more easily reached by dirigible airship than the south pole, for many reasons, the first being that no such severe gales are anticipated as at the south pole, which, as Lieut. Shackleton discovered, is situated on an elevated plateau. Protuberances on the earth's surface, such as mountain ranges and forests, offer a resistance to air currents which results in those dangerous gusts that have proved fatal to many an airship. This friction is non-existent in the Arctic regions, always supposing that the ice covered Arctic ocean extends beyond the pole itself, for which belief there is every ground. Scores of experiments carried out with kites and register balloons between the seventy-second and eighty-second degrees northern latitude have shown that wind was only twice observed at heights exceeding 1,000 feet, above which, as a rule, almost complete calm reigned.

The same result has been obtained by Dr. Nansen during his Fram expedition. Severe thunderstorms and rains such as were met by Count Zeppelin on land are not believed to occur with frequency around the pole. Assuming that operations would be inadvisable with a wind blowing at a rate of more than twelve miles an hour, experiments at sea level have shown that in the month of July this rate is rarely reached, while in June also there are lengthy periods of comparative calm. Seeing that the sun in polar regions remains half a year above the horizon, there would be no great danger of sudden variations in the temperature, which cause loss of gas and ballast. The shortness of the distance between Spitzbergen and the pole, about 600 miles, ought to make it possible, so Count Zeppelin's friends think, for a dirigible airship to accomplish the journey during a period of polar calm in twenty hours. The new Zeppelin airship, which will have a capacity of 17,000 cubic meters. would carry three 150 horse-power benzine motors, two of which could keep the airship afloat for 140 hours. Thus it would be possible to reach the pole and come back to Spitzbergen or effect a landing in eastern Siberia, Greenland or northern Alaska, distances of say 1,800 miles. The return from these inhospitable regions would, however, be an expedition in itself; hence preference is given to the idea of returning to the base on Spitzbergen. Fog is another enemy to be reckoned with, though it is held that it is never so dense in polar regions, as to obstruct the view of the ice beneath, and steering can be effected with the aid of a compass by day and with the help of the stars by night.

Asked for his opinion, Lieut. Shackleton says that he is no aeronaut and knows nothing about the north pole. This, however, he does know, that it would be impossible owing to the severe gales prevailing in the Antarctic for an airship to conquer the south pole. But from a meterological point of view he thinks it is quite within the bounds of possibility that success would attend Zeppelin's dash on the north pole. He advises, however, that sledges be taken on board for use in an emergency. His sledge motors, he says, never give him any trouble, although the sledges themselves proved useless in hummock strewn regions.

THE HORSE.

He Is So Stupid That He Can Be Taught Any Habit.

There have been on exhibition at various times horses that are apparently prodigies of mathematical insight—that can do anything with numbers that the trainer can do. Yet we absolutely know that no animal can so much as count at all. Furthermore, it is always the horse that performs these marvels though the horse is the most utterly stupid of all the dumb creatures that man has made his friends.

That is precisely why the horse is always taken to be made into an arithmetician. He is so stupid that he can be taught anything—any habit, that is—and, having no mind to be taken up with his own affairs, can be relied on to do exactly as he is told.

All these arithmetical fakes, whatever their details, are worked in essentially the same way. The horse is taught, by endless repetitions, some mechanical habit. A given signal, and he begins to paw the floor. Another signal, and he stops. Press the proper button, and he takes a sponge and rubs it over a certain spot on a blackboard or picks up a card lying in a certain position. That is all he does. The meaning of the act exists for the spectator only. The pawings count the answer to a problem in addition, the card bears the reply to a question, but the horse does not know it. He merelly follows a blind habit, just as he will stop when you say "whoa!" though you interpolate the word into your recitation of the Declaration of Independence.—McClure's Magazine.

☞ A doctor was one day stopped in the street by one of his women patients whose malady was purely imaginary. The doctor, who was known for his intolerance of and non-sympathy with such invalids after listening somewhat impatiently to the woman's detailed account of all her feelings and symptoms, told her to shut her eyes and put out her tongue. She promptly did so. On opening her eyes in a few seconds the doctor was nowhere to be seen, and the woman awoke to the fact that he had left her standing by herself in a busy thoroughfare with her eyes shut and her tongue hanging out.—Chicago News.

Her Indorsement.—"I want to get this check cashed," said the young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller.

"Yes, madam. You must indorse it, though," explained the teller.

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said.

"Yes, madam. Just indorse it; sign it on the back so we will know, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few moments presented the check, having written on its back: "Your loving wife, Edith."—Bellman.

☞ Lots of fellows pride themselves upon knowing a lot about women till they marry one.