

SAME THING.

"I see," remarked the proof reader, "that one had error went through in Miss Lilybud's poem. The boys printed 'padlock' for 'wedlock'...

A Healthful Tonic.

Anxious mother—When Clara came down to breakfast this morning the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?

THE GREAT DEADWOOD MYSTERY.

BY DEET HARTE.

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PART IV.

F Mrs. Rightbody's friends had been astounded by her singular and unexpected pilgrimage to California so soon after her husband's decease...



of whom only the scant history was known, that he was a Californian, and former correspondent of her husband. It was undeniable that the man was wealthy, and evidently no mere adventurer...

It was a wintry night, and the second anniversary of Mr. Rightbody's death, that a light was burning in his library. But the dead man's chair was occupied by young Mr. Ryder...

"There must have been something in it, Joe, believe me. Did you never hear your father speak of mine?"

"Never?" "But you say he was college bred, and born a gentleman, and in his youth he must have had many friends."

"Alice," said the young man gravely, "when I have done something to redeem my name and wear it again before these people, before you, it would be well to revive the past. But till then—"

But Alice was not to be put down. "I remember," she went on, "sincerely hating him, that when I came in that night papa was reading a letter and seemed to be disconcerted."

"A letter?" "Yes; but," added Alice, with a sigh, "when we found him here insensible, there was no letter on his person. He must have destroyed it."

"Did you ever look among his papers? If found it might be a clue."

The young man glanced toward the cabinet. Alice read his eyes and answered:

"Oh, dear, no! The cabinet contained only his papers, all perfectly arranged—you know how methodical were his habits—and some old business and private letters, all carefully put away."

"Let us see them," said the young man, rising.

They opened drawer after drawer; files upon files of letters and business papers neatly folded and filed. Suddenly Alice uttered a little cry and pushed up a quaint ivory paper knife lying at the bottom of a drawer.

"It was missing the next day and never could be found, he must have mislaid it here. This is the drawer, said Alice eagerly."

There was a glow. But the lower part of the drawer was filled with old letters not labeled, yet neatly arranged in files. Suddenly he stopped and said, "Put them back, Alice, at once."

"Why?" "Some of these letters are in my father's handwriting."

"The more reason why I should see them," said the girl imperatively. "Here, you take part and I'll take part and we'll get through quicker."

There was a certain decision and independence in her manner which he had learned to respect. He took the letters and in silence read them with her. They were old college letters, so filled with boyish dreams, ambitions, aspirations, and Utopian theories, that few of them of these young people even recognized their parents in the dead ashes of the past. They were left grave, until Alice uttered a little hysterical cry and dropped her face in her hands. Joe was instantly beside her.

"It's nothing, Joe, nothing. Don't read it, please, please, don't. It's so funny! It's so very queer!"



"It's nothing, Joe, nothing. Don't read it."

But Joe had, after slight, half-playful struggle, taken the letter from the girl. Then he read aloud the words written by his father thirty years ago:

"I thank you, dear friend, for all you say about my wife and boy. I thank you for reminding me of our boyish compact. He will be ready to fulfill it, I know, if he loves these his father loves, even if you should marry years later. I am glad for your sake, for both our sakes, that it is a boy. Heaven send you a good wife, dear Adams, and a daughter, to make my son equally happy."

Joe Sibbald looked down, took the half-laughing, half-tearful face in his hands, kissed her forehead, and, with tears in his gray eyes, said, "Amen!"

I am inclined to think that this sentiment was echoed recently by Mrs. Rightbody's former acquaintances, when, a year later, Miss Alice was united to a professional gentleman of honor and renown, yet who was known to be the son of a convicted horse thief. A few remembered the previous Californian story, and found corroboration thereon, but a majority believed it a just reward to Miss Alice for her conduct to Mr. Marvin, and, as Miss Alice cheerfully accepted it in that light, I do not see why I may not end my story with happiness to all concerned.

THE END.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

His Erratic and Dramatic Career Told by Truthful William Nye.

Perhaps the world has never had a better example of success from a small beginning than we find in the history of William Shakespeare, the man who wrote Francis Bacon's works for him.

William was born 322 years ago on the 23d of last April. His father, John Shakespeare, was a yeoman, or bookbinder, and as we run our eye over the biographies of the eminent in all professions, we are struck with the wonderful frequency of the farmer boy and the son of the laboring man.

John Shakespeare was popular among his neighbors, however, and was frequently elected to office. Among other offices held by him was that of justice of the peace, and should a son of mine ever rise to be a great poet, and write tragedies that would make a man's hair stand up on his head, I hope he will not forget that his father was once a justice of the peace, thus giving him a start which he could not overestimate.

At the age of 18 William became entangled with Anne Hathaway, according to the biographer, and, though she was eight years his senior, married her in another parish one day under special license. Three children blessed this union right away, to use an Americanism, two of them being twins, the other one otherwise.

We may readily see that Shakespeare's lot, at the age of 21, with a wife eight years his senior, three small children, and a father who was unable to provide for his wants, was anything but a cheerful one.



Will Shakespeare at twenty-one.

Shakespeare now got into trouble with Sir Thomas Lucy by killing some of Lucy's deer, and writing a poem about it, which he mailed to the gate. As a result of this incident, he resolved to go away from Stratford.

He said that the place was not big enough for Sir Thomas and himself, and as Sir Thomas had a great many ties to bind him to the place, while he had nothing but his little family and a shawl strap, he thought it would be better that he should go away. He, therefore, went to London. On his arrival he found that he had brought the shawl strap, but had overlooked his family.

He soon got a situation in the theatre at London. He first appeared on the English stage with a roll of carpet under his arm, and proceeded to listen it down. It was on a rainy day at that time to nail the stage carpet down with tacks, and while doing so the great barrel knocked off the nail of his favorite thumb. He then burst forth into an impromptu torrent of passion so realistic that he was greeted with applause and an encore, whereupon he came forward and knocked off the other thumb nail with great success.

He now began to write plays daytimes and act out on the stage nights to crowded houses. He was a poor penman, but soon learned to write well and rapidly, after which he was engaged by Sir Francis Bacon to do some writing for him. Shakespeare is said to have played the Ghost in his own 'Hamlet,' though this is not yet fully established. After playing one-night stands for a few weeks, and coming home with Hamlet's feet tied up in the graveyard scene, and Ophelia's toes sticking out of her shoes, William, no doubt, looked like a man who had been playing Ghost, and this, no doubt, was the origin of the report.

"Venus and Adonis" was one of the finest poems written by Mr. Shakespeare. He took it to the editor of the Stratford Appeal, who printed it in order to encourage him, sent Shakespeare the paper a year free, and told him that, should any other item of news come his way, he wished that he would send it in.

Shakespeare wrote a large number of plays, all of which were well received, though he never got a just remuneration for his work. Could he have received a royalty on his plays up to the present time, he could have spent his summers by the side of the sounding sea—down by the shimmering, sunlit sea.

It is singular that Shakespeare should have written so well, when we stop to consider that he did not strive for fame. He did not seem to hanker for fame at all. He wrote his plays just as the circus man of to-day writes his gorgeous posters, simply to order, and yet Shakespeare will be quoted and reproduced centuries after the pictures of the hippopotamus, with the large red mouth, shall have passed into oblivion.

But there is a lesson in the life of William Shakespeare. While we cannot endorse his manner of going to London in a brown study, and forgetting to take his family with him, we must admire the truth and strength shown in his works, and, above all, his grit and perseverance. All men are created for some place in the great economy of nature, and they are largely successful or unsuccessful as they drop into, or fail to drop into, that place. We realize this when we see a man cross-questioning his superiors on the witness stand, or talking a jury into general debility, when he ought to be a janitor at the pound. We realize it every day when we see round men in square holes, and square men in round holes.

Shakespeare died in 1616, leaving a wonderful dramatic monument by which to perpetuate his name, and an autograph which looks like the rise and fall of Billy Patterson.

Shakespeare's dust lies buried in front of the church of Stratford church; but, to use the words of a more modern poet, his soul goes marching on. He was a great Englishman, and I respect him all the more because he refrained from riding through America on a night train, and then writing a book entitled: "The United States of America; its People, Its Soil, Products, Politics, Social Customs, Insects, Mammals, Public Buildings, Eminent Men, and Other Fama."—Bill Nye in Cincinnati Graphic.

One Canardly Believe It.

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?" "Don't you know what a canard is?" queried Snaggs, rather sneeringly; "why the world itself conveys its own meaning."

"Does it? Well, really I can't see it. What does it mean, dear?" "Why, a canard, is something one canardly believe of course."

"Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"—Tid Bits.

Hints to Sportsmen.

The shooting season is now at hand, and a few hints to amateurs will not be out of place.

First, get your gun and load it. Put the powder in first and the shot on top. Of course, when you have emptied your gun and are in a hurry to get in another shot, load it vice versa.

Take three or four fellows along with you, so that if one of you is shot there will be enough left to carry him home. This will also render the accident less difficult.

In climbing over a fence hunters should be very careful. When you come to a fence set your gun down and get over yourself. Then reach through, get the gun by the muzzle and pull it through a crack.

If your dog should refuse to set grouse, and persist in chasing rabbits, shoot him. By a continuation of this process old dogs may become so full of shot that they couldn't chase a rabbit if they wished.

Should you fall down and jam about two inches of mud into the muzzle of your gun, fire it off immediately. It would be safer to do this by means of a forty-foot string, but on such an occasion you must be in a hurry.

Should something get wrong and your gun refuse to fire, push the hammers back with your foot and blow in the muzzle. This will bring a reluctant gun to its sense of duty quicker than anything.

Follow carefully these directions—any intelligent man can do it—and you will have no need for further instructions next season.—Detroit Free Press.

About an Even Thing.

A Detroit man who was working across one of the northern counties with a horse and buggy this summer met a farmer on foot and asked him how far it was to Greenville.

"Which one?" was the query after half a minute spent in reflection.

"Why, I didn't know that there was but one Greenville."

"Didn't you? There's one in South Carolina, a second in Kansas, a third in Ohio and a fourth in Iowa. Which one do you want to go to?"

"The nearest one."

"Well, that's about seven miles off. Next time you inquire for Greenville you'd better name the state. Got my tobacco?"

"Which tobacco do you want?"

"Why, I don't know as there was more'n one tobacco."

"Oh, yes, there is. There's plug tobacco, fine cut, shorts and smoking. Which did you want?"

"Well, I'll take plug."

"I haven't got any." Next time you inquire for tobacco you'd better mention the kind.

The two looked each other over for a minute and then separated for life.—Detroit Free Press.

A Suggestion of Economy.

Lady (in dry goods store)—I will look at your material for towels.

Wall Street Laughs.

"I—I think I have stumbled into the wrong office," explained a stranger who opened the door of a Cincinnati lawyer's den.

"Well, that depends. If you are in business and desire to fail and pay ten cents on the dollar, this is the right office."

"Oh, but I'm one of the creditors of just such a man, and I wanted—"

"Certainly, come in. I'll either get your claim in full, or have the scoundrel indicted for fraud."

A pointer from THE SMITH BOY.

"Father," he said, as he sat on his parent's knee, "have we got lots of money?"

"A pretty fair sum, my boy."

"Did we make it in Canada?"

"In Canada? How could we make it in Canada?"

"That's what I told the Smith boy; but he stuck to it that it was the same as making it in Canada. He said you compromised with the bank for half, and was allowed to return."

Father, I—

"You go to bed, sir," exclaimed the indignant father, "and if I ever hear of your playing with that Smith boy again, I'll have your hide on the fence."—Wall Street News.

Wasn't English, You Know.

"I say chappie, you know Guy Simpkinson?"

"Yess, I know him quite well."

"Well, what do you think I've just heard about him?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, something dwead-fall?"

"Dweadfall? I'm going to bring up charges against him to expel him from our club."

"What for?"

"Why he was heard to say 'molasses' weal plain the other day."

"Well, what of it, there isn't anything so vevy bad in that, is there?"

"Why don't you know, the English always say 'weal'?"

"Oh, the howwid thing! Let's expel him wright away."—Merchant-Traveler.

How a Story Grows.

The metamorphosis undergone by eastern newspaper reports traveling west is again illustrated. A Buffalo journal having announced that a new public clock was to be put up in that town, the clock grew bigger and bigger as the report journeyed toward the Rocky mountains, until now we learn from Arizona that Buffalo is to have a clock 15 feet in diameter and elevated 60 feet above the street, with figures eight feet in length and a steam engine to wind it up, and that it is believed that people in Cincinnati will be able to tell the time by it with the aid of telescopes.—Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Morosini-Schilling.

Is not Mrs. Schilling aware that she married her Ernest for wealth or wiles?—The Judge.

Victoria Morosini will pass as a Schilling no longer. She has gone to par.—Washington Critic.

Why the Hero Was Nonplussed.

The other day a lady was knocked down in the Strand by a horse, but happily escaped with a few scratches. A gentleman rushed to her aid, and said, "Can I get you anything?"

"She much cut of breath and gasping with excitement)—Oh—ah—can you kindly get me—"

"—Some brandy?"

"She—No, not drunk, some safety pins. I feel I'm falling all to pieces!"—London Life.

Restricting Boys' Pleasure.

"Too bad!" exclaimed the plethoric passenger, looking up from his newspaper.

"What's too bad?" asked the hat-dusted passenger, sympathetically.

"Why, it's too bad that the innocent pleasures of youth are being ruthlessly swept away in the tidal wave of official interference."

"Eh? What have they been doing now to these innocent little ones?"

"It makes my blood boil to think of it! A dear little boy in Iowa was recently sent up for giving his dog a benzine bath and drying him off with a match!"—Drake's Magazine.

A Naughty-est Pun.

The Mayflower has won, and Capt. Henn's pretty wife, with her cutter, is beaten. Let us drop the gal a tear and pass on.—Macon Telegraph.

Jettings From Life.

They were lovers, and fan they would wed; On his breast she had nestled her head, He glanced down, and fainted, Her cheeks they had pained His only clean shirt to bed.

A Social Invitation.

Scene, front door. Time, 12 o'clock Sunday night. She—Say, George, when are you coming again? He—Oh, I'll be here Monday night. She—Say, George, can't you come before Monday?

Good Any Time.

Physician—You are to take this mixture after meals. Poor patient—But it is very seldom, doctor, that I get a meal. Physician—In that case take it before meals.—Life.

Disadvantages of Short Sleeves.

"And you have returned from the seashore?" chirruped a Philadelphia belle, kissing her dear friend.

"Yes, got back this morning."

"How do you enjoy the bathing?"

"Unfortunately, I could not bathe. The first day I arrived there a mosquito bit me on the arm and made a big lump, and you know my lovely bathing dress was made with short sleeves."

"My, that was too bad."

"Yes, indeed. I was so disappointed that I cried."—Philadelphia Herald.

Money Saved Is Money Earned.

Capitalist (at recess from the water)—Well, mister, I'm much obliged to you for hauling me out of the water, and here's \$1.40 for you—all the change I've got left me now.

"Oh, no, keep your money. I wouldn't think of robbing you."

"Not 'till no 'till!" "Would have been lost anyhow, if you hadn't rescued me!"—Harper's Bazar.

W. D. Howells writes all his novels with a type-writer.

Olive Branches.

Robby, age 3, complained that his tea, the regulation milk and water article, was not to his taste. His mother, by whom he was seated, said: "Why, Robby, my tea is very good." "Suppose then we change teas," suggested Robby.—Babyhood.

Maud—Ma, what kind of a blossom is a gin-blossom? Is it like a daisy? Mator Familias—What a silly question! But why do you ask, Maud? Maud—Cause I heard Mr. Muggs say to-day that pa had the largest gin-blossom in the ward, and it was a daisy.—The Judge.

JOE PRINTER.

"Patience as Job himself" occurring in a reading lesson. "Who was Job?" was the natural question. "One bright boy volunteered: 'I don't know exactly, but he had something to do with printing.'"—Boston Record.

CHILDHOOD'S FRANKNESS.

An old, but artistically well-preserved, club man, who prides himself upon his reputation as a beau, made great efforts to form an acquaintance with a handsome lady in a Madison avenue car the other day. The lady held upon her lap a very pretty little girl, and it was through professional admiration for the child and advances to her that the old beau sought to open a conversation with the lady. He gave his gold-headed cane to the little one to play with, and asked, "Do you like it, pretty?" The child was silent for a little, and then said, with critical gravity, "Mamma, he has a wig just like grandpa's, but he is uglier than grandpa!" The club man reached the end of his journey right there.—New York Sun.

The Worst He Could Have Said.

"How old would you, take me to be, Mr. Snooks?" she lisped, looking unutterable things at him.

"I dunno," he replied, twisting nervously about in his chair.

"I'm awfully old, I assure you. I've seen twenty-three summers!"

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he replied, earnestly.

"Why, Mr. Snooks! Glasses at twenty-three?"

"Yes, your eyesight must be bad."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should think so," she pouted.

"Because I'm afraid about twenty summers have gone by that you haven't seen!"—Exchange.

He Had Come.

Col. Ethan Allen, of Lisbon, Conn., was at one time a guest at the Howard hotel, corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, New York. On entering the dining room no waiter advanced to give him a seat. The colonel coolly walked to a table near by, and taking a chair which was turned up at the head of the table took a seat. He was hardly in the chair before a waiter came hurriedly to him saying: "This seat is engaged."

"To whom?" asked the colonel.

"To a gentleman," replied the waiter.

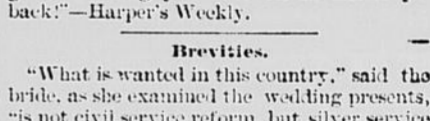
"He's come," said the colonel, and remained at his dinner undisturbed, amid peals of laughter from the guests at the table.—Norwich Bulletin.

Transatlantic.

Lively passenger—Captain says he notices shaking symptoms in the barometer. Guess we're going to have a storm.

Slightly dizzy passenger—"F my sinking feelings are my indication, it's going to be a cyclone."—Tid Bits.

Hard Lines for the Horse.



Wo! dah. If you daan burhave yo'self I's gwinter fling you ober on de flatter yo' back!"—Harper's Weekly.

Brevities.

"What is wanted in this country," said the bride, as she examined the wedding presents, "is not civil service reform, but silver service reform. This set is plated."—Boston Courier.

The path of the beefsteak leads but to the gravy.—Merchant-Traveler.

There are some conventions in this country declaring against sumptuary laws, the delegates to which wouldn't know a sumptuary law if they saw it labeled with letters six feet high.—Cartersville (Ga.) American.

The new fall bonnets, they say, will be V shaped. The bills will be X shaped.—Burlington Free Press.

A Philadelphia religious weekly informs its readers that Noel's wife was turned into a pillar of salt. If its readers are not aware of the fact that Methuselah was thrown into the lion's den and Adam was swallowed by the whale, it should lose no time in imparting the information.—Norristown Herald.

It is said that when a gentleman was introduced to Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, the other day and said: "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, but have long known you by reputation." The mayor of Chicago replied: "I don't want to be known by my reputation, for that is a d-d bad. But my character is above reproach."—Exchange.

Bertie—Mr. Schuyler, are you a very strong man? Schuyler—No, not so very strong, Bertie. Bertie—What did pa mean, then, when he told sister-at the breakfast table to-day that he saw you with a heavy load on last night?—Judge.

Stranger—Why was a monument erected to this man? Native—Probably because he hadn't any.—Phlegmatic Diabler.

Just before congress adjourned, Representative Herman complained of malarias symptoms. "Take K'necen," said a friend. "Well, I will," replied Herman thoughtfully. "I've been taking quinine, but it doesn't seem to do me any good."—Boston Transcript.

Somebody says that "one who has lost his presence of mind with his clothes on fire should be thrown down." A better plan would be to put him out.—Norristown Herald.