ASH of ... MSTANCE

... IRVING GREENE
...onde of The Wilderness"
...Pagoue O. Fetter"

...a minute a hundred men will jump forth and hammer and saw and work from morning until night. And the results of all that labor will be none because while they work for you, you belong to me. I could hop, skip, swim or smile with you—but I won't. I am just going to leave you. I am going to breed you until you get me another like yourself, and then I am going to do it all over again. And you will never get away from me on this earth, either." He turned to me with that disquieting leer of his.

"Tom, how many of these beauties have you saved up?"

"Not one. And it doesn't look as though I ever would at the price I pay you for second-class board and lodging." He leaped to his feet in a quivering rage, for the moment made speechless by my unprecedented insolence in daring to resent his insults. But his voice came to him soon enough. Grabbing for a chisgoe he flatly squealed in his anger.

"Second-class board! You never had enough money in your life to buy a quarter of it. And you never will have, either, you spendthrift. If I didn't charge you for your living you would have just that much more to go into the dope. You ought to thank me for it. Second-class board! You ought to get a hose to graze on, you puppy!" Suddenly he subsided to a sneer and began smoothing my coat over like a prospective buyer of old clothes.

"This suit, how much did it cost you, kid?"

"Fifty dollars."

"And the rest of that trousseau that you wear around? Cost the most, factor the overcoat?"

"I don't understand. I never figured it up. Probably seventy-five more."

He sat down with a thump and sat glaring at me as his voice gradually lowered.

"A hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of dry goods! Why, I can see as you strut around the street, that you think you are the peacock of the world in a vacuum. I was wiped out before I could pick 'heer' and crook a finger. Oh, the miserable shame of it! Ann unexpectedly! Fool unmentionable! Idiot unutterable! Ass! Idiot! Fool!"

Shocked but helpless I surveyed him in silence. Presently his voice arose again, this time angrily.

"But that stock is only temporarily knocked down, and to bound to come up smiling long before the comet. It was that damnable published lie that started the panic, and the scare will be over in 24 hours when the truth is blown. If I only had $10,000 more I could get back the fortune in a minute. But I can't buy heer at less than one-tenth of that sum. I'm an alley bifooting, free-lance pauper who can even sell his soul because old Nick figures he'll get it anyway free gratis. And there's one dear Christmas gift I'm up there in his den this very minute plowing his fingers and I want you though! Blood that he has just collected in currency. I was up here hitch to do a little effort to get him to make me, but he only grinned at me like a totem pole and kept on counting the bales of yellow backs which I wanted to yell and had to run away to get shut of it." He got upon his feet and in his anger banged the table with a mental clight which he forthrightly clenched in his fist.

"But I've simply got to get the thing, and for a month or two I tell you, and I'm going to do it. Then soul crisis nobody be turned to me to helpless impotently. 'You cousin's eyes me anything in the world in advance, could you, old man?'"

The pallor of the appeal touched me, but I shook my head. "No, Bruce. I can give you nothing in advance, sir." I replied quietly. He got up with a despairing shrug of his shoulders, nodded a hurried goodby and came off on what was evidently a most dispiriting quest. I saw no good in attempting to detain him and have him make no effort to call him back. Thoughts of what he had done to me filled my mind to the exclusion of all else. But I can't say I was very hard-hearted, and I knew that Clare would know she did she would take her Bruce deep into her own heart. And it was a miserable shame too. Forty thousand dollars was a mauvaise-bouche start along the road to fortune for a man only twenty-eight years old, and it would probably be many years before he could climb that high again. The suddenness of the catastrophe was a distinct shock to me. For an hour I pondered over it deeply, then, arising, took my own departure from ward.

Clare Alder was still seeing already among his stacks of currency as I entered. He looked up at me quickly as I neared the door, then, leaping up, picked up a thousand dollar bill and began talking to it:

"Look at me, you beauty. Of course you don't know how I got you, but I'm going to tell you. I sobbed for you days and laid awake for you nights. I sweat for you and I set traps for you and denied myself for you, and finally I got you. You let me a perfect chase, but in the end I captured you because I had my soul set upon you. And why did I want you? Because you are the concentration of stored energy. All I have to do to turn you loose in the world and sit back to my chair and watch. In

WANTED SENSE OF DIRECTION

Stranger in City Felt It Imperative That He Should Get His "Bearings"

The stability of the new arrival in dizzied indifference to gaughous views, yet immediately after registering at the skyscraper hotel he asked to be taken to the roof.

"View" said he, to a protesting friend. "No, it isn't the view I want. I don't care a rap for that. I want to get a sense of direction.

"In a city you can get that much better from a great height than from the street. Down there the buildings all about kind of obscure you. You get the points of the compass mixed, and the sun doesn't rise and set straightened out. That has been my experience in several cities.

"In London and Boston I cannot tell north from south to this day when I stand in the street, and in Berlin I am not much better off. I lived in that town for two years, said, of course, learned to reason out the curious petals, but I never felt them. So I had obeyed instinct when I wanted to give him. For the benefit of the rest of my admirers, I ought to add that I

"Tom, How Many of These Beauties Have You Saved Up?"

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Schley Gifts in the National Museum

WASHINGTON—The National Museum, since last March received a large and valuable collection of memorials of the late Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U. S. N. This collection has been presented by Mrs. Schley, widow of the admiral, and comprises a group of over 150 articles consisting of swords, medals, trophies, silver plate, uniforms and personal mementos of the late admiral, pertaining to his naval service as well as to his Masonic and other similar affiliations.

The collection contains a number of gold swords which were presented to Admiral Schley during the course of his long service in the navy, and especially in connection with the Spanish war. In recognition of his brilliant achievements, congress voted a special medal from the Hanover Society of Massachusetts, presented to him as a token of esteem for his faithful service when command of the U. S. Expedition to Cape Haitien, which in 1884 rescued Lieut. (now general) Greeley and the other six survivors of the Greeley Arctic expedition.

There is also a handsome gold watch his native state, Maryland, presented to him in commemoration of the same event. Another medal, gorgeously studded with diamonds, was presented to the admiral by the state of Maryland at the close of the Spanish war, in recognition of his services in the battle of Santiago de Cuba, July 3, 1898, when the Spanish fleet was destroyed.

Several handsome swords are included in the collection, gifts to commemoration of the same achievement, one from the state of Maryland, another, finished in gold, with a gem-encrusted scabbard and hilt, presented by the Knights Templars. Probably of most interest in the award were by Admiral Schley through his entire naval service of forty-one years, beginning with his graduation from Annapolis in 1860 and ending in 1901, when he reached the age limit and was retired. Two of the admiral's naval uniforms, one dress and one service, are in the group of mementos.

The commodore's flag (a blue pennant) bearing the stars of a rear admiral, which flew on the Brooklyn, Admiral Schley's flagship, during the battle of Santiago, is an article of particular interest. Other interesting relics are the