How Jack Simpson Found Promotion.

"DON'T you like meat now, daddy?" Jack Simpson smiled wearily at the question of his little daughter, Beatrice, and she prattled on without waiting for an answer. "'Cause you never have any, you know; and there's hardly ever anythin' in the cupboard now. I wants some milk for supper; please, mamma, let me have some milk."

"No, no, dearie," said Mrs. Simpson, a very young and handsome-looking mother; "here, have this piece of bread and a drink of water. Come, there's a good girl; I must take you off to bed now."

Dearie was put to bed, and when they were left alone in the kitchen together dearie's father and mother looked earnestly into each other's eyes. Then dearie's father pushed a large knife across the table and held out both his hands.

"Cut 'em off!" he said, hoarsely; "nobody wants 'em. There's nothing for 'em to do. Cut 'em off!"

"Don't, Jack, don't," she pleaded; "work will come and we shall pull round all right. For my sake, do nothing desperate, Jack. Don't give up hope; you will get work."

"And where shall I get work?" he retorted, bitterly. "They have done with me at Fairlow's and I've tried and tried—Heaven knows how I've tried! And I'm getting tired of being told there's nothing for me; I'm tired of seeing you getting paler and thinner"—she moved closer to him and ran her fingers through his thick brown hair—"and I'm tired of hearing our little girl ask for things, little bits o' things, we can't give to her. Something will have to be done quickly. I can't understand Hodder; he plays me on and off, half promises, and then says he can't start anyone for weeks. And he smiles when he says it. Smiles just like he did when he gave me a week's notice with profound regrets, as he put it, at Fairlow's having no further use for my services. I hate him when I think of it. Only yesterday I begged of him to find me something to do, if only for the sake of you and the little 'un. He shook his head and said he was sorry, and smiled! Sometimes I think—why, what's the matter, Jess?"

"Nothing, dear; why do you ask?"

"Your cheeks—they are red as poppies. They remind me of the old days. Ah, Jess, dear, what a sad mistake you made to marry a mere workman."

"A very sad mistake indeed," she said, as she contradicted the words with a kiss.

"You might have been Mrs. Who-knows-who," he went on, half serious, half chaffing.

"I'd rather be Mrs. I-know-who," she answered, returning his fond look with interest; and then, timidly, "Jack, dear, I can't bear to see you looking so wild and reckless as you did a short time ago. A little patience will surely bring us into the sunshine again. Think how you have striven, with my poor influence, to lift yourself out of the rut. Why, here's Mr. Bernaby to see you. I wonder if he brings good news."

But Mr. Bernaby was in no hurry to disclose news of any kind whilst she was present, so she left them to themselves. Her departure was evidently a relief to the visitor. He nervously placed four shillings on the corner of the table and said that he was sorry he would not be bringing any more relief from the club. It had been stopped at the last meeting. Couldn't say as to how his mates had voted against the small weekly subscription they had been giving. Couldn't say that he liked the job of carrying such disagreeable news. Could say as how they was all sorry, and that they hoped he would soon get another place. Could say as how it was no use trying Hodder. Could also say as how Hodder was slow, but he was sure and he was cunning, and surely Jack Simpson had not forgotten that he, a mere sub-foreman, had carried off the lovely Jessie Reville from under his very manager's nose. Could say as how it was a very nasty, raw evening for anyone to be out, and that he wished him a very good-night.

And so, when she came in, she found Jack still brooding over his wrongs, with a new light illuminating their cause, and wandering nearer and nearer towards the abyss of despair. "Jess," he said, eagerly, "I remember you telling me that Hodder paid you some attentions before we were married. Did he ever ask——"

Her cheeks turned into poppies again. "Yes," she said, "he asked me to marry him. I told you all about it, but you made light of it then."

"Of course," he said, "and it never once occurred to me that it might have touched him seriously. Besides, it is over five years ago and yet his lonely, morose nature would perhaps never forget. Jess"—he waved his arm vaguely round the almost empty room—"Jess, can this be a deliberate scheme of revenge?"

She nodded her head, whispering, "I'm sure of it. I felt sure of it from the first," and his eyes blazed up with the desire to strike back.

"Revenge," he said, slowly, "is a game for two. How blind I have been! I might have known. You knew, Jess. You knew, and yet you let me go to him and plead for your sake and the little 'un. Knowing this, you let me

" need was so great," she an-

e went on, "have entrusted one great hope—a secret Jess. I had an idea for s that might be worth 'airlow's. In our ex- ided it yesterday to and sought his ad- eing practicable. He ld be no use; said I drawings for consid- t sure they would be a ourse, he thought they se. O, fool, fool, that I

er face with her up with a cry of ing, your wed- "where is st

perate, Jack," she pleaded.

"Nothing wrong or desperate," he promised. But there was an expression in his eyes she had never seen before. Later she said to him:

"Revenge is not a game for two, dear. If it was it would go on and on without stopping. It is not even sweet as they say it is. Promise me you will attempt no harm to Sefton Hodder. You look so queer, Jack. I am afraid—for you!"

"I promise," he said.

But in his heart he knew he lied.

On the following night he went out about eight o'clock. She kissed him in the doorway and whispered again: "Nothing wrong, and nothing desperate, Jack," and he solemnly answered: "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess." Yet a tempest of violence raged within him as he swung down the dark, lonely road.

One thing was uppermost in his mind—he must see Hodder at once. And with the four shillings that Bernaby had left he had picked up an ugly-looking, second-hand revolver. He fingered this in his pocket as he went along. If it were not for the sake of Jess and the little 'un——No, no, he must not think of that. But he must have his drawings back at any cost. He almost felt elated at the task before him. It would be an easier night, surely, than the fight of the past few weeks, the fight with those gaunt leaders to extremes—hunger and cold and despair.

Fairlow's huge foundry, standing in the valley before him, shines out in a glow of its own making—smoke and flame and roaring furnaces and towering chimneys. He had heard they are to cast the stern frame of a great ship between half-past nine and ten. That will mean Hodder superintending, so that he must be on the works until a late hour. "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess," he had said. But deep in his heart he knew that he had lied.

Knowing the place intimately, it was an easy matter for Jack Simpson to slip past the time-house and into the great works of Fairlow's. The night was almost pitch dark, but he knew his way and never faltered. On, past the dark, closed warehouses and pattern-shops, over the bridge and down the railway, past huge stacks of coal and iron; now over a waste piece of ground scattered with giant cog-wheels, ship's anchors, old boilers, cylinders and the like.

Hist—someone is coming this way. He dives under a wagon, jumps a low wall, and finds himself beside the casting-shop, which seems to revel in the hum and throb and glow of the night's work. About 12 feet from the ground there are large gaps with iron bars across to take the place of windows. He climbs upon a heap of scrap-metal and peers through one of these. It is a familiar scene to him—the long shop with its earthen floor littered with molding boxes and tools and strange machines.

Here men are busy shaping the pliable clay into many fantastic shapes; there, fierce, rough-built fires are baking them dry in readiness to receive the molten metal. There is the dull thud of hammers falling on sand and dirt, and the shriller rattle of metals in conflict where the castings are being cleaned. In the center of the shop a vast pit shows the upper molded portions of the stern for a mighty ship. At the far end the furnaces roar like ravenous beasts as they are fed by ton after ton of raw ores and metals by men stripped to the waist.

Farther on, across a platform, above and past the furnaces, is the office of the manager, Sefton Hodder. He has just come out, across the platform and down the gangway. He puts on a pair of blue glasses and looks into those roaring furnaces; then blows a whistle. A monstrous overhead crane rattles along just under the roof and lowers an enormous bucket-shaped cauldron beneath the level of the furnace tap. Another whistle, scarcely heard above the thud of hammers, and a stream of molten steel is rushing into that gigantic bucket. A dozen workmen prepare with long iron bars to steady it. None of that white-hot liquid stream must escape and strike anything damp or else——

Sefton Hodder, sharply outlined against the blinding glare of the molten steel, smiles grimly as the sparks fall in brilliant showers round him, and little thinks that at the moment he forms a vivid human target. For Jack Simpson, black hatred in his heart, is glancing along the barrel of his revolver, with his finger trembling on the trigger and his soul trembling on the verge of that awful precipice, murder! An almost uncontrollable passion to end things then and there takes possession of him. Still, better to wait a little while and then—the top entrance, and face to face in his office. The drawings are there. Who can guess what card Hodder will play when faced with a climax? Best to come armed, anyway. And if the pistol has to be used, why, what a feeble spark it will be amidst all this roar and flame and clanging stir. How terrified Jess would be if—— Ah, he will soon be away now.

The furnaces are empty and the bucket, containing many tons of molten steel, is being carried over to the mold. Sefton Hodder stands upon an iron box about three feet from the ground level, and is ready to give the final order to remove the bucket-plug. Then suddenly he looks up at the chains above and shouts with horror. One of the side pivots is bending, breaking. There is a wild shout from the men as they rush for the door, and that mighty cauldron of hissing, seething steel turns over and runs like a fiery lake on the floor. Swift as some bursting dam it darts its fiery way, fed deeper by the swinging bucket. Sefton Hodder, looking which way to escape, pauses a moment too long. Like a flash the metal surrounds the mold he is on and he stands, as it were, on an iron island amid a lake of white-hot running steel. Above the noise and confusion he hears some one screaming: "Run for your lives."

Run? Yes, but how can he cross this burning moat? The heat is terrific. He sees the steel forcing a channel down to number five pit, which contains water. If it reaches there—the thought sets him shuddering. Have they all escaped but him? The heat is scorching, suffocating, and it will take hours for this mass of steel to cool and set—hours; why, long before that he will be literally baked alive. Will none of them come to save him? No, no; they will not risk the explosion until it is too late. The growing fear of horrible death overwhelms him, screams with terror. Then dashes through the door, through the hands that runs nimbly up the along the wide baulks for the crane.

Hanging now to the he shouts, and lower wn, until he swings as close to that terrible liquid bed as the men he is trying to save. "Forward!" he roars, and there is the click of levers, the hiss of steam, and the rattle of the ponderous crane. "Hold," he screams, as he lurches forward, seizes Hodder, and clings to him with wonderful strength. For a moment it seems as though both must slip and crash to their doom, and then, tightly clasped together, rescuer and rescued are swung clear of the burning lake, and on into safety. And the last thing Sefton Hodder notes ere he sinks into unconsciousness is a confused babel of voices, and above them all some one loudly clamoring for cheers for brave Jack Simpson.

For a week Jack Simpson lay delirious—a week of great anxiety and terrible tension to his wife. Over and over again had he gone through the incidents of that memorable night. In his wanderings she learnt of the dark purpose he had brooded upon; how he had seen the awful position Sefton Hodder had been placed in; how, at sight of a fellow-creature in such horrible danger, he had come to his normal senses, flung the pistol from him and resolved to save the man who had schemed to wreck his happiness.

"Jess," he said, almost the first intelligent words he spoke as he clung to her in recognition; "I didn't do it; thank Heaven, I didn't do it."

"Hush, dear," she said, "you never could have done it; your nature would not let you. No one knows but us and the doctor that you were so cruelly tempted. And we are all to forget that. Let us start now and never refer to it again."

"Daddy," cried Miss Beatrice Simpson, running to his bedside, "why don't you get better? There's such a lot of nice fings waiting for you."

"Yes," said her mother, "and I have a letter to read when you are strong enough."

"If it is good news," he said, with a feeble smile, "I've the strength of a giant now."

"It is a long letter," she said, "and the doctor's orders are strict. But its chief contents are that Fairlow's wish to buy your new process and the price they offer is £1,500. They also wish to know if you will undertake to put it into operation and run it at their American works at a salary of——" She paused.

"Don't kill me with kindness," he said.

"Big boats go to 'Merica," interrupted Miss Beatrice, with the usual alertness of young eyes and young ears.

"The letter," went on Mrs. Simpson, "is signed by Sefton Hodder. He deeply regrets, and is full of gratitude to you for so nobly saving his life. He says you would have been justified in leaving him to his fate, and he can never sufficiently reward you."

"Poor Hodder. For a moment, Jess, for just the flash of a moment, I leapt with exultation when I saw him doomed; my mind swung like a pendulum between evil and good; then—but there, we all have a glorious impulse sometimes! And to think, Jess, that this means a new start for us—a fresh start in a new country."

They were silent for a moment and then they laughed quietly together. Miss Beatrice was holding the kitten up by its paws in the corner, and saying: "Tend to me, puss, 'cause you are going to 'Merica, you know. You will have to cross the sea in a big, big boat. Now, how long, fink you, will it take to pack our fings?"—London Tit-Bits.

Gerontological Amenities.

"My grandfather was cousin to the earl of Bullyshanty, twice removed."

He—Twice removed, eh? What for? Didn't he pay his rent?—N. Y. Times.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITOL.

Senator Quay is an inveterate smoker having a cigar in his mouth most of the time when outside the senate chamber. About a week ago his physician ordered him to stop smoking, but the senator protested and the doctor allowed him to smoke half of one cigar a day. Then Mr. Quay had some 15-inch cigars made and he smokes half of one each day, according to orders.

A good many members of congress belong to the Order of the Mystic Shrine and most of those who have crossed the hot sands wear the button of the organization. Twenty or thirty of them went to the races at Bennings track, near Washington, one day last week and found that a horse named Shrine was entered in the principal event. All the shriners bet their money on the animal named. It won and there was great rejoicing among the dignified lawmakers.

William Alden Smith, who touched off the Cannon boom in the house at Washington the other day, is a beet sugar congressman who enjoys the fame of having talked back to Mr. Roosevelt. It was on an occasion of instruction at the white house. "Mr. President," said Smith, who was one of the instructed, "I think I know what my duty is to my constituents as well as you do, and I may as well tell you that I am no western bronco that can be ridden against his will."

Senator Foster has a constituent, Samuel Hill, of Seattle, who tells an anecdote of how some people in this country distinguish between Washington that is a state of the union and Washington that is the federal capital. "When I was speaking at one time to an association of farmers in the state of Washington," said Mr. Hill, "an old man came forward and said: 'Young man, where do you live?' 'I live in Washington, sir,' was my reply. 'Which Washington,' he asked, 'tax-eatin' Washington or tax-payin' Washington?'"

EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

Lord Kelvin may be elected chancellor of the University of Glasgow.

Sir Donald Currie has given $500,000 to University college, London university, to build a school of advanced medicine.

In the schools of Rhenish Prussia a change of stockings and shoes is provided for the use in school of children who arrive with wet feet.

A bill is before the Virginia legislature which will forbid any schoolmaster to retain his position who uses alcohol unless prescribed by a physician. Any violation of the ordinance will be followed by dismissal.

Of the seniors at Wellesley college, applying for positions through the registry, 71 per cent. desire to teach, eight per cent wish to go into business and 12 per cent. apply for work in philanthropic institutions. The percentage of those who wish to enter business life is small, but shows a decided increase.

President Eliot, of Harvard, who has just turned 70, is a fine example of what wholesome observance of laws of health will do for the physical man. He walks from six to ten miles every day, and whenever possible takes a long bicycle ride before breakfast. To this, with regularity in eating and sleeping, he attributes his splendid physical and mental condition.

Japan's distinguished sociologist, Sen Joseph Katayama, laid the foundation for his great labors in behalf of humanity in Iowa and imbibed the first principles of his altruistic views at the feet of Prof. Parker at Iowa college, at Grinnell. The young Japanese left Iowa college as a graduate of the class of 1892. This noted Japanese has had an interesting career that reads much like a romance. He was born of a peasant family in Japan and his education was obtained through his own efforts against almost overwhelming odds.

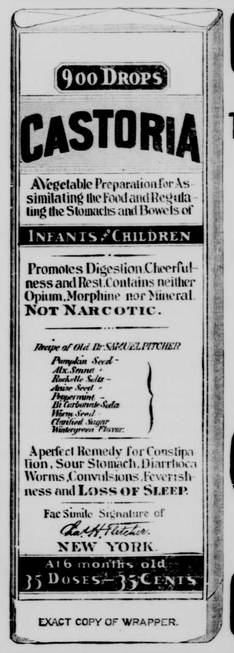
BREVITIES OF SCIENCE.

Raphael Dubois, a French investigator, uses the X-ray to find pearls in oysters.

The marl beds of New Jersey, the chalk beds of New England and the limestone of Eureka Springs are among the formations of the cretaceous period. These formations contain the fossils of the great reptiles and of the birds that succeeded them.

The discovery is announced of nickelliferous copper in large quantities in Cape Breton island. The ore body is reported to be between 270 and 280 feet wide, carries gold and silver, and contains high values in copper and gold. It is said the property will prove to be among the largest copper mines in the world.

Dr. W. E. Young, of New York city, sounds a note of warning against the all but universal practice of shaking hands. "A small parasite," says Dr. Young, "attacks the palm of the hand and readily communicates itself to the handshaker. The parasite carries his family with him and he is most difficult to dislodge."



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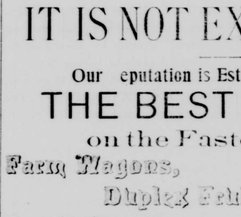
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TWO GREAT CONTESTS

The first contest will be on the July 4th attendance at the *St. Louis World's Fair;* the second relates to *Total Vote For President* to be cast Nov. 8, 1904. $20,000.00 will be distributed in each of these contests, making $40,000.00 on the two, and, to make it still more interesting, in addition to this amount, we will give a

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What will be the total July 4th attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair? At Chicago, July 4, 1893, the attendance was 283,573. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before June 30th, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE CONTEST

What will be the total Popular Vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904? In 1900 election, 13,999,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Co.'s, office, Toledo, O., on or before Nov. 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

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