A PAGE FOR AFTER-DINNER READING.

The World's Way.

Allan Wentworth had been cashier of the leading bank of San Francisco for six years. On his 21st birthday his father's influence had placed him in that responsible position. He had never been obliged to angle discouragingly in unprofitable waters, as is the common lot of boys not born with the traditional silver spoon in their mouths. Allan Wentworth, Sr., had fought the breakers in the surging whirlpool of money getting and money losing with sufficient winnings on his side to enable him to start his only son in the exciting game of finance many points ahead of contemporary, struggling beginners. Young Wentworth dashed right into the battle of the business world without any preliminaries whatever.

Six years he worked continuously and well, with attention unflagging, evincing the greatest business tact, the utmost fidelity, the most scrupulous honesty. Association with older men advanced him much beyond his years. At the age of 27 he was rightfully recognized all over the state of California as the young Napoleon of finance, the model of every father's son, the coveted parti for every mother's daughter. He selected from the social whirl Miss Sylvia Lawrence as his life partner.

After the necessary days, grudgingly allotted by this busy man, for the honeymoon, the newly made husband rushed to his office with the avowed purpose of "making up for lost time."

To him business was all absorbing. He never left it, carried it with him always. In his home, at his table, by his fireside; it was the theme with which he entertained his young wife, his young wife's friends when he had time to speak to them; it was his political law, his religious dogma, his theory of social economy, his domestic discourse, his everything.

But a few months elapsed. Even while their honeymoon was in its first quarter, clouds of such impenetrable thickness so obscured the sky of these young people that they needs must grope in the darkness of deepest sorrow and abject shame.

Allan Wentworth, the steady-going, the perfectly proper Allan Wentworth was a defaulter, fleeing for fear of arrest, a sneaking semblance of his old-time fascinating, magnetic personality, afraid to look his brother man in the face!

Pity only intensified the wife's love. Without a murmur, Sylvia shared Allan's shame. Faithfully she followed him in his hide-and-seek game with the officers of the law. She could never forget her terror when Allan, with cruel bluntness, told her of his crime, nor how her heart almost failed her when he tremblingly told her that they must leave their home that very night, stealthily on foot, for the sleuth hounds of the law were already on his tracks. How nervously his hand twitched when he took hers, and his furtive eye glanced in the darkness as together they stepped out into the night. How with nervous energy he hurried her along the darkest streets. How cautiously they entered the railroad station and took a train southbound. How at midnight they left the car at a small town and immediately sought refuge in a dingy railroad hotel.

When on the morning following Wentworth's flight a note was found upon his office desk blazoning to the world his unfaithfulness, his brother officials treated it as a huge, though indiscreet joke. It was without an envelope, and had prying eyes seen it a rumor might have been started not at all pleasant for the institution. It read:

"I am defaulter to the bank. I have abstracted many thousands of dollars—how many only a close examination of my books will show. All is gone!

"Allan Wentworth."

When the usual hour for his appearance had passed and he had not come, a mild surprise was expressed by his associates. When noon arrived and he was still absent the surprise had become a subject of anxious discussion. Such a thing had not occurred in the six years of his service. When the messenger boy returned and said that Wentworth had left home the night before and that no one knew just when nor where he had gone, the anxious surprise became fearful wonder—wonder engendered suspicion; suspicion once born, breathless, it lives and grows into belief.

The note was brought forth and examined minutely. The writing was nervous, but it was his, unmistakably; most irregular, but it was there.

It was useless to try to hush the matter. The cashier's confession of guilt had been made too publicly for that. Soon there were whispers that dare not be spoken. Then rumors that would not down began to float in the air, first softly and vaguely, then louder and yet louder they were agitated in tones of bolder assertions, until the bank was gradually thrown into consternation. The president called a meeting of the directors.

"Well, I can scarcely believe my own eyes," he said as he finished reading Wentworth's note to them. "There is one thing sure," he added with bated breath, "if Allan Wentworth has defaulted, it must be for enough to close these doors. He would never do anything small; no, not even a small theft."

Experts were put upon the books at once and private detectives engaged to trace the whereabouts of the fugitive.

"Haven't you noticed how queerly Wentworth has been acting lately?" asked the teller of an accountant.

"Yes, no one could help noticing the change. Not with his usual frankness. His eyes for a month haven't looked an honest man in the face, not even when he talked. A bad sign, my friend—a bad sign when a fellow can't look you in the eyes. Poor Wentworth!"

"He has been extremely nervous lately and seemed to shun every one of us. No wonder; I guess it kept him pretty busy trying to cover up his tracks. I have no doubt his systematic swindling has been going on for a long time. I never did like him. Always thought he had much too wide a scope for such a young fellow."

After a few more like comments they separated, each one perfectly satisfied with his own conviction of the guilt of their very recent friend—one sympathetic, another condemning without mercy; this one with a shrug of the shoulder, that one a glance of the eye—according to their different ways of expressing opinions of guilt.

It was utterly impossible to keep the scandal from the newspapers. Within twenty-four hours the world was informed that Allan Wentworth, a most promising business and society young man of San Francisco, was a thief and a fugitive from justice. Some of the writers mentioned his noble traits—others had no recollection of his good qualities, notwithstanding he had many. They were not at all surprised that the crash had come. They had been expecting it with journalistic prescience.

Before the end of another day a run was made on the bank. Men who had prospered had large sums at stake; sad-eyed women had trusted their all to it; the widow's mite was in its hands—men of all grades, conditions and nations, women from the highest rank of society to the lowest grade of pitifully paid, plodding drudgery—all, all were there at the bank's doors clamoring for their money, crying aloud for their all and cursing the dishonest cashier.

Behind the doors were white faces, busy, nervous fingers and overwrought brains, delving and diving in the bank's books, adding, figuring, hunting and searching for some deficit—some sign, some inkling of Wentworth's dishonesty.

"I never saw tracks so adroitly covered," was the verdict of the several experts after three days of useless search.

The bank's resources were large, and, with timely assistance, all pressing demands were slowly met. The directors were fighting for time to discover how large was the defalcation. They were groping in the dark, fearful that any moment would make certain the great extent of the robbery.

In the meantime Sylvia and Allan remained in hiding in their uninviting quarters.

Allan's fear of arrest grew more perceptible each day, and kept him almost continually indoors. His hunted look, his dogged actions were pitiable to behold. Yet, in all things else, Allan Wentworth was no coward.

When the third day was drawing to a close an all-absorbing thought took possession of his brain. It dominated it with the relentlessness of a tyrant: "I must have money!" it urged. "If I can't make it I must get it—anyhow! Enough to take Sylvia and me away from this accursed place! I have but one life to live! Must I live it like a dog, dodging the police everywhere? Must I see my young wife waste her life in such surroundings as these?

For hours he sat brooding, and at night he could not sleep; a terrible scheme was concocting whereby he could gain that which he wanted. "I can do it; I will do it; nothing easier. It has been done before—why not now? The Southern Pacific train reaches this place at 12.50 in the morning, just after midnight, when even the railroad officials are drowsy-eyed. I'll climb to the top of the car, lie flat upon its roof; when the train pulls out and gets between stations, I'll drop down upon the engineer; he'll not be armed; my revolver will be most effective; I'll hold up the train, take the express matter, and I'll have money enough for Sylvia and me."

How it all flashed instinctively through his working brain! How easy it seemed! In fancy he had already clutched the bags of needed gold!

He crept from his bed and stealthily left the room. Soon after Sylvia was aroused from her sleep by loud talking outside. She raised her window. The glare from an electric light fell full upon the crowd of men in the street just below, and she saw Allan, hatless and coatless, wildly gesticulating in the center of the crowd. Hurriedly she threw a long wrap about her and rushed to his side.

"I have robbed the express train," he said, excitedly. "I am a criminal! Why do you all doubt me? I never lied knowingly in all my life. I am a thief, I tell you, a thief!"

"Yes, I am Allan Wentworth," he said to a bystander. "I suppose you are going to arrest me! Well, arrest away. I ought to be arrested, for I am a scoundrel. You don't believe that I robbed the express?" he asked in an exultant tone, as if to prove the truth of his statement was of more worth in his eyes than anything else. "Look at the blood where the bullet broke my arm and almost prevented me." He held up his arm and stared earnestly at the imaginary blood upon his shirt sleeve.

"He's as crazy as a June bug," said a man in the crowd carelessly. * * *

That same night Sylvia obtained assistance and started with her husband for San Francisco. By morning they were in their own home, surrounded by anxious but happy friends. Allan's accounts had been thoroughly experted, and showed that they were as straight as a string. His physicians said it was an attack of acute mania caused by overwork, and that he would certainly recover.—San Francisco News Letter.

TESTING THE NEW LIFE-SAVING DEVICE INVENTED BY LIEUT. McLELLAN, OF THE JERSEY LIFE-SAVING STATION. BRINGING A WOMAN ASHORE.

A NOVEL LIFE PRESERVER.

New Bag Device Improvement on Breeches Buoy.

An improved or protected breeches buoy has been invented by Lieut. C. H. McLellan, inspector of the life saving service on the Jersey coast.

The favorite method of landing shipwrecked people when the wreck lies near enough to the beach to enable the surfmen to shoot a line over the vessel from the shore is the use of the breeches buoy, which is simply a big cork life-preserver fitted with a short pair of canvas trousers or trunks.

The shipwrecked person puts on this preserver and the buoy is hauled back and forth from the wreck by the men on the beach by means of tackle.

All objections to this old buoy will be overcome by the new and protected preserver designed by Lieut. McLellan, which will soon be introduced all through the service. Surrounding the breeches, through which a person thrusts his legs, is a canvas bag. This affords an extra protection against the sea. There is a valve at the bottom, through which any water that comes over the buoy is automatically ejected. It is said that women show much less hesitancy in trusting themselves to the new style buoy than to the old one.

UNCLE SAM'S POLICE AND FIRE PATROL FOR THE PROTECTION OF HIS FOREST RESERVATIONS.

THE UNITED STATES FOREST RANGERS EMPLOYED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE PROTECTION OF GOVERNMENT TIMBER IN THE SOUTHWEST.

SOME STYLISH DOGS.

Modes and Manners for Canine Pets.

There are styles, customs and good form in the dog world, as in any other circle of society. Of course, when my lady takes her pet poodle out walking with her he wears a big satin bow, the same color of the trimming on her hat. But this is nothing new.

NEW TRAVELING COAT FOR THE DOG UP TO DATE.

The stylish dog of the winter has worn a sealskin coat, with chinchilla collar. Another dog likewise seen promenading on Fifth avenue was arrayed in a dark red velvet coat, close fitting and finished with a round collar of black fur.

Delicate dogs wear shoes in the cold weather to protect their feet from the sidewalks of New York. Some fond owners of pet dogs always have tiny pockets made in his dogship's coat for a miniature handkerchief. A little fox terrier seen recently trotting along Madison avenue wore a bright red harness in lattice work design, well covering the fore part of her little body, and decorated with tiny gold stars and little bells.

SUGGESTION FOR SUMMER BATHING COSTUME.

About the Fez.

Philadelphia Record.

Although the fez is so universally worn in Turkey, being generally the distinctive Turkish headdress, an investigation as to its manufacture leads to the discovery that there is only one fez manufactory in Turkey, and that is at Constantinople. A study of the subject has led to the discovery that the industry is limited to this one factory, owing to the fact that the Turkish manufacturers, owing in part to lack of skill and largely to want of enterprise, are unable to compete with foreign producers, and consequently the product of this single factory is for government supply.

The fez consumption of Turkey in general is derived from Austria, in which country there is a syndicate, including all the fez manufacturers, which has been very successful in advancing prices, as well as enjoying a monopoly. The business in Salonica, Asiatic Turkey, amounts to from $100,000 to $150,000 a year, and there is at the present time a feeling of considerable dissatisfaction with the Austrian manufacturers and a desire to do an increased business with the United States, and undoubtedly an American manufacturer, producing the regulation fez, would quickly succeed in building up an excellent business with all parts of Turkey.

SINCERITY OF HOWELLS.

Novelist Is "Simple in Manner and Deeply Religious."

Theodore Dreiser in Ainslee's Magazine.

"Howells, it can be truly said, is greater than his literary volumes make him out to be. If this be considered little enough, then let us say he is even greater than his reputation. Since it is contended that his reputation far outweighs his achievements, let this tribute be taken in full, for he is all that it implies—one of the noblemen of literature.

"A striking characteristic of the man is that he understands himself better than any one else, and that he has the courage to write himself down without color or favor. Prof. Boyesen found, when he interviewed him in 1893, that he could 'portray himself unconsciously (in conversation) better than I or anybody else could do it for him.' His manner is so simple, his wonder at life so fresh and unsatisfied that he appeals to the student and observer as something truly rare—a wholly honest man. He is evidently so honest at heart that he is everywhere at home with himself, and will contribute that quiet, homelike atmosphere to everything and everybody around. He will compel sincerity in you when you talk with him, not by any suggestion from him, but by the wholesome atmosphere which he exhales, and which steals over all, and makes plain that forms and slight conventionalities are not necessary.

"We will not say that he was always thus. One can easily imagine the ideality of his youth when the world seemed young and green. Never insincere, we can believe, but enthusiastic and imaginative. But youth slipped away, the days waned in weariness of work, the mystery of life did not become clearer and duty came to to look more stern. I think that the thought of the final hour is too much with him; that the 'watch, for ye know not,' rings too much in his ears. He appeals to me as possessing a deeply religious nature unanchored to any religious belief."

Veils Cause Red Noses.

From Germany we hear through one of its prominent physicians that the veil is the cause of that terrible calamity to the vain, a red nose. It is curious that the statement comes from a doctor of this nation, as few German women wear veils, but this indictment, so far as it goes, seems fairly reasonable. His view is that the friction of the veil against the skin, when impregnated with moisture from the breath, is the cause of what the medical faculty politely call acne rosacea. The strictures, however, seem to be only directed against people who ride, cycle or take other violent exercise in veils, as when driving it is acknowledged that a veil loosely worn is a protection both to the skin and eyes. It would be interesting to know how many women will give up the certainty of the becoming veil, even when the dreadful threat of a possible red nose before them.

GREAT TUSKS FOR CHICAGO.

Largest in the World, Bought by an American.

The largest pair of elephant's tusks in the world are now on the way to Chicago, where they will form part of Walter C. Wyman's collection. The enormous pieces of ivory were taken from an African elephant in the Hilimonjari district. One is a trifle larger than the other and measures 10 feet 4 inches along the outside curve, weighing 235 pounds. At the base both are 8 inches in diameter and about 2 feet in circumference. The photograph was taken at Zanzibar just before the tusks were shipped to this country. Contrasted with the natives who stand beside them, their enormous size can be imagined. They may be added to the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago. The price paid for the tusks by Mr. Wyman's agent in South Africa runs well up into the thousands.

In this connection it is interesting to learn that there is a great and continued demand for ivory. It is said that one firm of cutlers alone use from 2,500 to 3,000 tusks each year, so for them at least 1,250 elephants must be slaughtered annually.

LARGEST PAIR OF ELEPHANT TUSKS IN THE WORLD. NOW ON THE WAY FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO CHICAGO.

The Little Brown Dog.

Little brown dog with the meek brown eyes,
Tell me the boon that most you prize.
Would a juicy bone meet your heart's desire?
Or a cozy rug by a blazing fire?
Or a sudden race with a truant cat?
Or a gentle word, or a friendly pat?
Is the worn-out ball you have always near
The dearest of all the things held dear?
Or is the home you left behind
The dream of bliss in your doggish mind?
But the little brown dog just shook his head
As if "None of these are best," he said.

A boy's clear whistle came from the street,
There's a wag of the tail, and a twinkle of feet,
And the little brown dog did not even say,
"Excuse me, ma'am," as he scampered away.
But I'm sure as can be his greatest joy
Is just to trot behind that boy.

—May Ellis Nichols, in Wide Awake.

SEVENTY-TWO GUNS WERE TURNED ON THE BOERS AND THE KOPS SMOKED LIKE VOLCANOES.

Associated Press report of the British attack.—Indianapolis News.

Forest Rangers to Guard the West

Within the last few months the United States Government has added to its payroll the hardiest and most daring set of men in the Southwest. They are the newly organized force of fire fighters and forest rangers appointed to protect Uncle Sam's great Western timber belts.

The force is composed of men who are marvels of strength and endurance, and who are recklessly indifferent to danger; cowboys, old Indian fighters, rough riders from El Caney; men who are dead shots, who can go for days without food and to whom the boundless plain and the back of a horse is home.

While forest reservations are not a new thing in this half forgotten portion of the United States, the present interest has never before been manifested in the preservation of the great pine forests of the mountainous Southwest. Forest fires have swept over thousands of acres of the arid regions in the mountains of Arizona and illegal encroachments of lumber companies have been numerous upon Uncle Sam's domain in this section.

The first organized force of forest fire fighters and Government Rangers was organized in July of this year under Forest Supervisor F. S. Breen, and numbered fifteen men. Each one of these rangers provides himself with a saddle horse, camping outfit, a six-shooter and a rifle, and, after having been instructed as to duties, is posted by the supervisor in a given district over which he has full control and is made responsible for all timber depredations, fires or other trouble that may arise there.

These rangers' districts vary in size according to the nature of the country and dangerousness of the district. They cover from six to ten townships to a ranger. The Mollogon Mountains extend from the northern boundaries of the territory, south, crossing the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, eastward to the boundary line of New Mexico. All of this is a magnificent belt of pine timber, flanked on either side by the great sand deserts of North America.

Water is scarce and found at a distance of ten to fifteen miles apart in little springs that peep through these rocky mountains. Hundreds of old lake beds are found in the very tops of the mountains—all dry and dusty. Small, natural tanks, caused from volcanic eruptions, are found here and there, some of them containing water that comes from winter snows in the hills melting in the spring.

Millions of acres of this barren land, piled high with volcanic rock, huge bowlders, high cliffs and deep canyons, form the country where these men are protecting government property. There is no water to fight fire with. Whatever water is found is hoarded for drinking purposes and for the jaded horses.

Among the group shown in the accompanying cut are men who have spent the greater part of their lives in this wildest of the remaining Territories; men who have seen all phases of pioneer life, all hardy, expert horsemen and men who have had thrilling experiences during the early history of the Territory.

One of them picked up on the field after the famous Mountain Meadows massacre, when all his relatives were slaughtered in cold blood by the notorious Mormon, John D. Lee, in 1854, spent the remainder of his life in this Territory, engaging in Indian warfare, was a deputy sheriff during the early days and came through the Tonto Basin war of cattlemen, known as the Tucksburry-Graham fight, in which fifty-seven cowboys and ranchmen lost their lives.

One was with the gallant band of Rough Riders who stormed San Juan Hill. Another was with Gen. Crook during the early Indian outbreaks through the southern part of the Territory, when the Apaches were on the warpath. Others have lived in the saddle most of their lives, following the occupation of cowboys.