

A Story Written for This Paper, by Julian Ralph.

CHAPTER I.

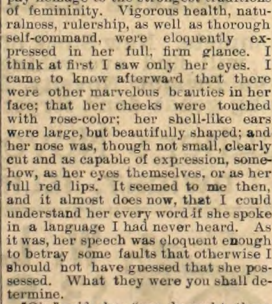
ASCENDING THE LADDER TOWARD MATRIMONY.

You have seen those step-ladders that shut up like an insect, and look like the famous Roman symbol of unity made of bed-laths instead of reeds; that look fragile and decrepit, and voice out their pretended pains as volubly as a servant's bedside; and yet, being stood upon, prove stronger the more they find strength...

As well, I sometimes think. My daughter pursues the bent of her own character and makes those with whom she comes in contact bend to her superior strength of will. She is a queen, said a very remarkable young woman. Ah! Beatrice—Mrs. upon my word your name has escaped me—Mr. Fletcher, my dear.



There stood before me in the doorway a tall young woman with the extra length of a black cloth rising up habitually over one arm. The habit fitted her exactly, displaying her large and shapely arms, her slender neck, broad, sloping shoulders, a girlish, budding bust and a waist that seemed compressed more than the necessities of present-day dress-fitting required.



"How much?" "Three dollars," said I. "Here my out, young man?" he said, somewhat faintly. "I want to know what you will charge to make me a small box to hold a few bottles—sort of medicine chest that will hold together to go by express."

At the front door, to which Mr. Henning was so kind as to accompany me, he said in a low voice and a tone of immeasurable pride and satisfaction: "I think you will allow that my daughter was right. She is a remarkable girl. Good morning. Think over my invitation."

The next time you are in the neighborhood of Chatham Square, turn to the west down Duane street a block or two, and looking along a street that will quickly come to you, you will see the words, "Big Baracks," in black letters on the white ground on the side of a gigantic double t-ement. Step by step Dr. Whitfield's practice, built up with vigorous youth and by aid of an enterprising partner, who appeared to take the business with him when he...

"You will please not inquire about the child," the Doctor said to me at once. "His presence carries no shame with it, though much sorrow and pain."

All the Whitfield household, except the Doctor, of course, was well as usual. The Doctor's daughter was preparing the supper in the back room. She came in on tiptoes, shook hands, and whispered to me not to wake the baby, whose pinched face, sunken eyes, and white lips I saw against the pillow on the sofa.

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CHAPTER II. OUT THROUGH A WINDOW.

The canvas of Pleasure's panorama slips along in the Bowery just as it does elsewhere, even when we who would like to make the world better, if we could, are not thinking of it. I think of this because it occurred to me as I elbowed my way along that thoroughfare one night and saw the gaping nets swallowing the little fishes, the blazing lights scorching the foolish insects, and the unsightly spiders bearing off their prey upon the sidewalk.

"That is not his name," the young woman asserted. "Do you want to profit from harm that he knows, but who don't know him? Then, whenever you think it would be best for any woman he is visiting that she should know how to escape harm from him, you let me know."



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BIG LOSSES BY FIRE.

WASTE FOR NINE MONTHS GREATER THAN IN 1892. Many Concerns Forced to Go and Several Others Preparing to Go out of Business—Loss is Already \$26,000,000 More than Last Year.

Table with 3 columns: Year, Loss, and Percentage. Rows include 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910.

The total number of sound insurance companies doing business now, foreign and home, is about 225. They actually paid \$84,000,000 in losses last year, or \$81,000,000 in 1900. There are in addition an unknown and increasing number of wildcat companies which insure anything that will pay premiums, and that never pretend to pay losses.

WINTER IS IN SIGHT.

Prof. Wiggins Turns Loose a Cold Wave from Bow River Valley. Prof. Wiggins, the Canadian earthquake and cyclone man, went into his annual fall spasm the other day and inaugurated a series of cold waves.

Freezing in Iowa and Nebraska.

News that freezing weather prevailed in Iowa and Nebraska drove the farmers home from the World's Fair, and many of them have since rolled their pumpkins into cellars. It was snowing in some parts of Minnesota, and Dakota, and North Dakota, and while the cold was less severe eastward, it made its way north of the Ohio River to the Atlantic, where it was swallowed up in a rainstorm which has been drenching the coast from Halifax southward for nearly a week.

Purification of Drinking Water.

By experiments recently performed in the Pasteur Institute in Paris it has been demonstrated that drinking water may be completely freed of typhoid bacilli by the addition of a certain amount of citric acid.

CLOSE OF AN EPOCH.

END OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. Oration and Song Give Way to Prayer and Dirge at the Finale of a Joyous Season—Exercises Held in Festival Hall—Last Day Shrouded in Gloom.

The end came at sunset on Oct. 30. The great Columbian Exposition faded as quietly and sadly as an autumn day, and when the belching cannon had sent a score of shots to heaven and peited the domes and pinnacles with a million echoes the giant had died. Silver-throated choruses tolling the knell, murmuring faintly sang the requiem, white clouds hung as the shroud. The night stole on, the breakers leaped, the lagoons grew as calm as painted ponds, the lights blinked out and it was over.

The waning moon looked down at midnight upon a wilderness of beauty awaiting the assassin's ax. Columns, towers and turrets, portals, peristyles and palaces, Dianus, mermaids and nymphs were turned to statues of sad, patriotic groups and artists' panels, treasures of genius and marvels of brain, all stood mute at the altar side, awaiting the torch to make them ashes. It was a sight sadder than any funeral that could be as a winter forest. The wind sent shafts to the marrow and rattled grossly in the withered leaves and frosted boughs, and from end to end the fair acres were as somber as the valley of the shadow of death.

The End Comes in Vow.

There were no pageants, no long lines of gorgeous floats, no noisy processions. Neither bombs nor mortars rent the sky, nor were sizzling rockets loosed. There were no merry banquets, no concerts, no jubilees. The trumpeters who heralded the Fair were silent, and the thousands who sang the patriotic hymns a half year ago were hushed. The flaming flags that flared under the ribs of the gilded dome were unlighted. There were no epics read, no striding meters unrolled, no majestic bars blown by the wind. There were no hymns, no choruses, no epanuets, no gathering of the nation's great. No orators scaled the heights with congratulatory eloquence, no gonfalon fell at the signal of a potentate. All the fetes became funeral pyres; rejoicing became mourning, and the grandest event of four wonderful centuries, Fate had been cruel and in its unkindness had added a piteous death as the climax. Thus the sadness of the end was twofold and the great Fair went out under a dirge.

Overflow of News.

P. H. BROWN, a banker of Portland, Me., is dead. LADY HENRY SOMERSET sailed for England on the Tonic. COL. R. D. FRAYSER, banker and lawyer of Memphis, Tenn., is dead. NATHAN STRAUSS, a New York merchant, committed suicide by shooting. W. S. ROUTE, of Fergus Falls, Minn., is under arrest on a charge of bigamy. In ten years Bo-ton has erected 17,920 new buildings at a cost of \$116,603,459. The failure of J. Jacolucci, the Italian banker of New York, was due to losses in copper. GEO. BAKER was found murdered at Browning, Mo. Five bullets had been fired into his body. THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the order of the A. O. U. W. was celebrated at Independence, Kas. C. H. CONWELL, a cattle man, shot and killed C. H. Creed in a quarrel over a deer hide near De Beque, Col. FULLY a third of the corporations of Illinois have failed to pay the affidavits required by the anti-trust law. JOHN GANNON'S residence at Pittsburg was destroyed by fire and two children, aged 4 and 9 years, perished. In a freight wreck at Harrisburg, Pa., four tramps were crushed to death. They were riding in a box car. LONDON discount rates rose, owing to a scare over the Indian loan and the shipment of gold to America. SAVANNAH officers are inclined to think Admiral Stanhope was wrong in discharging Admiral Mello at Rio. W. J. KEELLY, a New York diamond broker, is under arrest, charged with stealing \$900 worth of diamonds. FIRE at Wilanette, Tenn., destroyed the breeding stables of J. B. Ewing, and twenty horses were burned. H. G. GRAY was arrested in Philadelphia, having failed to pay to Chicago a sum due on a charge of bigamy. OWING to the prevalence of smallpox the schools of Manila, Ins., will remain closed by order of the Council. CAPT. H. S. SYKES was murdered at Winfield, Kas., while arresting a man charged with running a "joint." MR. J. N. LAWSON, who was caught in the big piracy fire at North End, O. T., died in great agony at Kremlin.