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Chaplains for French Navy.

It will be news to most persons that the French navy has no chaplains afloat, although a moment's consideration would bring to remembrance the fact of the complete divorce between church and state in France. The subject is brought prominently into notice by a petition signed by a great number of the mothers or widows of the sailors who were victims of the accident on the Gloire or the Liberte. The petitioners are to be found in the Midi, Brittany, Var and Finistère, and they pray the Senate for the reappointment of chaplains on warships.—London Globe.

She Understood.

A young man who had a strong liking for poetry, but a rather mediocre talent for writing it, deluded himself into the belief that the world was determined to keep him down. He continued writing for years, confident that he would win fame in the end. Once in conversation with a clever girl he started in on his pet theme. "Like the rest of the world," he said, "you don't understand me. But I can afford to laugh at present neglect, for I'm writing for posterity." "Oh, I understand you now," replied the girl. "So that's the reason your poems are not published during your lifetime!"

Servian Army Drums.

A curious custom connected with the Servian army is the manner in which most of the regiments carry their big drum. It is not, as in most countries, slung in front of the man who plays it, but is placed upon a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a large dog, which has been so trained that it keeps its place even through the longest and most tedious marches. The drummer takes up a position behind the cart and performs on the drum as it moves along.—London Answers.

Robin Redbreast.

Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuerter, commenting on the habit of calling new birds by old home names regardless of specific differences, recalls the fact that the familiar name of "robin redbreast" first given to the European redbreast, is now borne in North America by a large redbreasted thrush. In the island of Jamaica by a tiny crimson-throated kingfisher and in British Guiana by a ground starling which happens to present the suggestive coloring.

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The Eyes of Fate

When he woke next morning it was broad day. He turned on the hot water in the bath attached to his room—not because he felt that he needed a bath, but simply because he could not resist indulging to the full in all the luxuries he found about him. He dressed himself with care, taking delight in his clothing, admiring its quality and fine texture.

When he entered the hotel dining room he found it well filled with ladies and gentlemen. A conspicuous waiter showed him to a table, a little table for two, with a tiny electrolier upon it. As he had ordered, he sat back watching the diners.

His mind was soothed by the animation of the scene, by the sight of the ladies and the music of the orchestra. There was something personal and intimate in the hum of conversation which rose about him. His lunch was served, he gave himself up to its enjoyment with epicurean delight. The waiter brought the finger bowl and he almost laughed as he dipped his fingers into it. He left a half dollar beside his plate for the waiter, and almost laughed again at the thought of yesterday and to-day. Then he bought a good cigar and sought the smoking room.

A page brought him a morning paper. For a long time he held it lazily in his hand, unwilling to break his pleasant train of thought. Finally he opened it, and glanced up and down its columns.

He came upon it at last—a tiny news item tucked away in a corner. He took in the heading at a glance—"Robbery in a Pawnshop"—and then his hand closed convulsively upon the sheet. The clerk, George Holtz by name, was not dead. He had been taken to the hospital, and was not expected to recover. The police were in hopes he would regain consciousness long enough to describe his assailant, else there was little prospect of the criminal's arrest.

The little man laid down the paper, and looked hurriedly around the room. The sense of security in which he had cloaked himself fell from him, and he felt himself asked to all. He was a hunter man again. Already the powerful machinery of the police had been set in motion against him. If the clerk should revive and tell of the

conversation in the pawnshop, he was lost.

His first thought, when the panic seized him, was a wild instinct to flee—but to where and from what? If the clerk did not regain consciousness he was safe.

His nervousness increased as the afternoon wore on. He could hardly wait until the evening papers were out, and when he had bought one he searched its pages with feverish haste, but found no mention of the robbery. That night his sleep was troubled and uneasy.

Next morning he awoke early and, going down into the lobby, secured a morning paper, and eagerly scanned its columns, but found no further account of the crime. He knew what this meant. The police had suppressed the news in the hope of luring the perpetrator into a false security.

Condemned to anxious waiting, his mind dwelt constantly upon his position. He could not control its activity or divert it into other channels. He could think of nothing but the deed and its probable consequences.

The feeling that he must do something to relieve his mind took complete possession of him. The suspense became almost unbearable, and by afternoon he was in such a state that he was ready to go to any lengths to learn whether the clerk had spoken, or had died without implicating him.

At last he boarded a street car and rode to the hospital. He walked around the building once or twice, trying to find an excuse for entering and asking for news.

Finally he mounted the steps. His plan was crude, but in its very audacity lay his safety—besides, anything was better than his torturing suspense. An attendant met him at the door.

"I see by the papers that a friend of mine, George Holtz, has been shot in a robbery. Is there any hope for him?"

"Oh, yes—you mean the pawnshop robbery. I'm afraid not. Here is the doctor in charge of the case."

"My name is—er—Gannon," said the little man, turning to the doctor. "I was very sorry to hear of this. Holtz is an old friend of mine."

"I'm afraid he hasn't much of a chance," the doctor answered gravely. "The bullet lies at the

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base of the brain, and he is in a condition of total paralysis. We are in hopes he will rally sufficiently to give a description of his assailant. Would you care to see him?"

The abrupt question startled the little man. He had not expected it, and in his confusion answered: "Yes, if it will not be too much trouble." He regretted it the next moment, but could not very well withdraw, and followed the doctor into the ward.

As they drew near the bed the little man started back, and clutched at the doctor's sleeve. "Good God, his eyes are open!" he parted.

The doctor looked at him curiously.

"Yes, he has lain like this ever since they brought him in."

"But does he never close his eyes?"

"No. Movement of any kind is impossible. He is unconscious."

They moved nearer. As they stood at the bedside the little man was torn by conflicting emotions. Mingled with fear for his own safety, he felt pity for the clerk, and strange conradiction, even while he pitied, he found himself hoping that the clerk might die without speaking.

He could not keep from looking at the wide-open eyes. There was something uncanny in their steady, unblinking fixity. They seemed to fascinate him. How could the doctor know that he did not see? Perhaps, even now, the brain in the inert body was active, and recognized him!

At the thought, the sweat broke out on his forehead, and he moved hurriedly behind the doctor, who had leaned over to adjust a bandage. When the physician was called away, a moment later, the little man followed him from the room, afraid to stand alone by the

bedside.

He lived through the night miserably. His room at the hotel was a chamber of horrors. Those dreadful, staring eyes were with him always. While he lay awake, his excited imagination painted them upon the walls or floating about in the darkness. If he fell into a trouble sleep, they haunted his dreams, ever accusing, ever threatening him.

When morning came, he was completely unstrung—a mass of twitching nerves. An idea had taken possession of him, a single, dominating thought filled his mind—until the clerk either died or spoke, nothing could be done. The world and all its affairs seemed to stand irresolute, waiting for the end.

He had gained nothing by his hazard of yesterday, yet he could hardly contain himself, waiting for ten o'clock, so that he could go to the hospital again. He did not stop to think of the danger. He was completely in the grip of his emotions. It seemed to him that there could be no peace for him anywhere until he had seen those vacant, staring eyes closed down forever.

He had no difficulty in gaining admission. The same doctor led him to the bedside.

"You are just in time," the doctor said, as he took the clerk's wrist between his fingers. "He has been sicking fast. The end is not far off."

"His eyes are still open," the little man whispered in an awed voice.

As he spoke, a man, lying on the next cot, who had not been there the day before, turned his head slightly upon the pillow. His eyes were closed, and he seemed to be asleep.

The doctor replaced the clerk's

Continued on page 6



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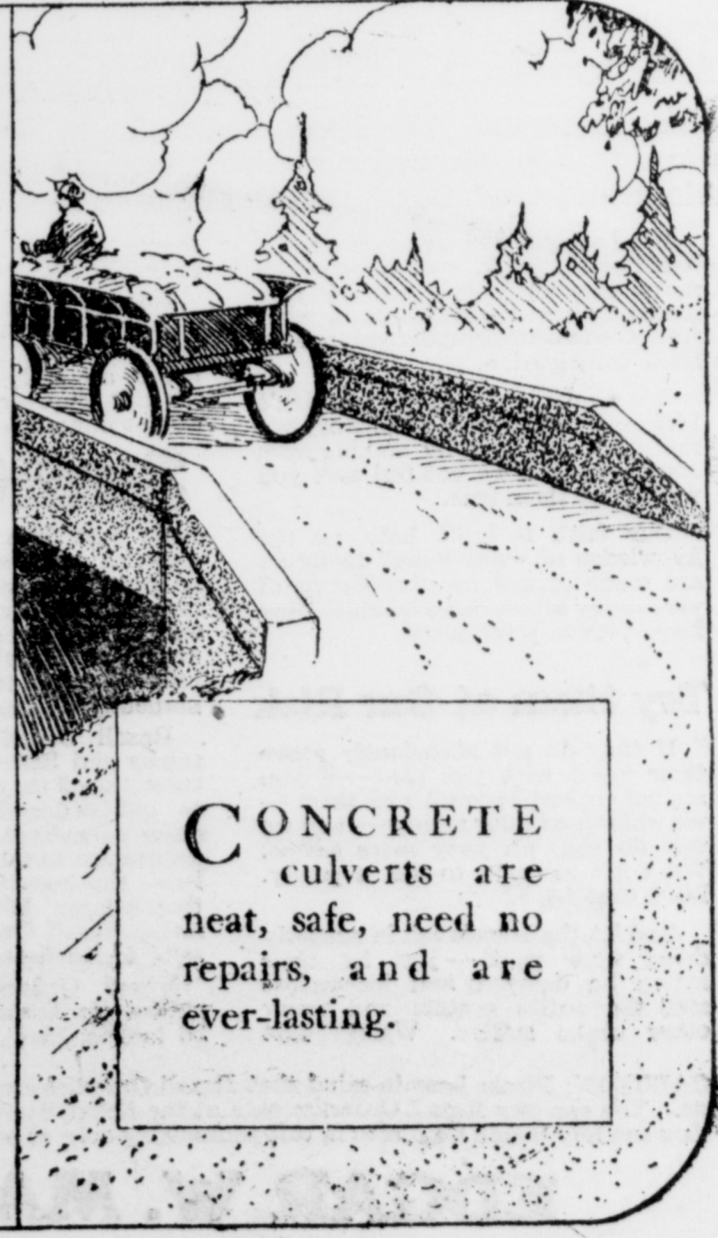
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