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The girl who gets married during leap year must be very beautiful, thinks the Chicago Record-Herald, in order to escape suspicion.

It looks to the Cleveland Plain Dealer as if Uncle Sam would keep a tight grip on the wheel brake after he hands the reins over to the Cuban civil authorities.

Says the Christian Register: The newly discovered words of Jesus, supposed to have been cut off from the last chapter of Mark, do not have the right ring. We lost nothing when they disappeared and gain nothing by finding them.

The value of a diamond seems to have a good deal of the fictitious about it, and to depend not upon the ordinary conditions of natural supply and demand, but upon the business policy of a few men sitting around a table in London.

The $440,000,000 which is estimated by Mr. M. E. Ingalls to have been spent on automobiles during the past few years represents in large part money which would otherwise have gone into the purchase of stocks and bonds and would have constructed railways, factories, buildings, water-works, etc.

A certain section of Canadians are too sensitive about discussion as to the merits of their climate, which is so largely responsible for the marvellous fertility of the soil, confesses the Canada. The more the intending emigrant knows about the actual conditions under which he will lead his new life the better.

Speaking of the suggestion to American cheesemakers that they go ahead and make cheeses after their own manner and give them good domestic names instead of borrowing names used on popular brands from foreign countries, observes the Boston Transcript, it may be said that manufacturers would probably agree to the arrangement if their customers would accept it.

The completion of the Guatemala Railroad, which runs from the Gulf of Honduras on the east coast to Guatemala City, and thence to the Pacific, is an event that encourages the hope of more prosperous times, greater stability and fewer revolutions in Central America. The effect of the competition of the Tehuantepec line farther north and of this one upon the traffic of the Panama Canal may be considerable.

The Public exclaims: There is a good deal of talk just now about pampering the poor with something for nothing. Isn't it queer that no one ever suggests that something for nothing pauperizes the rich? Why should a slice or two from a loaf of bread, and a cup of coffee to wash it down with—why should these doles make a pauper of the hungry man who can't get work to do, while a gift of thousands a year from the common earnings makes a gentleman of the monopolist who doesn't want work to do?

An uncommon interest has been manifested in scientific circles in regard to the new treatise upon cosmology by the famous Swedish savant Svante Arrhenius, which has been translated into several languages and will be published in this country by the Harpers. The book is said to contain, as its most important contribution to knowledge, a new theory of the so-called "radiation pressure." According to this theory, which has been verified by interesting experiments, rays of light actually exert a pressure upon extremely small particles of matter, and as a result we on the earth are the constant recipients of "solar dust." The "radiation pressure" has nothing to do with the corpuscular theory of light in which Newton believed, though it strongly suggests it; but it gives a clear and simple explanation of the problem why the tails of comets stream away from the sun, which so puzzled the great English scientist and his contemporaries.

Startling is the discovery that a "fundamental" distinction between animal and vegetable structure does not exist at all. It has been held by all scientists until recently that each vegetable cell unit is boxed up in a "case" of cellulose. Animal cells are not so imprisoned, but freely communicate with one another. Now the botanist and the zoologist learn with amazement of the continuity of the protoplasm through the walls of the vegetable cells by means of connecting canals and threads. This may seem no "startling" discovery to those who are unfamiliar with the foundation ideas of biology. As a matter of fact, says Professor Ray Lankester, this new development is not less epoch-making than the discovery of the circulation of the blood. If man has been totally misled regarding the distinction to be drawn between animal life, if the cell is essentially the same factor in the growth of both, it follows that the plant is a form of animal, or rather that the animal is a moving plant.

TO-MORROW.

There's a bully time a-comin' and it's only over there,
There's a pickin' up o' happiness a-layin' down o' care,
There's a chucklin' in the breezes and a-singin' everywhere,
And a walkin' in the sunshine in the mornin'.

There's a ring-around-a-rosy with a dimpled hand to hold,
There are baby eyes a-laughin' full o' happiness an' bold
As can be, and yellow tresses shinin' like a mess o' gold
And a walkin' in the sunshine in the mornin'.

There's a place just over yonder where the singin' streamlets run
In and out o' coolin' shadows, tinklin' in the yellow sun;
You'll have hardly stopped your grumblin' till your laughin' is begun,
And you're walkin' in the sunshine in the mornin'.

So cheer up, it's over yonder, just beyond the farthest hill,
There'll be callin' in the moonlight and the song o' whippoorwill,
There'll be perfumes ten times sweeter than a jasmine bloom can spill,
And a walkin' in the sunshine in the mornin'.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston (Texas) Post.

TRICKING A LAWYER.

By T. A. CALDWELL.

"The most adroit scheme to deceive me occurred not long ago, while I was settling an estate in Cleveland, Ohio," said Mr. Thomas Adams, in recounting one of his experiences to a friend. "It was all in regard to the will of Robert J. Middleton, of the city I have just named. It was an audacious piece of trickery, in which figured a couple of rascals, a clever woman, and an ass. I was the ass, unfortunately—to be deluded by that little minx. Her tears, her simulated pathos, her pretty indignation against the fellow whom she dubbed an impostor, and the other man, whom she said was her brutal husband! To think of this trio of thieves robbing me to the tune of $2500! Faugh!"

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Mr. Thomas Adams was the trusted legal adviser of Robert J. Middleton. The old man had lived the life of a misanthrope, but had died leaving a large fortune. In his will he was found to have devised the whole of his estate—amounting to about $200,000 in cash and securities, to John, the son of his old friend, Geo. Aspinall.

John Aspinall had not been seen in any of the walks of civilization for over twelve years. He had been one of society's failures—a mere ne'er-do-well who, without any grave inherent vices, had simply fallen out of the ranks.

Rumors had come from time to time of his death, and Mr. Adams had brought himself to the conclusion that the ultimate destination of Middleton's money would be the State treasury.

"A Mr. John Aspinall, sir, to see you!" The clerk's voice interrupted the lawyer as he was pondering this possible fate of the $200,000.

The John Aspinall who presented himself did not prepossess the lawyer. He was a mixture of a variety actor and a vulgar sporting man.

"So the old buffer has pegged out and I've got the money at last!" he exclaimed, after a prefactory greeting.

This rather surprised Mr. Adams, who knew that John Aspinall had absolutely no reason whatever for assuming that Robert J. Middleton's wealth would come to him.

"How long," added the visitor, "before you can settle the job? To tell you the truth, this chilly air makes me uncomfortable."

Mr. Adams mentally soliloquized that if the fellow were not careful something of a much more material character would make him uncomfortable.

He mildly hinted that there were many necessary preliminaries to be gone through—first, there were the absolute proofs of his identity to be established.

Mr. Aspinall seemed to be astounded at this, and commenced to bluster.

"Confound you, sir, don't you believe me? Ain't I Jack Aspinall?" And he advanced menacingly toward the lawyer.

"Yes, yes—I have no cause at present to doubt you on the point," expostulated the threatened lawyer in a mild, deprecatory manner.

"Well, then," said the man, "get on with the job as quick as you can! I'll bring up what you want in the morning. But in the meantime I want some dust. A man can't live on the air of Lake Erie. You'd better advance me five hundred!"

To advance $500 to an unidentified claimant! A cool request, certainly!

"Look here, sir," exclaimed Mr. Adams' visitor on receiving a refusal, "when this business is settled I'm going to bounce you! I ain't going to have a lawyer who doubts my honor."

And the man, with a look of mingled anger and contempt, took himself off.

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"Another Mr. John Aspinall to see you, sir," exclaimed the discreet clerk a couple of days later. Mr. John Aspinall the first had not yet made a second appearance.

Mr. Adams exhibited no surprise to his clerk. "Show him in," he said shortly.

This man was of a very different character. He spoke and acted like a gentleman.

"What, I wonder," said he, "could have induced poor old Middleton to leave me his money? Of course it will come very useful, but why did he think of me as his heir? I have heard a story of his having courted my mother in her younger days, but to benefit the son of your successful rival is the kind of revenge you read of in romances, not the revenge taken in real life."

Mr. Adams liked this man. He had been educated; his manners were not mere veneer. Besides, he knew something of Mr. Middleton, and admitted the absence of all claim to the old-man's consideration.

"Of course," pursued the visitor, "you will desire me to establish my identity in proper form. That I will do to-morrow, if you like. I will bring my papers and place myself entirely in your hands."

This was said with such absolute faith that Mr. Adams' amour propre was touched. Not a word was said about the advancing of money—only a delicate hint that he would prefer that the matter be expedited. How could he for a moment have thought that the other claimant was aught but a rascal? After all, Mr. Adams pondered, the evidence of education never quite disappears. Here was this John Aspinall, who had probably roughed it in every part of the world, still retaining the evidence of his early education.

John Aspinall the second left his address, and he and the lawyer parted on very good terms.

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"A Mrs. John Aspinall to see you," said the clerk to Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams was intent upon the papers which the second John Aspinall had placed in his care.

Everything appeared all right and above-board. Mr. Adams came to the conclusion that this was the real Simon Pure, and that the first applicant ought to be given in charge of the police.

"Whew!" he ejaculated at the clerk's announcement.

Not a word had been said to him by either man of the existence of a Mrs. Aspinall. What could this mean?

A pale, gentle-faced, petite, pretty young lady was bowing to him.

He bowed in return and then placed a seat for her.

"I have heard of the large sum which has been left to my late husband."

"Late husband!" Mr. Adams looked at her intently. She was arrayed in very delicate half mourning.

"What a dainty relief," he reflected, "to this sombre office!"

"And I thought," proceeded the visitor, "that I ought to come and place myself in your hands. My friends know you by reputation and have thus advised me."

Thomas Adams was a sensible man, but he was, like most men, sensitive to compliments from a charming woman.

"And when did your husband die?" he asked, after a while.

"Well," said Mrs. Aspinall, a little hesitatingly, "I'm afraid I cannot say! I ought to mention that our married life was not happy. Do not think it was my fault! If ever woman loved a man I loved my husband. At last" — her voice trembled and tears rose to her eyes—"he left me. He left me under painful conditions. I might have starved. Poor fellow!" she added, with a woman's inconsistent irrelevance, "I am afraid he now lies in a grave in Arizona." Her handkerchief was in use, and for a moment her frame was shaken by emotion.

Rising, she placed certain letters before Mr. Adams. They were old love letters, a few being signed "John dience of a wife! but you, sir, can see that I have my position as John Aspinall's wife recognized."

Before she had left him the middle aged lawyer had resolved that this sweet little woman should not be wronged.

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"You're a scoundrel and a thief!" The speaker was John Aspinall the second. The recipient of the epithets was John Aspinall the first. "Who are you?" added the irritated man, impetuously brushing aside the lawyer's restraining hand.

The scene was being enacted in the lawyer's office, where the two men had accidentally met. "Who are you that dares personate me?" Aspinall," the others bearing the rollicking signature of "Jack."

Another document was a carefully prepared marriage certificate. They had been married in 1891, and this was the end of 1897.

"A life blasted," thought the impressionable lawyer, "in six short years!" Then he said quietly, "I ought to tell you that two John Aspinalls have already claimed the money."

"Two John Aspinalls!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? Good heavens!" she added, with dramatic intensity. "Then, after all, he may be alive, sir!" And she turned eager, entreating eyes full upon him. "One must be an impostor, the other may be my husband. I will not, dare not, live with that man again! I will renounce all, everything, to be freed from him! He was wantonly cruel to me! My few years of married life made up one sad story of horror! Yet, sir," with a wayward change of tone, "he is rich now, and I will claim my rights. He has abused my confidence—he has cruelly ill treated me! He can never claim from me the obed