

THE MAN OUTSIDE By CLARENCE BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XXIII. The reader may have noticed that every important event in life is much like a hill in the road—up one way and down the other. He may have noticed that difficulty usually belongs to one-half the journey an event, demands, and that all the rest is simple and easy; sometimes going to some-thing—something hoped for or feared, the case may be—is a journey of rough ways and tedious obstructions, as though Providence hoped to deter wickedness from its purpose, or to test the perseverance of virtue. Sometimes the going is easy, and the coming is weary work, as though God designed the purification of proper power from the perils of pride, or the giving to triumphant glory a hint of the shortness of human glory and the need for repentance.

anything so commonplace as cold-anything so familiar as fatigue. I will not attempt to analyze this feeling which made Lurline Bannotte's Sunday morning ride almost a dream, so far as the impressions of the outside world were concerned—however real reflection and memory and hope made it, for the task is beyond me. I am only sure of one thing about it—it was not remorse—it was not remorse!

Miscellaneous Reading. HAYT'S STRANGE, AGED RULER. Nord Alexis Unlike Any Other Known Potentate. Port Au Prince, Hayti, April 10.—Possibly somewhere in the jungles of Africa or perhaps in the mystic east or on the planet Mars there is a priest, potentate, shah, rajah, sultan, or other sort of ruler who is as strange and grotesquely impossible as President Nord Alexis of Hayti, but certainly there is none to compare with him in this hemisphere. Castro of Venezuela, that "monkey of the Andes," comes close, perhaps, but Castro's style differs, and while he defies the great powers of the earth he does not approach in pure picturesqueness the venerable old man who sits in the presidential palace here and runs this little black republic to suit himself.

Imagine a typical Ethiopian; he is twenty and thirty years of age, blood-thirsty and apparently only half civilized, a dealer of death to political enemies, a believer in voodooism, and you have a faint idea of what he is. For anything more one must come to Hayti and see for himself.

For one hundred and five years the country has been under the same sort of rule as now. The natives gained their independence from the French, and since that time the history of the country has been a record of strife among the first steamer sailing. She found that to be the Pond Lilly, under charge of Captain Dennis. So she waited another day, and took passage in a vessel belonging to another line. She took great pleasure, however, in riding down to the wharf, and getting a sight of the pale face and nervous manner of Captain Dennis.

Mr. Prier arrived in New York one train later. Miss Bannotte had planned to take passage on the first steamer sailing. She found that to be the Pond Lilly, under charge of Captain Dennis. So she waited another day, and took passage in a vessel belonging to another line. She took great pleasure, however, in riding down to the wharf, and getting a sight of the pale face and nervous manner of Captain Dennis.

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do most of the work in Hayti it was technically correct. On the centre table was a bottle with a full rigged ship inside. Of course every one wondered how it got there.

The state department rested on a long wicker settee in the shape of three or four large junctions across the room was a satin covered sofa. The arrangement was in fact a table with a bottle with a full rigged ship inside. Of course every one wondered how it got there.

Presently there fled into the room the members of the president's military staff and those of the cabinet. The soldiers were gaudily uniformed in green, red and purple, with gobs of gold lace.

One man wore a French tropical uniform of white, the simplest costume in the room. The others were in direct contrast, being in costumes as loud and brilliant as those of any comic opera ever produced anywhere in the states.

President Nord Alexis came in on the arm of the eldest man in the country, Mr. Marcelin, the minister of commerce and finance. He was dressed in a dark green uniform. The coat was like a regular frock and covered with four rows of brass buttons, two on each side.

The coat was open, showing a white linen shirt, which was rather out of shape. An old ready made black tie hung negligently to the color of the coat. But the uniform has no interest when one's eyes rest upon the man.

SHE WENT IN EVERY OFFICE.

Teafull Young Woman's Method of Getting Magazine Subscribers. She was a young woman, well dressed, and had an appearance above the average. While not of striking beauty, in the common sense, she was what is often called good looking. In other and simpler words, she would do.

POPULAR PHRASES.

Some Familiar Lines That Are Constantly Misquoted. Critics who assert that we get more seriously and careless every day in speech, manners and customs have proof of part of their assertion at any rate in the manner in which the writings of famous authors are continually being misquoted and distorted.