

A Companionable Girl

By EDGAR L. THOMPSON

When I was a tenderfoot in New Mexico, working in a bank, I was sent one day with \$1,000 for a man who had just opened a store in a settlement on the Pecos river.

I had about fifty miles to go, traveling on horseback and, of course, carried a .45 caliber revolver at my hip. I think a pack with me, but it is up before I get to the store.

I had about fifty miles to go, traveling on horseback and, of course, carried a .45 caliber revolver at my hip. I think a pack with me, but it is up before I get to the store.

I heard a commotion inside, and pretty soon a man came to the door. He looked as if he were ready to kill some one if necessary, and I noticed he held his right hand behind him, as if he could have easily drawn me out.

"Hello, there?"

"Well, Moll, you'd better get with him, and you'd better take two of the horses with you. We won't need 'em. You wouldn't mind leading 'em, would you?"

"Not a bit," said Moll.

We'd been on the road together about an hour when we heard a distant clatter of horse hoofs behind us. Moll looked at me, frightened. I asked her what scared her, and she said she was afraid road agents were coming.

"What's that?" Mrs. Blunt sat up in bed, at the same time clutching her husband's arm in a viselike grip.

"What's that?" granted Mr. Blunt, trying to wake himself up.

"Burglars! Didn't you hear 'em?"

"No. Where?"

"Downstairs. They've run against some glassware and smashed it."

"I'm going down," said Mr. Blunt, attempting to rise, but his wife held him. He broke away from her and, going to a bureau, took a revolver, then, taking an electric light in his left hand, pressed his thumb on the button and descended the staircase.

He passed from the lower hall to the drawing room and from the drawing room to the dining room, where he found the fragments of a floor of a cut glass dish that had been knocked off the sideboard. He looked in a drawer in the sideboard where the silver in daily use was kept, expecting to find it gone. It was all there, and he concluded that the burglar, feeling in the dark, had knocked off the dish and, fearing to have awakened the household, had taken himself away as soon as possible.

Mr. Blunt opened a door that led into the pantry, through which he passed into the kitchen. All was silent and empty. He tried the door leading out on to a back stoop and found it locked. But he found a window sash unlocked and made up his mind that the burglar had found an entrance and an exit through that window. He locked it and, having satisfied himself that the burglar had left the premises without having had time to take any booty, went back to his room, where he found his wife standing shivering in the middle of the room. She had expected every moment to hear a report and that her husband would be killed.

"Are they gone?" she cried.

"Yes."

"How did they get in?"

"He or they must have entered and gone out by the kitchen window. Please caution Susan to be more careful about locking the sashes."

Mrs. Blunt had lighted the gas, and her husband, who was facing a mirror, was somewhat startled at his appearance as reflected in it. He was in his nightshirt, with a revolver in one hand and a tubular electric lamp in the other, both the lamp and the revolver looking equally terrible. The expectation of facing a burglar had been somewhat trying to him, and his usually florid face was pale. Nevertheless he assured his wife that the burglar had gone and there was no need for her to feel frightened. They returned to bed, but Mrs. Blunt would not consent to the gas being turned off. Toward morning they fell into a doze.

The episode unhinged Mrs. Blunt's nerves, and Mr. Blunt, though he had without thinking how reckless he had been in going down to face a burglar with a light in his hand that would show the villain just where he was. He would not be so foolish again. He would carry the lamp, but would not flash until occasion required. Mrs. Blunt declared that if there was again evidence of burglars in the house she would look her husband in their bedroom. But Mr. Blunt permitted his manliness would not permit him to leave any man to roam about his house and carry away his property.

One night when he was awake and his wife was sound asleep Mr. Blunt

Baron Hengstenmayer von Hengstevor, who recently retired as ambassador of Austria-Hungary, had been in Washington for eighteen years and was the dean of the capital's diplomatic corps.

Deputy Fire Chief William Guerin, head of the bureau of fire prevention, New York, has won a degree of bachelor of laws by attending night school and studying at odd times during the day. He is about to apply for admission to the bar.

John Laws, recently elected register of deeds of Orange county, N. C., has held the same position for sixty-three years and is said to be the oldest officeholder in the world. He is ninety years old and is one of the two North Carolina survivors of the Mexican war.

Flippant Flings.

A woman, scaring a long hatpin into her forehead from a street car in Berlin. Here the rest of the folks have to get out.—Portland (Me.) Press.

Foon Lich, a Chinese student, says he has learned to speak English fluently in six weeks. Listen to Foon Lich.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Boston physician tells you what sits you simply by holding your hand. But the couples who "hold hands" do not need to be told.—New York World.

The Russian genius who proposes to make fresh laid eggs out of the air must be a descendant of the philosopher of Laputa, who sought to extract substances from cucumbers.—New York Tribune.

Fashion Frills.

The fashion notes indicate that the standing room only skirt is to play its capacity business for another season.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Since British suffragettes have taken to climbing telegraph poles to cut the wires it would seem a foregone conclusion that the hotbed skirt will have to give way to bloomers.—New York World.

The west no longer shoots up a stranger because he happens to wear a white shirt and a plug hat, but those dandies who are reviving the side whiskers, frilled shirts and spats of 1830 will do well to remain east of the Mississippi.—Cleveland Leader.

Burglars

By NELLIE D. SWIFT

"What's that?" Mrs. Blunt sat up in bed, at the same time clutching her husband's arm in a viselike grip.

"What's that?" granted Mr. Blunt, trying to wake himself up.

"Burglars! Didn't you hear 'em?"

"No. Where?"

"Downstairs. They've run against some glassware and smashed it."

was sure he heard sounds downstairs. Getting cautiously out of bed he slipped on his coat, for the house was cold, slipped to the bureau, where he found the revolver, then to the mantle, where he found the electric lamp, and taking as before one in each hand he stealthily unlocked the bedroom door and felt his way by the banister downstairs.

In the hall below he felt something jar against his leg. At the same time a street lamp throwing a faint light into the drawing room showed him the dim figure of a man on the other side of the room. It occurred to Mr. Blunt that he was standing in the dark and while he could see the man indistinctly the man couldn't see him at all. His first impulse was to run upstairs and lock himself in his bedroom; his second was to shoot the intruder before the fellow was aware of his presence; otherwise he might be murdered by a desperate man. Raising his revolver, he shot his eyes and let drive.

He heard a shriek upstairs and sounds made by something running away. The first came from Mrs. Blunt; the second was like the flight of an animal and came from the cat. Hooting nothing further, Mr. Blunt crouched behind a newel post and flashed his lamp into the drawing room. He saw no one, but a hole with radiant cracks had been made in a corner of a mirror resting on the mantle.

"Don't be frightened, my dear. Come down here."

Mrs. Blunt, who was hanging on to the banister above, responded faintly: "Heavens! Are you killed?"

"Not exactly. I'm only a fool."

"What is it?"

"Shot at reflection in the mirror."

"Oh, dear! Did you break the mirror?"

"I made a hole in it. That confound ed cat ran by me and upset me."

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"I mean she started me, and I lost my head."

The next morning Mrs. Blunt gave her husband a revolver to a peddler.

Train and Track.

Ireland's largest railroad system has a mileage of 1,121.

Without electric trolley cars are meeting with public favor in England.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad forbids use of liquor by employees whether off or on duty.

The fastest train in Germany is the so-called "D-Zug 20" between Berlin and Hamburg, which maintains an average speed of 55.17 miles per hour.

Between Potosi and Rio Muñato, Bolivia, the new railroad reaches an altitude of about 16,000 feet at one point. This is claimed to be the greatest height ever attained by rail.

house and as strong. It was so heavy that I had casters put on every piece.

When I went out in the morning Marigold would ask how far I was going—whether I would be within call, and all that.

One day I was obliged to drive to the county seat on some business and he away several hours. Marigold didn't object to my going—in that way she was plucky—but I could see she assented with dread. If I could have sent any one else I would have stayed at home. But I couldn't very well do so, and, blind as my wife was, I knew she wouldn't have permitted such a course. I kissed her goodly about 7 o'clock in the morning, drove to town, attended to my business and reached home in time for the noon meal.

I didn't see Marigold in the yard watching for me, and this frightened me. Driving up to the front door, I let the horses stand without hitching and ran into the hall. The rooms were all in disorder. With my heart in my throat I ran to the rear. In the kitchen I saw a shirt. Most of the furniture had been rolled against the fireplace, and a board was placed one end against a bedstead and the other against the wall. Something awful must have happened—that something my wife had always dreaded. It flashed through my brain that this dread was not due so much to a physical weakness as to a premonition of evil. Oh, why had I left her? If I found her alive I would never leave her alone again.

Behind the kitchen was the wood-house, and running through the wood-house, keeping my eyes open all the while for my wife's dead body, I emerged into the back yard. What was my surprise and relief to see Marigold sitting quietly on a stump a short distance from the rear of the house with my shotgun over her knees, her finger on the trigger.

"For heaven's sake, sweetheart, what has happened?"

"She was so intent upon something on the roof of the house that she did not reply. I turned my eyes in that direction and was thunderstruck at seeing a man's head raised above the chimney. But it was lowered immediately, and taking another glance at my wife, I saw her with the gun to her shoulder and pointing at the chimney.

"Next time you do that," she said, "I'll fire sure."

"Was ever man so bewildered as I?"

"My dear," I pleaded, "do explain."

"About an hour ago," she began, "that villain in the chimney came to the house and asked for something to eat. He saw by my looks that I was frightened and since I was alone came in and threatened to kill me if I didn't tell him where the money was. Somehow this made me kind of mad. Besides, I didn't want to lose the money. So I just wouldn't tell him. Then he ransacked the house, I had done the sweeping, had put everything to rights, and it riled me to see him tossing things about."

"I thought if I could get him into a closet or somewhere I might keep him till you came home. Then it occurred to me to tell him the money was in the chimney. He climbed up there, hunting for it, and I wheeled the furniture against the opening and got a board from the woodhouse to brace it with so he couldn't move it away. He tried and seeing himself cornered, was climbing up when I snatched the gun and ran outside. He was just getting out when I told him if he didn't get back I'd shoot him."

"There was a pause, at the end of which she added, "You've forgotten to kiss me, dear."

"Forgotten to kiss you? I should think I've seen enough to make me forget anything."

I folded her in my arms, then, taking the gun, I ordered the man to come out of the chimney and down. In an hour I had him lodged in jail.

Since this episode I don't permit my wife to talk about her fears and I go away as often and stay as long as I like. You never can tell what one of these thud women will do when she gets riled.

Current Comment.

Scientists are still trying to produce life artificially while moralists are lamenting that life is too artificial.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

All the country has spent on its schools does not appear to have gone far toward educating the hating practice out of being.—Denver Republican.

Once more the time honored question arises, this time in Paris: What sort of a man understands women? The man who never boasts about it.—Detroit Free Press.

A speaker at the national congress of hygiene says the United States leads the world in deaths. The professor might have stated the fact more pleasantly by saying we lead the world in everything.—New York Telegram.

Short Stories.

The United States spends \$15,000,000 a year to see baseball games.

The Russian government has put the sable hunters out of business for three years.

From deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific the Panama canal will be fifty miles in length.

The kitchens of the Emperor Francis Joseph's palace at Budapest are considered to be the most modern and in every way the finest in Europe.

In the United States there is one lawyer for every 700 persons, in England there is one to each 1,100 of population, in France one to 4,100 and in Russia one to 20,000.

Cost of Living.

The official government report shows that the high cost of living is almost equal to the cost of high living.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Now that a government commission has made an exhaustive examination and reported thereon, the public suspicion that the cost of living is high has been confirmed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is true living costs more than it used to. The federal bureau of labor has issued a report confirming the rumor. We had hoped the story might at last have turned out to have been unfounded.—Chicago Record-Herald.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Elmer Nutting of Cambridge, Mass., is said to have the largest collection of postcards in the world. It numbers more than 20,000 specimens.

Mrs. Chang, widow of a Chinese official, is the editor in chief of the Peking woman's paper, which is devoted entirely to subjects interesting to her sex.

Mme. de Bonnard, a heroine who nursed British soldiers with Florence Nightingale in the Crimean war, is now, at the age of eighty-four, living in an obscure quarter of Cairo, Egypt, in sickness and want. It is said.

The Duchess of Fife, who recently attained her twenty-first birthday, is owner of one of the largest estates in north Britain, comprising nearly 250,000 acres of cultivated land, mountain, moor and forest. She inherited the vast estates and great riches of her father. The duchess is fond of outdoor sport.

Mrs. Lydia K. Kemper, a scientist of note, has received unusual recognition in Germany. The emperor having recently conferred on her the title of "professor." Though born in Russia, she has lived practically all of her life in the United States and has occupied a chair at the University of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Kemper is now in Berlin pursuing scientific investigations.

Sporting Notes.

Danny Murphy, captain of the Athletics, owing to the injury to his leg probably never will be able to play baseball again, but he will retain his connection with the Athletics in the capacity of a scout.

First Baseman Myers of the Spokane club of the Northwest league has established a new league base stealing record, stealing 118 bases. The former record of 95 bases was held by Zimmerman of the Chicago Nationals.

Ted Meredith, the champion runner, will not be on the Pennsylvania fresh-man football team this season. Meredith wanted to play, but after writing to Trainer Mike Murphy he learned that he would take on flesh if he played football and this might interfere with his running.

THE TAIL OF A BULL

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

Abie Jackson sat on the roadside fence with his head in his hands. He was the most dissatisfied young man in the state of Iowa. After working as a farmer's hired man for years and years and saving up a little money he had bought a forty acre farm to find that he had been badly cheated.

Five rods down the road, on the banks of a creek, a man sat fishing. He was a summer boarder in the neighborhood and was understood to be a Wall street broker. He was fat and serene. He was smiling and placid. He not only fished for fish, but he caught them.

"Dod gosh him, but I'd like to break his neck," muttered Abie as he watched the man. "He hasn't been beaten out of \$500. He hasn't had a girl call him a fool and go back on him."

"And now that old bull has broke loose," growled Abie as he slid off the fence. "If he knocks off both his horns and breaks his back I shan't care a cent."

When the bull came charging down the hill he saw the broker hanging in the fish and charged straight at him. The broker was used to other kinds of bulls, and his first thought was to get away from this sort. He scrambled up to fall down again, and but for Abie he would have got a horn or two. The farmer didn't get in front of the bull to try to stop him, but as the animal passed he was seized by the tail. You can steer a bull as well as a boat if you get the right sort of a hold. Abie had it, and he steered the animal on to the bridge across the creek and then to the right and twitched him off into the water.

"Say, that was well done," exclaimed the broker, as he came upon the bridge. "But for that trick of yours I should have got it bad."

"Humph!" replied Abie. "You've got gumption, you have."

"You are a liar!"

"Why—why, what do you mean sir?"

"I mean that I've paid \$800 for a farm worth about half that. I haven't got the brains to last a rabbit overnight."

"Didn't you look at the farm before you bought?"

"No. Look a feller's word for it, and, oh, Lord, how I have got cheated!"

"Going to have a hard time to pull through, eh?"

"I shall have to eat roots next winter."

"Let's take a little walk and look your land over," said the broker as he laid his fishing outfit aside. "What's that mound up there?"

"Dunno," was the reply. "Reckon the Indians buried their dead there after a great battle. I've dug into it and found arrowheads a plenty."

"I owe you something for what you did down there. You were a fool to take any man's word about a farm, but I guess I can pull you out of the hole all right. Did you ever hear of high finance?"

"Can't say I have."

"Well, I'm going to show you some. I'm going to make this old mound worth a couple of thousand dollars to you."

The broker had a collection of relics and curios at home, and he sent for certain things and had them planted in the mound. Then he made a call on the nearest village editor, and a week later that editor was referring in his paper to a great and historic find on the farm of Abel Jackson. There was the tooth of a mammoth and Greek and Roman medals and coins among the things unearthed. Strangers came poking around almost at once. They were shown the mound, but they could not secure permission to dig. That farm was for sale, and the mound went with it. Abie simply opened his

mouth and stared.

Two days later the price went up to \$1,000. Abie was for taking it, but the broker said:

"That's only half our figure! In three or four days we'll dig up Julius Caesar's glass eye and see what they say about that."

When the eye was unearthed a professor, who was very much interested in the research, took it in his hand and said:

"Um! Um! Ancient history says nothing about the great Caesar having a glass eye, but perhaps he had one—perhaps not! I think I will raise my offer to \$1,500."

"Not yet," said the broker to Abie Jackson when he would have closed with the offer. "We must get our figure for this old mound."

"But we are the same as lying to the people," was protested.

"That's the way most of the business of the country is done today. Just appear indifferent and you'll get your price. I seem to remember that Pliny had a brass ear. If he didn't then old Socrates did and we'll have it on top the ground."

"Um! Um!" said the professor when the ear was found. "It may be Pliny's and it may be Socrates', but I think I can raise my offer to \$2,000."

"Take it and skip," advised the broker when Abie came to him.

"But it's half more than it's worth."

"My son, a thing is worth all you can hornswaggle a fool out of, and in going hence take your bull along. He may be the means of buying you another farm for half its value. A fall-hold is a good thing if you can hang on to it long enough."

A THIEF'S RUSE

By GWENDOLIN L. RICE

Pete Morgan was a criminal whose normal state seemed in jail rather than at liberty. He had served a term for burglary, was rearrested on another charge, brought into court, tried and acquitted for want of evidence. While waiting for the papers in his case to be made out he heard the prosecuting attorney say to a messenger:

"Go to my house and ask my daughter to look in a tin box marked Schneider & Co. In the vault, get out a deed she will find there, give it to you and bring it back to me."

"Are you in a hurry, sir?" asked the messenger.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I'm to go on another errand that's very important."

"Very well. You may do that one first. I won't need the deed before this afternoon."

Pete knew the name of the prosecuting attorney very well. Indeed, he had been made familiar with it by the fact that Mr. Wilkinson had arranged for his lodging in prison on divers occasions. Moreover, Pete had great perceptive faculties.

As soon as Pete left the courtroom he sought a drug store and in a few minutes was turning over the leaves of a directory hunting for Mr. Wilkinson's home address. Upon finding it he proceeded to that gentleman's house, rang the doorbell and called for "Miss Wilkinson." A young lady came into the hall and asked Pete what she could do for him.

"Your father sent me for a deed in a tin box marked Schneider & Co. in the vault, miss."

"Oh," said the young lady, "I suppose he means the silver and jewel vault. I believe he keeps some law papers there. I'll go and find them."

Miss Wilkinson tripped upstairs to a recess in the upper hall and began to turn a knob on a vault door with a view to getting inside. Pete's original idea was while the young lady was off looking for the deed to help himself to any article of value in small bulk he might see and get away with it. The mention of the silver and jewel vault opened up new possibilities.

Pete was hesitating whether to follow Miss Wilkinson and force his way into the vault when his heart was gladdened by hearing her call from the landing above:

"I find two deeds in the box. Did father say which one he wanted?"

"I think," said Pete, "I'd know it if I was to see it."

"Come up, please."

Pete sprang up the stairs with alacrity. Here was the chance of his life, the jewel and silver vault standing open with no protection except a girl. He might not have to do any open work at all. His wits were sharp, and it was quite possible he could make a pretext to go into the vault and slip a few gems into his pocket without being detected. He found Miss Wilkinson standing by a table on which was an open tin box full of papers. She showed him two deeds and asked him which he thought her father wanted. He examined both very knowingly, when the girl, noticing the name on the box, exclaimed:

"This isn't it at all. This is marked 'Parker & Treusdale Co.' I'll get the other one."

"Couldn't I do it for you, miss?"

"I wish you would. It's dark in there, and I have trouble with my eyes. There are several boxes on the shelf. Look for the one marked Schneider & Co. and bring it out into the light."

"Yes, miss. My eyes are first rate."

Quite beside himself with joy at this unexpected advantage, Pete went to the vault, entered and, instead of looking for the boxes, cast his eyes about for the valuables. There was nothing so far as he could see, but a lot of tin boxes and musty papers. But before he could quite take in the situation he heard the door of the vault shut, the knob quickly turned, and he was a prisoner.

Mr. Wilkinson, sitting at his desk in his office, heard his telephone bell ring and took up the receiver.

"Papa, did you send a man for a deed in the vault?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Whom did you send?"

"Edward Beam."

"Edward Beam didn't come. Ben-

another man came, and from the moment I laid eyes on him I knew he was a hardened criminal."

"Great heavens!"

"How did such a man know what you wanted?"

"I don't know. Tell me what has happened. Anything stolen? Are you safe?"

"Oh, it's all right."

"What's become of the man?"

"He's here."

"Here! What do you mean?"

"I've locked him in the vault."

"In the vault?"

"Yes."

"How in the world did you get him there?"

"I enticed him."

"Tell me all about it, quick."

"Well, I told him the deed you wanted was in the jewel and silver vault. Then I purposely took out the wrong box and sent him in for the right one."

"Thank heaven! I wonder you weren't murdered."

Pete was returned to his accustomed domicile.

Edible Seaweed.

Within recent years seaweeds have been introduced into the English kitchen. The edible species, served with roast meats, have been found to be very palatable. Devonshire and Japanese seaweeds are employed largely in the London industry.