

TOLD IN THE DARK.

THE clock in the hall had chimed 2 a. m., but Janet Kimbolton still lingered by the dying fire in the great, lonely drawing room, absorbed in the memory of a long-dead past.

"Jean!" She started violently. Had she heard it or only dreamed it? Dreamed that stifled, stricken whisper? Only one human being ever called her that, and it was twenty years—

At that moment the electric light was switched off, and a curt, incisive voice came to her out of the darkness.

"Don't scream. You needn't be afraid. I swear not to harm you."

Then Janet Kimbolton realized the situation. She had dreamed it, of course—dreamed that whisper. But she was no coward, though her bravery was of the kind that comes when life has lost its savor, the bravery that fears nothing because it hopes nothing.

"I am not afraid," she answered composedly, and waited.

For a few moments only the faint tinkle of gems striking against a polished surface broke the stillness, for the man was struggling hard for self-control.

"You are a brave woman," he said at last with genuine admiration.

"I am not going to take your jewels," he went on; "when I have gone you will find that they are all here."

"Are they—not worth the taking?" she questioned, with a touch of the humor that never deserted her.

"They're worth just about £10,000," he answered quietly. "That's not much to me. You see," and his voice took on a certain note of pride, "I am the man they call Dandy Dick."

"Oh!" And a little ripple of laughter came to him out of the darkness. "Then I have the honor of conversing with the most notorious burglar in Christendom—the man who spirits away the jewels of duchesses—the bonds of stockbrokers—the money bags of banks, and the treasures of princes?"

"You have heard of Carshalton, the American; the King of Millionaires, as they call him? Well, I am he."

A sudden horror seized her. Was she shut up alone with a madman, and not a mere burglar, as she had been supposing?

"Oh, I am not mad," he told her, reassuringly, his quick intuition divining her thoughts. "When I am supposed to be in the Rockies in Russia, in Italy, I'm here, or in Paris, or Vienna, anywhere there happens to be anything worth taking."

"It's dangerous," she hazarded, at a loss what to say in a situation so bizarre.

He laughed joyously. "Dangerous? I live for danger. It's the sap of life. If it weren't for that, I should be a respectable citizen tomorrow."

She listened, amused, perplexed, sorry.

"Of course, I have realized before this that you are what the world calls a gentleman. Why, then, do you do this horrible thing?"

His face fell, and his voice took on a humbler tone.

"May I tell you why?"

"Yes," she said, "do. It is all very interesting, and it's a long while since I have been really interested."

"And you're not afraid?" he questioned.

"You have given me your word," she answered with quiet serenity.

"Thank you."

In the darkness she could almost see the flush that dyed the man's face.

Then she sat down on the cushioned window seat and a ray of moonlight stealing through a crack in the shutters fell upon the silver-gray of her hair. The man came quite close, and stood looking down at her, then suddenly he bent and touched her arm. A curious magnetic thrill seemed to pass through her and she leaped to her feet.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "In heaven's name, who are you?"

He stepped swiftly back, and controlling himself by a supreme effort answered in a dull and measured monotone:

"Dandy Dick, burglar. Francis Carshalton, millionaire."

There was a short silence, then he began to speak.

"I was born too late. I ought to have come into the world two hundred years ago, the world of Drake and Froisher and Raleigh, the world when men lived and dared, not the world of today, when they stagnate and exist. The curse of some bygone ancestor was in my blood, the curse of restlessness, of lawlessness, of untamed ambition. From my very babyhood I was a rebel, and rebellion grew on me. I could never be as others were, could never bear the shackles and trammels and the emptiness of civilized life. For long, long hours I would sit and ponder on a way out. There were things—the exploration of wild and savage lands for instance, but they were for the rich, and I was poor. So the years

dragged by, and I tried many things, and my lawlessness grew and grew, and then—"

"Yes? She leaned forward, forgetful of the hour, the circumstances, of everything but the quiet, monotonous voice, with its ring of absolute truth, the voice that seemed to be giving her kaleidoscopic glimpses of a strong soul, hopelessly hampered; a soul that had somehow lost its way in time and space, and strayed into a wrong century.

"And then—I met a woman and loved her, loved her as such a man would, but I left her. I was an elemental person; she the product of an overripe civilization."

He paused, but she sat silent, spell-bound.

"Finally I took to burglary, because for me it was the one way out. It responded to the two strongest chords in my nature, lawlessness and love of danger. Oh! I don't say it was the best, but it was the second best, and one mostly has to be content with that. I soon became a power, and for twenty years now I have planned and helped to carry out all the most daring robberies that have startled the social worlds of Europe. For the wealth it brings I care nothing—for the danger and excitement, everything. When I am Carshalton, I am bored to death. That gives me the stimulus for devising new schemes. And the end? Well, I have a plan for that, too."

"And the woman?" asked his listener, quietly.

There was a just perceptible pause. Then he said slowly, hesitatingly:

"I don't know. Yet to stay meant inevitably to break her heart. And she was young. I hope, I have always hoped, that she learned to forget. You are a woman—do you think she has forgotten?"

"I pray she may have," said Janet Kimbolton softly. "Yet—women do not forget—easily. I could tell you a tale of a woman who tried hard to forget—for twenty years. But she didn't succeed."

"Tell me," he whispered.

"He had the double curse—ambition and poverty. So he left her. And a week later she came into a fortune. But it was too late. He had gone, why or where she never knew."

"And the end?" queried the burglar huskily.

"There is no end. She is just going on loving him. That is all."

The man turned and moved unsteadily to the door.

"Good-by," he said, "your jewels are there."

As he stepped outside the street door he turned and taking her hand reverently in his, kissed it. At the same moment a ray of moonlight fell across his face.

"Dick!"

He dropped her hand and fled down the broad, shallow steps.

"Too late!" he groaned. "Good-by, little Jean, good-by!"

"Come back! Come back!" she sobbed, stretching out her arms to him.

He turned a white and haggard face to her.

"I can't."

The words floated back to her in a stifled cry as he fled through the square.

And she understood. He had gone back to his life. She must go back to hers.—New York News.

Didn't Mind the Cue.

They were performers in some amateur theatricals. During the progress of the play at one time, while their presence was not needed on the stage, they sat together behind the scenes. She looked beautiful, indeed, in old-fashioned gown and powdered hair, and he, in court costume of more than a century ago, was the beau ideal of a cavalier.

For some time he had been very attentive to her, and, although people had frequently remarked upon his devotion, he had not come to the point of proposing. But as they sat behind the scenes he felt that an opportune moment had arrived, and after casting his eyes in the direction of the ceiling for inspiration he turned to her.

"Marie," he said, "you may not have perceived my liking, but I cannot delay. I—I want to ask you to—"

Just then the prompter called the girl's name, but she never stirred.

"That's your cue," faltered the lover.

"Yes," she answered, calmly enough, laying her hand on his arm, says the London Tit-Bits, "but never mind the cue. You seemed very earnest just now, and I want you to go on. What were you going to say?"

American Money in Europe.

An English writer observes that Americans are investing an annual sum of \$450,000,000 in Europe, mostly in English securities.

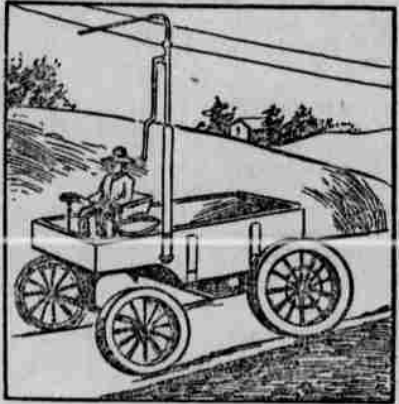
How innocent and sweet a cross baby looks when it is asleep!

NOW IT'S HORSELESS VEHICLES FOR THE FARMER'S USE.

The inventors seem to be striving faithfully to relieve the horse of all the heavy hauling which it has in the past been called upon to perform. The latest thing along the line of horseless vehicles is the farmers' trolley road, which will make it possible for the raiser of produce to go to town with his load, dispose of it and return home without the aid of his team, the electric current being the medium of the apparatus shown in the illustration.

The inventor contemplates the installation of private lines by the farmers in a certain locality, or the rental of electric service from one of the suburban trolley companies which now cover the country around every large city. As will be seen, an electric motor is placed on the wagon, and power is obtained from the overhead wire, the connecting pole having a flexible adjustment to overcome all inequalities in the roadway.

The horizontal portion of the conductor



THE HORSELESS WAGON.

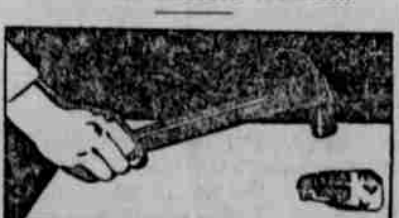
is divided and insulated, receiving the current from one wire and returning it to the other after it has passed through the motor to drive the wagon. The reason for using a return wire parallel with the power wire is to avoid possibility of shocks to the driver when standing beside the wagon and in contact with it, which might prove dangerous if the return current passed to the earth after use. By gearing the driving shaft low very heavy loads could be transported with comparatively little expense for current, and as there are no heavy storage batteries or power generators aboard there is plenty of room in the wagon for the loading of produce, etc. Daniel S. Bergin, of Chicago, is the inventor.

A PANTHER'S DEN,

Clean and Bright, in Decided Contrast to the Popular Idea.

It was my good fortune to discover the newly abandoned lair of a cougar family, and further, and to me new, evidence of that fastidious cleanliness which is a marked characteristic of the animal, says a writer in *Outing*. This retreat was not at all the typical "panther's den" of tradition, but a bush-grown barabrage under the edge of a rock with just enough of shelf to keep off the rain. I should not have found this breeding place but for a certain well-guaged array of bones scattered over a little smooth bench above a creek channel. From this boneyard there was a very traceable path leading through grass and brush to the retreat where the dam had housed her young. The evidence here told plainly of the cougar's long immunity from annoyance and attack and of a thoroughly cleanly habit of life. There was no bone or other sign of feasting about the lair. The dam had carried her kill to the creek bench in every instance, and the children had been called to the dining room. As bones which would have been crunched or eaten by grown animals had been perfectly cleaned by the kits, I was able to judge of their summer's diet. This had consisted mostly of minor game, rabbits, marmots, grouse and the like, with an occasional small deer. At least one whole family of badgers, old and young, had been served, pussy having probably lain for them at their hole until they were all in.

SOLID AIR RESISTS HAMMER.



While it is known that air can be made solid as well as liquid, up to the present comparatively few experiments have been made in this direction. A scientist recently converted a certain quantity of liquid air into a small solid mass, and on examining it found it was as transparent as clear ice, and as elastic as rubber. To test its elasticity he struck it with a hammer, and the latter immediately rebounded. That solid air may prove to be of commercial value is the opinion of some scientists in Germany, but it is admitted that many more experiments will have to be made before any certainty on this point can be arrived at.

A woman never knows her own mind until she wants something she can't get.

PLANT AS A WATER BARREL.



Many a traveler in desert lands, when in danger of dying from thirst, has been saved by the plant known as the water or fishhook cactus. During the moist season it stores up a large quantity of water for the subsequent dry one, when all the ground is parched with heat and only channels filled with stones mark the course of former rivulets.

So well has this cactus provided for the safety of its precious liquid that it is no easy task to obtain it. The exterior skin is more impenetrable than the toughest leather and besides it is protected with long wily spines curved into hooks at the end, yet so strong and springy that if a large rock be thrown against them they remain unharmed.

If the spines be burned off, one may, by long and tedious effort, cut through the rind with a stout knife; otherwise nothing but an axe will enable him to get at the interior of this well-armed plant. When the top is removed and a hollow made by scooping out some of the soft inner part it immediately fills with water—cool and refreshing, though a blistering sun may have been beating upon the tough skin above it all day. The water when first obtained has a whitish or smoky tint, but when settled is as clear as crystal.

BELLES OF THE PHILIPPINES

Igrotes Take First Rank for Beauty in the Islands.

In the mountains of Luzon is a tribe of people known as the Igrotes, whose women are famed for their beauty of figure. These women never grow corpulent, but are well-rounded and of ample proportions. They stand and walk



AN IGROTE GIRL.

erect, the entire body being well developed. They are never tall, but possess perfect back lines. These women are fully developed at 15, and they retain their splendid carriage and graceful curves, many of them to 75 and 80 years. Their only raiment is a homespun piece of goods wrapped about the waist and hanging quite to the knees. On days of worship—they are idolaters—they adorn their arms and legs with heads of silver, gold and precious stones.

Cunning Siberian Natives.

When compelled to travel all night the Siberian natives always make a practice of stopping just before sunrise and allowing their dogs to go to sleep. They argue that if the dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining he will suppose that he has had a full night's rest and will travel all day without thinking of being tired. One or even two hours' stop at any other time is perfectly useless, as the dogs will be uncontrollable from that time forward until they are permitted to take what they think a full allowance of sleep.

A good many elderly people marry for domestic convenience. A man is lost without a woman to look after his home, and a woman is lost without a home to look after.



He—I am told that your admirer's name is legion. She (blushingly)—Oh, no, his name is Jones.

She—"I am going to play Chopin." He—"In what flat?" She—"Why, in our own flat, of course."

Wigg—"Is he a man of intelligence?" Wagg—"I suppose so. At any rate, he has never served on a jury."

Nell—"Love doesn't seem to agree with Maudie. She is thinner by twenty pounds than she used to be." Belle—"She has loved and lost, eh?"

Merchant—"I want this ad. where everyone will see it." Solicitor—"We charge higher rates for space on the baseball page."—Baltimore World.

"Have you any Marconi roses?" asked the man entering the florist's "What are they?" Inquired the puzzled dealer in flowers. "Wireless ones."

Customer (in restaurant)—"Look here, waiter, I've found a button in this salad!" Waiter—"That's all right, sir; it's a part of the dressing!"—Tit-Bits.

Muggins—I understand that friend of yours is a millionaire. Is he one of the open-handed, extravagant kind? Duggins—Yes, indeed. Why, he even pays his taxes.

Dolly—"Your ride in the auto must have been just lovely and exciting." Madge—"It was exciting, but not lovely. Charlie had to use both hands to work it."—Judge.

Prison Visitor—"What brought you here, my man?" Convict—"Danged if I remember, but it wasn't an automobile, 'cause they didn't have none in them days."—Philadelphia Press.

"Did yew ever salt sheep?" asked the farmer of the new hired man, who came from Colorado. "No," replied the new hired hand, "but I've had considerable experience in salting mines."

"What! you call me pretty? Why, I am an old woman; my hair is turning white, and, look, here is a wrinkle!" "A wrinkle! No, madam, it is a smile that has drifted from its moorings!"

"What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "I ain't got any, y'r honor," said the bear-eyed inebriate, feeling in his pockets; "the police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

Father—"I thought I heard our Johnnie say he was sick, and now I see he's out coasting. Did you do anything for him?" Mother—"Yes, I brought in all the evening coal."—Ohio State Journal.

"I suppose you set a good table," remarked the man who was looking for board. "Well," replied the landlady, "three of my regular boarders are laid up with the gout."—Chicago Daily News.

"I'm sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She's so good about singing to baby and keeping him quiet." "Yes," was the calm reply; "but I'd rather hear the baby cry."

The little girl was watching her mother and father discussing a plate of oysters the other night. "Mamma," she said, after some thought, "you eat them face and all, don't you?"—Boston Journal.

Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to complain of that flour you sent me. Grocer—What was the matter with it? Mrs. Youngbride—It was tough. I made a pie with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it.—Philadelphia Press.

Weary Willie—"I jes' put in a good day's work in thirty minutes." Frayed Fagin—"Explain yerself." Weary Willie—"Well, I put in six pies, a pan uv doughnuts an' four jars uv preserves, Dat's a good day's work for any woman."—Judge.

The Sultor—I wish to marry your eldest daughter, sir. Her Father—Oh, you do, eh? Are you in a position to support a family? The Sultor—I think so, sir. Her Father—Well, you had better be sure of it. There are ten of us all told.—Chicago News.

"What is the greatest fib that ever impressed itself on your experience, Snapper?" Well, by all odds, the worst one I ever heard was that your quartette perpetrated last night when they came round to the house and sang, "There's Music in the Air."

"Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carpington? He seems well informed." "That's just the difficulty," answered Miss Dimpleton. "He's one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics, and who doesn't know enough not to do it."

"I am selling a new cyclopedia," began the well-dressed man who had been ushered into the reception room on the strength of his make-up; "would you care to look at it?" "Tain't no use," replied Mrs. Neurich; "I'd break my neck if I ever attempted to ride one of them fool things."—Chicago Daily News.