

BY LONG DISTANCE

By James Howard, Copyright, 1905, by T. C. Eastment.

"So, you see, some one has to stay at home," came the voice over the wire, "and I telephoned Gertrude Bryan that I would not come until tomorrow."

"I'm sorry," answered Gerald Holland. "There was something I particularly wanted to say to you."

"Well?" provokingly.

"Cannot I come out?"

"No!" This with a little shriek. "It would not be proper. You see, I am entirely alone."

"Even the servants gone out?" he demanded.

Enid Allen gave a little laugh. "I forgot to tell you. The cook and the first girl went on strike this afternoon. They thought I could not get along without them, and I let them go, just to show them that I could. Then the coachman got drunk, and I had to dismiss him."

"Why can't you go to Mrs. Carter's for the night?" he suggested.

"There's an awful lot of money in the safe," she answered. "I've got to stay here and look after it. You see, father will need it tomorrow and won't have time to draw it when he gets back here."

"Have you any means of protection?" he asked.

"I've got that revolver I used in camp last summer," she laughed. "I guess I can use that if burglars come."

"I'm glad of that," he began, "but I wish—"

There came over the wire a succession of wild shrieks, the sound of a heavy fall, a shot, more shrieks, a second crash and then silence.

Frankly he shouted into the transmitter, but no answer came, nor could he hear a sound. He dashed the receiver upon the hook and rushed across the room, tearing off the house coat he had been wearing over his evening clothes.

Even in his terror and despair his mind had acted quickly, and he deter-

mined to force open the safe. It would take some time to force open the safe.

There were lights in several of the rooms downstairs, and at the rear he found a door unlocked and softly entered. The telephone, he knew, was in the hall on the second floor, and thither he directed his steps, but as he passed the library he saw through the open door a man stooping over the safe, apparently at work on the combination.

Before he could make a spring the figure started up, and Gerald found himself looking down the barrel of a dainty revolver—the very weapon he remembered having seen Enid use the summer before in camp at Indian Island, the one she had told him she would use for her protection. This man must have taken it from her body. Unmindful of the consequences, he made a leap and caught at the hand holding the weapon.

There was a flash, a report and a light blow on the arm. Then came a stinging sensation in the right arm, and just as the blood running down the sleeve reddened the hand the burglar, with an entirely feminine shriek, dropped to the floor.

The soft hat fell off, and great masses of dark brown hair, released from confinement, framed Enid's face. There was water and spirits on the table, and, hastily tying his handkerchief about his arm, Gerald knelt beside the limp figure and forced some brandy between her clenched lips.

In a moment she opened her eyes, regarding him dreamily. "What are you doing here?" she asked. Then, as it all came back to her, "Have I killed you?"

"Just a little flesh wound," he said reassuringly. "It's nothing serious. But how do you come to be in this guise? I thought they had killed you."

"It was a mouse," she confessed shamefacedly. "I was talking to you and a great big mouse ran across the floor toward me. I threw the telephone book at it and broke a vase, but it only ran toward me. I jumped on a chair and fired my revolver at it. I was so scared I did not know what I was doing."

"But the crash right afterward?" he asked.

"I fell off the chair and struck my head against a corner. It stunned me for awhile, and when I could get back to the telephone you had gone."

"But how about the clothes?"

"Why, I thought there might be men hanging around, so I put on father's old coat and hat and went out on the porch so that if there were burglars about they would think it was a man."

She opened the coat to show the dainty house gown beneath, and in spite of the burning of his arm he had to smile. "Then you came in and mistook me for a burglar?" he laughed.

"That cap looked like a mask," she said defensively.

"I never thought of that," he exclaimed, "and you had your coat collar turned up so that it looked like a disguise. Well, you've captured me, although I'm no burglar, and you've got to keep me now."

She looked tenderly up from the arm she was dressing. "Forever," she whispered.



THE BURGLAR, WITH AN ENTIRELY FEMINE SHRIEK, DROPPED TO THE FLOOR.

ained to go out to Crestcliff. The Allens had a handsome country home on the shore of the lake. It was only ten miles from the city, and Holland knew that he could make it in an automobile quicker than he could telephone to the station five miles beyond and have police help sent.

A twenty-four horsepower touring car was in the stable at the rear of the house, with the tanks all filled in anticipation of an early run in the morning. He was glad now that he had seen to it that the car was ready to go out.

In less than five minutes he had donned furs, a leather cap and goggles and was tearing along the boulevard as rapidly as he dared. Two miles out the city line was passed, and he threw the lever over to the highest notch and with a tremendous spurt the big car shot ahead.

It was known that Mr. Allen frequently kept large sums of money in the house, and the discharged coachman must have known that there was money in the safe that night. The domestics were out of the way; it would be an easy matter to one familiar with the house to force an entrance and overpower the weak girl.

Under his breath he prayed that he might not be too late, but his fears had hold of him, and in spite of the rapid rush through the cold night the perspiration stood out upon his forehead.

He had hoped to see her at the Bryans' party that evening, and it was the announcement that she would not be there that had led him to call up Enid on his early return from the dinner which had preceded the dance.

He thought as he rushed along that he would have asked her to be his wife that evening. Now he wondered if he would find her lying mortally wounded upon the floor. Had she shot the burglar she would have answered. The shot must have been meant for her.

In less than twenty minutes he had covered the ten miles and stopped the car before the big gates of the park in which the Allen house sat. It would be better, he argued, to gain access to the house quietly. Possibly the assassin had not yet left the place.

Stolen Applause.

A rector living in Ireland had an unpleasantness with the peasantry in regard to the payment of tithes, and it happened thereafter that when he or any of his family appeared abroad they were received with cries of "Mad dog! Mad dog!" and other shouts equally emphatic and unpleasant. The dean and his family were also saluted in like manner because they insisted upon visiting the proscribed citizen, and this gave rise one day to a curious incident.

Anstey, a poet popular in Dublin and well known there as the translator of Goethe's "Faust," drove from Limerick to Dublin in the car of the dean to make the latter a short visit. The usual shouting followed, but, being slightly deaf, the poet heard only the cries and not the words of threatening and abuse. At dinner he said to his host, with a beaming countenance:

"Mr. Dean, I never knew I was so well known down here. Fame surely travels farther than we think. I assure you that nearly the whole way from Limerick I was loudly cheered by the people."

A Modest Philanthropist.

Scroggins, the millionaire stage driver who founds a university in John Uri Lloyd's story "Scroggins," says, when he gives the money for the school: "I want it to be remembered that I ain't a don't this fer glory. There ain't no glory ter me in nothin' but drivin' the gulch stagecoach. I don't want no name of Scroggins, neither, stuck on to this hill university. I ain't a-givin' this money fer sech an object as that. Scroggins ain't pinched no widders nor orphans an' he ain't broke up no man's business fer ter git rich. He ain't ashamed of nothin' he hes done an' thar ain't no reason ter give this money in order ter stop people talkin' 'bout his meanness, er ter buy his way later heaven. I'm goin' back ter stagecoachin'."

Frequently.

"Do you punish your little boy for asking questions?"

"Only when he asks questions I can't answer."—Houston Post.

DIAMOND CUTTING.

Shaping the Stones and the Work of the Polisher.

"The business of diamond cutting," said a cutter of precious stones to a reporter, "has changed. The old idea of imbedding the stone in melted lead and then allowing the lead to harden, leaving only one facet of the diamond exposed for polishing, is done away with. The whole process is this:

"We first take the diamond in its rough state. We find in all Brazilian diamonds six sharp points, the stone being in the form of a cube. We first determine the best way to cut the diamond by examining it for flaws and deciding which way we will be able to reduce the stone to the largest possible perfect size and at the same time cut out all the imperfections or as many of them as possible.

"The only thing which will cut a diamond is another diamond, so one diamond imbedded in hard cement is used to cut the rough stone into a fairly symmetrical shape for polishing. The table or top part of the diamond is cut, the sides of the diamond down to about two-sevenths of the depth are cut, and then for the remainder of the stone it is tapered off to the small point called the culet. The culet is supposed to be directly in the center of the table, and by looking into a diamond it looks as though a little hole were cut down the middle.

"When the diamond has been cut into this rough shape it is about as black as charcoal. This is caused by the abrasion from the diamond which is used to cut it. Then it is up to the polisher. His work is nearly always the same. Except in the rarest of cases he takes the stone and polishes on it fifty-six facets in addition to the table and culet, making fifty-eight facets all told on every stone.

"He uses a holder which grasps and locks the diamond securely at any convenient angle, and then he presents the exposed surface to a fast revolving wheel on which are diamond dust and oil. That is his entire work—to put on in regular sequence the fifty-six facets and then to polish to a nicety these fifty-six sides and the table and culet. When he completes his job the diamond is ready for the market, impregnable to weather, to acid, to damage, except as it may be cut by another diamond.

"The invention of the diamond holders with a lock clasp has done away with the melted lead as a holder except in the case of the very smallest stones."—New York Herald.

Saved His Life.

This story is told, according to the Boston Herald, at the expense of the late General Wilmon W. Blackmar: General Blackmar was attending a camp when he was approached by a seely looking man, who greeted him profusely. The general shrugged his shoulders and turned away, with the remark that they were not acquainted.

"But, general," said the stranger, "don't you remember how you saved my life at the battle of the Wilderness?"

General Blackmar at once became interested and he called a group of comrades over to listen, saying: "I saved this man's life once. How was it done, old comrade?"

"It was this way," was the response "We were on a hill and the enemy advanced steadily toward our intrenchments. A veritable hail of fire swept our position. Suddenly you turned"—here the auditors were absorbed and excited—"and ran, and I ran after you. I think that if you hadn't shown the example I would have been killed that day."

The French Peasant Woman.

She judges a picture with both hands on her hips, and when disapproval appears in her eye one trembles for the picture. When she is actually bored, she strides across the floor to an open window, puts her elbows on its balcony rail, lays her leathery chin on her leathery hands, crosses her sturdy legs, and in this street loafer attitude refreshes her mind. Her fist is capable of a sledge hammer blow. Her husband, yeoman though he is, would hardly be a match for her. He knows it and is visibly proud of it.

I have seen Whitechapel hags rouse their shriveled, bloated selves to fight like fiends, but she, if once she were coused, would fight like a god. In fact, she is a modern type of the pious woman of mythology. If Joan of Arc had been a peasant of this type there would have been no mystery about her military prowess. She is a masculine woman in the best sense.—Lippincott's Magazine.

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