

Ciphers and Settlements

By GORDON LENOX

It had all been very simple and very absurd. Brian in the stress of business had forgotten that he had promised to take Madge to the theater and had not even telegraphed her that he had an important interview to meet. There on Miss Carline had very properly sent back the ring and had refused to listen to any explanation, a proceeding which led Brian to vow that he would seek pardon no more. In turn Madge decided to search for forgetfulness in travel abroad.

The only person who displayed common sense was Howard Carline, who furnished Madge and her mother with money for the trip and encouraged Brian in his manly stand against a woman's whims. But, while his sympathy had been plentiful, his allowance of money had been small indeed, and even Madge had complained of the smallness of the sum.

"That's all right," he said cheerfully enough. "I'll fix a code, and you can send for more when this is gone."

"I think," said Mrs. Carline, "I had better send it by wireless from Nantucket on the way across. We shall need it almost as soon as we get there."

Something in her husband's laugh reassured her, and nothing more was said. Madge looked back on the city where her heart lay buried, then, after a merciful interval of seasickness, looked forward to a winter on the conti-

ment, while Brian at his desk in her father's office tried to persuade himself she was nothing at all to him now that she had so clearly shown her lack of tolerance.

But he did feel lonesome, and he felt more so when Mr. Carline announced his intention of taking a trip west. "I guess you can run the office all right," he said to Brian as he stood on the platform in the train shed and nervously fingered his sleeper ticket.

"Take good care of things and forward any cablegram to me immediately." Then he had passed through the gate, leaving Brian very much alone.

He had taken a place in Howard Carline's office at a time when his engage-



"I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU RECEIVED A CABLE FROM MOTHER."

ment to Madge had first been announced. There was no real necessity for his working, but he liked to consider himself useful, and in two years he had become invaluable to his employer. Now he found some refuge from his thoughts in hard work, and until the cable came announcing the safe arrival of Madge and her mother he had almost convinced himself that he had forgotten.

He had forwarded the cablegram to Mr. Carline, rejoicing in their safe arrival, but when a second cable came two days later his hands shook so that he could hardly open the envelope. Ten minutes later he had sent a telegram reading, "Mrs. Carline dangerously ill; am leaving on today's steamer," after

which he gave the chief bookkeeper instructions about running the office and was driven to the pier of the liner sailing that noon.

A week later a four wheeler drove up to the entrance of the Carleton hotel in London and a young man strode across the sidewalk just in time to notice two ladies whisk past in a hansom. He would have got into the cab again had not the elder lady pushed up the trap and ordered her driver to stop. She came across the sidewalk to Brian.

"Is there anything the matter?" she asked eagerly. "Is Howard ill?"

"Not at all," he assured her. "How have you been?"

"Never better," she said, with a laugh. "I have not seen Madge looking so well in a long time. What brings you over?"

"Nothing much," he said, with an elaborate assumption of indifference; "just a customer I thought it would be best to talk with instead of cabling."

"Come and see me this evening after dinner," she urged. "Madge is going to the theater with friends, and we can have a long, quiet chat."

They had their chat, but Brian was ill at ease. The more Mrs. Carline questioned him regarding his presence in London the more uneasy he became,

and he was glad when at last he could find an excuse to retire.

He had the unpleasant knowledge that he had blundered somehow. In some way that cablegram had been misread. Probably there had been an error in it, but he could not imagine a message which would admit of such a mistake. At any rate, it would never do to confess that he had crossed the ocean to come to the woman for whom he professed an utter indifference, and he blindly hoped that the cablegram he had sent to Mr. Carline immediately after having seen Mrs. Carline and Madge in good health would reach him in time to keep him from coming.

Brian could have returned home next day by another line, but he assured himself that now that he was in London it would be well to stay over a steamer and have a little rest after all he had gone through with. He hung about the Carleton, catching an occasional glimpse of Madge as she came and went with the young people whom she knew in town.

If Madge felt any curiosity regarding his presence she did not betray it after a single comment upon his presence. His being in London was a matter of utter indifference to her, and Lord Robert Sefton, had he known it, had cause to be grateful to the strapping young American for the graciousness Madge displayed toward him.

Ten days had passed before she made further comment, then she came

in one afternoon to find her mother poring over a little red covered book. A cable blank lay on the desk before her, and Madge paused by the table to kiss the placid face.

"Cabling, mummy?" she cried. "I'll warrant you want more money."

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Carline. "You see, I cabled for some two weeks ago but your father was out west, and I guess Brian could not read the cipher."

"Is it a code?" she cried. "How interesting! Let me see it."

For a moment her eyes traveled over the paper, then she turned to her mother. "Is this the same one you sent before?" she demanded. Her mother bowed. The girl's lips brushed her mother's cheek, and she went on to ward her room, pale and shaken. She knew now.

That evening Brian, lingering over his coffee, was surprised to see Madge coming toward him. He sprang to his feet as she came to a halt at his table.

"Be seated," she said quietly; "I don't want to keep you standing. It would attract attention." Brian glanced to where Lord Bobby was sitting and smiled quietly to himself.

"I want to know," she began, "if you received a cable from mother before you left New York."

"Yes," he assented; "a cablegram came the day I left."

"And you came at once?" she said softly.

Brian flushed. "Yes," he admitted. "I did not know then that it was a trick."

"It was not a trick," she protested. "It was one of father's schemes to show me what a foolish girl I had been."

"Your father?" he echoed. "I supposed that he was out west."

"It was this way," she explained. "You see, father gave us a code by which we were to communicate with him if we needed anything. He knew very well that we should have to send for money. He gave us very little when we left."

"Madge" was the code word for "send," "dangerously" was the code for "500" and "ill" was the word for "dollars." The message read: "Madge dangerously ill. Come immediately." What it meant was "Send \$500, Hotel Carleton."

"Then it was just a trick to get me over here?" he asked coldly.

"It was a device to show me my own silly heart," she said softly.

His hand caught hers on the table. "Madge," he said fervently, "I wish those electric lights would go out for a minute."

"Mother is upstairs in our sitting room," she suggested. "Let's go up and tell her that we have read the new meaning of the cipher."

Roussau.

I promised to obey? Perhaps that's so. I do not? Well, that, too, I think I know. You see, I'd no experience of men. You weren't a bear, who growled about his den; Your claws and teeth you were too smart to show.

Oh, but you were a most delightful beast! So deferential! And you'd come and go And fetch and carry as I told you when I promised to obey.

It was not likely I would answer "No," but, oh, When I was asked that question then, I wish that I might have that chance again!

Why, dear me, I was young and foolish then! Yet don't suppose I ever meant it, though I promised to obey.

—Chicago News.

First Millionaire—How is your machine working?

Second Millionaire—Very poorly. Haven't paid a fine for over three days.

—New York Life.

The Turkish Janizaries.

The Turkish Janizaries (yeul askari, new soldier) were originally Christian captives, who in the middle of the fourteenth century were trained to be the bodyguard of Sultan Amurath I. Originally they numbered 1,000, but after 300 years they had increased a hundredfold, and under Solyman the Magnificent they formed a force highly disciplined and noted for the wild impetuosity of their attack. The history of these Janizaries abounds in conspiracies and atrocities of every kind, so that at last they became more dangerous to the sultan than his foreign enemies. The lowest officers of this force were the cooks, who were held in the greatest esteem. They wore wooden spoons in their turbans and on great occasions mustered round their kettles, which they turned upside down as a token of revolt. To lose one of these kettles in battle was as much of a disgrace as the loss of a regiment's colors has been in later times.

Could Not Trust Him.

After a wordy argument in which neither scored two Irishmen decided to fight it out. It was agreed, says the Washington Post, that when either said "I've enough" the fight should cease. After they had been at it about ten minutes one of them fell and immediately yelled: "Enough! I've enough!" But his opponent kept on pounding him until a man who was watching them said:

"Why don't you let him up? He says he's got enough." "I know he says so," said the victor between punches, "but he's such a liar you can't believe a word he says!"

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MORE COMFORT THAN EVER.

On Sunday, December 17th, the Denver & Rio Grande railroad will inaugurate a daily line of standard and tourist sleeping cars between Denver and Los Angeles in connection with the new Clark road. Both cars will leave Denver daily at 9:30 a. m., and arrive at Salt Lake City at 1:35 p. m., the next day. At this point the cars will be held over until midnight, thus allowing through passengers the privilege of a stop-over of ten hours and a half in Salt Lake City. Eastbound, these cars will leave Los Angeles at 8 p. m., and arrive at Salt Lake City at 6:30 a. m., second morning where they will remain over until 3:50 p. m., thence to Denver where they will arrive at 4:20 the following afternoon. This stop-over at Salt Lake City of the regular line of sleeping cars promises to be an attractive feature for transcontinental

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