

Mr. Pringle's Plot

By ALICE E. IVES

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"JACK, don't you think you're rather young to marry?" Mrs. Pringle's voice had a hopeless ring, as though she fully realized the futility of the question, for no man ever yet thought he was too young to be happy.

"Well, mother, I'm twenty-five, just one year older than father when he was married."

"Twenty-five! I can't seem to believe it."

"The first birthday I remember was when I was six. At least you told me I was six. Now, if you started me wrong—"

"Jack, I believe you would joke about a funeral!"

"But this isn't a funeral; it's a wedding."

"It seems almost the same to me. I dare say I'm selfish, but—but I do want to keep you a little longer."

"Oh, you won't talk that way when you see what you're going to get in exchange. Sibyl is the dearest, sweetest little girl in the world."

"Of course. I knew she would be. That is what kept you so long in Boston."

"Yes, I—I suppose it was. She is coming here next week to visit her sister, Mrs. Tredway."

"Well, Jack, dear, if you love her—"

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has lain in that locked drawer eight years. Wait!" as he started to open the paper. "Don't read it till you are in your own room. I have suffered enough tonight."

He turned and tenderly kissed her and went to his room.

Hastily lighting the gas, he looked at the envelope. "For Jack" was written on it in his mother's writing, but the yellow sheet he took from it was in his father's hand and ran thus:

My Dear Son—It is my duty to tell you, though the telling tears me to the heart in my own mind, that you must never marry. An accursed thing is the inheritance of my family. Insanity invariably appears in the third generation. If the victim of this curse remains unmarried it may not come until late in life, but it is a singular fact which has been puzzle to the doctors and scientific men that marriage is supposed to hasten it and cause it to assume the most horrible form which is always to murder the being beloved.

My great-grandfather killed the mother of his child when the babe was but two days old. My father attempted my mother's life, then killed himself. The real facts have never been made public, but I know, and I feel that I must preserve you from becoming a murderer. You are the third generation. For God's sake, heed what I have said! My poor boy! If I only could have died before I had been compelled to write these words.

YOUR HEARTBROKEN FATHER.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HINDU WIZARD.

His Trick That Puzzled an Occidental Master of Magic.

Some of the tricks of the Hindu wizards are past understanding, according to an occidental master of magic who was speaking of his oriental rivals. This is what he says he saw a Hindu wizard do in a club in Lucknow:

"He took a board and placed it on four glass globes, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was requested to place his hands together, palms up. The juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician. Gradually the water turned green in color and then developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as a stone. Out of the center of this appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back in the glass. As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn melted into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. This was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then."

Knots and Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent of a knot, the latter being approximately 6,082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5,280 feet. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a small fraction, to three knots. The result of this difference, of course, is that the speed of a vessel in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and the confusion of the terms sometimes gives rise to rather remarkable claims of speed performance.

When a twenty knot ship, for example, is lightly mentioned, it should be remembered that this really means a little over twenty-three miles. Similarly with higher figures, which are often glibly enough stated, the difference between the terms is worth bearing in mind. It will help to guard against the forming of ridiculous estimates of a vessel's capabilities.

Walnuts and Butternuts.

The city boy on a visit to the country is often puzzled in trying to distinguish black walnuts and butternuts in the green state. The leaves are almost alike, being compound and having a variable number of leaflets arranged on a long stem. The butternut stem has from nine to seventeen leaflets, and the black walnut from fifteen to twenty-three. The teeth on the latter are larger and sharper than those on the butternut and lack the fuzzy stem, but the real distinguishing feature is the odor. Having once smelled the crushed leaves of a butternut and a black walnut, a person can never fail to know them thereafter.—St. Nicholas.

An Oxford Bank Note.

The Clarendon Press once made a bid for printing the notes of the Bank of England. It was many years ago, when the forger was abroad in the land, and it was desired to make his task more difficult. A sample Oxford note was adorned with a number of unintelligible quotations from out of the way languages—Arabic, Coptic and others. It was thought no forger could produce them, and an elaborate argument was given in with the sample note to that effect. Nowadays any note may be copied by photography, and the unique quality of its paper in the security of the Bank of England against fraud.—London Sketch.

The President's Salute.

Twenty-one guns, and why this particular number was hit upon has been the cause of much speculation. One solution, more clever than probable, is that when the Revolution took place the nation was considered able to shift for itself; hence twenty-one. Another is that the figures of the year of the Declaration of Independence, 1776, when added to gether make a total of twenty-one. The royal salute in England is also twenty-one guns, having been originally seven, which number fired three times for the three political divisions makes the total.

A Great Truth.

Prestige is a fickle thing, hard to gain and hard to maintain. The merchant or manufacturer must continue his leadership as an advertiser or he will surely drop from the public mind.—Mobile Register.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

When Kodak Was Slipped.

All the shopgirls in the car envied her when she swept up the aisle in her immaculate white suit and kodak held daintily by a strap.

"She is going off to the sea or woodlands," they thought, "while we have to work in the store-stuff."

The woman in white seemed too dignified even to glance at the passengers, who were admiring her enviously. She toyed with the kodak and gazed suddenly out of the window. There was much speculation as to her destination.

"I bet she is going to catch the boat up the Hudson," said one of the girls.

"Nothing of the kind," said another. "She is going around to one of the Jersey coast resorts."

"I believe you are all wrong," spoke a third. "She is going down to Rockaway or Brighton Beach."

While they were all conjecturing something happened. The strap slipped and the kodak flew open. Out rolled an apple, a ham sandwich and a half of a pie. The woman in white turned redder than a tomato, and the shopgirls giggled. Their fair excursionist was on her way to work just the same as they were, but was too proud to carry her lunch in a box, so she conceived the idea of placing it in the bogus kodak. Without stopping to pick up the remnants of ham and pie she hastily closed the kodak and left the car.—New York Globe.

MAKERS OF THE NORTHWEST.

Their one care is a constant watch for opportunity, and their rule of honor is respect for every other man's right to try. They laugh when they win, because success in a successful country need not be taken too seriously. They laugh also when they fail, because failure amid so many opportunities is ludicrous. They are crude, and they meet their social problems in their wives' names. Their optimism is the optimism of plenty. Their conceit grows out of their achievements.

The New Yorker strikingly says: "Why should I go west? I have everything that is worth seeing right here in New York." To this the American replies, "Yes, everything except the United States of America."

"You think you are the whole nation," says the New Yorker.

"No," says the American. "I'm only a part owner. But I know my country and my partners. You don't.—World's Work."

THE FLIGHT OF A SWALLOW.

Unless swallow stories be like anglers' yarns, a bird belonging to an Antwerp gentleman has just established a record. A flight of homing pigeons had been arranged from Compiegne to Antwerp. The swallow, caught by the gentleman from a nest under his own roof and duly marked, was sent to Compiegne and given its freedom with the pigeons at 7:15 o'clock in the morning. At 8:23 that same morning the swallow returned to the nest at Antwerp. It had covered the distance between the towns of just under 148 miles in one hour and eight minutes, having, therefore, traveled at the extraordinary speed of two miles and some three hundred yards per minute. The first pigeon to reach its cage, also at Antwerp, arrived there only at 11:30.—London Telegraph.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"Of course," said the young man who had been singing loud and shrill, "I am only an amateur in music."

"An amateur," responded Miss Cayenne pensively, "is one who pursues an art purely for love of it."

"I believe so."

"It's the way of the world," she added, with a little sigh. "We are so often unintentionally cruel to those we love."—Washington Star.

ECONOMICAL THOUGHT.

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Youngman, "my canary bird's dead!"

"Yes?" replied her husband. "You're not grieving much?"

"No. You see, I can have it stuffed for my hat next fall, and then the rest of the hat won't cost so much."—Philadelphia Press.

ST. LOUIS SEES A MILLION.

That St. Louis is getting ready for the coming million population is shown by the official report of the building commissioner for the month of July.

Such a showing, calling for the erection of buildings that would make a fair sized town, is striking evidence of the fact that St. Louis lost nothing, but gained tremendously in prestige and in industrial and financial strength, by the Louisiana Purchase exposition. The month's building record is not only remarkable as compared with that of last year, but is the biggest in the history of the city.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WASHING THE BLOOD.

Many strange things go to the laundry, but it is surely novel to conceive the idea of putting one's blood to the wash. However, it appears to be not only possible, but practicable, and Roux of the Pasteur Institute has just laid before the Academy of Science an apparatus invented by Dr. Ripin for this highly singular purpose. The apparatus had sufficed to "wash" one-fourth of the blood of a dog at one operation without any mishap. It is hoped that the invention will render practicable the elimination of plasma from the blood in certain affections.—London Globe.

PROBABLY NO MISTAKE.

A deserter from the British army was identified recently by the following tattoo marks upon him: A cross on the left forearm, with the words, "In loving memory;" a jockey with two flags, Buffalo Bill, a heart on the back of the left hand, and a horseshoe with crossed whips, a cross with the figure of a soldier leaning on it, a pierced heart, a heart on the right forearm, a heart with clasped hands, a soldier and a girl.—Indianapolis News.

ONE OF MENELIK'S PROCLAMATIONS.

Emperor Menelik has had occasion recently to inform his people that he has coined a new system of money. This not very exciting information was given in a proclamation full of oriental picturesqueness. The following are only a few of the minor flourishes: "Hear ye! Hear ye! May God strike discord to the enemies of our mountains and hills! May he strike discord among the enemies of our Lord Menelik! May he strike discord into the enemies of Mary!"

A MONSTER MAP.

What is probably the largest mounted map in New York is that in the office of a big express company in Broadway near Rector street. The map covers the side wall of the first floor from floor to ceiling and half the length of the building, which extends from Broadway to Trinity place. This makes it probably 18 feet high and more than 100 feet long.

PUZZLED.

"Ah, your language! Eet-ees so difficult." "What's the matter, county?" "First zis novel eet say ze man was unborn." "Yes?" "Zen eet says he was cowed."—Pittsburg Post.

THE BEST WAY.

Barber—Shall I take a little of the ends of your hair off, sir? Customer—Yes. I think you had better take it off at the ends unless you can get it out of the middle.—New Yorker.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

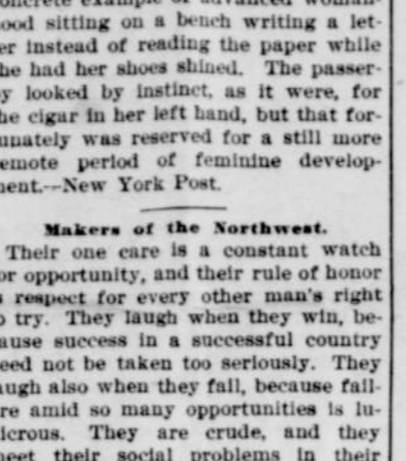
An Up to Date Lass.

The advantage of woman by leaps and bounds continues. First, we had the women's clubs, then the women's hotel, with bell girls and "lady" porters, and later the Woman's Downtown Lunching club. There is one New York young woman, living in the vicinity of Madison square, who is still ages ahead of the rest of her sex in the race for equality with man. She wears men's shoes, a four-in-hand tie and a dress that is as near an approach to a suit of clothes as the laws of dressmaking will permit. She carries her umbrella as a man would his cane, and her walk is a close imitation of the Harvard "strut." The other day she passed a woman who was carrying a large bag of groceries on her way downtown saw this concrete example of advanced womanhood sitting on a bench writing a letter instead of reading the paper while she had her shoes shined. The passer-by looked by instinct, as it were, for the cigar in her left hand, but fortunately was reserved for a still more remote period of feminine development.—New York Post.

WOMAN AND FASHION

An Attractive Garment.

Nothing appeals to the dainty woman more surely than tasteful negligee. This one is made of white lawn with trimming of embroidery and can be utilized either for the hours of relaxation in one's own room or for the family breakfast table, being essentially graceful and becoming. The material and the embroidery are both attractive.



TASTEFUL NEGLIGEE.

and practical, inasmuch as they launder admirably well, but there are many pretty flowered batistes, organdies and the like which make exceedingly attractive garments of the sort, and wash silk also is much used, while trimming can be lace frills or almost anything that may be preferred, while it may be well to add that for the cooler days or for the trip to the mountains or the seashore chaille, allstraps and the like are much to be commended. For the medium size will be required 4 1/2 yards of material 27, 3 1/2 yards 32, or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 7/8 yards of insertion and 2 1/4 yards of embroidery for frills.

REDS MUCH IN VOGUE.

The reds much in vogue just now are the tomato and geranium colors. The red of the geranium is also worn and the matchless red of the camellia. These shades are seen everywhere and in everything, but particularly in the red of the geranium worn a great deal, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The most popular red for gowns is cerise. This lovely French shade, familiar to all, comes in cloth of so soft and lovely a tone that it fairly pleads to be purchased. There is a cerise cashmere which cannot be equaled for loveliness. It makes up very well indeed with a deep green and is very ladylike when subdued with dark green leather and with dark green bands of stitched cloth.

THE HANDKERCHIEF SLEEVE.

Pretty kinases always offer an attractive field for the woman who can construct, and one of the prettiest summer arrangements is achieved in the handkerchief sleeve. It is a large square of the material—say white lawn—bordered with colored lawn or trimmed with a straight edge of embroidery. The square should be as large as a man's largest sized handkerchief, and the circular piece for the armhole is cut a little to one side of the center so as to leave the greatest length of the sleeve on top.

IN THE FRENCH STYLE.

Long waisted or French dresses are very generally becoming to little girls in addition to being in the height of style. This one is unusually attractive because of its big yoke collar, with wide ruff, and is made of Persian lawn combined with embroidery, but it is suited to almost all childish materials. The yoke collar is a feature, and a most attractive one, but nevertheless is not obligatory, as it can be omitted and the plain yoke substituted. In the case of the lawn there is no body lining.

DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

ing used, but the model will be found practical for the dresses of cooler weather as well as for those of immediate use, and when cashmere, chaille and the like are the materials chosen the lining is in every way desirable. For a child of six years will be required 3 1/2 yards of material 27, 3 yards 32, or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with one-half yard 18 inches wide for the yoke and 1 1/4 yards of embroidery and 2 yards of banding.

WHERE HE PUT IT.

McBluff—See here, sir, I believe you're the man who on the crowded car last night deliberately stuck your umbrella in my eye! De Stoff—Do you know, I was wondering what had become of that umbrella. You've brought it back, have you?—Cleveland Leader.

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Shaw—I don't see why Miss Mugley should want to marry him with all her money. Dick—I guess she had to. I don't believe he'd have taken her without it.—Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

The treaty making machinery of two great nations is in motion. The process of drawing Japan and Russia together for the purpose of securing terms for the settlement of the present war has many interesting side features, chief of which is the marked contrast it presents between the modern and the old fashioned methods of adjusting serious international differences.

The telegraph and the cable have revolutionized the business of making treaties. In the days when communication between nations was limited to sailing vessels negotiations dragged on for months and sometimes for years before an agreement could be had.

Before the period when friendly powers took up the diplomatic troubles of contending nations, flashed a few cables around the world and presented peace terms of a nature satisfactory to both sides in a controversy the governments had resorted to strategy and submit to no end of harassment and expense to accomplish their ends. In the short space of a week President Roosevelt sounded Germany, Great Britain and France as to their attitude on the question of peace in the far east.

PUBLIC PRINTING INVESTIGATION.

Last winter congress authorized the joint committee on printing to make an investigation during the recess into methods of printing public documents at the government printing office and to report to congress upon its meeting at the following session. This joint committee, of which Senator Platt of New York is the chairman, was supposed to take up the matter of all uses of expenditure in printing duplicates of government reports, to look into the nature of the material that is being printed at the expense of the government and to report its recommendations for curtailing such expenditures.

Early in the summer the chairman called a meeting of the joint committee to meet in New York city, but up on a failure of the members to show up Senator Platt decided to allow the matter to go over until the cool weather of the fall when it was said he would call the committee to meet in this city and go to work in earnest and probe the methods pursued in the ordering of printing.

It is now assured that when the committee does get to work it will find enough to occupy its attention for quite a time. It will be face to face with the increase of the government's expenditure for printing from \$3,500,000 in 1898 to \$7,000,000 at the present time. This doubling of the government's printing bill has alarmed many of the leaders in congress in view of the deficit of the treasury and the recommendation of the public printer that the government printing office be enlarged by replacing the old building at the corner of North Capitol and H streets with a modern seven story building to correspond in general style with the newly built part of the office.

THE CAPITAL PRO TEM.

Oyster Bay, the summer capital of America, is entirely devoid of social life so far as the president's family is concerned. The Roosevelts, big and little, are taking life as people should in "the good old summer time." Mrs. Roosevelt has had several intimate friends from time to time as house guests, but there has been no formal entertaining. The entire family devotes itself to riding, driving, boating, tennis and other outdoor sports, and its daily companions are members of the numerous Roosevelt clan who are summering at Oyster Bay. The president has divided his time about equally between work and pleasure. In the intervals of labor he goes off on little jaunts, the last one being a camping out in the woods part when he cooked his own meals and bathed in the bracing waters of the sound.

DEPARTMENT WOMEN'S HOME.

A movement started some time ago among the women employees of the government printing office for the establishment of a department women's home is spreading to the other government departments, according to Mrs. Arvilla McDonough, who is on the board of directors and actively engaged in the work. It is stated that in all probability the home will be opened some time this winter. The idea is not to establish a charitable institution in any sense, but it is simply to give the women of the departments who have no homes and live in rooms a place to live and have the comforts of a home. A minimum charge will be made for rooms and board, and sitting rooms, parlors and libraries will be provided.

PATRIARCHS OF THE SENATE.

The United States senate is regaining its youth. When the long session adjourned, little more than a year ago, the number of frail men in that chamber who walked about with uncertain step was a subject of comment by many observers. Statistics then showed that sixteen of its ninety members had passed the allotted three score years and ten. Seven of these in a single twelvemonth have ceased to be members of that body, four by death and three by retirement, and of these three one has already died. It is doubtful if so great a thinning out of the aged men ever before occurred in the senate. Those who died have been Quay of Pennsylvania, Hoar of Massachusetts, Date of Tennessee and Platt of Connecticut. Those who retired on March 4 who had passed the age of seventy were Hawley of Connecticut, Gibson of Montana and Stewart of Nevada. No new man has become seventy in the year nor has any seventy-year-old man been elected to the senate. The nine members who possess this distinction now are Morgan and Pettus of Alabama, Platt and Depew of New York, Frye of Maine, Proctor of Vermont, Cullom of Illinois, Allison of Iowa and Teller of Colorado.

CARL SCHOENFELD.

What irritates him.

Mother—While, you must stop asking your father questions. Don't you see they annoy him? Will you do me a favor, please, and stop asking my questions that annoy him. It's the answers he can't give that make him mad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TO CADGE.

"To cadge" is "to sponge on or live upon another." The "cadger" may assume to be more respectable than the plain beggar, but the difference between them is barely perceptible.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Remembered His Fallings.

A Cincinnati man was describing the dinner in London that admitted Joseph H. Choate to the society of the Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.

"Mr. Choate was in his best mood," he said. "With epigrams, witticisms and anecdotes he kept the table in a continuous roar."

"Perhaps he made his most telling impression with a story about an impoverished young Irish gentleman, the Hon. Denis Bellow."

"He said that Mr. Bellow, driven forth by poverty from his father's estate, went to London to seek his fortune."

"He had been a gay, convivial blade, and in the little home village he was missed. There was not a puncher nor a roisterer within ten miles that hadn't a soft spot for Denis in his heart."

"Word one day passed about that up at the castle news had been received of Denis. The village at once became

HE HAS BEEN CALLED TO THE BAR.

excited, and a deputation of a half dozen or so was soon on its way to see the old lord.

"My lord," said the spokesman, "is it true, ye've got news of yer son Denis?"

"Aye, true enough. News at last, boys," said his lordship.

"Faith, then, an' phwat might the boy be doin' up in London?" was the next question.

"He has been called to the bar," the lord answered proudly.

"The deputation looked at one another, for the phrase was new to them. Finally in a loud whisper one said:

"O! don't know phwat that means, but from phwat O! remember of the boy he didn't want no callin'!"—Pittsburg Gazette.

GOT THE MONEY.

Sada Yacco, the charming little Japanese actress, is a great favorite in Paris. She is, moreover, exceedingly frank, appealingly so, as may appear from the following incident which her friend, Lode Fuller, is telling just now:

Miss Sada was invited to take part in a private performance given by President Loubet. She was delighted, and so were the host and his guests. The Loubet pleasure promptly taking the form of a magnificent Sevres vase, which was presented to the fascinating oriental by the august donor himself.

A smile was his reward—that beaming, childlike smile which only a pretty Japanese girl can properly achieve. Sada Yacco recognized the gentleman's good intentions and gave him full credit for them, but she is as practical as she is grateful, and this is what she said:

"Very sorry, very sorry. Not take vase to Japan. Too far. Get broken. Take money. Very sorry."

While the onlookers gasped, she beamed on the president all over again, sweetly, serenely, unconsciously she had done anything out of the ordinary. And she got the money.—New York Times.

HOW WEBSTER HUNG THE SCYTHE.

When a boy on his father's farm Daniel Webster seems to have had the usual farm boy's dislike for work. It is said that he was helping his father mow a field when the old gentleman noted, with some irritation, that Daniel was forever stopping, looking off into space, fusing with his scythe, etc.

"What's the matter, Daniel? Why don't ye keep mowing?" he asked.