

Their Underground Elopement.

By Horace Stacy.

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"What's the matter with slipping out now and getting married?" demanded Dudley Winthrop. "You are over legal age, and the marriage cannot be nullified on the ground that you are a minor, even though that ridiculous will does make you Mrs. Eaton's slave for three years more."

Elizabeth colored.

"You see," she said shamefacedly, "auntie is afraid of some such thing and—John watches."

"You don't mean to say that she has had the footman act as a spy upon you?" he gasped.

Elizabeth nodded.

"You don't realize how bitter auntie is," she explained.

"Just because my father married another girl? Surely that does not ex-



"LET'S RUN" SHE CRIED AS HE HURRIED FORWARD.

use her setting the servants to spy upon you. We can slip out of the side door, then."

"Robert is in the side street with the carriage," she said, while the blood dyed her face a deeper red. "I'm afraid that there is no chance, dear."

"But you would if you could?"

"You know that, Dudley."

"I'll make the chance," he said. "I never heard of such a thing. I'm going now. I don't want to take a chance of meeting Mrs. Eaton until I've had time to cool down. I'll send you word."

Winthrop passed out with a pleasant adieu to his hostess, and as he descended the steps the sudden alertness of the footman in the Eaton livery told him that Elizabeth's suspicions were correct.

Mrs. Eaton had never forgiven Dudley Winthrop's father for his fancied slight. She had determined to marry him, but while he was attentively courteous he had given no indication of his preference for her. For all of that his marriage to another woman had been a defeat she had never forgiven, and now that she was the legal guardian of her sister's child until Elizabeth should become twenty-one she threw every obstacle in the way of the match between the two young people, even planning to frustrate an elopement through the watchfulness of her carriage servants.

Dudley had an appointment with an out of town acquaintance, and when he came to Forty-second street he turned his steps toward Broadway. The man he sought was in the grill room in the new hotel's basement, they told him, at his desk, and presently Dudley found himself facing the long marble corridor from his seat at one of the tables.

"What's the procession?" he demanded as he pointed to the persons who, after descending the stairs, vanished down a short corridor just beyond.

"Going to take the subway," said the visitor. "I thought you New Yorkers knew everything. Don't you know that the Knickerbocker has two entrances to the subway—one through the cafe and one down that hallway? It's great on a rainy day."

"It's good any old day," smiled Winthrop as a sudden inspiration came to him. "I'm glad I found it out."

After that Winthrop became a regular occupant of the table that gave a view of the corridor, sitting there sometimes for an hour after the black coffee had been served, and at last his patience was rewarded, for Elizabeth came hurrying down the stairway.

"Let's run!" she cried as he hurried forward. "I told auntie I wanted to stop and telephone. She only knows the hotel from the restaurant, and she's having a cup of tea in there this blessed minute, safe in the knowledge that the men are on guard outside."

She was dragging Winthrop down the corridor and across the platform. Through the tunnel came the rumble of an approaching train, and they slipped through the gate just as it came to a stop.

"Which way are we going?" she demanded as she settled into a seat.

"Downtown," he explained. "There is a little tunnel that leads over to the uptown platform, but I wanted to get away quickly. We can get off at the next station and cross there. Dr. Bliss lives on Ninety-sixth street."

The plan was simple enough, and

though there was a wait for an uptown express, they were soon on board. There is a curve at Forty-second street where the tracks swing into Broadway, and here the train slowed down. Elizabeth, looking through the window, gave a little scream. Standing in the entrance from the Knickerbocker was her aunt with a most laughable expression of bewilderment upon her face. It was just a fleeting tableau; then, the train gathered speed, and Elizabeth sank back in her seat.

"Auntie has just discovered the flight," she announced, with a low ripple of laughter. "Her expression was the funniest thing, Dudley."

"I wish I could hear what she is saying," he chuckled. "I fancy that she will lose her faith in coachmen spies now. It's a mighty good lesson for her, Elizabeth."

"To think of your disinterestedness in giving the lesson!" she said demurely. "It does great credit to your generosity."

They both laughed at the suggestion until the train shot into the Ninety-sixth street station and they hurried above ground.

Half an hour and the kindly old rector had escorted them to the door. Elizabeth clutched the certificate of marriage as though she feared to lose it and sighed with relief as she heard Winthrop give his address to the driver.

But she gasped as they drew up in front of the house and saw the Eaton carriage driving slowly up and down, while the footman paced the walk.

"Auntie must be waiting for us," she said. "Do you suppose she is very angry, Dudley?"

"Let's find out," he suggested as he helped her out and ran up the steps.

"Are you married?" demanded Mrs. Eaton from the drawing room as they entered the hall.

"Half an hour ago," declared Winthrop.

"Then," she said practically, "I shall have to make the best of it, I suppose. But I must say that when I saw that the hotel advertised every modern convenience I did not suppose that that included facilities for underground elopements."

"There's only one old fashioned aspect to the affair," laughed Winthrop. "And that?" asked Mrs. Eaton coldly.

"And so they were married," he quoted, "and lived happy ever after," and he drew Elizabeth into his arms and kissed her.

The Old Spelling Class.

Rev. George Channing wrote an account of the school of his youth, which he attended just after the Revolution. Girls and boys attended together the primary school and sat on seats made of round blocks of wood of various heights, which were furnished by the parents. Children bowed and kissed the teacher's hand on leaving the room. The teaching of spelling was peculiar. It was the last lesson of the day.

The master gave out a long word, say, "multiplication," with a blow of his strap on the desk as a signal for all to start together, and in chorus the whole class spelled out the word in syllables. The teacher's ear was so trained and acute that he at once detected any misspelling. If this happened he demanded the name of the scholar who made the mistake. If there was any hesitancy or refusal in acknowledging he kept the whole class until, by repeated trials of long words, accuracy was obtained. The roar of the many voices of the large school, all pitched in different keys, could be heard on summer days for a long distance.

The Indian's Reply.

A distinguished army officer tells a story on himself which relates to the days when he was a young lieutenant in the far west a good many years ago. He was of a party who had gone to see the Indians at Spokane Falls. Among the redskins was Chief Moses, who was fairly well educated and spoke capital English. The young lieutenant addressed Chief Moses in the Indian tongue, saying, "Moses, I have often heard of you, and I have seen your picture and your name in the newspapers, but I have never before seen you," and, offering his hand, added, "I am glad to meet you." Moses scanned him from head to foot, and as the young man stood with outstretched hand the lengthening silence and stolidity of the chief were becoming painful, when old Moses at last and with great deliberation said in English, "Young man, I have never heard of you before and I have never seen your picture in the newspapers, but," he added lightly, "nevertheless I am glad to see you," and accepted his hand.

Real Forbidden Fruit.

In some countries there grows a kind of fruit belonging to the shaddock family and which is commonly called "forbidden fruit." It is similar to grape fruit, but is larger, and the inside is somewhat coarser than the delicious acid delicacy of which we are so fond. The name forbidden fruit was given on account of three dark brown stains, like finger marks, which invariably show on this variety of the shaddock. The stains are close together on one side and are believed to be the marks of Eve's fingers left as a brand on the apple whose eating caused so much trouble in the world. Forbidden fruit is much liked by people who are able to get it fresh, but so far it has not been shipped abroad as extensively as its cousins, the grape fruit and shaddock.—New York Herald.

Looking Ahead.

New Boarders—That bed's rather narrow for two. Landlady—Three have slept in it. New Boarders—Yes, but we haven't boarded here long enough yet to get that thin.

CONDENSED STORIES.

The First Speech Delivered by President Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt made his first set speech when he was ten years old. At that time he would a bold sailor be. He had read all the marvelous tales of the sea, and his ambition was to sail the ocean blue in command of a stanch craft that would carry him to the uttermost parts of the earth. He was permitted by his governess to spend much time about the wharfs of New York, and he thus became personally ac-



THE OLD SEA DOG TOLD INTERESTING STORIES.

quainted with many of the most famous skippers of that time. Chief among his heroes was a certain Captain Doane, commander of the clipper ship Rival.

This old sea dog used to fill the mind of the future hero of San Juan with astonishing stories of storms at sea and hairbreadth escapes from the sepulcher in Davy Jones' locker. It fired the imagination of the youth and stirred his ambition. In 1868 the boy who is now president raised a fund by popular subscription for the purpose of a library for the officers and crew of the Rival, all of whom were his friends.

At the head of a delegation of youngsters he visited the ship when it next came into port and with due ceremony presented the library, consisting of forty-five volumes, to the skipper. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Roosevelt. When reminded a few days ago of this event by an old friend the president said he remembered it perfectly and that frequently he had wondered if any of the officers or crew of the Rival were still alive and if so if they remembered his speech.

"I thought it was a mighty fine speech," said he, "and so did Captain Doane."—St. Louis Republic.

What We May Come To.

Alexis Aladin, the leader of the Russian douma's labor party, was marveling in New York at the strength of the labor unions of America.

"Now that I grasp the size and power of these unions," he said, smiling, "I see the point of a story that I failed to understand coming over on the boat."

"An American woman told me this story. She said that a young bride was found one afternoon crying bitterly in the smoking room of her club."

"Why, my dear," said an elderly matron, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh," sobbed the bride, "I'm going to leave George! Dear me, I'm going straight back home to mother!"

"What?" exclaimed the matron. "Has George already proved unkind? Well, they're all alike, my—"

"But the weeping bride interrupted her."

"No," she said, her shoulders shaking with grief. "George is a dear. He's perfect. But that brute of a Henry Simmons has refused to buy Mrs. Simmons a new dinner gown, and District No. 4 of the Amalgamated Wives' union has been ordered out on strike!"

Met the Emergency.

"With dread," said President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, "the youth of our land, now behold examination time approaching. I hope none of them will be so ill prepared and conscienceless as a student whom I heard of last year."

"This young man as he sat waiting for his oral examination in Greek saw passing down the line an extract of extreme difficulty. This passage would inevitably flunk him. There was no time to lose. What was he to do?"

"In desperation he seized hold of a frail fellow student, who was subject to epilepsy, and, though the young man was quite well at the time, he carried him out as if he were in a fit."

"On his return he got an easier passage."

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Strong Muscled Boys and Girls Will Find Turtle Game Amusing.

Any number may play turtle, and no one player is "it" for all are "it" together. The game commences by each choosing the kind of a turtle he intends to be. One perhaps is a land tortoise, another a snapper, another a mud turtle, and so on. Then they all sit in a row, resting their chins on their knees and each holding his left ankle with his right hand and his right ankle with his left hand. This is a very difficult position to keep. At a given signal the turtles start for a goal, a short distance away. It is the object of the game for the turtles to waddle to the goal and go back to the starting point without removing their hands from their feet. Many let go before the proper moment; the others shout, "Dead turtle!" and keep on, leaving their unfortunate companion in the background. The rules of the game demand that he wait there until the first successful racer reaches him on his way back and touches him with his elbow, by which he is supposed to instill new life into the poor dead turtle. The latter immediately starts out again and finishes in the best style he can. As there are always several dead turtles, he is never lonely in his effort to succeed. The winner is, of course, the one who returns to the starting place first.

The District of Columbia.

The District of Columbia since 1878 has been governed by three commissioners, all of whom are appointed by the president and confirmed by the senate. Congress makes all laws for the District. Citizens of the District have no vote for national officers. There is but one government for the entire District, with which the city of Washington is now considered as co-extensive.

Concerning Stamps.

They are useful. And they are interesting. Even to the noncollector. The Jamestown variety is now "it."

In 1853 the government first issued stamped envelopes. Since that date 327 distinct varieties have been put out. An envelope issued in 1874 was recently sold for the sum of \$360.

An Eastern Proverb.

The Brahmins have a proverb which has been translated thus: Six little words lay claim to me Each passing day—I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

East and west men spend their lives deciding among the six, and the last is the one that makes the trouble.

The Size of Noah's Ark.

Noah's ark was about as big as a medium sized church—that is, 450 feet long, 75 feet broad and 45 feet high.—New York American.

The Hero.

Within the farmhouse kitchen wide The children clustered side by side While Walter told, with bated breath, How father's sheep had met with death. With glowing eyes he did declare How, with a gun, he'd chase that bear Or brave the wildcat's snarling rage Or any other beast engage!



The girls, with shivering, fearful joy, Marvelled to hear this valiant boy.

And with the twilight's deepening hue, Fiercer his deeds of daring grew.

Then mother said, "Come, Walter, run And get a pail of water, son!"

But Walter said: "Hear Rover bark? I would, but—it's so awful dark!" —Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Condon's Message.

By W. F. Bryan.

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The porch was a pleasant place in the quiet of the summer afternoon. Mrs. Condon rocked slowly back and forth, pausing now and then in her sewing to look across the broad acres to the wooded patch on the ridge that marked the horizon. It was all hers, the richest farm in Liscom county, and yet she sighed softly as she took up her work again.

"Ma!" Mrs. Condon looked up with a start. Her thoughts had been far back in the past when she was young and as pretty as the girlish figure that stood in the doorway.

"Henry Griswold is coming to see you this afternoon," went on the girl. "He wants to ask you—for me."

With cheeks aflame she leaned forward and buried her face on the elder woman's shoulder. Mrs. Condon pushed her gently away and the gaunt, tired face grew hard.

"Does Hank Griswold want to marry you or the farm?" she demanded bluntly. "It ain't going to do him a mite of good to ask."

"He doesn't want the old farm!" stormed the girl. "We're going to live on his place."

"If he gets you," amended Mrs. Condon. "It won't do a mite of good to argue, Sue. There ain't no fortune hunter going to marry you."

"It's not a fortune hunter," defended the girl. "It's a cruel, wicked, hateful thing to say!"

"You go right straight into the house," commanded Mrs. Condon, "and don't you come out here again until you can be respectful to your mother!"

For a moment the girl paused rebelliously, but habit was stronger than this new mutinous feeling, and slowly she went inside. Mrs. Condon picked up her sewing again, but her hands lay idle in her lap, and tired eyes looked out across the fields. She had paid a bitter price for those broad acres, and Hank Griswold, struggling with his tiny farm, should never be their



SHE WATCHED HIM AS HE WOLFED HIS FOOD.

owner. She had been forced into a loveless marriage by an avaricious father, and her heart had turned to stone. She could not believe in love. It must be the fields that Griswold wanted. It might seem hard to Susie, but it was for the best.

Down the narrow strip of road, running like a dusty river between the green banks of verdure, shambled a bent figure. It turned in at the gate, unmindful of Mrs. Condon's shrill warning that she did not feed tramps.

"I'll work for it," he said eagerly. "I'm willing to pay my way, but you people are so set against tramps that you won't even give me a chance to work for food."

"I suppose you'll tell me next that you're a mechanic on his way to a job that's been promised him," she said scornfully.

"I'm a tramp, a hobo," he said defiantly. "It's all I've been for ten years and more. I only work when I have to, but I'm willing to work now for the sake of food."

Mrs. Condon smiled approvingly. She liked truth even in a tramp.

"I guess there ain't much to do," she said as she rose to her feet. "The wood's all split, and I've got two men for chores, but I'll give you something."

The tramp sank down on the steps, and presently she reappeared with a bowl containing the remnants of a stew and part of a loaf of bread.

She watched him as he wolfed his food, and when he set the bowl down on the porch she nodded approvingly. "I guess you were hungry," she conceded. "We don't like tramps in through here."

"You don't have to tell me," he declared, with a grin. "I knew a chap what came from round here somewhere. He was my side partner for a couple of years. They used to call him 'Starry Sam' because he had bracelets of stars tattooed on his wrists."

"I know the man you mean," she said, with an impassive face, "but I didn't know he was a tramp."

"There was a woman," explained the tramp, seeing that she was interested and scenting a chance to get food to carry with him on his way.

"He told me the story once. He was in love with a girl, but her old man

made her marry a fellow that had money. Sam couldn't stand for seeing her another man's wife, and he lit out.

"He wasn't a bit in the city. His disappointment sorter took the heart out of him."

"I know," she said quietly. "He was killed the next year while saving a little child."

"Killed nothin!" scoffed the tramp. "That was a stall for the girl he was stuck on. He was down so low he took to the road, and he got the clerk of a lodging house to put up that steer. Said he'd rather have her think he was dead than to guess he'd taken to the road. You know the girl?"

"Yes, I know her."

"Well, don't tell her Sam was a good fellow. It was only that he didn't have anything to live for. You can't blame him. He's dead now. He got in with some yeggs after he left me and the bulls got him in Chi."

"The bulls got him?" The woman's voice quavered a little.

"That's slang," explained the tramp.

"The Chicago policemen started to arrest him, and he tried to run, so they shot him. He was a good man," he added softly. "Say, lady, you couldn't let me have some more bread, could you, to take with me?"

She rose without a word and entered the house, returning presently with a fresh loaf and some cold meat wrapped in a paper. With a word of thanks the tramp slouched off, and the summer stillness fell upon the piazza again.

But the woman's heart throbbed with a dull ache.

"The bulls got him in Chi."

The sentence ran in her brain. So this was the epitaph of her boy lover. The heroic rescue, in which he gave up his life for another, was but a figment of imagination. She shuddered as though she had come in physical contact with the thing that had been her idol and who had become a loathsome, ragged tramp.

Then her thoughts softened. Her visitor had been right. Sam had been different from the practical, unimaginative men with whom he lived. They had made great plans for the future—their future—and disappointment had taken the heart out of him.

A dreamer, men called him; a visionary, who preferred the pen to the plow. It was for this reason that her father had withheld his consent and had forced her into a hateful marriage with Condon.

She sat with idle hands staring across the fields, with eyes that pierced the veil of years. Her eyes were dry. Her tears were long since shed, but the old wound bled afresh.

For years her heart had been as a stone within her breast, but now it softened under the influence of her grief. The sinking sun shot its beams slantwise across the porch and warmed afresh her benumbed sensation. At last she stirred.

"Sue!" she called. The girl, her eyes red and swollen from weeping, appeared in the doorway.

"You'd better bathe your eyes and put on your muslin dress," counseled her mother. "If Hank is coming you'll want to look your best. I'll say 'yes,' my dear. I guess you ought to know better than me whether it's you or the farm he wants. You've got a right to happiness."

"You've thought it over?" asked the girl as she kissed the faded cheek.

"I guess I've had a message from the Lord," she answered, "even though he did pick out a tramp for a messenger."

A Close Call.

We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow in Burma one evening enjoying our after dinner cheroot. Finally my friend arose and sauntered into his bedroom. Usually lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening for some reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties. I could hear my friend fumbling about on his dressing table, and then suddenly he gave a cry of horror and rushed out to the light.

"I have been struck by a snake," he gasped, and his face was deadly pale.

"Where is it? Quick! Show me!" I exclaimed as I whipped out a knife.

He held out his right arm. There was no mark on the hand, which I examined critically, but on the cuff of the shirt were two tiny scratchlike punctures and two little globules of poison sinking into the starched linen and leaving a sickly greenish yellow mark.

"You've had a close call, old man," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "and now let us settle the snake!"

We found him coiled up on a small mirror which lay on the table, and an ugly looking reptile he was, too, ready to strike again. He was a very poisonous snake, known as the Deboase russell, but after my friend had done with him it would have been difficult for any naturalist to have placed him in his proper genus.—London Standard.

A Queer Inscription.

A monumental inscription quoted by Mr. Thomas Walswright in "Devon Notes and Queries" affords an interesting example of the earlier of the uses of the word "umbrella" which are presented in Gay's lines:

Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display To guard their beauties from the sunny ray; Or sweating slaves support the shady load When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;

Britain in winter only knows its aid To guard from chilly snows the walking maid.

Perhaps the word "umbraculum" in the Vulgate version of the history of Jonah suggested to the author of the epitaph to write:

Blest was the prophet in his heavenly shade.

But ah, how soon did his umbrella fade! Like our frail bodies, which, being born of clay,

Spring in a night and wither in a day.

The inscription is on a monument bearing the date 1684.—Notes and Queries.