The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Not Taking Any Chances.

Clancy and Brophy had been elected delegates to the national convention of an organization of which both were members. The convention was held in New York, and the first night they were there they decided to eat in the swell rathskeller of the hotel. The cabaret and tango stunts amazed them a little, but they managed to get a square meal. When they had finished the waiter said:

"Shall I bring you a couple of demi-tasses?"

"I should say not," replied Clancy. "Somebody might see them sittin' here with us and tell our wives."

P-h-e-w!

Lives of many pests remind us
We can get into that class
If we'll only leave behind us
Fumes of garlic when we pass.

Huh!

The hard guy walked into the swell cafe.

"Gimme a shot of booze," he demanded, as he tossed a dime on the bar.

"We don't sell 10 cent whisky here," sneered the barkeep.

"That's too bad," replied the hard guy, as he put his dime back in his pocket. "I'll have to hunt up a decent place. I can't stand that 5 cent stuff."

Advice.

This life is brief. To live your part
So we'll regret you're dead.
See that you always keep your heart
Much softer than your head.

Swallowed.

"Do you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" asked the old fogy.

"Sure I do," replied the grouch. "There is nothing so wonderful about that. Why, I have an automobile that swallowed a seven room house."

Wuff!

"The man I wed must be a king,"
Bragged little Mary Goose.
And then she married a male thing
Who proved to be a deuce.

Gee, This Is a Tough One!

Dear Luke.—Why are blackberries red when they're green?—Louisville Reader.

Learn One New Thing Every Day.

An Illinois editor has discovered a way to get rid of mosquitoes. All you have to do is rub alum on your face and hands. When Mr. Mosquito bites you the alum puckers up his little stinger so he can't sting. Then he becomes alarmed and sits down in a damp place and tries to dig the pucker loose. This takes him so long that he catches cold and dies of pneumonia.

War Sure Is Bad!

If a European soldier is cowardly he is likely to be shot, and if he is brave his general is likely to kiss him.—Kansas Cty Star.

Bless His Little Heart.

He is tender hearted, deeply spiritual and is in great demand for funerals. He is one of God's sweetest spirits. He weighs 300 pounds.—Religious Exchange.

Names Is Names.

Wood Pile lives at Frankfort, O.

Things to Worry About.

The first barber shop was opened in Rome in 300 B. C.

Luke McLuke Says:

When a man hates another man he goes around and tells everybody but the man he hates.

A rich man is often a poor husband.

The woman who spends all of her time trying to shine in society always gets mad when her nose gets the best of it.

The fellow who remains in the hay and pounds his ear until noon usually spends the rest of the day whining that he can't get up in the world.

A man doesn't mind paying his beer bill, but it is different when his water bill comes in.

Start to praise a man and your audience will yawn. Start knocking a man and your audience will sit up and pay attention.

When a man can't make a living any other way he can always become a reformer and find plenty of grouches to finance a society for the prevention of something.

The reason why a woman never succeeds when she marries a man in reforming him is because she forgets to take a course of lessons in the art of charming snakes.

The old fashioned youth who believed that women were all built alike now has a son who knows a corn fed shape from an excelsiorized one.

When he begins to notice that she talks too much, and she begins to notice that his breath smells of tobacco, the honeymoon goes out and hunts for a man who knows how to use a pulmotor.

This is a queer world. In one end of town a woman who has denied herself enough to eat so that the children might have milk for supper will pick up a piece of newspaper and see a big headline over the news that a woman in the other end of town has just paid $10,000 for a Pekingese poodle.

Your credit never gets so poor that you can't borrow all the trouble you are looking for.

The Reason of It.

"Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?"

"In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—Chicago Herald.

A Feminine Failing.

Polly—What would you do if you were in my shoes? Dolly—Buy a pair a size smaller.—New York Times.

CARLYLE AND THE ARTISTS.

His Impatience With Whistler and His Growl at Watts.

In the article on Whistler in "Sketches of Great Painters," by Edwin Watts Chubb, there is a characteristic Carlyle anecdote. Carlyle had seen the famous painting by Whistler of his mother, and this led to Carlyle's willingness to sit for the great artist. "He came one morning," writes Mr. Chubb, "sat down, waited a few moments while Whistler made the final arrangements of canvas, brushes and palette and said:

"'And now, mon, fire away!'

"When Carlyle noticed that Whistler ignored his injunction and did not think that that was the way to paint a portrait he added testily:

"'If you're fighting battles or painting pictures the only thing to do is to fire away.'

"On another day Carlyle talked about other artists who had painted his portrait:

"'There was Mr. Watts, a man of note, and I went to his studio, and there was much meestification, and screens were drawn around the easel, and curtains were drawn, and I was not allowed to see anything. And then, at last, the screens were put aside, and there I was. And I looked. And Mr. Watts, a great mon, he said to me, "How do you like it?" And then I turned to Mr. Watts, and I said, "Mon, I would have you know I am in the habit of wearin' clean linen."'"

PROPER COOKING.

It Destroys Bacteria and Makes the Food More Digestible.

Cooking is one of the principal forces in civilization, and it has played a tremendous part in bringing mankind to the high place it now holds.

The principal reason for cooking our food is to destroy disease germs. For many ages no one knew what caused illness, but now nearly all maladies are traceable to these tiny germs, many of which are found in food and can be destroyed only by the heat of cooking.

Man, owing to the very complicated machinery of his body, falls a prey to disease more easily than the animals. Consequently food which an animal can take without harm may kill a man. Cooking destroys a large proportion of the parasites, microbes and bacteria in food, thus giving man a chance to digest a diet that otherwise would kill him.

In order to achieve the best results in the destruction of bacteria and in the increasing of digestibility meat and other foods should be subjected first to intense heat so as to form a retaining skin, as is done in roasting or broiling. Then the heat should be reduced and kept on for a long term, during which the juices gradually soften the muscular fibers.

This heat acts as a deathblow to the millions of bacteria which would otherwise have found a place in the stomach of the man or the woman who was to eat it.—New York American.

Byron's Pet Geese.

Italian geese figured in the long succession of pets Byron kept at one time or another. The Countess Guiccioli told Lord Malmesbury that, "with all his abuse of England, Byron when in Italy insisted on keeping up old customs in small things, such as having hot cross buns on Good Friday and roast goose on Michaelmas day. This last fancy led to a grotesque result. After buying a goose and fearing it might be too lean he fed it every day for a month previously, so that the poet and the bird became so mutually attached that when Sept. 29 arrived he could not kill it, but bought another and had the pet goose swung in a cage under his carriage when he traveled. After four years he was moving about with four geese."—London Chronicle.

Cruel Thing!

The elderly "girl" was gushing round, as usual, and Molly Smarte was getting tired of it.

"Oh, look here!" cried the would be youthful dame. "Here's such a funny advertisement in the paper. A beauty specialist says he can make you look ten years younger in twenty minutes."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Miss Smarte, with a smile. "Why don't you try his treatment for—er—an hour or so?"—London Answers.

Good Company.

As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers, books are always with us and always ready to respond to our wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings or gather them around us at our firesides. In the lonely wilderness and the crowded city their spirit will be with us, giving a meaning to the seemingly confused movements of humanity and peopling the desert with their own bright creations.—John Alfred Langford.

Rescued by Nature.

"Were you ever lost in the woods?"

"Almost."

"Who rescued you?"

"Nature."

"What do you mean?"

"The wind was blowing so hard that the girl didn't hear me when I proposed."—London Standard.

Smoked Ceilings.

Smoke from a lamp or gas often soils a ceiling in the one particular spot, while the rest remains beautifully white. It is useful to know that soiled ceilings caused by lamp and gas will be rendered less conspicuous if rubbed over with dry whiting.

Just What He Meant.

"Is the rain still keeping up?"

"Why, what d'ye mean? I haven't seen any rain."

"That's what I asked you, if it was still keeping up?"—Exchange.

Cheap.

"Mrs. Gabby just loves to indulge in cheap talk."

"Then let her try a little conversation on the line between New York and San Francisco."—New York Times.

Children of Today.

"If you don't give me a piece of your chocolate, Edith, I'll tell mamma that you are secretly engaged."—Fliegende Blatter (Munich).

A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

How the House Where Nobody Lived Found an Owner.

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Nan came upon the house during one of her solitary walks. So unexpectedly did she find it at a sudden bend of the road that the girl gave a gasp of surprise.

The little house cuddled against a low bending hill, as though seeking protection, while its bright red roof peeped cautiously through the evergreens. It was the undisturbed snow of each pathway which told Nan that it was a "house where nobody lived"—or had lived—through the dreary winter. Here in this shaded spot the snow seemed to have determined not to give place to the violets, for spring breathed everywhere.

Curiously Nan explored the untrodden paths, as white and crusty, bearing marks of no footfall, the snow lay at each doorway. With precise regularity curtains were drawn across wide, shining windows. The house was empty. In a spirit of sudden longing Nancy Bell sank down upon the door stone, her stocking capped head resting against a white pillar.

"Oh, little home," she breathed wistfully, "how I wish that you were mine!" For Nancy Bell in all the days of her girlhood had never known a home. Far back among the memories of years was a cherished picture of a tangled home garden where the childish Nan had walked with her gentle mother. But that picture faded so quickly—into Nan seated stiffly before a desk in a graded boarding school, while the dormitory bedroom of the girls' seminary became the only home which Nan had known.

Her education finished, it had been necessary to continue within the gray walls as French teacher. But after a year's conscientious work the French verbs began to twist themselves perplexedly about in the French teacher's brain, and she hied her away to the country.

It had been an alluring advertisement to "companion an old lady" which had led the girl to this isolated village, where upon acquaintance the old lady proved to be not as alluring as her advertisement. Still, one might endure endless hours of reading aloud when one might enjoy undisturbed two afternoon hours of each day, golden hours in which to tramp about unconfined, to dream of the good things the future would bring, for surely in the justice of things Nan's future must be bright to compensate for the loss of all that had gone before.

Seated upon her bed in the dormitory room the girl had dreamed upon many a moonlit night of the home that

A MAN STOOD LOOKING DOWN UPON HER.

would be hers—when that home should come. And so exactly was her vision realized in the little house around the corner of the world that Nan had gasped in surprise. How could the inmates have carelessly closed the hospitable doors and gone away? Why, if the home were hers she would have been watching this minute for the crocuses poking their heads above ground, and when summer time came she would swing her hammock out there beneath the trees. Then Nan caught her breath at a wildly daring thought. Why not—why not indulge in the old childish game of "pretend?" Why might the little house not be, for a time at least, in fancy, her own?

For two hours of each day she might care for the flowers so heartlessly deserted—might read or play or sing in the garden. Singing about a young ladies' seminary is unbecoming of a French teacher, "levity," an undesirable trait in a companion. Nancy Bell felt that her youth was slowly congealed. Here, in this hidden garden, she might be as young and as gay and as free as she chose. The girl jumped to her feet and went running up the hill.

"Who," she asked of an astonished old lady, "who owns the bungalow on the hill, the house where nobody lives?"

"Reckon you mean Dobbs' place," the old lady replied. "Miss Dobbs goes south every winter."

"And—she's coming back?" The girl's voice fell disappointedly. But the old lady shook her head. "Not this summer," she said.

So the crocuses thrived in their new tender care, and the violets burst into bloom. Singing merrily, Nan climbed high to fasten the vines to their trellises, and before the apple trees had quite decided to bloom her hammock hung in their shade.

"Oh, the glory of it!" she murmured luxuriously, arms folded beneath her head while the spring sunshine brought roses of their own to bloom in her cheeks.

"It is my own home," she insisted. But the two hours had flown, and, tossing her hammock into a convenient porch corner, the girl started up the path. At the gateway a great dog came to meet her.

"Wherever did you come from?" she cried. In friendly fashion the dog trotted on at her side, standing still to follow her with his eyes as she went up the hill. Thereafter he waited each day, seeming instinctively to know the time of her coming.

Friend she named him and allowed him to enter at will her cherished garden. Devotedly Friend rested during the two hours of her stay beneath the swaying hammock and carried in his great jaws flowers with which Nan decorated the old lady's rooms.

For so real had the game of pretend become that the flowers were Nan's very own flowers, grown in her own home garden. One afternoon, mingling with the falling apple blossoms, came a sudden, drenching shower. Breathlessly the girl scampered, followed by

"IT SHALL BE," SHE SAID SOFTLY.

the dog, to the shelter of the porch. Idly her hand rested upon the door knob. "If," she murmured fancifully, "the house were a real pretend house, presto, the door would fly open at my touch." And, presto, that is exactly what the door did.

Even as Nan stood for one astounded moment gazing at the shining knob she understood. It was one of a kind which locks itself with forcible closing, and when Miss Dobbs had left regretfully, as she must, she had no doubt drawn the door too softly behind her. But now, now that one was so close to one's dream would it be wrong to step inside, just to see for a moment if the fireplace was where the fireplace should be, if there was a piano with two tall candles upon it? With easy assurance Friend settled the question, waggingly inviting her to follow. Yes, there was the fireplace, the very logs near for the burning, and over there, as it should be, in the light of the window stood the grand piano. But dust lay shockingly everywhere, and Nan, recklessly taking the scarf from her shoulders, went to work to remove it. The call of those gleaming keys was too great to be resisted, so she seated herself before the piano, and through the room echoed a song of home. When she raised her eyes, tear blinded, a man stood looking down upon her, a man whose brown eyes shone with a strangely sweet and steady light. Meeting that questioning gaze, Nan tried to speak, tried to arise, and failed.

In embarrassed silence she reached for the dog's protecting head—Friend had joyously gone over to the enemy.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, and Nan now realized that he had twice begged her pardon, "I had no idea that the house was occupied. It was your song which brought me downstairs."

"But how," wildly asked Nan, "did you get in?"

The man calmly exhibited a string of keys. "The agent in the city gave me these," he explained. "The house being offered to rent furnished, I wished to look it over." He paused. "The agent assured me," he finished meaningly, "that the house was unoccupied."

Nan studied her boot. How explain her childish foolishness to a stranger—a frank faced manly stranger—with a disapproving chin? No, it was not to be thought of. Flight was—upon Nan's part—the only course to pursue. When she could hide her shamed, humiliated face in that bare room upon the hill, house owners and house renters might search for her in vain.

"The house is unoccupied," she murmured confusedly. "I—I was only dusting." The man nodded in quick understanding.

"Oh, I see!" he said. "You are a friend, perhaps, of the owner. I have watched you at work in the garden."

"Watched me?" Her tone was horrified. The man laughed. "Why, yes," he confessed. "I've been stopping here in the house, with meals at the hotel for a couple of weeks."

Nan flamed back at him. "And you watched and never said a word?"

"What would I say?" the young man asked quietly. "You seemed to be happy"—a reminiscent smile crossed his face—"and useful," he added. Nan reached for the dog's collar. With a sense of championship her fingers found it. Then together dog and girl rushed across the room; up the hill they hurried. Friend halting panting at last as from some merry game.

Looking down upon him, the girl laughed shakily. "Only a 'make believe' home," she murmured; "only a dog for a friend—goodby."

Thereafter she chose for her walks all paths which led most distantly from the little house of dreams. What had he thought of her, this man with the kindly smile? And when he had brought his wife to the new home would she laugh with him as they sat before the fireside at the tale of the "make believe girl?" It was Friend who sought her out in her gloomy meditation, and she looked up to find Friend's master again regarding her with gravely searching eyes.

"We've had a time of it finding you," he said boyishly. "We want to ask a favor. Since renting the house I find that I must for a time return to the city. Won't you please go on caring for the flowers? You were good enough to do it before, though I'm sure I don't know why"—

Then Nancy Bell told him, sparing herself no humiliation. She went back in self contempt to her empty dreams of the dormitory room, farther back to the childish dream of a tangled garden, and as the man listened his eyes grew more kindly, his firm mouth softened into tenderness.

"We all have our dreams," he said gently. "You will come?" So she went back again to her beloved tasks. But the charm of "pretend" had flown. She wondered, bending over the poppy beds, if the wife he would bring from the city would care for the poppies next year when she, Nancy Bell, was struggling with the French verbs. And so real in her thought had the wife become that Nan's eyes widened in surprise when the man again stood before her.

"Alone?" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes," said the man. "I am a 'lonely' book writing person. Whom did you expect to see with me?"

"Your wife," Nan replied and then laughed. "I've been bestowing an imaginary wife upon you," she told him.

Seriously the man's eyes met hers. "Another dream?" he questioned, then suddenly he bent toward her. "Always," he said rapidly, "I've had a cherished dream of my wife who was to be, conscious that somewhere in this world she, too, waited, and then one glorious, all fulfilling day I saw her. recognized her as my own as truly as you, little Nan, had realized the vision of your home." Tensely he bent toward her. "Dear girl," he said, "it was you whom I loved, you whom I found here in the garden. Oh, won't you make my dream come true?"

Silence deep eloquently lingered over the flowers in a sort of solemn wonder. Nan placed her hands in his, then, smiling, she looked back at the little white house. "It shall be," she said softly, "no longer the house where nobody lives, but the 'home of dreams come true.'"

NAPOLEON'S MAXIM.

It Can Be Traced Back to Tacitus In the Second Century.

Napoleon's maxim was, it is said, that Providence is on the side of the big battalions, but by what right it has become the property of the "little corporal" is not quite clear. Though he may have acted upon it, he did not invent it, and it is his merely by right of conquest.

In the first place, we can trace it back to Tacitus, who in the fourth book of his history, written somewhere in the second century, says, "Deos fortioribus adesse" ("The gods are on the side of the stronger"). From Tacitus we jump to M. Bussy-Rabutin, a French litterateur, who lived in the seventeenth century. "God is generally on the side of the large battalions against the little," he wrote. From him or more probably from her mother wit Mme. de Sevigne, his contemporary, wrote, "Fortune is always on the side of the largest battalions."

Some fifty years later came Voltaire, who wrote in a letter to M. le Riche, "It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions." That letter was written in 1770, when Napoleon was but one year old. Thus we come to him whose maxim it is said to be, but here the reference books help us but little and help Napoleon less.

"Providence is always on the side of the last reserve," is given as his version of the trite phrase, and even this is not credited to him freely, but only "attributed to Napoleon I."—Westminster Gazette.

What She Meant.

"When I proposed to Blanche she asked me if I was a recruit."

"What did she mean?"

"She wanted to know if I had ever participated in an engagement before."—Boston Transcript.

A Soldier Who Feared Reptiles.

Lord Wolseley, familiar with the carnage of the battlefield, was yet so sensitive that he could not pass a butcher's shop without horror, and in his "Story of a Soldier's Life," in which he confesses the weakness, he also relates an occasion when he beat an undignified retreat owing to a loathing horror of reptiles which he could never overcome.

He was refreshing himself after a dusty march in India by bathing in one of the shady "tanks" provided by the charitable for the wayfarer when a yellow snake put his head up over the surface of the water close to his face and shook his tongue. He knew the snake to be harmless, but his terror was so great that he struck out for the side of the tank as though "pursued by a whole zoological garden full of hostile and man devouring beasts and reptiles." To the end of his life he never overcame this horror of reptiles and would, he recorded, "fly even from the harmless toad."

Still Available.

"Ah, Miss Joise," said the caller, "I remember meeting you when you were six years old! That was twelve years ago, and I was a young man of twenty-one and a candidate for office. Yes, I remember the incident well, for I kissed you, and your papa voted for me."

"Are you a candidate for office this year?" she coyly inquired. "Because papa is still voting."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

She Knew Him.

Mrs. Goodoldsoul was waiting tea for her husband, who was expected home from the city every minute.

Suddenly out in the road a donkey brayed. The dear old lady, who was a little deaf, beamed.

"Run and put the kettle on, Jane," she cried. "The master is coming down the street. I'd know his hearty laugh anywhere."—Chicago Ledger.

A Fortunate Overdose

A Story For Independence Day.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Our manner of celebrating Independence day has greatly changed since the first anniversary in 1777. Doubtless, until the independence declared was achieved, our forefathers were chary about celebrating its birthday at all, and if they did so it was with misgivings. But for more than a century after that happy morning when the watch in Philadelphia called the hour with "All's well, and Cornwallis has surrendered!" the Fourth of July was the great holiday of the nation. Now that a number of new generations have arisen and we have come to think more and more of the United States as a nation rather than a seceded part on another country there is a disposition to regard it simply as a holiday without vital importance. Since it has come to be celebrated more quietly there is opportunity to dwell upon those scenes, now far distant, that pertain to the Revolution.

When the war broke out it found Robert Morrison, an American, a commissioned officer in the British army. His regiment was sent to the colonies to establish the authority of the king. Lieutenant Morrison was inclined to favor the opposite side. His defection from the British service was accomplished by his sweetheart, Alice Douglas of Philadelphia, who refused to continue their betrothal unless he would leave the English army and become a rebel. This was a serious matter with him, for if captured bearing arms against his former comrades he would be treated as a traitor. However, he took the risk, deserted from his command and became a captain in the American army.

In one of the battles in New Jersey Morrison was taken prisoner by the British, was recognized as a former British officer and sent to Philadelphia, then occupied by the English. There he was tried by a court martial composed of his former brother officers and sentenced to be shot.

The outcome of the influence she had exerted over her lover was a great shock to Alice Douglas. Some time must elapse while the finding of the court was being sent to New York for the approval of the commander in chief, General Howe, before Morrison could be executed. Meanwhile Alice, having nerved herself for an effort in her lover's behalf, set her wits to work upon a plan to enable him to escape.

She asked for permission to visit him in his place of confinement, but was refused. Morrison's desertion to the enemy was considered a heinous crime, and he was not kept with other prisoners of war, but in solitary confinement. He was allowed to receive letters, though they were rigidly scrutinized by the officers of his guard. Alice desired to write him a letter which he only would understand, but found it difficult to frame one that would not be suspected, if not interpreted by his jailer. In her perplexity she consulted a chemist, who suggested that she write in ordinary ink what might be read by any one and on the same paper put what she wished to say privately in an ink mixed with gum arabic and chloride of cobalt. The composition would be invisible unless heated and disappear as soon as cooled.

This ink, which was pink, he prepared and showed her that while the letters written with it were made visible by heat they reappeared in green. Alice wrote a letter to Morrison with ordinary ink, ending it with the words, "Mrs. Pyrine sends her love and sympathy." Then across the face of the letter she wrote in the prepared ink: "I am planning for your escape. Be on the lookout." There was no such person as Mrs. Pyrine, and Alice counted on Morrison suspecting that the word Pyrine had a hidden meaning.

Unfortunately it occurred to the officer whose duty it was to examine any letter sent to the prisoner and who was an educated man that the Greek word "pyrus" meant fire in English. Then after some thought he inferred what it had been intended the prisoner should infer—that the letter was to be heated. This the officer did, and the message appeared in green letters.

He returned the letter to Alice. Quite likely, being a gentleman, he felt disposed to let the sender know that her device had failed. Before returning it he read it to the prisoner and told him how he had discovered a secret message, though he did not tell him what the message was.

Alice was much depressed at her failure. Nevertheless she did not give up her purpose. She took delicacies to Morrison, which he was permitted to receive, though she was not allowed to take them in to him herself. A few days after the failure of her attempt at secret communication she took some eatables to him and learned that a new guard, including the officer in command, had been placed in charge of the prisoner. This was because the regiment to which the old guard belonged had been ordered away from Philadelphia.

It now occurred to Alice to try her device again, trusting that the new officer in charge would not be so bright as his predecessor. By this time her plan was perfected for aiding the prisoner's escape. She had entered the military hospital as a nurse and designed bringing Morrison there that she might have greater advantages than were to be expected while he was in solitary confinement. Her intention was to send him some viand medicated to make him ill, that he might be transferred to the hospital and fall under her care.

But since it was best that Morrison should know her intention, for he must be sure to eat what she would send him, she wished to communicate her plan to him. She asked the chemist if he could not suggest some better device than the first one. The only improvement he could make was to give her an invisible ink made of rice water, which, being heated, would appear pink, but which moisture would render permanently illegible.

Alice wrote Morrison a letter in ordinary ink, as before, and on the same paper wrote in invisible ink that the day after the sending of the letter she would send him some eatables, including some apples. He was to eat one apple, and if it did not make him sufficiently ill to secure his being sent to the hospital he was to eat enough of the others to effect the purpose. In the letter written for inspection she said that M. Chaud was trying to secure a pardon for the prisoner, Chaud being the French for heat.

Now, it happened that there was an Englishwoman who took care of the building in which Morrison was confined whose sympathies were with the British. When Morrison received Alice's letter, not understanding the mention of M. Chaud, he laid it aside while he thought of the matter. The next morning the woman was admitted to the room to put it to rights, and the circulation of air she made in dusting landed the letter on the hearth on which a fire was burning. Turning toward it, she saw pink letters written on the paper. They caught the prisoner's eye at the same time, and he took up the letter from the hearth, hastily reading the secret message.

The woman, suspecting that something was wrong, told the officer in charge what she had seen. Meanwhile Morrison, who was nearsighted, holding the letter close to his face, breathed on it and noticed a slight diminution of the strength of the pink letters. It occurred to him that moisture might efface them, and, dampening a cloth, he laid it on the paper. They at once became invisible.

Later the officer in charge came in and asked to see the letter. Morrison handed it to him. He looked it over and called to the woman who had reported it to come to him. On her entrance he showed her the letter and asked if it was the one on which she had seen pink letters. She said that it looked like the one she had seen, but it could not have been since the pink letters were not on it. The officer recognized it as the one he had the evening before turned over to the prisoner and told the woman that she must have been mistaken in thinking there was anything on the paper except what appeared. This ended the incident, and Morrison drew a long breath of relief at the narrow escape.

When the apples arrived he ate one of them, and, the expected result not coming as soon as he anticipated, he ate all of the others. The result was that when next visited by the guard he was in collapse. He was unconscious for a time, and when a glimmering of consciousness returned soldiers were moving about him and a surgeon was listening for his heartbeat. Then Morrison heard the surgeon say that he thought he was dead, but was not certain. Leaving orders that he was to be watched, the surgeon withdrew. Morrison recovered slowly, but it occurred to him to pretend to be still unconscious. Persons came and went, and since the prisoner was supposed to be dead or dying no pains were taken for his security. The guard was withdrawn, and he was placed in charge of a nurse.

Night came on, and Morrison continued to feign unconsciousness. The nurse finally fell asleep. Morrison looked at the man between closed lashes and when the fellow began to snore slid off the cot on which he was lying. His clothes had not been taken off him, nor had his shoes been removed. The latter he unlaced and carried them in his hands. In his stockings he began a slow movement past the slumbering nurse toward the door, which stood ajar.

That was the longest journey of a dozen feet that Morrison ever traveled. He feared that the slightest creaking would awaken the nurse and used the utmost care, after trying a board on which he trod, before bearing his weight on it. One board creaked in spite of his caution, and the nurse stirred. But he did not awaken. Three steps, two steps, one step more and the door was reached. Nevertheless he still stepped cautiously until he reached a staircase, when, in order to avoid sound, he slid down the banister.

No one was up and about below, and he had no difficulty in making an exit. Then, putting on his shoes, he ran like a deer till he suddenly brought up against the watch.

The man was no Tory, and when Morrison confided to him that he was an American prisoner of war escaped from the British he was permitted to proceed and before day came had left the city and was on his way to Trenton, where he found his comrades.

Captain Morrison's flight was kept a secret, the British commander hoping to recapture him before it should become necessary to report his escape to headquarters. The first Alice Douglas knew of it was when she received a letter from him dated at Trenton announcing to her that an overdose of her medicine had accomplished her purpose and he was again in command of his company.

Japan's Good Roads.

Japan is peculiarly well off in respect of good highways. The Tokaido, which runs from Kioto to Tokyo, is over 300 miles in length and, as the writer can testify, is admirably constructed. There is also the Nakaseudo, which is even longer and passes through some of the finest scenery in the world. The reason of Japan's excellence in the matter of roads is that in the old days, not so very long ago, the daimios, or territorial nobles, had to journey to Tokyo once a year in order to pay their respects to the sovereign. They traveled by road, with great retinues, and if the highways were not in perfect condition, feudal justice was meted out to the delinquents.—London Spectator.

Enough to Make Trouble.

He—You don't seem to be as fond as you used to be of Miss Sweetthing. She—I'm not, either. Why, the horrid little cat went around telling folks how much respect and regard she had for me and how she had learned to rely on the teachings of my long experience.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.