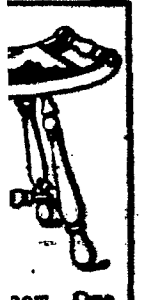


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THE WINNING OF A WAGER AND A WIFE

"What I can't make out is why a smarter man don't go into the burglary business," remarked Jock Lanister looking up from the perusal of his evening paper. "The average thief is an idiot, an absolute bungler."

"I expect the smart men find they can do better in other walks of life," suggested Lyle Stanford with a laugh. "You see, their occasions of periodical forced retirement from business must reduce the profits considerably."

"That's just my point," broke in Jock, eagerly. "With smart men the chances of forced retirement would



"Talk about ourselves." be small. They wouldn't botch the whole affair by leaving tracks as these chaps always do. Look at this case.

"You are like the man who sits in the stalls and tells his admiring females that lion taming is quite easy—no risk," laughed Stanford.

"Bet you 10 to 1 I'd carry one through and not get caught," mapped Jock defiantly.

"Done," shouted Stanford, "and you may as well write out your check. I'm going to catch the 5.15 to Oxford. Come to lunch to-morrow and I'll introduce you to my wife, so that you do not scare her if you are seen."

"Right you are," agreed Jock. "What time lunch?"

"One-thirty. You will have to sharpen up your wits, for you'll find it a tough bit of work to get into St. Anne terrace. We use all the modern safeguards."

Some two hours later a cab drove up to 5 St. Anne terrace, and a decidedly smart young man announced himself to the servant as Mr. Archibald Rumble.

"So delighted to meet you," said Mrs. Stanford, coming forward with outstretched hands, "but I am so sorry Lyle is away for the night. I suppose it is one of his stupid mistakes. He thought you were to arrive to-morrow."

"Perhaps the mistake is mine. If it is all in error—"

"Oh, no, no. If you won't be bored with my sister and myself, we shall be very glad the mistake has been made," broke in Mrs. Stanford. "We are feeling dreadfully lonely."

"Do you know," continued Mrs. Stanford, "we are awfully glad you are here. We've had such a queer telegram from Lyle."

"I am glad I am here, too," said Jock, looking at her sister with undignified admiration and wondering.

"Oh, but we are not paying compliments, Mr. Rumble," protested Miss Netta. "We are serious."

"Not more serious than I am," insisted Jock. "But might I ask what this wire is about?"

Mrs. Stanford handed him the telegram, which ran:

"Have reason to believe burglar in neighborhood. Take every precaution; inform police; see that alarms are set at all windows and doors, and have Bully Boy round from the stables."

"Humph!" said Jock, suppressing a smile. "Very thoughtful of Lyle, especially about the dog. I suppose it is a bit ferocious?"

"Lyle says he isn't except to burglars, but I am sure he looks as if he is," sighed Mrs. Stanford. "Netta and I are dreadfully afraid of him."

"Do you know you are not a bit what I imagined you would be, not a bit like the description Milly gave me," said Netta.

"Who the deuce was Milly?" "Are you disappointed?" asked Jock, confidently.

"Well, I don't know—just a little bit perhaps."

"Oh, I say," said the disconcerted Jock, started out of his complacent satisfaction, "that's awfully rough on me—getting preconceived ideas I mean."

"But you're better than I expected you would be," said Netta with a laugh, "ever so much better. I believe I should have hated you if you had been as Milly described you. She said you talked of nothing but celebrated criminal cases, and you've never once mentioned any of them."

"Oh, no," protested Mrs. Stanford. "I'd much rather talk about—"

"About ourselves," finished Jock, drawing nearer to her. "Yes, so would I."

When Mrs. Stanford returned, some time later, she felt in her match-making heart that no time had been wasted, and she was right. Later on Jock and the ladies interviewed the policeman on duty, and when the servants had retired they went all over the house and saw that the modern safeguards were in good working order. When they paused in the corridor to say good night, Mrs. Stanford suddenly doubted whether the light had been turned off and disappeared. Jock concluded that she was a clever woman.

"Good night," said Netta softly, "I am so glad you came."

"Are you really?" said Jock, eagerly seizing her hand. "I am more than glad."

Words falling, his feelings went into his eyes, and he was quite satisfied with the answering flush on Netta's cheeks as she hurriedly withdrew her hand and Mrs. Stanford reappeared.

When he reached his room and remembered the work that was before him he felt pretty sick of the whole business.

After waiting a suitable time, he took his bag and tools and crept silently downstairs, and then started in excellently workmanlike style to pick locks and collect the silver. When he spread the plunder out on the floor and began to pack it into his bag he congratulated himself that he had not made one blunder. The next minute he was staring into the white face and flashing, scornful eyes of Netta Stanbury.

"So," she said, bitterly, "you are the burglar we were to expect. You who have allowed us—two women—to trust you now meanly take advantage of our trust to rob us. And I thought you a gentleman—liked you."

The thought of the happenings of the evening rushed through her mind and flooded her face with color.

"Go!" she repeated, and he thoughtfully began to walk toward the door.

"You have forgotten your property—the spoils you've been working for," she said, scornfully.

"You don't mean that you'll let me take them?" he asked, in surprise.

"You shall enjoy the full benefits and risks of your evening's work," she replied. "Take them, and I hope, although I'll not give you up, that the police are waiting for you outside."

Jock looked toward the silver and then back at her.

"I can't—with you here," he said, with a rueful grin.

"Coward as well as thief," she said, contemptuously. "You shall take them or I'll ring. If you get away there is enough to start you in an honest life. Use it for that and give up abusing the confidence of women."

"I suppose you won't believe me," began Jock.

One hand on the bell, she pointed with the other to the door. He saw it was hopeless to try to explain, and hastily gathering the things together without a word or look he went out of the room, down the hall, into the street and the arms of a burly policeman.

"VICTIMS OF PLASTIC SURGERY. Suffer Anesthesia, Pain and Great Expense Seeking Beauty."

The experience of the woman who came out of the West to have her wrinkles ironed out by a New York beauty doctor and neighbor refused in the courts for actress's failure to work the miracle has hundreds of counterparts in every State of the Union.

To the one who has the courage to protest and demand her money back ninety-nine swallow their chagrin and say nothing, but are ready to seek the next ill-forgotten fakir who offers to beautify them.

There recently sailed to England to seal her destiny at the altar with an English peer a beautiful American widow whose benevolent had long been a thick neck, full of hollows. How to face English society in décolleté gowns kept her awake nights, the tongues of bosom friends wagging.

More splendid shoulders never graced woman, but alas there were hollows galore. To a plastic surgeon she confided her dilemma. Daily for a week she went to his laboratory. Into the pores of the skin of the offending hollows the surgeon injected a hydro-carbon compound. This compound has all the ingredients of human flesh. After three weeks' assimilation it becomes wholly inseparable from the natural flesh.

The success of the operation that sent the American widow abroad rejoicing in the possession of a plump neck acquired in three weeks is not, however, the experience of all seekers of beauty by the scientific route. A notable unsuccessful case was that of Miss Gladys Deacon, whom Conaquo, the Duchess of Marlborough, launched into English society.

"The Chukchees live in North-eastern Siberia. They are small and copper-colored. They dress in skins and ride reindeer. Tallow and raw kidney are their chief delicacies."

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"The death web which hangs in every Chukchee house, has a hood. It is for use in suicide. The hood hides the fatal contents of the dying. There are Chukchee families where suicide is hereditary, where the husband of honor for the month kills himself, a natural death being regarded in such families as disgraceful and scandalous, a sign of the most unpardonable cowardice. The Chukchees, despite their suicidal tendency, are a happy and healthy people, moral, truthful, brave and temperate."

"How He Knows. It was a beautiful day, without a single cloud in the sky. The man who was buying some food in a delicatessen store remarked on the weather."

"Yes, it's fine, but it's going to rain," replied the dealer.

"Impossible," said the customer. "It's bet you a liver," said the dealer, "that it rains before the day is over, although I hate to take your money."

The Banishment of Some Patriots

"I must address this meeting for the members are my friends and my enemies."

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"ANIMALS SEEN PROTECTING. Fracture Various Methods of Death From Lack of Courage."

Among marine animals is a starfish, often called the "brittle star," which is the despair of collectors. It seems to make it a point of pride that none of its family shall be shown in a bottle or on a museum shelf. When taken from the water this starfish throws up its legs and also its stomach. The story is told of one collector who thought he had succeeded in securing a specimen into a pill, only to see it dismember itself at the last moment.

W. H. Hudson describes the death feigning habits of a small South African fox common on the pampas. If caught in a trap or overtaken it collapses as if dead, and to all appearances is dead. The deception is so well carried out that dogs are constantly taken in by it. When one withdraws a little way from a feigning fox and watches him very attentively a slight opening of the eye may be detected.

Dogs show much the same tendency when they lie down weakly with their heads down and their tails tucked in, and invite a beating. Puppies are just as good at this as hardened veterans.

Some kind of beetles, many of the woolly-wooly caterpillars which have poisonous hairs on their backs and numerous spines adopt similar tactics. Even the wood mouse has the same trick and rolls itself into a ball.

In the whole animal kingdom, if anything runs away, there is always something to run after it. The badger, which defends itself wickedly when attacked, is often used for baiting.

"Disease and Door Knobs. The London Gazette is well known never loses an opportunity of raising the public mind by disclosing new and unsuspected sources of infection, is after the door knob as a spreader of contagious disease. From a certain point of view it is a well handled, even when it is a clean and polished appearance, is probably dirty. Hence, if door knobs cannot be kept clean, why not remove them? The door knob is a source of infection. The handle of the door knob is a source of infection. The handle of the door knob is a source of infection."

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