

SAVED BY A TRICK

I was the only American of my time at the University of Bonn who joined the dueling corps.

Toward the end of the term I had the good luck to be pitted against Baron Steiger when he had been drinking and got the better of him.

I did not touch a sword again during my stay at the university, and after taking my degree I went to Vienna to see a little of life at that capital.

The moment I had done so I realized that I had just signed my own death warrant. Steiger would undoubtedly challenge me, and as I had not touched a sword in two years and he had become famous in his use as well as a merciless opponent I must either show the white feather or be disgraced among my Vienna friends or die.

Steiger apologized for touching my chair, declaring that it was unintentional, and, raising his hat politely, passed on. Not one of my friends but understood what would follow, and the party broke up immediately. I went to my apartments with a young Dr. Koch, with whom I was very intimate.

The challenge came before we separated, and I confess I was thrown into a serious mental condition since leaving the university. Steiger had fought a dozen or more duels and had never given his man. Dr. Koch told me to think no more about the matter or I would hunt myself to take advantage of what slight chance there was for me; that he had saved a friend of his once under similar circumstances and he would try his plan with me. I placed my case in his hands, turned in and after an hour or so fell asleep.

The next evening after dark Dr. Koch came to me and told me that he had arranged everything and if I would help my hand all would go well with me. I was the challenged party had the right to choose the weapons and the time and place of the meeting. Acting for me, Dr. Koch had chosen swords in a dark room. The duel was to take place immediately in a room of a third party. Without giving me time to dwell on these horrible conditions Dr. Koch hurried me to the meeting place, but before entering the room in question he took me to another where a postman was waiting to whom I was introduced as "Dr. Stribley, the most noted oculist in Europe." The two doctors at once began to paint my eyes with a camel-hair brush that had been dipped in some liquid. As soon as they had finished a bandage was clapped over my eyes and kept there for some twenty minutes, when it was taken off, and we went immediately to rooms in the same building where the meeting was to take place. A few moments later Steiger and I were thrust into the dark room, and the door was closed and locked.

"Now, it is impossible to exclude perfectly either light or heat from any apartment. One might as well attempt to form a perfect vacuum. Scientifically speaking, there is no such thing as a perfect absence of everything from any given space. The treatment of the physicians had enabled me to take advantage of what light there was in the room, nearly all of which came through an imperfectly fitted door, under which there was a strip unprotected. As this as it may, I could distinguish the principal objects in the room, including my enemy. I could not make out his expression, but his figure was quite perceptible, especially his face and hands, which were lighter than the rest. He remained perfectly quiet for a while when I moved, and, hearing the creaking of my boots, he came toward me. I glided away, this time without making any sound, and in another moment gave him a cut on the hand which forced him to drop his sword. Before he could recover I pricked him from the other side, which drew him from where the sword had fallen, and then I took it up myself.

"Baron," I said, "you are at my mercy. I have your sword. That's what it is. It certainly is not dueling." "I have to use for your life. I give it to you. Hello!"

The door was opened, and the party in the adjoining room entered. I had given Steiger an ugly cut on the hand and a slight wound in the fleshy part of his back. These the doctors dressed. Steiger insisted on a renewal of the combat under circumstances that would enable him to take his revenge, but my seconds declared that I would not be permitted to fight longer except in the dark room, whereupon Steiger sulkily declared himself satisfied, and the party dispersed.

As soon as I was alone with the two doctors they charged me, both on my own account and theirs, to keep their part in the matter a secret, since if it became known they would be ruined socially and professionally. I had no desire to publish it.

PEN SKETCHES OF NOTABILITIES

General Leonard Wood, New Head of the Army.



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Major General Leonard Wood who has just taken up the duties of chief of staff and head of the United States army, entered the service as a militia officer twenty-four years ago by appointment. He is a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Harvard Medical school. He first won distinction in a campaign against the Apache Indians in 1886 while serving as medical and time officer of Lawrence's expedition. When the Spanish war broke out he was commissioned colonel of the rough riders, and his name is in the army dates from that time.

General Wood's taking over the reins of administration of the office of chief of staff places the entire army under the command of two physicians who have actually and actively practiced medicine. Major General Fred C. Ainsworth is also just eight months General Wood's junior in appointment. General Wood will not be fifty until next October. It was while General Wood was serving in the west as an assistant surgeon that he met Roosevelt, then doing the duty of a cowboy. The acquaintance ripened into the friendship which later procured for General Wood rapid promotion. As chief of staff he will be the directing hand in the preparation of plans for the national defense and for the mobilization of the military forces in time of war.

Mr. Sibley of Pennsylvania. Joseph Crocker Sibley of Franklin, recently named for congress by the Republicans of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania district, is no stranger in the halls of congress. He was elected as a Democrat to the Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth congresses and as a Republican to the Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth. In the recent primary election he won the nomination from Nelson P. Wheeler, the present representative, by less than a thousand votes out of more than 20,000 cast. In his statement of election expenses Mr Sibley swore that he



JOSEPH C. SIBLEY

spent over \$40,000 in the campaign. His opponents claim that much more than this sum was expended.

Mr. Sibley was born on a farm in New York sixty years ago. He is a manufacturer, oil producer, stock breeder, farmer, banker, philanthropist and politician. It is said that Sibley's lubricating oil greases nine-tenths of all the railroad axles in the United States. He was first elected to congress as a silver man and in 1898 was mentioned as the Democratic vice presidential candidate. His political experience has been wide and varied, and he has gone through many hard fought campaigns; but, according to his own testimony, the recent primary battle was the hardest fight he ever made.

An Epigram on Taxation. President Taft is credited in Washington with an epigram on the income tax question.

"An income tax," he said, "is equitable, whereas nearly every other tax hardly presses on the rich and presses hardly on the poor."

Her Goodby. She was one of those very gabbling, effusive ladies who occasionally infest newspaper offices, and she had been admitted into the sanctum of the managing editor of the paper on which Homer Davenport was cartoonist, reader the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Davenport was in the room at the time. When the time came for her departure she first grasped the hand of the managing editor, saying, "Goodby, Mr. Niles, goodbye!"

Then, turning to the assistant managing editor, she also shook him of passively by the hand, exclaiming, "Goodby, Mr. Bliss, goodbye!"

Davenport came next. There was no escape for him. "Dear Mr. Davenport, goodbye!" she cried with all the delicate staidness of a tragedy queen.

There was silence for a moment after she had gone. Then Davenport found his voice. "Where is she going?" he asked.

"Up to Ninety-third street," replied the assistant managing editor. "Suffering cats" drawled Davenport. "What should have happened if she had been going to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street?"

She Handed It Back. A noted doctor believes in training children to reason for themselves and this policy he carries out with his own child, a little girl of eight, and he tells a story in connection with her with great glee.

"My dear," he said to her, "I saw something today that I hope I shall never be pained to hear of you doing."

"What was that, papa?" the daughter asked.

"I saw little Mary Goodgirl stick her tongue out at a man today."

The child evidently thinking that it was an occasion to tell of the faults of the other girl, said:

"Papa, I saw Mary"—

The doctor interrupted and told the child she must not gossip and if she knew anything that was not nice about anybody she must keep it to herself.

The child looked at her father and then said quickly:

"Well, papa, why did you tell me about Mary?"

The physician was so surprised he could not answer.—Philadelphia Times.

His Only Bleemiah. When the pious looking lady entered the London birdshop and stated her need of a talking parrot the proprietor reckoned 'ed got the werry thing the lady wanted. "Course, ma'am," he said, "you don't want a vulgar bird. This one, now, was brought over by a missionary. Talks like a regular 'ym book, 's does. I wouldn't let 'im go if I didn't think you'd give 'im a respectable one. Thirty-five shillings that bird, ma'am."

"You'll soon know" screamed Polly. "You'll soon know!"

"Dear me, how quaint!" gushed the lady, and 35 shillings changed hands.

"What does he mean by 'you'll soon know,' I wonder?"

"It's 'is only bleemiah, ma'am," smiled the birdshop man. "'E's got 'im into 'is head that every one's wonderful anxious to find out wot a missionary says when 'is 'is thomb with a 'ammer."

What She Missed. Six-year-old Ruth was very unhappy because one of her many wants had been denied. Her papa was giving her a lecture and said, "You have everything that most little girls have, and I don't think there is another little girl in town has more than you."

"Oh, yes," said Ruth. "Alice has."

"What has she that you have not?" said papa.

"Well, I guess she had a ride to her grandma's funeral."—Exchange.

The Serpent's Venom. A physician while talking with a group of friends remarked: "It is common to hear people speak about poisonous serpents. Serpents are never poisonous; they are venomous. A poison cannot be taken internally without bad effects; a venom can. Venoms do have to be injected directly into the circulation, and this is the manner in which the snake kills. Their venom taken internally is innocuous."

The Weapon He Needed. An excited citizen burst frantically into the police station. "My life's in danger!" he cried. "I've just received a threatening letter from the Black Hand, and I want a permit to carry a weapon."

"All right, sir," replied the captain. "I'll give you a permit to carry a fan—that's the weapon you need; something that will keep you cool."—Chicago News.

An Odd Apology. This is the classic apology of a celebrated statesman of the last generation: "Mr. Speaker, in the heat of debate I stated that the right honorable gentleman opposite was a dishonest and unprincipled adventurer. I have now, in a calmer moment, to state that I am sorry for it."

The Elevator Man's Joke. Hobbs—I guess the elevator is out of order. What is that sign on the door? Dobbs—The elevator man must be a bit of a wag. It says, "Please pardon me for not rising."—Boston Transcript.

Hedging. Clergyman—Will you take this woman unto death? Prospective Bridegroom—Isn't there any minimum sentence?—New York Press.

The envious man pines in plenty. His Tantalus up to the chin in water and get thirsty.—T. Adams.

Two Prisoners

By ANNA WOODBRIDGE

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There is a factory in Russia, or, rather, in Siberia, where the government manufactures certain articles—it is not known what they are—by a secret process. The method of keeping this secret is to receive only workmen who must remain there all their lives. Once having entered the inclosure, no one has ever escaped over it, the workman becomes a prisoner and bids farewell forever to the outside world.

"Paula," said a young Russian one day, "I am going to enter the factory."

"Oh, Peter!" gasped the girl to whom he spoke.

"Yes, we can never marry we are two poor. There is suffering enough for us as peasants without bringing children into the world to suffer. I can get no work elsewhere, and I am starving. There time may obliterate you from my memory and, though I shall be deprived of my liberty, I shall suffer less than to be free and a prey to a hapless love."

The girl begged him to take a different view of the matter. With streaming eyes she clung to him, beseeching him to wait in the hope that some good fortune would come to them. But he refused to be encouraged. Tearing himself away from her he went to the factory, its gates closed upon him and he knew that they would never open to him.

At the end of the first year of his imprisonment he found that he had not forgotten his sweetheart. Death alone enables us to sever such bonds. While there is life there is hope and it is this hope that keeps warm the embers in the heart. Two three years passed and still he could not forget his Paula. Then he wept bitter tears at the decision he had made when he entered the factory. He had taken on a life-long imprisonment without having been cured of his passion.

One day he entered the office of the factory, and what was his surprise to see Paula sitting at a desk writing up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand.

"This is good news!" affably remarked the clerk as he took a snuff. "For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the clerk had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.

"Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say that the nose gets it this time."

Applis Claudius. Applis Claudius surnamed Caecus (the blind), was a Roman statesman who lived during the third century before the Christian era. He was a Roman censor, 312 to 308, and consul, 307 to 298. He commenced the Appian way and completed the Appian aqueduct. From his Roman jurisprudence, oratory, grammar and Latin prose date their beginning. He established the limitation of the full right of citizenship to landed proprietors.

In his old age he is said to have become blind, whence his cognomen "Caecus." He was the author of works in both prose and verse, of which almost nothing is known.

No Pure Water. Owing to the extremely solvent power, pure water is never found in nature, the nearest approach being found in rain water, which, as it is formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere, is the purest that nature supplies, but in descending it brings with it what ever impurities are floating near the surface, which in the neighborhood of cities are always numerous, hence perfectly pure water is hardly to be found, even the artificially distilled being only approximately so.

Where to Begin. "Look here," said the reforming husband; "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept."

"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should very much like to know where they are kept."—Stray Stories.

A Beesmering. "Call that art!" exclaimed a would be critic, pointing to a painting in a studio. "If that daub is a work of art, then I'm an idiot!"

"The latter part of your statement," rejoined the artist calmly, "would seem to furnish conclusive proof that it is a work of art."

Rivals. She—John is a very considerate sort of fellow, isn't he? He—the rival—Oh, yes, very! He has that keen tact and loving sympathy which a chauffeur displays toward a helpless cripple.—Life.

Blank Verse. Poet—You published a poem of mine last week. You pay according to the kind of verse, don't you? Editor—Yes, George, give the gentleman a blank check.—Judge.

A Good Reason. "What makes you think, sir, that I will not be able to support your daughter?"

"Well, I haven't been able to myself."

Tightly Tied. "That man's money is all tied up." "Poor fellow! Can't get at it, eh?" "Oh, yes. All he has to do is to cut his money bag."—Judge.

Antiquity of Shorthand.

Shorthand is apt to be looked upon as an essentially modern art. The predecessors of Pitman-Blyden in the nineteenth century, Mason in the seventeenth, are dim and distant figures beyond which it seems useless to venture. Cicero dicta his orations to his freedman, Tullius Tiro, and was inconsolable when temporarily deprived of his services. He complained in a letter to a friend that, while "Tiro takes down whole phrases in a few signs, Spinthartus (his provisional substitute) only writes in syllables." We need not, however, suppose that the "notae Tironianae" were actually invented by the freedman in question. As M. Guenin points out, the Romans created very few of the arts of peace, contenting themselves, as a rule, by copying from the Greeks. M. Guenin, however, indicates the banks of the Nile as the cradle of the art.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

A Benevolent Censor. A trio of young ladies spent some weeks last year at an out of the way village in the mountain region. They found the village postmaster a quaint old character, whose ways were as original as they were startling, so that the daily trip to the postoffice became a real event.

"Is there any mail for us, major?" asked one of the young ladies as she appeared at the window one morning. "No, they ain't a thing for you all this mornin', Miss Mary," was the reply. "They wasn't nothin' come for you but a letter that looked like advertisement, an' so I opened it, and sure enough it was just some advertisement about somethin' or other, and I says to myself, says I, 'Now, Miss Mary don't want to tote such stuff as that home with her,' and so I throwed it in the waste box."—Youth's Companion.

Snuff and a Crook. Robert Pinkerton once told a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution. A noted criminal was detained in Pinkerton's Chicago office. The elder Pinkerton left the room and when he returned took the precaution of holding a revolver in front of him ready for use.

He saw the criminal standing by the door with a snuffbox he had picked up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand. "This is good snuff," affably remarked the crook as he took a sniff.

"For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.

"Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say that the nose gets it this time."

It was at the height of the season at the seashore. Aunt Charlotte, my sister Ruth and I were enjoying the sea air, and I especially was enjoying the sea water. My aunt had charge of us girls and considered herself responsible for us. She used to sit on the beach watching us.

I was wading one day in water up to my waist, I wore a little gold cross about my neck and had lost it. While looking for it—I could have seen it on the bottom—I went down into deep water.

I had been swimming a good deal and was tired. They say that swimming is the hardest exercise one can take. At any rate, in trying to swim back to shallow water I found that I didn't move at all I got frightened, and this made matters worse. The tide was settling down to the south and was moving me with it—not far, but proximity makes little difference when one is powerless. I called to my aunt, but she did not hear me or was not aware of my condition. For she made no move to help or call on any one to help me.

What an awful thing it is to be in danger of drowning and see some one looking at you, thinking that you are enjoying yourself!

But there was one of more experience in such matters who did so me. Near by was a pier extending out into the ocean, and on that pier was a man. He was standing over deep water some twenty feet above the surface. He was in shirt waist costume. I saw him jump feet foremost and swim for me. I went down before he reached me, but only for a moment. I felt his hand under my arm. We rose to the surface, and a few strokes carried us to shallow water.

One would suppose that my first feelings would be gratitude to the man who had helped me. Singularly enough, what I thought about was my lost cross, a little gold trinket not worth \$5. As soon as I got my breath I said, "Oh, my cross! I fear I shall never see it again."

"Your cross?"

"Yes, I dropped it near here. I was looking for it when I stepped beyond my depth."

He cast his eye about him and, suddenly thrusting his hand down for an object glittering in the sunlight, picked up my cross and handed it to me.

It was impossible for me, drenched as the man was, to tell to what class he belonged. He might be a cottontail or a fisherman or follow any calling pertaining to the water. He certainly swam like a duck. I hesitated a moment about offering him money for having helped me out of deep water, but finally as we walked up on to the beach I said, "If you will call at the Arlington hotel I shall have something for you."

"At what hour?" he asked.

"Well, say directly after lunch-time." He took off his hat to me and walked away, doubtless to get on dry clothes. After luncheon I went to my room for a rest, which I greatly needed. I was falling into a dose when a waiter rapped at the door and said that a man was below who said I had asked him to call I went to my trunk, where I kept my money, took out a ten dollar bill and told the waiter to give it to the man below. The waiter went downstairs, but soon returned with the bill.

"He says it isn't enough, miss."

I was rather taken aback, but, going again to my trunk, I got out another ten dollar bill and sent it with the first. But the waiter came back, as before, with the message, "Not enough." I kept sending additional bills until I had sent \$50, but they all came back with the same message. At last I told the waiter to ask the man what would satisfy him. The reply came back:

"The little gold cross."

My surprise at this was greater than before. The man had declined \$50 and asked for a gold cross which, as I have said, was not worth \$5. I had no special attachment to the trinket, so I handed it to the man below.

I may have been stupid about it, but I couldn't understand the matter at all. Why a man who would take a reward for saving a life should decline a substantial one for a girl's ornament I couldn't imagine. But I was very tired and went to sleep thinking about it.

Well, I didn't see the man any more on the beach, nor anywhere else for that matter. One evening we went over to the Bellevue for the dance there. One of the girls said that a yachting party of young men were to be there, and we all got our prettiest costumes. When we reached the Bellevue the hop was in full swing, but the yachtmen had not appeared. Presently they came in.

"Well, I declare," I exclaimed, turning red as a beet on seeing one of them there, "if that isn't the man who took my cross as a reward for saving me."

"That," said a lady standing near, "is the yacht's owner; he's a triple millionaire."

"He saw me and came right up to me. I tried to slip away, for my cheeks were flaming, but he was too spy for me. Holding out my cross, he said:

"I won't keep it any longer as a reward, but I would be glad to have it for a token of our first meeting."