

A NARROW ESCAPE

It is Effected For Another by an American Girl

By KATHLEEN J. MURPHY

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Miss Helen Armstrong, an American girl, traveling between London and Paris, having crossed the channel from Dover, quitted a railway compartment at Calais.

"How can I do that in these ill fitting clothes?" Helen asked.

"I'll trouble you for your clothes," he repeated and at the same time began to strip himself of his coat.

"Mademoiselle, I'll trouble you for your clothes," Helen understood French, but did not understand what he meant by asking for her clothes.

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Helen never forgot the look of gratitude the man gave her...

"I see that your ticket is to Paris," she added. "I am going there. Do you remain there?"

"No, mademoiselle, I go to Marseille, where I hope to get a ship to your country."

"That's right; America will harbor you."

When the train reached the next station the guard pushed the tickets into Helen's hand.

"You can't leave the train at Paris in that costume. You would attract the attention of every one. Must you be disguised?"

"The Russian embassy at Paris has a list of all Russian political fugitives and keeps persons at all stations to note arrivals and departures.

"Then you must be carried. When we stop again I will telegraph my father to have an invalid's chair at the train on arrival and a carriage outside.

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The Tempter Won. When the late Baron Nordenfjeld was at Ceylon on the way home from his journey along the northern coast of Siberia he received a telegram from the Russian government asking him whether he would accept from the czar a certain decoration as an appreciation of his services to Russia.

"When you are looking for work," he said, "be careful that you are presentable. If you have only \$24 in the world, spend \$20 for a suit of clothes, \$3.50 for a pair of shoes, 50 cents for a hair cut and shave. Then walk up to the job wherever it is and ask for it like a man."

This advice was greeted with great applause, and the railway president sat down amid a storm of cheers.

"I have paid \$20 for this suit of clothes, \$3.50 for a pair of shoes and 50 cents for a hair cut and a shave. I have walked from Harlem and I would like a job as a conductor on your road."

He got the job.

He Didn't Borrow. A reference book on Russian history being needed right on the spot, the literary back said he guessed he would go around to Clarke's to borrow his. He went to Clarke's, but he came back without the book.

"Three Musketeers" borrowed March 25 by John Smith. Not returned. After I had read about a dozen of those dummy labels I said it was a life day, wasn't it? Clarke said yes, it was, and I came away to advertise to subsequent visitors that I had borrowed one of Clarke's best books was a little too much authority for me.

French Servants' Characters. It is an unwritten law in France that you must never say anything bad about a servant or employee in his "harbour" - that is to say, if you cannot say anything good you must content yourself with a noncommittal statement which will not compromise his prospects.

The Fashion of the House. A servant girl happened to be engaged at a farmhouse where the mistress was known to have a busy time.

Saved by Her Voice. When traveling to Paris with some other ladies on one occasion Mme. Grise had a thrilling adventure.

"Paddler's Acre." Lambeth "old" church has numerous historic monuments, and in one of the windows is the full length figure of a paddler with his pack, staff and dog.

A Joint. A middle aged matron addressed a middle aged woman who sat next her in the street car, whom she thought she recognized as an acquaintance of her girlhood.

Surely Not. Mariner (relating some of his active service adventures)-An' me an' my mates was 'lost in the virgin forest, Virginia, so 'lost, because the band of men had never before set foot there.

Good Luck. Mr. Juggins-A black cat came to our house once last night. Mrs. Juggins-I'm bringing you good luck. Mr. Juggins-I'm bringing it did. I hit it the very first time I fired.

Her Pet Name. Judge-What is your name? Young Wife-Caroline Augusta Emma. Judge-And how are you generally called? Young Wife (bashfully)-My mother called me 'Carrie'.

Teak the Advice. The president of one of the prominent railway corporations in America was making a stirring address to an audience of young men and dwell with particular emphasis on the necessity of making a good appearance.

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A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

Its First Case and the Way the Bill Was Paid

By ESTHER ALDERSHAW

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The doorbell rang sharply, and Evalina dropped the rolling pin and opened the side door.

A man stood in the porch, his hat in hand—a good looking man of forty, perhaps, with a nice smile and a well shaped head.

"I am looking for Miss Ward," he said pleasantly. "Is she at home?"

"I am Miss Ward," acknowledged Evalina, smiling.

"I was told Miss Ward could supply me with some homemade bread."

"I have wheat rye and Graham," Evalina opened a glass case that rested on a side table and from its depths drew forth a crisp golden loaf.

"I'll take one of each," he declared. Just then there came a querulous voice from a room beyond the kitchen.

"Evalina, who are you talking to? You ain't got any beaus out there, have you?"

The girl flushed brightly, and a strange air of reserve settled over her lovely face.

"It is my Great-aunt Harriet. She is very old and somewhat peculiar. I hope you will not mind what she said."

"Evalina! That's Tom Taylor's voice. What's he doin' here?" Aunt Harriet's voice shrilled through the rooms.

called for some bread. "I'll help myself with your permission," came the genial tones in reply.

"Will you please come here a moment?" Aunt Harriet spoke rather timidly for a woman of her forcible character.

"Certainly, if you wish." In an instant he was filling the bedroom doorway and looking down at Aunt Harriet's eager old face.

"What can I do for you?" he asked kindly.

"I wanted to see you. I like your voice," said Aunt Harriet, with sudden decision. "What did you say your name was?" she asked shrilly.

"The stranger smiled broadly. "I didn't say, but I am Dr. Massen, the new physician in town."

"Dr. Massen," repeated Aunt Harriet slowly as if she enjoyed the sound of the words. "Are you married, young man?"

"No, I am not," he laughed lightly. "I'm not," asked Aunt Harriet briskly.

"Never?" "Smoke?" "Yes, and enjoy it too."

Aunt Harriet shook her head disapprovingly, but made no comment. "How?" she asked.

"I don't believe I use swear words either."

"Yes, you do. You just said one," contradicted the old woman dryly. "But never mind; you'll do."

"Thank you for saying so. And now may I have my bread?"

"You better wait till Evalina comes," suggested Aunt Harriet greedily. "You can sit right down in the other room. There's likely to be Sunday school papers on the table. You can read till Evalina comes. She'll be along in a moment."

"Very well," said Dr. Massen, obeying her suggestion with suspicious promptitude.

Thereupon followed a conversation that would better be called an inquiry. There was no question concerning the life of John Massen that Aunt Harriet did not ask.

ESTHER ALDERSHAW