

A CIPHER TELEGRAM

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Hornby was but twenty-two when he was made secretary of the American legation at Berlin.

Hornby was very popular in society, though, not having a fortune, he was rather sought by married women coveting attention than young girls angling for a husband.

One evening at a court ball Mme. Berthelow, seeing Hornby pass her called him to her on some pretext and later, while hanging on his arm, said to him:

"Mr. Hornby, do you think there will be war?"

"I don't think about such things."

"I am sure if war is declared you will know it before it is made public."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because I have been told that before going to war the emperor must know how the other powers will act and your government is now one of the powers. The American minister will be able to judge if there is to be war and will inform his government what he knows you know."

Hornby smiled without making any reply. The lady spoke of other matters and finally said:

"I presume all important dispatches are in cipher."

"What is the word for 'war' in your cipher code?"

"Oh, it wouldn't do for me to tell you that."

"Please tell me that one word. I'll not divulge it."

"Well, on your promise, I'll tell you it is 'woman.'"

"Good gracious! Why was that word chosen?"

"I don't know. I didn't make the code."

"And what is the word for 'peace'?"

"Man."

"Upon my word! I should have supposed those two words would have been reversed."

"Perhaps that's the reason of their use as they are. They are not so easily deciphered."

Mme. Berthelow looked up into the young man's face. It was as guileless as a May morning. She continued her investigations.

"Our family have an old claim against the United States, dating back a hundred years or more, for a vessel owned by my great-grandfather, destroyed by an American privateer. I should like you to advise me concerning it."

"I shall be happy to do so. I am at my office from 11 to 6 every day where it will be proper for you to call."

This was not satisfactory to Mme. Berthelow. She would have preferred to have the young man call upon her where she could talk with him in secret, but on second thought she considered that there would be an advantage in going to his office. She might light on some information not intended for her. The next day at 12 o'clock she appeared at the legation.

"Ah, madame," Hornby said, "we are very busy today, and I fear I shall have to keep you waiting. If you will go into my private office for awhile I shall be happy to advise you presently concerning your claim."

He ushered her into a cozy room in the center of which stood a table with writing materials and papers scattered about. Mme. Berthelow, being alone in the room, made a hurried examination of the papers. One of them bore evidence of having just been written. It was marked to be sent by cable to the secretary of state at Washington. The lady eagerly seized it and ran her eye over it. There was a jumble of words the meaning of which was intelligible to her, but she noticed scattered throughout the dispatch the word "woman." It occurred five times. She had all the time she needed for the examination—indeed, more than she wished, for she was anxious to get away that she might impart the information to her husband that there was to be war.

Presently Hornby came in and informed her that he was ready to listen to the matter of her claim. She told him she had left home without having locked up the jewels she had worn the night before and must return at once. Hornby gave her one of his engaging smiles and saw her to her carriage.

When Hornby returned to his office he threw the cipher telegram into the wastebasket and wrote one to a prominent financier who would probably "sell the market." If so it would break, and the broker was to buy largely for Hornby's accounts.

Hornby by the operation made a fortune. Some time after this Mme. Berthelow said to him:

"Are you sure that in your cipher code 'woman' stands for 'war'?"

"It does not now. You convinced me that its use thus was ungalant, and I arranged for its being changed to mean 'peace.'"

DRUGS OF ANTIQUITY.

The Doses That Markings Awaited Thousands of Years Ago.

It is admitted that the oldest medical work known is the Ebers papyrus discovered by Georg Ebers in his journey to Egypt in 1872. It is a scroll twenty yards long and a foot wide and has been studied and translated by Von Oefele and reviewed by Von Lippmann. It was written about 1550 B. C., though some of the material of which it is a compilation dates back to about 3700 B. C.

The medical substances mentioned include copper—once more costly than gold and silver—lead, iron, antimony, carbon, sulphur, salt, soda, gypsum and other minerals; milk fat from many animals, wax, and the horns and other portions of domestic animals, honey, raisins, grapes, figs, dates, wine, beer, linen, fat, inulin, papyrus, numerous resins, caraway, fennel, dill, melilot, watercress, peppermint, coriander, lettuce, endive, absinth, pomgranate, calamus, aloes, safflower, crocus, indigo, henbane, mandrake, opium and other plants and vegetable products.

In preparing drugs solids were graded or powdered in a stone mortar. There were many processes of treating them, such as roasting, baking, pressing, steeping, warming, boiling in various substances, macerating with yeast, evaporating and fermenting with yeast. Liquids were filtered and clarified. Some recipes contain two or three ingredients, but others have as many as thirty-seven materials.

GIBRALTAR.

The "Key of the Mediterranean" Has Had a Stormy History.

England has been in possession of the rocky promontory of Gibraltar since 1704. From that time to this it has been a crown colony under the administration of a governor by reason of its important strategic position. It is called the "key of the Mediterranean."

Gibraltar had a stormy history. In 711 the rock was taken by the Arab chief Tarik, who called it Jebel-at-Tarik (hill of Tarik) and built a fortress on the promontory. Part of these ruins are still extant. In 1309 it was taken by the Castilians, only to be recaptured by the Moors in 1333. It was held by them until 1462. Following the taking and sack of Gibraltar in 1502 by Barbarossa, extensive military works were built there by order of Charles V.

In 1704 the promontory was captured by a combined force under Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, fighting for the Archduke Charles of Austria. The moment it fell into their hands the British admiral threw off the alliance with the Austrians and took complete possession of the works.

British possession since that time has been unbroken, although it was under a Spanish siege for nearly three years and eight months, beginning in 1770. Twice the garrison was on the point of falling because of the starvation of its defenders.

Right on the Job. At the time Dewey captured the Philippine Islands there was only one lighthouse in operation in the Philippine waters—that on Cape Melville, Palawan island, south of the island of Palawan and marking the entrance between the China sea and the Sulu sea. As is the custom in time of war, the Spanish authorities had ordered all lighthouses to have their lights extinguished when it was discovered that an attack on Manila was threatened by the American navy. It appears that this order was carried out at all other places except at the lighthouse mentioned above, where the order was never received. The keeper of this light kept his light burning up to June 30, 1899, without assistance, and was paid for his services from May 1, 1899 to that date by the Philippine government.—Philippines Monthly.

Fourierism. Fourierism was a social system founded by Charles Fourier, born in France 1772, died 1837. Fourier advocated co-operative industrialism, and proposed the idea that society should be organized into "phalanges." The phalange was to number about 1,500 persons, who were to live in a common building, with a certain portion of soil for cultivation. The staple industry was to be agriculture, but the various groups might devote themselves to such as were best suited to their tastes. Several attempts were made to carry out Fourier's theories, but the result in each case was failure.—New York American.

His Motto. "You go around borrowing money all the time and yet you seem to be prosperous."

"I am."

"How do you manage it?"

"My motto is, 'Always put off till tomorrow those you have done today.'"

—Toledo Blade.

Lots of Practice. "Junkins, your wife is the most brilliant conversationalist I know of."

"Well, she's had lots of practice. She goes to a theater box party two or three times every week."

—Chicago Tribune.

Calling a Spill. Father—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son? Willie—Not and keep his face as straight as you do, pop!

—London Answers.

Never be in your place of business when a person wants to borrow money from you, because if you are in you will be shot at. But if you are out you will be packed.

The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Chalmers.

A Joke on the Artists.

Some years ago there was a colony of artists painting in a Maine village some twenty miles from Portland.

All were enthusiastic admirers of Winslow Homer, and all, having had a go at the painting of rocks and sea and reminding how difficult was the task, betwought them of Homer, only twenty miles away. How refreshing it would be to have a glimpse of the man's work in his studio! Fully aware that it was out his custom to admit strangers, they ventured upon the pilgrimage to that shrine. They counted on his waiting the rule where it concerned a group that contained at least one full fledged national academician and several associates of that august body. They all went to Scarborough (Portland's Neck), put up at the hotel and sent him a joint note, signing their names and begging that he would receive them. When the messenger returned they read with dismay that Winslow Homer presented his compliments and begged to be excused from receiving "art students." The joke was so good that the story was given out in the artistic circles.—Arthur Hoerber in World's Work.

Mock Suns. Mock suns are similar in point of origin to the mirages of the desert, only they occur in the arctic circle.

As the long winter night of the polar region wanes once every twenty-four hours a slight glow is seen at some point on the horizon. Often accompanying this glow is seen the phenomenon of the mock sun. Several degrees up in the heavens as many as five of these spectral orbs have been seen at one time. Invariably they are all connected in a geometric figure with lines seemingly bound together with circles and arcs of light.

When only one appears it is mistaken for the real god of day, and natives rejoice at the early end of the long winter night only to be disappointed as the image disappears. The explanation of the phenomenon is given by physicists as refraction and reflection of light from the real sun below the horizon on the mists in the upper atmosphere.—St. Louis Republic.

Crossing the Bar. Tennyson's famous poem "Crossing the Bar" was written, said his son, in the poet's eightieth year, "on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had had the meaning of the bar" in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out. That is the crown of your life's work," said his son, who was the first man after the poet to read "Crossing the Bar" and who passed the first criticism upon it in such fitting and generous language.

"It came in a moment," said the poet, and explained the plot as the Division and Owen, who is always guiding us a day or two before he died the poet, calling his son to his bedside, said, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."

Old Time Taxation. During the eleven years from 1006 to 1706 the Englishman over twenty five who shirked matrimony was called on to pay a shilling annually, with a further sum according to rank, of 5 shillings for a gentleman and 12 1/2 for a duke, a tax which yielded to the revenue about £1,000 a week. In these "good old times" the Briton had to pay a tax when he took a wife and another tax every time he qualified as a father.—This a duke's nuptials cost him £600, his heir £300, and for each later male addition to his family his lot was multiplied by a payment of £25 2s. The benedict whose income was less than £50 a year had to pay 2s. 6d. on his marriage and 2 shillings every time he became a father.—London Standard.

Wagner a Living Paradox. As an artist Wagner had unequalled genius. As a man, though generous, temperate and virtuous to an unusual degree, he also had extraordinary faults. He was egotistical and proud, prone to fierce enmities; he went to extremes in everything. A living paradox; impatient, irritable and nervous; noble and petty; never made a man more friends and more enemies. He was worshipped and hated. Taken all in all, logically he stands as the most notable figure of this age.—Doyle's "Famous Composers."

With a "G." "Gentlemen," said the lawyer for the defense in closing his eloquent and impassioned speech, "all I demand for my client at your hands is justice—justice with a large G!"

The principal of the district school was on the jury, and the verdict was guilty with a large G.—Chicago Tribune.

Many Sided Question. Miss Lonely—You ought to be careful, Kitty. Marriage is a serious matter.

"The maid who has a proposal—never be in your place of business when a person wants to borrow money from you, because if you are in you will be shot at. But if you are out you will be packed."

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THE SCHOOLMA'AM

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

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We had no luck with our school at Turnerville—that is, with the teachers, for what's a school but a teacher, anyway? At last, when we'd just fired one of 'em, a good looking gal appeared for the position and got it just because she wasn't like any of the rest of 'em. She was soft spoken and said she preferred managing the children by kindness rather than any other way. Some of the teachers we'd had were great trouble-makers, and the boys didn't like 'em.

Miss Hathaway—that was her name—was engaged, and I must say the school settled right down to business. I don't know how much learning the children got but they were quiet as lambs. Some of us tried to find out how she done it by questioning the scholars, but they didn't know. Some of 'em said that when she told 'em to keep quiet she looked at 'em in a way that convinced 'em they better had.

The cashier of Boodle's bank fell in love with Miss Hathaway and wanted to marry her. She kep' him on the rack, not givin' him any decided answer. We who had children to educate hoped she wouldn't have him, for the school was doin' mighty well and had never exceeded before. The mothers were especially anxious, not that they was particular about their children gittin' learnin', but because if the school wasn't runnin' and they had to take care of their young uns they hadn't no time to gossip over the fences that divided the back yards.

But somehow if Miss Hathaway brought us good luck with the school a heap of trouble came with her. There was raids made on the town by hoss thieves one after 'other till nearly every hoss in town was stole. It took ed as though some un who had lived in the town was leadin' 'em, for they seemed to know just where every hoss was located. When there wasn't but a few hosses left their owners tried to flee 'em. But it didn't do no good—the thieves seemed to smell 'em and went right to where they was hid.

All this time Shinkley, the cashier of Boodle's bank that I tole you about, was a-settin' up to Miss Hathaway. He had a fine iron gray hoss he paid \$500 for that he used to drive her over with. He was awful afraid he'd lose the animal, and Miss Hathaway suggested that he keep him nights in the schoolhouse. Nobody wouldn't think of lookin' there for a hoss. He done it, and, sure enough, in the mornin' there was the hoss, safe and sound. But he only kep' the critter there a few nights when somepin happened that he didn't need to keep him there any longer.

One night Shinkley visited the teacher, and when he went away they both went to the schoolhouse, which was close by, and put in the hoss. Then Shinkley kissed her good night, for she'd promised to marry him. He went home and to bed. He couldn't get no sleep because he was so happy at gittin' the only gal he'd ever seed that he wanted to marry.

That was in June, when the day breaks early. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the mornin' Shinkley was awake by a clatter of hoofs comin' down the street. Thinkin' it was the hoss thieves and wishin' to git a sight of 'em, he jumps out of bed and runs to the window. He was in plenty of time to see all he wanted to. Five men was ridin' down the street, headed by a woman ridin' straddle, just as they was. When they got opposite the window where Shinkley was looking out he see that the woman was the schoolteacher, and she was ridin' his iron gray hoss. She looked up at him and larfed.

"Much obliged," she said, "for givin' me the combination of the safe. My friends have been after somepin better than hosses this time. We got in the currency in the bank."

Then the feller ridin' next to the schoolmarm he sung out, "Take that for kissin' my wife!" And he fired a shot that went through a panel of glass just above the cashier's head. Well, now, I reckon that cashier was mad. Nothin' makes anybody so mad as to get fooled. Shinkley had been fooled as to his affections, and lost his fine hoss and given away an entrance into the bank's safe.

Maybe he didn't git a move on him! Without stoppin' to git into his clothes he run down and out, and, seein' a friend of his'n that had a bicycle, he got him to follow the robbers while he got up a posse. Inside of ten minutes men was leavin' the town on wheels—they wasn't no hosses to ride—all armed with rifles. They didn't wait for one another, but as fast as Shinkley got a man out he sent him on. When Shinkley had started a dozen men he lit out himself.

The robbers, knowin' there was no hosses in the town, forgot about bicycles, and they didn't expect such a quick chase. They didn't hurry much. The bicycles closed up and made chase together. A hoss gets tired, and a bicycle doesn't, so every one of the robbers was taken.

Shinkley couldn't revenge himself on a woman by hurtin' her. The way he did it was by hangin' every one of the men, includin' her husband, who had shot at him. She was forced to see one after another swung off, includin' her husband. When the ceremony was over they left her lyin' in a heap in the middle of the road. She was all gone up.

BRIGNOLI IN A RAGE.

An Unappreciative Audience and a Sympathetic Servant.

Brignoli, the famous Italian tenor, always expected an encore, no matter where or what he sang, and if it was not forthcoming he was off in a rage instantly. In some small town he sang his favorite song "Com'è Gentile," a serenade from Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" with unusual care and walked off the stage perfectly satisfied, pausing at the wings to listen to the applause. To his utter amazement there was not a sound of approbation. He strode into the dressing room muttering that he would refuse to sing an other song. Still the house remained silent. "No," he cried to those about him, "I refuse to sing again. I refuse to respond to the encore."

Barbagelata, who was more clever than the ordinary servant, bumbled up proached and said:

"Signor Brignoli, you sang that like an angel. The people could not appreciate it."

The old fellow nearly wept. "Barbagelata," he exclaimed, "give me your hand. I did not know you were such a musician. Taghliatru, I must introduce you to Brignoli, my servant." Turning to "Tag," who stood near by, he is a great musician," went on Brignoli, still in a temper. "He appreciates my singing more than all those fools."

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