

A PICTURE ON GLASS

By ALLAN C. CARLYLE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The residence of the Count Van Arsdale at Rotterdam, Holland, is a very old one. Indeed, it was standing when the first Dutch settlers bought Manhattan Island for \$24. In recent times David, one of the Van Arsdale family, came to New York to make a home there, but he did not remain long.

There were two reasons for his return to Holland. Firstly, he was in love with a member of another branch of the family, Anneke Van Arsdale, the daughter of the man who held the title and the Van Arsdale manor house. Secondly, there was a tradition that David Van Arsdale was the real count. The title and estates had passed from David's great-grandfather to an ancestor of Anneke's, and it had never been clear how the transaction came about. David believed that Anneke's father knew something about it, but the count would not admit that he did. When David first came courting Anneke her father favored the suit, but a very wealthy sister having asked for her hand the count, feeling that money was needed in the family, favored the latter. Anneke would not wed him and would not accept David without her father's consent.

There appearing to be no hope that the count would relent, David determined to go back to America. He neither could nor would deprive the girl he loved of his prospective possessions, and since she must eventually pass to another, he did not wish to be near her. The night before he was to sail he was sitting in the great square hall which was once used by the Dutch for a living room, making his last visit to Anneke preceding his departure. The lovers were very despondent.

"I believe," said David, "that the reason your father first favored our union is that he believes me to be the rightful heir to the title and estates he is now enjoying."

"Why do you think that, David?" asked the girl.

"Because there are those who say that I am. There has always been a mystery connected with the death of my great-grandfather, John Van Arsdale, and the assumption of the title by Henry. It is well known that Henry's mind was subsequently affected, and it is rumored that this came from remorse."

"But father has nothing to do with that."

"No; but if there was fraud in the change of the title and estates from his ancestor to mine I am the real Count Van Arsdale. If I married you the two branches of the family would be united and the fraud, if any, would not matter. That, I believe, is the reason for your father's willingness at first, because there is no other reason I am poor, and you need a rich husband."

"At this moment something singular happened. Winding about the hall to the upper story was a staircase, mid-way where the staircase turned at right angles with the lower end upper parts was a window. It was of curious construction, the glass being of different thicknesses in different parts. It had been there no one knew how long, and no one knew why an ordinary window or one of stained glass had not been placed there in its stead."

"At this time electricity was first converted into and utilized as light. The searchlight had just been invented, and some electricians were experimenting with one of them on the roof of a neighboring building. Suddenly the window mentioned was brilliantly illuminated. David and Anneke looked at it in astonishment. Instead of being ordinary white glass, it was a picture—a picture in black and white—such as we now see hanging in windows, such that the light was bringing out the scene. And the subject a man in the Dutch costume of the olden time, lay on his back, stricken by another man who had plunged a dagger into his heart. Below were the words: 'The Murder of Henry, Count Van Arsdale.'"

"A mystery was explained by a mystery. The window till that moment had been a blank. 'The invention of the searchlight had revealed what it contained. But who many years before had learned to make a picture on glass? And what light did he use to bring it out? For how could he have made it without seeing it? One fact of its being there at all might be explained by the fact that the murderer brooded over his crime until he had his reason and placed it there while a monomaniac."

"While the lovers looked the picture disappeared as instantaneously as it had appeared into being. To an Anneke crossed her eyes with her hands. 'The man descended from a murderer,' she said. 'All that father possesses is a name.'"

"David did not call for America the next day. Workmen came in, took out the glass in the window and replaced it with a stained one. Then came a wedding between David and Anneke, and the count having no male issue, surrendered his life to his son-in-law, and his estates to his daughter. 'Have done this, he called for America, and Holland never saw him again. He buried himself in the wilds of Canada.'"

"David and Anneke still live in the house in Rotterdam where the picture was revealed to them, but where the picture is kept no one knows. Some say it has been destroyed."

Genesis of the Playhouse.

Theophrastus in 336 B. C. acted his plays in a wagon. In 400 B. C., during the time of Aeschylus, creator of drama, the performances took place upon temporary wooden scaffolds, one of which having collapsed during a representation, the Athenians were induced to build the great theater of Dionysius, calling it the Lenaeon which was the first permanent stone structure of its kind. It required 100 years to erect it. There was no scenery, but the scene was decorated so as to represent the locality in which the action was going on. Roofless was its structure but around the building were porticoes, to which the people retreated during rain storms. Sometimes awnings were used to ward off the sun's heat. Invariably the actors were males, who wore masks with mouthpieces, answering the purpose of speaking trumpets. Owing to the vastness of the theater, metal vases were placed under the seats to serve as reflectors of sound. Performances began in the morning and usually lasted twelve hours.—New York Telegram.

Hanged and Buried and Lived.

It is not given to many men to be hanged and buried and yet be able to tell the tale, but such was the experience of one John Barnardale, who was executed at York in 1634 for felony. After his body had hung for nearly an hour it was buried. A gentleman passing by the grave, which had not been filled up, thought he saw the earth move, and with the help of his servant he disinterred the convict, who was still alive. It was the custom in those days to bury suicides and executed criminals without any coffin. The man was carefully treated and entirely recovered. He became a scholar at the coaching house in York and lived a most exemplary life. When asked what he could tell in relation to hanging, as having experienced it, he replied, "When I was turned off flashes of fire seemed to dart from my eyes, from which I fell into a state of darkness and insensibility."

Plan-Plan and Bernhard.

Prince Napoleon, commonly known as Pion Pion, often used to come to George Sand's rehearsals. He was extremely fond of her. The first time I ever saw that man I turned pale and felt as though my heart stopped beating. He looked so much like Napoleon I that I disliked him for it. By resembling him it seemed to me that he made him seem less far away and brought him nearer to every one. Mme. Sand introduced him to me in spite of my wishes. He looked at me in an impudent way. He displeased me. I scarcely replied to his compliments and went closer to George Sand. "Why, she is in love with you!" he exclaimed, laughing. George Sand stroked my cheek gently. "She is my little madonna," she answered, "do not torment her."—Sarah Bernhardt's Memoirs.

Convincing Argument.

A certain colonel's gardener was going through the woods belonging to his employer when he saw a man gathering nuts.

As the colonel had given strict orders that this was not to be permitted, the gardener accosted the man. "You'll have to clear out of this," he said. "I've had orders to keep all those nuts for the colonel this year."

"That's all right," replied the man. "I'm getting 'em for the colonel."

A week later the gardener came across the man again.

"Look here," he said angrily. "You weren't getting those nuts for the colonel at all."

"I tell you I was," was the emphatic reply. "Do you think I was getting 'em for the shells?"—London Ideas.

The Plum Line in Porto Rico.

There are places where the direction of a plum line is not vertical. Irregularities of density in the crust of the globe may produce this phenomenon. A remarkable instance in point was found in the island of Porto Rico, where the deviation from the vertical is so great that in mapping the island, the northern and southern coast lines, as shown in the older maps, had each to be moved inward half a mile.—Scientific American.

Worse Off.

"You know that I told you how I dropped our rubber plant and wrecked it?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry I did it."

"Why?"

"My wife has just bought a new one that's twice as heavy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mixture of Composites.

"Yorkshire is certainly in a good many positions at once."

"How so?"

"He is up in the air, down on his back, on in years and back in his taxes."—Baltimore American.

Long Engagements.

Young Man—Do you believe in long engagements, sir? Cynical Benedict—Certainly, my young friend, certainly. The longer the engagement the shorter the marriage!

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.—J. G. Holland.

A BRILLIANT DEFENSE

By GEORGE B. BURTON

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Joseph Markland, cashier of the National was on trial for violation of the banking laws. There was no more scrupulously honest man than Markland, but the case against him was complicated. His conviction or acquittal depended largely upon how it would be handled by the state attorney and counsel for defense. Evan McCord, the prosecutor, was a rising young lawyer ambitious for political preferment. There had been much grumbling by certain politicians that it was impossible to convict criminals. McCord, in order to make capital for himself resolved to make a strenuous effort to convict every prisoner who came before him. Markland was among the first and McCord sent him, knowing him to be an innocent man, to the penitentiary.

Years passed and McCord had returned to the practice of the law as an advocate. One day a man accused of forgery sent for him and asked him to take his case. McCord assented and asked the man to tell him all about it. "Not on my life," said the man. "If you defend me on lines that would appear proper I shall be convicted. I know that you are a brilliant lawyer and I wish to secure my acquittal by some brilliant stroke that will convince the jury of an error."

McCord assented. Yet there was one criminal to convict whom he would give even a life's success. He had had a brother who had been murdered. The murderer had covered his tracks so adroitly that even the shrewdest detectives could not find the slightest clue to his identity. Twenty years had passed since the tragedy, and every year Evan McCord's desire for vengeance upon his brother's slayer increased till it approached monomania.

Stanwick, whom McCord undertook to defend by using his own wit rather than by establishing his innocence, though much run down, gave evidence of once having been a gentleman. He was past middle age and had the hard look on his face of one hardened to crime. He produced a very bad effect on the jury from the start, and McCord saw that the opportunity to show his skill in legal manipulation of a case was a great one. Proud as he was of his powers, he threw himself into the case with all his ability.

A forgery case is necessarily complicated. To convict a person of writing a man's name so like that person himself would write it involves the opinion of experts in cryptography, who are apt to disagree. McCord by cross-examination greatly aided those experts who testified that the accused had not written the check, and the evidence of those who testified Stanwick had committed the forgery. From the counsel's prominence a great deal of interest was manifested in the case, especially by members of the bar, who attended the trial in large numbers to witness McCord's ingenious professional devices.

What was especially noticeable was the absence of anything like harmony between counsel and client. The repulsive face of the prisoner was the study of all present and was considered the weakest element in the defense. Moreover, now and again that face was bent upon McCord with a malignant expression. It seemed as if the man was as indifferent to his acquittal as his counsel was eager for it.

These features rendered the case supremely interesting not only to attorneys, but to the public. The newspapers were filled with detailed reports of the trial and comments on the brilliant expedients used by the counsel for the defense. Therefore as the legal tournament, as it was called, drew toward a close the interest in it increased. McCord rested a day before summing up, and his speech on that occasion was regarded a masterpiece of legal defensive ingenuity.

When the case was given to the jury it was the opinion of most of those present that had it not been for the strong evidence adduced by the prosecution and the bad impression created by the prisoner McCord would have surely won. As it was, the issue was in doubt. The jury, however, were not out more than an hour when they sent in word to the court that they had reached a verdict. Then they filed in, and before a mute, expectant audience the foreman delivered the verdict: "Not guilty."

Then occurred the most singular inconsistency of the whole affair. Stanwick, who might have been supposed to give some expression of thankfulness, turned upon McCord a look of one who had taken a malignant vengeance.

However, this was the last of a celebrated case, and in a few minutes after the discharge of the prisoner the courtroom that had been the scene of an interesting struggle was emptied. For a week McCord was in receipt of constant congratulations upon his brilliant achievement. When the highest encomiums were being heaped upon him he received the following letter:

Go on hunting me as you have been doing for so many years. I hate you and all your tribe. Years ago I got revenge on your brother, and I have now "done" you. I am not Stanwick, but Ben Fowler, who disappeared years ago. Markland once did me a favor.

McCord never took another case.

THE CHILDREN'S HEROISM

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The Breton coast of France is a wild but very beautiful region. Artists go there to get subjects for their pictures which they find not only in the scenery, but in the simple peasantry which lives there. On that coast are lighthouses such as really protect ships from going ashore in every civilized country.

One of these lighthouses was recently the scene of a story a real story—such as few authors of fiction can invent, a story full of pathos, of heroism of a great work in protecting the lives of many who were sailing or steaming over the ocean unconscious of what was going on under the light.

In the dwelling portion of this lighthouse the keeper lay dying. He had that morning been in his usual health, but was suddenly taken ill. Nevertheless he kept at his work of preparing the light against the evening. His wife knew nothing about the lamps or the machinery by which they were made to alternately shine and disappear. His children were a boy and a girl—the boy nine, the girl eleven years old. There was no one near the lighthouse to call upon to take up the light-house keeper's duties when the night came.

Nor was there any doctor that could administer to his physical ailments. The keeper grew worse. Still he kept at his work till the afternoon when he was obliged to give up and go to bed. He had cleaned the lamps, filled them with oil and in every way got them ready to be lighted, but either he had not had time or the strength to wind up the great weights that turned the machinery causing the revolutions by which the light was made to flash.

When night came on the keeper was drawing his last breath. His wife was praying by his bedside, his children were standing wondering at this their first sight of death death that made their mother a widow and them fatherless. There were a few long breaths, the intervals between them growing greater, a rattle in the throat and the keeper was dead.

As soon as the widow could sufficiently recover from the death scene she thought of the lives that might be wrecked from her husband's being thus suddenly taken away from his work of protection. It was a dangerous coast. Stipules had been used to seeing the light and counting the seconds between its flashes, and then they knew where they were. If it failed to shine they would run out of these courses.

The widow roused herself, and, taking her children with her, went up into the lighthouse. She lighted the lamps, but she could not make the machinery revolve. A light that did not flash in the place where a flashlight should be would be as misleading to sailors as a light at all.

The little girl placed herself at the revolving apparatus and found that it turned easily. She pushed it around, making the circuit under her mother's direction in the line it was used to revolve, then she said to her mother: "Mamma, go back to father. We children will turn the machinery and make the light flash."

So the mother, whose grief, moped than that of childhood, supported her powers, went back to the bedside of her dead husband to pray, leaving her children the only barrier between lives out on the ocean and the rocks that were ready to engulf them. The girl turned till she was tired, then her little brother took up the work. When he became tired she relieved him.

And so the children worked on while their father lay dead below and their mother prayed beside him. And the captain and the sailors on the vessels that passed, coming and going, looked at the light and wondered that it now lost, now gained, a few seconds. And persons in their berths below slept soundly, not dreaming that they owed their lives to a girl of eleven and a boy of nine.

Midnight passed, the small hours of the morning came, and the children, toiling on, began to think of the rest that day would bring them. How they, especially the boy, kept awake is a marvel. And now a faint but eastward gray streak appears in the east. A dim outline of the uneven land begins to be apparent. But the children work on, turning, ever turning. What though the interval between the flashes lengthen as their little legs grow hard to move and their steps shorter! The dawn lightens, the white breakers first grow plain, then the black promontories against the sky, then both land and ocean.

"Mamma," called the girl, "may we not stop now?"

"Yes, my child; it is light. The sailors can see when they are without you children to tell them."

There come persons who have heard this story of heroism and ask to see the little hero and heroine. They find a family unconscious of having done anything remarkable. The children open their eyes and wonder what it means. They only turned the apparatus all night because without the light the sailors would be lost on the black ocean.

But they are not their own judges. Their work is heralded in foreign lands—is flashed across the waters and read by millions of people not only in America, but all over the world.

Verily, the human heart may still be touched.

A Job That Failed.

The clerk of a supply store in southern Colorado did not know Indian nature very well when he invited a Ute chief to a boxing bout. After explaining the use of the gloves, which the chief seemed to readily understand, they went into a vacant room in the rear of the store to spar. The gloves were adjusted, and the clerk invited the chief to hit him. This, of course, he failed to do, as Indians never strike with their hands in conflict. All at once the clerk struck out, and catching the chief under the ear, landed him on the floor. This was enough. The Indian sprang to his feet, pulled off the gloves, jerked out a knife, and the clerk had to run for his life. Fortunately he managed to keep out of reach until some friends caught the infuriated Indian and held him until he cooled off. Then the clerk explained the joke, but with very poor success. The chief consented to forego vengeance for the insult, but he was never friends with the clerk again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For the Children

Mattie Enjoying Her Daily Bath.



Photo by American Press Association.

Elephants, as most young people know, are very fond of bathing, and in their native jungles frequently seek the rivers and lakes to enjoy a water frolic. Down at Coney Island the pachyderms take a swim in the surf and greatly enjoy buffeting the salt bit-ows. When bathing at the beach the huge beasts are accompanied by trainers, who sit on their necks and guide them from the water when their time is up. This is necessary, for they are show animals and must be in their places when the performance begins. If left to themselves they would probably forget all about their engagements. The elephant in the picture is Mattie, the famous performing elephant in the Central Park zoo. The photographer caught her as she was getting her daily bath from a hose. Her expression shows she is enjoying it largely.

An Old Timer.

Turtles are one of a few kinds of animals that live longer than men do. They look their age too. A turtle had a date mark on him, though not the date of his arrival in the world, was found a few days ago in New York, not far from Poughkeepsie, where the boat races are held on the Hudson river in the early summer. The turtle, which was a land tortoise, was found by David B. Sleight, who lives on the farm where his father lived for many years. On the turtle's back, but in the hard shell, Mr. Sleight found his father's initials, A. W. S., and the date 1855, cut deeply and still plainly visible. He added his own initials and the date and turned the little creature loose to live perhaps until another generation of Sleights come along.

A Bathing by the Sea.

A few miles below Delmar, Cal., there may be seen in a rocky ledge a peculiar basin cut out of solid rock. It measures 6 by 4 feet and its depth is about five feet. At high tide the basin is filled; at low, it and the surrounding rock ledge are laid bare. Above the basin are gutters, which allow the escape of surplus water. It is supposed that the bath was used by the Indians in early times, and that they heated the sea water by means of heated stones. It is not improbable that the sick rodents obtained relief from skin diseases and other ills by bathing in the hot salt water of this peculiar basin.

It is quite well made and shapely and would have been very convenient for such a purpose.

A Doll's Silver Set.

A set of silver for the doll's dressing table can be made from tin foil, so it is a good plan to save all the tinfoil that comes around candy, etc., and smooth it out nicely. You may make a mirror for the dressing room or the doll's boudoir of the tinfoil with a border of gold paper. Cut out a piece of cardboard to any shape you desire and then cover it with tinfoil. The gilt border should not be plain, but should be cut into ornamental corners or used to cover a raised frame of cardboard. If you are going to use the mirror for the dining room or library of the doll's house make the mirror in the same manner with a double cardboard frame around the edge and cover this frame with dark paper in the wood tones.

Caundrums.

Why are good boys like dough? Because we need them.

Why is it impossible for a boy who looks to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every mis for a myth.

Why are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use damp sheets.

Why is an empty discourse like a wild one? Because it is all sound.

Captain Kip's Cruise.

When Captain Kip's sailing years To Tim and Ted and Polly About the Crafty Christopher And all its cruises Jolly His lively tales Of chasing whales In sunny southern seas, Where dolphins play Mid flying spray And waves dance in the breeze, Meet all their little hearts on shore To sail at once in their delight And Tim will be the captain, And Ted will be the mate, And Polly 'll be the lookout Who sits aloft in state.

But when he tells of howling winds To Tim and Ted and Polly And all the Crafty Christopher's Adventures melancholy, Of lanky clouds, And icy shrouds, And waves that sweep the deck; Of straining ropes, And falling ropes, And rocks that wait to wreck, Then all their little hearts grow pale, And they exclaim that when they sail 'Tis will be the cabin boy, And Ted will be the cook, And Polly 'll be a passenger, Took in some shattered boat.

—Yacht's Companion.

Ornamented With Scars.

The natives of some of the islands of the Pacific are always glad to see the doctor on his periodical visits. At Kaiser Wilhelm's harbor the German government has stationed Dr. Heising as a medical officer. He is a busy man. Natives by the dozen come to him, not to be treated for illness, but to get the benefit of his professional opinion on how to scar themselves artistically. The natives are very fond of scars, and nearly all of them are covered with specimens which have resulted from self inflicted wounds which were kept open by frequent scratching or by the introduction of foreign substances like sand, bamboo, shells and so forth. The excrescence which results from the average vaccination is scratched off at the proper time, and the resulting large scar is very dear to the native. A young islander whose face and body are a mass of cuts, bruises and scars is considered the catch of the season by the dusky belles.

They Couldn't Help It.

During the American invasion of Porto Rico, in the course of the war with Spain, General Tasker H. Bliss, with his troops, was stationed near a village held by an overwhelming force of Spaniards. Orders were to keep your "eye peeled" and, if he heard any thing suspicious, to fall back about eight miles. Instead of this his men turned in one day and captured the village, chasing the Spaniards out. The next day the commander of the American forces came along to find Bliss sitting in front of the home of the chief man of the village. The commander asked him why he had attacked the Spanish force, when he knew that he was outnumbered. "Couldn't help it," said General Bliss. "You see, my men have been hungry for some days, and the wind blew toward them from the village, and some squaw was frying onions over there. And so—Argonaut."

Jefferson as an Inventor.

Not many people know that Thomas Jefferson was a great inventor. His inventions were all of articles of everyday use. He devised a three legged folding camp stool that is the basis of all camp stools of that kind today. The stool he had made for his own use was his constant companion on occasions of outings. The revolving chair was his invention. He designed a light wagon. A copying press was devised by him and came into general use. He also invented an instrument for measuring the distance he walked. A plow and a hemp cultivator showed that his thoughts were often on agricultural matters. His plow received a gold medal in France in 1790. Jefferson never benefited financially by his inventions, but believed they should be for the use of everyone without cost.

He Didn't Know.

One June day in 1862 near Fredericksburg, Va., General Stonewall Jackson saw one of General Hood's Texans climbing a fence to get into a cherry tree. "Where are you going?" shouted Jackson. "I don't know," replied the soldier. "To what command do you belong?" "I don't know," the Texan replied. "Well, what state are you from?" "I don't know," Jackson gave the man up, but he asked a comrade what it all meant. "Well," was the reply, "Old Stonewall and General Hood gave orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight."

An Innocent Query.

At a dinner party in England the host introduced to the favorable notice of the company, amid murmurs of admiration, a splendid truffled pheasant. "Isn't it a beauty?" he said. "Dr. So-and-so gave it to me; killed it himself."

"Ah! What was he treating it for?" asked one of the guests.

One Disadvantage.

Potts—It is a great deal better to own your own home and not have to pay rent, isn't it? Lotts—Well, yes, in a general way it is, but it has its disadvantages. A fellow can't go round driving nails anywhere he pleases in the woodwork of his own home, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Her Advice.

"Ah," he said as he led her back to her seat after the waltz, "I just love dancing."

"Well," she replied as she attempted to repair a torn dounce, "you're not too old to learn."

The man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds.—Mark Twain.