

Bankruptcy Sale

The \$5000.00 Stock of Catholic Books, Prayer Books, Rosaries, Statues, Holy Water Fonts, Crucifixes, Candlesticks, etc., in the Frank J. Stupp Store at 43 Clinton Avenue North must be turned into cash in the shortest possible time.

EVERYTHING SOLD AT A BIG SACRIFICE

1-3 to 1-2 Off

Sale will continue Every Day and Evening from 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. Saturdays 10 p. m. until stock is disposed of.

Father Gleeson Pictures In Gold, Mahogany and Walnut Frames at 50 Cents

43 Clinton Ave. No.

Opposite Railway and Light Co.

A Dealer In Foreign Fruits

By LUCI CONTA

In lower New York there is a sign "F. Martelli, Dealer in Foreign Fruits and Oil." One day a young man entered the shop and, seeing the proprietor working on his books, said to him in the Italian language:

"Signor, I have just come from Naples to America to better my condition. I wish a position."

"I cannot afford a clerk. I wish I could. I am poor at accounts. They bother me."

"I kept books for one of the largest exporters of oil in Naples. I know all about bookkeeping."

"That may be, but I have told you my business does not admit of an assistant."

"Let me work for you without pay. I have brought over with me a little money on which I can live while I am getting a knowledge of America. I will serve you for, say, a year. By that time my money will be all gone, but I can then find a position with a salary."

Martelli was much captivated with the proposition. He told the man, who gave him the name of Giovanni Micole, to take hold of his books and straighten them out. If he showed that he knew how to do so he would teach him his business. He told Micole that his face was familiar to him, but he could not tell where he had seen him, to which Micole replied that nothing was more likely, since they had both lived in the same city.

Micole did not know anything about bookkeeping, but he talked very learnedly about Martelli's accounts and succeeded in confusing the merchant and showing him that his affairs were in much better condition than he had supposed. Micole became a great favorite with his employer, and, with the former's assistance, the business seemed to improve. It did not appear that the sales were larger, but somehow or other Micole's took off a statement from the books he always showed an increased profit. Indeed, so pleased was Martelli that he told his clerk he might draw \$5 a week for salary. But Micole said that he preferred to stick to his contract and would not accept any pay for his work.

Martelli lived in a room in one of the narrow streets of lower New York. When he left his shop after business hours he invariably went to this sleeping apartment alone. But one day, after drinking a bottle or two of wine with his clerk, he invited Micole to go home with him and have a game of cards. Micole accepted the invitation.

Martelli bought some more wine on the way, and during the evening the two finished it. The wine came from California and is much stronger than the wines one gets in Italy. Martelli showed its effects. When he got up from his seat to get some tobacco Micole slipped a little pellet into his glass. When Martelli returned he was too drunk to notice it lying in the bottom of his glass, and it was soon dissolved. Soon after he had finished his glass his eyes began to look heavy, his head sank down on the table, and he was unconscious.

Micole arose and began to search the room. Producing skeleton keys, he unlocked everything that was locked and searched under the bed and in every nook and cranny. Unlocking the closet, he found an old pair of shoes. Thrusting his hand down into the toe of one, he withdrew a chamolis bag, from which he poured a number of valuable diamonds into the palm of his hand. From the toe of the other shoe he secured several papers, which he hastily glanced over and put them in his pocket. Then he turned and contemplated for a few moments the senseless figure of his victim.

Taking up the glass from which Martelli had drunk, he rinsed and wiped it, then partly filled it with wine. His next act was to carry Martelli to the bed, take off his outer garments and put the bedclothes over him. Then, putting out the lights, he left him.

In the morning Martelli awoke and looked about him. Empty bottles and his own half filled glass stood on the table. He got off the bed, staggered to the table, took up his glass, smelled of it, sipped it and, discovering no taste, seemed relieved. Going to the closet, he felt in the toe of one of his shoes. He started. Thrusting his hand into the other shoe, he gave a cry of anguish. Rushing to the door, he tried to open it, but found it locked. He was looking for some other avenue of exit when he heard footsteps without. The door was opened, and Micole, backed by two policemen, stood in the opening.

"Good morning, Signor Fabroni," he said. "I shall have to trouble you to make a sea voyage with me to our beloved Naples. Signora Martelli missed some valuable diamonds, and at the same time her butler disappeared. He was traced to New York, and I was deputed to come over and bring him back. The government, being interested in a murder case of which he is suspected, chose me, a member of the national police, to do the work."

"I have been a fool. I knew I had seen you before. Now I remember you as you appeared in uniform," said Martelli.

"It has been worth my while to come so far, since I have recovered the treasures you possessed yourself of when you murdered the traveler you waylaid on the road to Sorrento."

A pair of bracelets were slipped on

the captive, and he was taken to a ship that sailed the same day for Naples.

make her one. It would certainly be a delicate way of showing her partiality for him. Indeed, it would be tantamount to a proposal from her to him. She spent a good deal of time conjuring up a way of indicating to the professor that she had become a flower widow and finally went at it in this way:

"She invited the professor to come and see her under the pretext that she had a new plant upon which she desired some information. She was at her country place, and her plants had been removed from her conservatory to their beds in her spacious gardens. When Professor Twining called she took him out and showed him the plant in question. There was nothing peculiar about it, and he wondered why she had brought him to ask him questions about so ordinary a plant.

"I do so love my flowers!" she said. "Do you know, I come out here alone and chat with them. They say very sweet things to me."

While she talked she plucked one here and there, making up a bouquet. The professor naturally supposed that she was making it up for him.

"How do you love your flowers," he asked—"as flowers or as representatives?"

"My lover is in them," was her reply. "It is he who says the sweet things, while the flowers themselves look at me so innocently that his words seem more tender than they would without the flowers. These that I hold in my hand are my husband."

"But if your husband is in the bouquet you must have a new bouquet and a new husband every day. By tomorrow these must be discarded. In that case you will never be widowed."

There was no reply to this. They walked on, chatting in this vein, till they came to a well. Leaning over it, Miss Vincent threw her bouquet down into it.

Did he know the Indian custom? And what would he do if he was familiar with it? Would he see the connection between her act and the eastern custom? Bending over the well, she dare not look up. She saw her face reflected in the water below, and the sight made her dread that Twining should see it, for it showed agitation.

He came and leaned over the well beside her. He did not see her face, but he saw its reflection. He not only saw the image, but he had long been familiar with the custom of making a girl a widow that she might be married to a poor man.

Margaret, too, saw the reflection of her face and felt his hand laid upon her waist.

That is all there was of it that can be told. What were the words of the acceptance of the proposal Mrs. Twining never has told any one, though she has told the story to her daughter, who thinks that neither as a girl

must have been very lovely and delicately sensitive. And they think that their father must have been just the man to appreciate such a feminine proposal.

The Secret Blotter. Every foreign office of Europe acts on the theory that an army of spies is constantly on the alert to steal its secrets, and infinite precautions are taken to baffle their efforts. Very shortly after the first use of blotting paper it was discovered that it was quite possible to cause a blotting pad to give up jealously guarded secrets by simply holding it in front of a mirror. Long after all the commercial world had forgotten the existence of such a thing the British foreign office used a sand shaker to dry its important written documents. Then specially manufactured black blotting paper was used, but this was not found to be absolutely spy proof, and a return to the sand shaker was contemplated when some one suggested the simple expedient of a small absorbent roller. These rollers have since been used for drying diplomatic documents. When such a roller has been run up and down and across a document once or twice the cleverest spy in the world is at liberty to try his hand at deciphering the impressions.

It Didn't Work. The late Andrew Gernand of Baltimore was an inventor who devoted his life to perpetual motion, pausing by the way to invent for one son a corn reaper that brought in \$1,000,000, and for another son a corn sheller that netted an almost equal fortune.

The speaker, an official of the patent office in Washington, shook his head sadly.

"Once," he resumed, "I ventured to take the brilliant Gernand to task. I told him he was wasting his time on perpetual motion. I said that there ought to be a law forbidding all perpetual motion work."

"Do you think," said he, "that a law forbidding work on perpetual motion would do much good?"

"I'm sure it would," said I.

"And yet you must remember," said Mr. Gernand with a twinkle in his eye, "that there was a law forbidding apples in the garden of Eden."—Los Angeles Times.

A Duplex Church. Old Heidelberg is justly celebrated for its castle, for the great tun there in which holds 83,000 bottles of wine and was actually filled on three occasions, and for the ancient university with one professor for each seven students; but perhaps the most interesting thing in the old city from one point of view is the Church of the Holy Ghost.

This church is one of the most ancient buildings in the town. Long ago a partition wall was run through the

A FEMININE PROPOSAL

By MARY D. VINCENT

Margaret Vincent had a great many suitors that she didn't want. These suitors were mostly fortune hunters, and even if they were not there was not one among them that she would marry. Miss Vincent had attended lectures at a college, and one of the assistant professors or instructors had caught her fancy. That was when she was seventeen, and an impression made upon a girl's heart at that age is liable to take a very strong root. At any rate, after graduation she managed to keep in touch with him.

But young Professor Twining of the chair of botany, while he showed friendliness, did not evince love. Whether he felt it or not Miss Vincent could not tell. All she knew was that he never passed the bounds of a platonic friendship. She suspected that what drew her suitors—her fortune—acted as a stumbling block to the professor. She suspected at times that he would like to make love to her, but having nothing but a small salary with which to match her half million of dollars refrained.

Professor Twining took great interest in the customs of eastern people, especially those of India, and naturally interested Miss Vincent in the same subject. So she read all the books she could find about India and how the people there passed their daily lives. One item that she came upon interested her especially. It was this:

"In India a man often remains unmarried longer than he would desire simply because he cannot afford to pay the sum the father of a desirable daughter demands of his would-be son-in-law. Widows, however, are cheap, and a wily father who finds his daughter is getting on in years while suitors tarry takes advantage of this fact. He marries the girl to a bunch of flowers, which he then throws into a well. Thus the lady becomes technically a widow, and as such she is a bargain in the marriage market. Thus the flower widow is secured as a wife by a suitor who would not have dared offer a small sum for her before her so-called marriage."

Now, it occurred to Miss Vincent that Professor Twining, being familiar with the habits of the people of India, had met with this same information. It struck her fancy to see it as a hint that she would look kindly on a proposition of marriage in case he felt disposed to

center, and services are now simultaneously according to the Roman Catholic and the Protestant rituals.

In the year 1791 the Elector, Charles Philip, attempted to stop the dual services, but this so offended the Heidelbergers that he was compelled not only to desist in this effort, but to remove the electoral court to Mannheim.—Harper's.

"Railways" and "Railroads." We are all speaking of "railways" now instead of "railroads," as they do in America. Both words seem to be of about equal age in this country. Cobbett in 1832 wrote of "rail-ways," with the hyphen, Scott in 1831 of "railroads." But already in 1838 an engineering journal declared that "rail-way" by this time seemed to be generally adopted as the popular form, though nearly twenty years later Ruskin still talked of "railroads." It is curious that America has preserved the word which remembers the descent of the railway from the old road, while Americans speak of "engineers" and "conductors" where we say "drivers" and "guards," perpetuating the old coaching words.—London Spectator.

A Spoon Inuit. The etiquette of eating was formerly simpler, because the number of table implements was smaller. Sir Charles Murray (born in 1806) states in his "Reminiscences" that dessert spoons were unknown in the days of his youth, and people scraped along very comfortably with only teaspoons and tablespoons. When dessert spoons were invented Hamilton Place, the seat of Sir Charles' uncle, was among the first households in Scotland to adopt them, and a small laird invited to dine there was both astonished and disgusted to find one of the new fashioned spoons handed to him with the sweets.

"What for do you give me this?" he inquired of the footman. "Do ye think my mouth has got any smaller since I lapped my soup?"—London Chronicle.

What Did He Mean? The new cook came out and did very well her first afternoon at Lonelyville. After dinner she approached the head of the house.

"How early shall I get up in the morning?" she inquired.

"Well," said Mr. Subbubs, "the first train for the city leaves here at 6:30. You'll have to get up about 6 if you want to make that."—Washington Herald.

Saving Time. Are you one of the people who hop up nervously when the train is nearing the station and stand until it stops? You think you are saving a lot of time, whereas in reality a car samples itself in three-quarters of a minute.—Woman's Home Companion.

WALL-TO-WALL NEWS