

EVIDENCE IN A PICTURE

By F. A. MITCHEL

Touring on foot along the coast of France between St. Nazaire and La Rochelle, sketching by the way, I came to a picturesque spot where stood a cottage. A boy often came and looked on while I worked. I was tempted to cease my landscape drawing and sketch the boy instead, for I never saw a finer model of a child of that age. I chatted with him and learned that he lived in the cottage with his mother, a widow; that his father had been a wealthy man, and until his father's death a few years before the family had lived in a chateau. Curious to know something more of the story, I asked the boy if he would present to his mother the compliments of an American artist who was on a sketching tour and beg shelter for the night under her roof. He ran away with my message and soon returned to say that his mother would be happy at least to receive a visit from me. I folded my stool, easel and other equipment and, slinging the package on my shoulder, accompanied the child to his home.

I found Mme. Clairmont, his mother, an aristocratic looking as her son. I told her that my curiosity had been excited by her boy as to her family story, and if it would be no intrusion upon her feelings I would like to know more of it. She made me welcome and gave me the facts.

She had married late in life a man much older than herself who was both rich, high born and in every way prominent. One child, my little friend Gaston, had been born to them at a time when it was supposed that she was too old to bear a child. Her husband's brother, who had been looking forward to inheriting the estate, had shied from the birth of Gaston, that he was bitterly disappointed at being supplanted. But he gave no sign of any intention to dispute the succession till after the death of her husband a year ago.

M. Clairmont had scarcely been interred when his brother, Martin Clairmont, claimed the property on the ground that Gaston was not his son, but the son of his wife, but the child of one Annette Voudray, a laundress, who had been brought into the chateau to be pained off as the child of Mme. Clairmont. The claimant obtained from this woman what purported to be a confession to that effect. There was a trial that was dragged through the courts for two years; then the highest court confirmed the decision of the lower ones, deciding in favor of Martin Clairmont, giving him his deceased brother's estate and Gaston to Annette Voudray.

Mme. Clairmont had possessed a little money of her own, with which she bought off the woman so far as Gaston was concerned, and he remained with his mother. They had come to live at the cottage, Mme. Clairmont having a small allowance from her relatives.

Such was the story I got from the lady's lips, and I could not doubt her statement. One thing surprised me—that a court should be made to believe that Gaston was the son of a laundress. True, he did not especially resemble his mother, but I have observed that sons and daughters bear the closest resemblance to their parents at a corresponding age. One can hardly expect a child to resemble a parent of sixty.

Mme. Clairmont kindly offered me a room for the night, which I gladly accepted. Her personal effects, furniture, bedrooms, pictures, etc., had been removed from the chateau to the cottage. The room I accepted showed evidence of this. Over the mantel was a picture that interested me. It was roses arranged in an oval shape to make a border for a portrait. The portrait was that of an old woman. Stopping in strange places as I did, I carried with me the most powerful electric hand lamp I could buy. In order to see the portrait more distinctly I brought my lamp to bear on it. The strong light revealed that the old woman's picture had been painted over another picture. The one first painted was too indistinct for me to see any more of it than to warrant my assuming that it was the head and shoulders of a boy.

The next day I called Mme. Clairmont's attention to my discovery and was surprised to find that it was also a discovery for her. Being an artist, I was familiar with processes for removing paint and offered to attempt to take off enough of the first portrait to reveal the second, suggesting that there was a remote possibility of some family evidence behind it that would bear on her fortunes. She assented, and I at once began my work.

But I was obliged to work in a dark room and with my electric light, for the boy's portrait was only visible under my electric lamp.

By very careful work I succeeded in removing enough of one layer without the others to show the boy's head and was surprised to reveal a portrait of little Gaston. But his mother said no; it was the head of Gaston's father at Gaston's present age.

That picture brought about a return of the Clairmont estate to its rightful owners. As to the picture, there was but one explanation. The original must have been painted in colors requiring certain artificial light to bring them out. Later some one not knowing that there was a portrait within the flower border had used the canvas for a second portrait.

Was Their Fortune?

From the time of the story of Damon and Pythias various reasons for temporary release from jail have been given. It is related that in the Napoleonic era a soldier confined in a military prison for a minor offense against the service during a brief time of peace was released in order that he might be present at the christening of his infant son, born during his imprisonment. But Napoleon, in order to test the intensity of the man's desire, made him agree to serve a year longer for the privilege of a three day furlough. The soldier gladly did it and when he returned found a pardon and a corporal's warrant for his infant son, to be valid when the son had served with credit six months in the emperor's army of the future. Frederick the Great released an audacious captain under sentence of death so that the captain might tell him a few beneficial things about himself. The things told face to face influenced the great king to pardon the blunt death defying soldier.—New York Sun.

Beecher Found Them.

Henry Ward Beecher used to visit his old friends once a year for many years, but in the latter part of his life he was not able to do this. In his very last year, however, he was able to spend a day in Indianapolis and went around the place. That evening he was received by the ministers, and the chairman in welcoming him said: "Doubtless you find few of your old friends here in Indianapolis after so many years of absence, but we who are here welcome you just as warmly."

Mr. Beecher in reply said: "Your chairman has said that I have found few of my old friends here in the city. It is true. I found only Mr. —, Mr. — and Mr. — (naming four or five of the old men of the city). "But this afternoon we drove out to Cedar Hill" (the cemetery), "and I found them. They are all there, sleeping just as peacefully as they used to do under my sermons."

Speed of Animals.

According to the naturalists, no animal is known to have exceeded the speed attained by the famous race horse Syonby. Instantaneous-photographs show the full length of one complete stride of about twenty-six feet. In the stride of the fastest racer the hind quarters and limbs are raised considerably higher than the shoulders and from this relatively great height is brought downward and forward, widely separating from each other, as a sportsman says, "to avoid striking the fore legs." The mare which is hunted with fast dogs has not in reality the speed of the dog. The dog, on the other hand, does not attain the speed of the horse. The giraffe is said to run at the rate of fifteen yards per second under the most favorable conditions. The elephant, going at a rate of two yards a second, carries a weight approximating that carried by six horses.

Perpetual Silence.

A curious mourning custom obtains among central Australians, who, although representing perhaps the lowest and most degraded type of human beings, have managed to evolve a most complex system of rites and ceremonies which governs almost every action of their lives. When a husband dies the widow paints herself all over with white pigment and for the space of a year must not exhibit herself to a male member of the tribe on pain of death. For the rest of her life, unless she marries again, which is sometimes allowed, she must not speak, but communicate with the other women by means of a sign language, consisting of movements of the hands and fingers, which has been developed by these savages to a marvelous extent and by which their limited stock of ideas can be fully expressed.

Fancy Mice.

That the rearing of fancy mice can be made not merely an interesting hobby, but also a source of substantial profit, is illustrated by the experience of a Scarborough (England) man, hundreds of whose tiny pets find their way annually into the hands of the British admiralty. Tame mice are required principally for use in submarines. They are exceedingly prone to suffocation. The Scarborough fancier, Mr. Bealand, illustrated this by covering the palm of his hand with ordinary liquid paint and placing a tame mouse on it. The tiny creature was at once overcome by the smell of the paint and suffocated in an incredibly short time.

Byron's Habits.

While Byron was in Ravenna, Italy, he adopted strange habits. It was his custom to rise at 2 in the afternoon, breakfast and ride and dine at 6. Then he would sit and talk until 5 or 6 in the morning, or, if no company were there, he would write a bit of "Don Juan." But his life was like that of Aubrey Beardsley—upside down—the day was the night.

In Training.

"Have you been to sea in the last six or eight years?"

"Not exactly," replied the mariner, "but I'm not out of practice. Every evening I go to the club and spend hours in a rocking chair whose motion has given many men seasickness."—Washington Star.

Eugenics.

The self made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us. And then his voice was drowned by the applause.—Life.

We can do what we ought to do, and when we say we cannot, why, we simply will not.

A Double Game

By HARRY VAN ALBING

"Mighty dull this lounging-about a hotel waiting for something," said a man to another who occupied a chair beside him.

"Well, yes, rather. Cards is about the only way to pass the time. And the difficulty about cards is you must get up a party to play 'em."

"I couldn't do that," said the other, "for I don't know a soul socially in the town. I expected to finish my business here today and get out this evening, but I didn't succeed."

"I know several men who board here," said the other. "I was thinking of getting up a little game of poker this evening in my room, five cent ante or something like that."

"I wish you would let me in."

The party met, and the man who didn't know anybody was introduced by his friend to the others as Mr. Wheelock, the introducer's name being Jones. They sat down to play with a five cent ante, but kept raising it till it reached a dollar. Mr. Wheelock didn't object and bet as high as any of the party, sometimes winning and sometimes losing.

It was not long before Wheelock discovered that, though he neither lost nor won much, the money he staked was gradually passing out of his hands, and was supplied by new five dollar bills, all on the same bank. The fact didn't seem to surprise him, nor did he object to it. He did not even comment upon it. But Mr. Jones, from whom the bills came, remarked that he had had \$1,000 paid him this afternoon at a bank and it had been given him all in these new five dollar bills on the bank from which he had received the money. This explained his having so much of it all of the same denomination.

While the game was in progress a bell boy rapped at the door and asked if Mr. Wheelock was in the room. On being told that he was he handed in a bouquet of flowers. Wheelock received the flowers with evident astonishment. When the others called him at having a sweetheart near at hand he looked embarrassed and declared that he didn't know a woman in the place, and if he had "made a mash" he was entirely unconscious of it.

"However," he said, "gentlemen, I trust that you will drink to the lady, whoever she may be, with me." And rising, he pressed the electric button and on the arrival of a waiter ordered a bottle of wine. The quaffing of wine and the game went on together after this, but none of the men present seemed to care to drink to excess. Mr. Jones, in whose room the party was, was especially abstemious, barely sipping his wine.

But Mr. Wheelock and one or two of the others having finished the bottle, the first named ordered another, and when it had been left in the room Wheelock followed the waiter out for some purpose and when he returned shut the door and turned the key unknown to the others. He then deftly slipped it up his sleeve and after rummaging his seat, being hidden by the table, transferred it to his pocket.

"It seems to me," remarked one of the party, "that those flowers have a very decided perfume."

"Very decided," chimed in another. "It makes me feel like turning in," said a third.

"Perhaps we'd better open a window," observed the host, "and get some air. Would you object, Mr. Wheelock?"

"Certainly not."

Jones went to a window and tried to open it. It seemed to be stuck. He went to another, which also resisted his efforts. Mr. Wheelock seemed to be intent on the cards, but his mind was on the windows. He had gained access to that very room during the day and had driven a nail into the sash of each window.

Jones turned away with a frightened look on his face. There were two games being played in his room—one by himself, the other by Mr. Wheelock. Jones staggered to the door and tried to open it. Finding it locked, he looked more frightened still.

"Some one has locked us in here," he said. "We must get out."

He caught on to the back of a chair. The perfume from the flowers was overcoming him. He returned to the window and made another effort to lift the sash. He failed and was on his way to the other window when he sank down unconscious.

Meanwhile the others of the party were also giving way to the effects of the flowers and one by one either rolled down to the floor or bent over unconscious on the table. Wheelock contracted the tubes by holding a vial under his nose. When all except himself had succumbed he summoned a waiter and directed him to bring the police as quick as possible. They arrived in a few minutes and were much surprised at the scene before them—several men asleep and money in heaps on the table.

"That man," said Wheelock, pointing to Jones, "is a counterfeiter. I am Parkinson, a detective. I tracked him here, and the others, I fancy, are his colleagues. He has been trying to shove his stuff on me for my good money. Better put the bracelets on him before he comes to himself."

When the party woke up they found themselves in the hands of the police. But the only one "wanted" was Mr. Jones.

Winged Creatures of Borneo.

In Borneo winged creatures are encountered where one would least expect them. Flying fish the size of herons are found in all the waters, and there in the flying fox, the well known fruit eating bat, which the Malays call "flying." They may be seen almost any evening winging their steady flight often at a great elevation well out of range of a shotgun. The flying squirrels as evening twilight comes are also seen. They glide down from one lofty tree to the base of another, up which they scramble to the level they started from. Wide expansions of skin between the fore and hind limbs act in parachute fashion and sustain them in their glide. They are of some size, but are quite harmless. The flying lizard is seen in the heat of the day in the jungle gliding down with a flash in much the same manner as the squirrel. But he is much smaller and it requires a quick eye to detect him. The natives kill him with a clay ball shot from their blowpipes.—North Borneo Herald.

Spiders That Hunt Fish.

There are certain large sea spiders two feet from toe to toe, called Colossendea gigas, that live in the water and feed entirely upon mollusks and worms.

The carnivorous wolf spider, an amphibious inhabitant of the tropical regions of South America, is said to prefer a fish-diet, though it is not averse to eating mice, young birds and even snakes, resembling in this respect the therapsoids, or bird catching spiders, of India and Queensland, some of which equal a rat in size.

The colossendea is the most formidable specimen of the spider family, measuring six inches around the body and possessing twelve long, hairy legs, with which it grips its stony prey. It attacks fish several times larger than itself and after biting them through the back and stinging them to death gnaws their bodies by sucking the juices from the bodies of its victims.

Enterprise.

A well known business establishment recently sent out a circular to the trade with which it has dealings announcing the death of the head of the firm. To the astonishment of the firm, there was received from a printing house the following reply to the circular:

"Gentlemen—It is with deep regret that we learn by your circular of recent date of the great loss sustained by your firm, and we respectfully beg to express our heartfelt sympathy.

"In this connection we observe that your circular is printed by Messrs. Blank & Co. We feel confident that had you placed this order with us we could have quoted you cheaper and better terms than any other firm; consequently in the deplorable event of a future bereavement we trust that you will afford us an opportunity to make you an offer in this regard."—Exchange.

New Caterpillars Build.

Many clever caterpillars which dwell habitually in company build a common nest for the common benefit. Of these is the famous American tent caterpillar. The tents are really nests of silk spun among leaves and twigs. In these the caterpillars dwell when young, and to them they resort for shelter in rainy weather even when large grown. Allied species which pass through the winter in the caterpillar state construct winter sleeping quarters which are often conspicuous among the branches during the cold months of the year. If torn open they reveal a surprising thickness of spun silk, forming a dense nonconductive wall. At the center of the mass lie from thirty to fifty tightly packed caterpillars waiting for the return of the warm weather, when they will resume their feeding.

Why They Quarrel.

"I hear that you quarreled with Harry," said one young woman to another. "Is it so?"

"Yes, I did," replied the other girl. "He is a horrid thing. He asked me how old I was, and I told him twenty-one, and he wouldn't believe me!"

"Indeed!" said the first. "Well, you should have referred him to Bob Yates. He could swear you told him the very same thing four years ago."—Detroit Free Press.

Where He Got It.

Teacher—Now, Willie, where did you get that chewing gum? I want the truth. Willie—You don't want the truth, teacher, and I'd rather not tell a lie. Teacher—How dare you say I don't want the truth! Tell me at once where you got that chewing gum. Willie—Under your desk.—Exchange.

Illustrative Dances.

"Dances used to originate from tribal customs."

"Well, doesn't it seem possible that some of these popular dances tend to illustrate the movements of persons dodging a flock of motorists?"—Washington Star.

How to Treat a Wire Cut.

Never let a wire cut on your stock go unattended. Clean out the wound with soap and water, wash with peroxide of hydrogen and apply a good healing ointment.—Rural Farmer.

Just a Suggestion.

He—What? Another new dress? That's enough to make me jump out of my skin! She—Why don't you try? Then I can have a belt and hand bag made of it.—Ull.

A man's future is his own. He makes it himself every day as he goes along through life.

THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Cleveland for Mackinac weekly on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The boats are comfortable and well equipped. For rates and particulars apply to the agents.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

Fare \$2.50

CLEVELAND & BUFFALO

THE GREAT WESTERN STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Cleveland for Buffalo weekly on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The boats are comfortable and well equipped. For rates and particulars apply to the agents.

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO STEAMSHIP CO.

"Onyx" Hosiery

THE Best Hosiery for the entire family. Women and Children, can always be found in the "Onyx" Brand.

FOR Quality, Style and Wear, get a pair of "Onyx" Hosiery in Cotton, Silk, or Pure Silk, from 50c to \$2.00 per pair—genuine without trade-mark stamped on every pair. Sold by all dealers.

Lord & Taylor - - New York

Wholesale Distributors

3 IN ONE OIL

CLEANS POLISHES PRESERVES RUBBER

3-IN-ONE

3-in-One is a light, pure oil compound that never gums. It cleans, polishes, and preserves rubber, leather, and all other surfaces. It is the best for use on all surfaces. It is the best for use on all surfaces. It is the best for use on all surfaces.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY

424 Broadway New York City

"Let me send you Free Perfume"

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

The most wonderful perfume value ever offered. Its value is enormous. Wherever you go, in city or village, the best people use ED. PINAUD'S LILAC. Test it yourself.

Perfume your handkerchief with it. Use it in your atomizer and bath. Spray your linen with it. It has many uses—it is a constant delight to refined men and women. Men say it is a perfect after-shave preparation, is refreshing and lasting. Remember the price, 6 oz. bottle 75c. It is wonderful value. Ask your dealer or write us direct. Send us today for our beautiful testing bottle. Enough for 50 handkerchiefs. Address our American agent:

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

Department M

ED. PINAUD BUILDING NEW YORK