

AN INVENTION LOST

By DOROTHEA HALE

Ned Forsythe was the son of an inventor who had not the business capacity to reap the profit on his inventions. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that the elder Forsythe had not the capital to put the novelties he produced on the market. At any rate, he died, leaving his widow and her only child, Ned, in poverty, as they had always been.

But Ned understood that just before his death his father had invented an explosive that would prove far more valuable than any that had yet been produced, being especially available in gunnery. He had offered his invention to the government and had secured an exhibition of his working and had received an order for a large supply to be followed by other orders at a price that would make him rich. Further, a company with an established plant capable of manufacturing the stuff had the contract to produce the goods. Nothing remained but to pass over the recipe for the explosive when the inventor fell on the floor of his laboratory and died without speaking a word.

After his father's death Ned hunted high and low for the formula. He first went through the laboratory, searching every nook and cranny, examining every scrap of paper, but without success. Then he looked through the house in which the family lived, a little frame dwelling on the outskirts of a city, with no better success. There was no other place to look, and Ned and his mother, from a prospect of stepping from poverty into affluence, found themselves worse off than they had ever been before.

But Ned did not give the matter up. He had heard his father tell his mother that he was puzzled how to keep his secret till he had made all his contracts and must give it to the man factor.

Forsythe knew that should he be suddenly taken away his wife and child would be cut off from the benefits of his invention. He had once parted with the secret of an invention and thereby made another person rich without reaping any benefit himself. He had then vowed that he would never part with another such secret until the last moment. He told his wife shortly before his death that he had decided to put the recipe for the manufacture of his explosive into cipher. But as to what he was to do with the cipher or the key he said nothing.

A month passed after the inventor's death when Mrs. Forsythe received a letter addressed to her in the well known hand of her late husband. On the envelope was written "Via San Francisco, Hongkong, Aden, Naples, New York." The letter bore the post marks of those cities and had evidently been around the world. The recipient tore off the envelope, and there, on the paper inclosed, was written a jumble of words. Below was written:

Before you receive this I shall have told you where the key is to be found.

The poor woman had received another disappointment. Her husband had, under fear of losing his secret, deprived his wife of that which he desired her to possess. What was there in these incoherent words of any value without the key? The letter, however, had a different effect upon her son. He vowed that he would decipher the recipe if he spent his whole life in doing so.

Several months passed, and it seemed that the receipt of the letter had been for worse instead of better. Ned made no headway in deciphering the word puzzle. Having his father's fear of giving away the secret, he would not intrust any one else with it and spent so much of his time on it that he was useless at anything else. He and his mother were near the point of starvation when a brother of the late inventor was summoned and asked to do the wherewithal to purchase something to eat.

He was told about the invention and the cipher recipe. Having asked to see the latter, it was shown to him. As soon as he looked at it his eyes lighted with interest.

"Your father," he said to Ned, "was during the war for the Union a member of the staff of a general officer. This you know as well as I, but you may not know what your father told me—that when telegrams were sent by his commander it was his duty to put them into cipher and when they were received to decipher them. He kept some of these dispatches for awhile after the war and showed them to me and the principle on which they were built. I think he has used that principle in this case. The recipe has, I believe, been written in a certain number of columns, down one, up another, proceeding till every column is filled. Here are check words having no meaning, thrown in doubtless to make the matter more complicated."

Sitting down, Ned's uncle wrote out a message in columns and gave Ned the plan. What had been a jumble of words became a perfectly coherent message. Ned grasped the idea, and the two went to work to decipher the recipe.

They failed at the time, but Ned worked on and at last produced an intelligible reading. The matter was again taken up with the manufacturer, the recipe produced, and Ned and his mother are now rich.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. London, wife of Junkieer J. London, minister of foreign affairs of Holland, is an American.

Miss Georgiana Hogarth, original of Agnes in Dickens' "David Copperfield," is still living in London.

Sarah Hector, who will pay the largest income tax in Oklahoma, is a child of ten years and of mixed blood. She is the descendant of a Creek freed man and received her allotment of 100 acres, which has become extremely valuable owing to the fact that the "Jones gusher," the biggest oil well in the mid-continent field, is on the property.

A woman named Nellie Lambert, who is appearing in London just now, claims not only to be "the heaviest and stoutest lady on earth," but also to be a great-granddaughter of the famous Daniel Lambert, who is generally conceded to have been the heaviest man of whom there is any authentic record. Nellie Lambert is now in her twentieth year, claims to weigh 503 pounds and, like Daniel, is a native of Leicester.

Education Notes.

Several of Arizona's school laws are models of simplicity and effectiveness, according to officials of the United States bureau of education.

The people of Marion county, Ill., are planning to do honor, by a memorial volume and in other ways, to the memory of the late John Trainger, "father of the modern country school."

The result of adequate industrial education will be "peace, precision and prosperity in industry; happiness and hope in our homes," in the opinion of Secretary of Commerce Redfield.

That the hundreds of health teaching agencies in the United States should organize into a general body for united and co-operative action is the assertion of Dr. F. B. Dressler of the United States bureau of education.

The Royal Box.

Queen Mary has ordered an audit of the household accounts at Buckingham palace in order to stop overcharges and "commissions."

Prince William Frederick of Wied, who has decided to accept the nomination to the throne of the independent state of Albania, is the head of the princely house of Wied, Germany.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has conferred on Queen Eleonora the fourth class of the Cross of Bravery in recognition of her indefatigable zeal and untiring devotion in the care of the wounded during the war.

Science Siftings.

The X ray turned on a bale of tobacco destroys the insect and germ life therein.

A phonograph clock has been perfected by Max Marcus, a German, after many years of labor. It not only keeps time to the second, but tells the time in a clear baritone voice.

Experiments with Hertzian waves between Toulon and Paris by Messrs. Abraham Lefour and Ferris show that the waves travel with a speed of 295,000 kilometers per second. The speed of light waves is 300,000 kilometers per second.

Current Comment.

A dispatch from Paris says it will cost \$40,000,000 to restore order in Morocco. When was there any order in Morocco?—St. Louis Republic.

Glenn Curtiss promises flying motor-cycles. If they make as much noise as those that travel on the ground the higher they fly the better.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A New York theater announces "a clean play for clean people." Why not try that kind of a play on the other kind of people and see if it wouldn't help some?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Short Stories.

Spanish dictionaries contain about 120,000 words.

The price of gold is fixed by law at \$20.67183462323 an ounce.

The most common letter is E. In 1,000 letters E occurs 137 times in English, 184 times in French, 145 in Spanish and 173 in German.

A big New York store, doing a business of \$10,000,000 annually, estimates that 2 per cent of its sales, or \$200,000, is stolen from the store every year.

Electric Sparks.

At Göteborg, Sweden, the cost of an electric lamp is only \$2 a year.

According to a French experimenter, the temperature of the carbon filament in an ordinary incandescent lamp approaches 2,000 degrees.

Experiments by a large telephone company have proved that 1,800 wires can be crowded into the same size cable heretofore used for only 1,200 wires without impairing their efficiency.

Laundry Lines.

Soaking in buttermilk overnight will bleach clothes that have become yellow.

After washing blankets and they have dried them thoroughly with an ordinary carpet beater. This makes the wool light and soft again and gives a new appearance.

When ironing sprinkle powdered orris root under the ironing sheet, and this imparts a delicate perfume to the freshly-laundered clothing and sets it on that is very agreeable.

"Captain Charlie"

By M. QUAD

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To begin at the beginning, Charles F. Thorpe was the son of an innkeeper near Cheltenham, England and at the age of eighteen had the reputation of being a roysterer. He did not drink or gamble, and no one could say that he was dishonest or unkind, but he craved adventure and was constantly in trouble.

He accidentally shot a gamekeeper and was sent to the penal colony at Botany Bay, Australia. He escaped from there and became a bushranger. I was herding sheep on the Bogun river when one evening young Thorpe walked in on me. He was in good health, full of good nature, and his convict life had not hardened his heart.

Young Thorpe had no sooner taken to the bush than he was given the title of "Captain Charlie." For the first seven or eight months he had no companions. During this time all his work was on the highway. He held up several stages and half a hundred lone travelers and on three occasions shot men from their saddles. He had the reputation of being brave to recklessness and of being a "square man." He would not rob a poor man, nor would he shoot unless fired upon first. If he stopped a stage and there were women passengers he treated them with the utmost courtesy. He would take nothing from a settler without paying for it, and now and then he gave them warning that the natives were out on a raid and gave them time to prepare for defense.

He would probably have continued to work alone had it not been for an escaped convict named Treat. This man was thoroughly vicious and had not one redeeming trait. In escaping from the penal settlement he killed two of the guards, and he was no sooner in the bush than he gathered around him five or six other hard cases and began a merciless war on all outsiders.

In three months they killed eight travelers, settlers and herders, and not content with highway robbery they looted stores, taverns and farmhouses and applied the torch in sheer wantonness. Looking upon "Captain Charlie" as a nabby bumbly fellow who was unworthy of being called a bushranger, they sought to hunt him down. In self defense he organized a band of his own, numbering five, and though they were pretty tough fellows, he held them well in hand and would permit no violence when it could be avoided. The first meeting between the two bands took place on my range.

Treat had somehow heard that I was friendly to "Captain Charlie." He made a night ride of thirty five miles with his band to kill me and destroy the herd. The captain heard of his intentions, and just at sunrise one morning both bands rode out of the scrub within fifty rods of my but. A fight took place at once, and within ten minutes Treat's band was driven off with the loss of three men. "Captain Charlie" had one man killed and two wounded.

An adventure much talked of through New South Wales was the "baiting up" of sixteen mounted police, who had followed "Captain Charlie" and three of his men into the hills. Worn out by thirty hours of hard riding, the entire band fell asleep at night in their camp. The bushrangers crept in on them and ran off their horses and removed every firearm and then vanished. Every one could have been killed while he slept, but no one was harmed.

On another occasion, "Captain Charlie" learned that two bushrangers who had lately set up in business in his territory had made prisoners of three men and their wives, who were traveling by stage, and were holding them in the hills for ransom. He made a ride of forty miles with his men, hunted through the hills for two days and finally found the captives. As the bushrangers refused to give them up without ransom, the captain paid over to them the sum of \$2,000 in gold and escorted the grateful people to the nearest farmhouse. He then returned and warned the two trespassers to leave his territory, and while making their way north they were captured by the police.

In only one instance did the cavalier of the bush betray a spirit of revenge. A settler whom he had several times befriended put the police on his track and in escaping pursuit he rode his favorite horse to death. Later on he captured his betrayer on the highway and tied him to a tree and gave him a terrible whipping.

For a period of two years and a half "Captain Charlie" held full sway in the district, hotly pursued most of the time but always escaping, but at last his time came. As it came to all others of his ilk, there was a quarrel in his band, and it divided. He came to my but with a companion one night at midnight, and after I had prepared them a meal they lay down and slept till daylight. Meanwhile the men who had broken away got word to the police, and at daylight the bluecoats were in ambush around the hut. As the two men stepped out they were shot down in their tracks, and both were dead when the officers got them. Some where among the hills "Captain Charlie" had planted plunder, believed to amount to \$50,000; but, though it has been searched for by scores of men for the last thirty-five years, it has never been found.

SIRES AND SONS.

Governor Glynn of New York was once a journeyman printer. He is forty-two years of age.

Lord Halsbury, who recently celebrated his eighty eighth birthday, has been working for a number of years on a digest of the laws of England.

Lieutenant General Simon B. Buckner of the Confederate army, who was a pallbearer at General Grant's funeral, is still living. He is ninety years of age.

Dr. Josef Schumpeter, LL. D., professor of political economy in the University of Graz, Austria, has been named as the Austrian exchange professor for the winter semester of 1913-14 at Columbia university.

Dr. Basil Gildersleeve, professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins university, who has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday anniversary, was professor of Greek at the University of Virginia in 1856. He has been at Johns Hopkins since 1876.

F. R. Benson, on whom McGill university at Montreal recently conferred the degree of doctor of laws, is the first actor who has ever been so honored in North America. He was born in England in 1850, attended Oxford and is noted both as an actor and manager, having for years devoted himself to Shakespeare.

Flippant Flings.

The Danish court says the tango is all right; but, then, it said the same thing of old Doc Cook.—Washington Post.

Several girls have entered the Toledo school of carpentry. Is it possible that women can learn to saw wood and say nothing?—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

There is one man in the country who says he is able to tell a woman's age by looking at her. Maybe he can, but if he has any sense, he won't do it.—Toledo Blade.

According to a recent count 44 per cent of the first class mail is improperly addressed, but who ever heard of a bill going to the dead letter office?—New York Sun.

Cost of Living.

Eggs at 7 cents each may do for table ornaments.—New York World.

Cigarettes have advanced in price. Of what importance now are increases in cost of beefsteak and eggs?—New York Tribune.

The report that Pike's peak was sinking proves to have been unfounded. The peak isn't going down any faster than the cost of living.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mr. George Paish, editor of the Statist, offers the welcome prediction that the cost of living is to fall. But more welcome than experts' predictions would be lower prices over the counter.—Exchange.

Pert Personals.

Maybe those frantic Martians are signaling to us to try to borrow. Colonel Goethals. Boston Transcript.

John Lind is the chrysalis of diplomacy, the accent in this case being, of course, on the "num."—Chicago News.

Premier Asquith should arrange to collaborate with Ernest Thompson-Seton in a sequel to "Wild Animals That Have Met"—Washington Post.

If it is true that Count Boni has gone into the "gentle" furnishing" business he may come to know what it is to be a creditor himself.—Washington Star.

Town Topics.

Chicago has just achieved a five cent advance anywhere in the city and unagreed to the terms, had the sarcophagus removed to the top floor of a building I owned, paid in advance, and the Indian went to work.

"He wouldn't permit me to be present during his manipulations, but called me in after six hours. On a lounge was a woman about twenty-three years of age. She seemed only half alive, but was sufficiently resuscitated to speak feebly.

"Jim," she said, 'how could you?' "I'm not Jim," I said. "I'm Ned." "Oh, dear! What's the matter with you, or is anything the matter with me? I feel so weak."

"She had evidently taken me for her husband, my great-grandfather, who was just my age in 1813.

"I looked about for the Indian, and he had gone. It struck me that I'd better have some one about, and I said to my great-grandmother:

"Please excuse me a moment. You are not well and need attention. I am going to summon assistance."

"Do you know that while I was looking at her, even during this short time, she seemed to have grown older. Without waiting for her consent I ran downstairs, but as I went it occurred to me that I had better not be in a hurry—about the matter—there were many dangers connected with it. I paused, pondered and went back to the room. I suppose I had been gone twenty minutes. And yet while I had been absent the resuscitated bride of twenty-three had grown to be an old woman of 123. And as I looked she gave a gasp and within a minute had become a shriveled mummy."

There was a brief silence, which was broken by one of the party, who said:

"Ned Garland, you are the biggest liar that ever entered this club or ever will enter it."

"That's why I didn't summon assistance. I knew I'd be put down either for a liar or a lunatic. Waiter, take the orders!"

Fashion Frills.

Well, what about the minaret gown? If it is not to bring back the bustle life may still be worth living.—Chicago News.

Word comes from Paris to the effect that women who want to be in style will have to wear clothes.—Toledo Blade.

Among the fashionable confections for women's wear this winter conspicuous notice is given of smoking costumes in chiffon velvet.—New York World.

A Liar or A Lunatic

By F. A. MITCHEL

A party of young men were sitting around a table in the cafe of a New York club. The subject turned on the marvelous feats that are said to be performed by the fakirs of India. A number of these feats were described, each one more wonderful than the last, when Ned Garland told the following:

"You've hit on a subject that comes very near home to me," he said, "for one of my family was operated on by one of these Indians many years ago with a result that has recently made my hair curl."

"During the last war with England—in 1814 or thereabouts—my ancestors lived on the family estate or farm, for that's all it was, not half a mile from where we are now sitting. One day my great-grandfather, Timothy Garland, a young bridegroom, had a quarrel with his wife and told her he wished he might not see her again in a hundred years. Then he left the house with a bang of the door and, mounting a horse, rode down to Frances' tavern, where he proceeded to get gloriously drunk."

"The next day, when he was sober, he was beside himself with remorse and rode back home to beg his wife's pardon. He found her lying in a comatose condition, from which it was impossible to arouse her. She had left with the servants a paper for him on which was written:

"You have wished you might not see me again in a hundred years. You won't see me as I was till that time has passed."

"The upshot of it was that when he had gone down to the tavern one of these Indian heathens came along, offering to tell my great-grandmother's fortune and do many wonderful things. She was full of anger at the time and told him she would give him all the gold she had in a stocking if he would put her to sleep for a hundred years. The rascal took her at her word and performed the trick."

"Her husband kept watching for her to come to herself. He said nothing about her condition, not caring to have it known that it was through his harshness that she had come into it. But she remained as she was, and after awhile he locked her up in a room, and since he made no mention of her she was at last forgotten."

"When the farm was sold the family vault was retained and the ground underneath which it was excavated descended to me. When I came of age a few weeks ago and took possession of it with other property, I concluded to inspect it. I found a gruesome place full of coffins, some of which had partly rotted away. One that had been made of marble interested me. From a crack in the lid protruded a paper. I pulled it out and found that it had been written in a language I knew nothing about."

"I took the thing to a professor of unknown tongues in Columbia college, and he told me it was written in one of the languages of India and I had to get an Indian of that province to interpret it. I hunted all over the east side among the slums for such a person and at last found one. It read in English:

"This lady is to be brought to life at the expiration of a hundred years, or in November, 1913."

"I was told by the translator that only an Indian fakir could do the job, but luckily one had just arrived from Bombay, and I was informed where he was to be found. He read the paper and said he would try to bring my great-grandmother to life if I would pay him \$100 in case he succeeded. I agreed to the terms, had the sarcophagus removed to the top floor of a building I owned, paid in advance, and the Indian went to work."

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"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"This spellin' book is all wrong."

"Why so, my boy?"

"Because it's all wrong for a little thing like a kitten to be spelled with six letters and a big cat to be spelled with only three."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

The proverb apt relates.

And, let us add, divorce decrees

Have surreptitious dates.

—Judge.

"That girl had been standing half an hour. Why did you get up so suddenly and give her your seat?"

"She lifted her veil."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It injures romance much, indeed.

In case a damsel sweet

Expects to get a tender word

And gets a pound of meat.

—Kansas City Journal.

"Mother, when you married papa did you really love him?"

"Of course I did, my child. You don't suppose that my love for your father came after I got to know his bad habits?"—Detroit Free Press.

They have their spots; they are stout.

He's angry with his gentle one.

They've found that the parental roof

Beats any old pay rental one.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He (sarcastically)—I like "the soft pillow of a woman's mind."

She (coldly)—Yes, I suppose it helps you to bolster your own mind up.

—Baltimore American.

Were the old poets here today

We'd see some funny scenes.

With Burns and Pope exhibiting soap

And Shelley boasting beans.

—Pittsburgh Post.

Mr. Justward—I'll be back in a moment, duckie. What is it, Janitor?"

"The Janitor—I just called to tell you that you'll have to get rid of that duck, even if it is a pet. You ain't allowed to keep poultry in these apartments."

—New York Globe.

Of the iron age we often hear

And the fabled age of gold.

But now the income tax brings near

An age of wealth untold.

—New York Sun.

Gabe—The doctor has ordered Smithers to take more exercise.

Steve—What's he going to do?

Gabe—He has decided to roll his own cigarettes.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She seemed from mankind to be standing apart

As her song sent a cheer through the gallery.

And yet what we called her devotion to art

Was largely determined by salary.

—Washington Star.

Belle—He can be a gentleman when he wants to be.

Nell—Yes, he seems to forget himself sometimes.

—Philadelphia Record.

Now sorrow fills the poor man's cup.

And heavy is his crown.

For now when food is going up

There'll be less going down.

—Lippincott's.

Mrs. Youngman—And so my baby got the prize at the baby show? I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise.

Old Bachelor (one of the judges)—Yes, madam, we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot.

—New York Weekly.