

A Story of the Flying Dutchman

By MARGARET C. DEVEAUX

The legend of the Flying Dutchman has come to us in various forms. One of them is that a seaman of Holland...

Many years ago, before steam had taken the romance out of sailor life, and before ships could go to China by way of the Mediterranean, the Siam...

Maria Van Cortlandt would sit at day on deck peering out on the boundless ocean trying to form in her mind...

One afternoon when the vessel had just begun to point her prow westward to round the cape a ship was seen astern coming in the same direction...

It is a fact well known to navigators that a ship will move faster with the wind ahead than when dead aft. Obeying this law, the stranger was gaining on the Albatross...

And now a few figures began to take form on deck peering about upon their various duties—some coiling ropes, some mending sails, while others sat about smoking enormous pipes...

But the most remarkable feature of this strange craft—and her antique looking crew was yet to come. Sailing much faster than the Albatross, the stranger passed her in a few moments...

Then there was a low swish of water as the vessel drew away, leaving the Albatross in her wake, and Maria fell over in a swoon. Every eye of those near her was fixed upon her, and when they were raised for another glance at the receding vessel it had disappeared...

A man standing on the forecastle of the Albatross when the strange ship sailed away and out of sight said that he read the name—"The Flying Dutchman."

In the log book of the Albatross which was broken up was found the entry: "The Flying Dutchman passed us bound southeast by east half east."

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Mary E. White has been a matron in the Wilmington (Del.) police department for twenty-five years.

Mrs. Daniel Williams, who has served forty-four years as the keeper of lights on Lake Michigan, retired on Nov. 1.

Mrs. Eustace H. Brown of Olathe, Kan., will act as official hostess for the state of Kansas at the Panama exposition.

Although she is eighty-two years of age, the mother of Pierre Deschamps, the best all around sportsman in France, is an ardent golf player.

Miss Alice de Rothschild of Buckinghamshire, England, operates a model farm and dairy on her vast estate and besides making a specialty in butter raises all kinds of blooded stock.

Among the large number of oyster detectives employed by the United States is a woman—Miss Ruth Greenhouse—who detects germs in oysters. She is one of the expert scientists in the bacteriological division of the government's bureau of chemistry.

The Cookbook.

The smaller the cut of meat to be roasted the hotter the oven must be. To preserve the whiteness of artichokes add a lump of sugar to the water while cooking.

A tablespoonful of vinegar put into the water when poaching eggs will keep them from breaking.

When making a rotipoly pudding after spreading the paste with the jam sprinkle with a layer of fine bread crumbs before rolling and tying. This prevents the jam from boiling out.

No matter how much dripping is used fish, when being fried, is apt to stick to the pan's bottom. If a tablespoonful of dry salt is put into the pan and rubbed over it it will be found satisfactory.

Flippant Flings.

The new theory that man is the ancestor and not the descendant of the anthropoid ape does not surprise the latter.—New York Post.

A new measure of length for speeches is suggested by the report, "Marconi talks 1,800 miles." Our senators must look to their language.—Philadelphia Record.

Of that "Boston roast" consisting of beans, cheese and breadcrumbs the cultured Bostonian might ask: "Why drag in the cheese and breadcrumbs?"—Chicago News.

"Of what use are kings?" asked a Kentucky orator as if a Kentucky orator doesn't know better than anyone else how far to back three of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Aerial Flights.

Those passengers who have looped the loop with Pegoud will find the rest of life very tame.—Springfield Republic.

Pegoud boasts he has looped the loop in air 320 times. But the piteous pilot went many times to the wall before it was broken.—New York World.

The rise of another French air king suggests the thought that such dangerous dives are hardly repaid by such brief rises into prominence.—New York Sun.

Half a dozen aviators are now doing aerial somersaults, and the fool killer is doubtless looking forward to another busy season.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

State Lines.

More than 100,000 women pay taxes in Michigan.

West Virginia employs upward of 80,000 men in the mining industry.

From state lands containing iron mines Minnesota will receive approximately \$1,000,000 this year. The mines are operated on a royalty basis.

With the exception of a small field from the New Rambler copper mines in Albany county, Wyo., the entire domestic platinum production came from California and Oregon in 1912. The greater part of the California platinum was obtained as a byproduct in gold dredging in Butte, Yuba, Sacramento and Calaveras counties.

The Home Doctor.

Many headaches come from cold feet, so if you would avoid them see to it that your feet are kept warm.

Warts are very disgusting to the hands. They will sometimes yield to the touch of a lump of soda, which must be moistened at one end and rubbed on the wart damp. The soda treatment must be repeated day by day.

Tincture of iodine is the most useful of household remedies. The cut hand the "stuck" shin, the pricked finger, the scratched foot as well as more serious wounds, should be painted with it at once. It is a perfect germicide and can do no harm.

Short Stories.

The thumb is stronger than all the fingers together. Ninety per cent of the stenographers today are women.

The women of China, India and Persia still wear phylloporas.

The tortoise shell of commerce is supplied by the West India waters. The leaf of the pineapple plant can be wrought into a servicable cloth. Special machinery has been devised for the purpose of decoloring recalled greenbacks in the treasury.

The Case of Peter Grant

By ELLA WHEATON

Peter Grant emigrated to the plains when hundreds of thousands of buffalo were tramping over them, and he went there to hunt them. His oldest boy, Oscar, was nearly grown, and the two together collected the buffalo hides, that were tanned into robes, which at that time were largely used in winter in place of the present more expensive skins.

The father of the family, being a poor sleeper, was accustomed to sleep in a room built as an addition or wing of his house, where he would be undisturbed by any sound. Since he was accustomed to come and go at will the key to the door of his room was kept under the doorstep, that whenever he wished to go to bed, he might do so without awakening the rest of the household.

The Grant domicile was located not far from the foothills of the Rockies near where now stands the city of Denver, which was then a village. The Indians inhabiting that region were the Utes and the Arapahoes. Both these tribes, especially the latter, were friendly to the whites, but were not very kindly disposed to each other. As late as 1878 the Utes sallied forth from their hunting grounds in the mountains on the warpath to fight their copper colored enemies.

One autumn Peter Grant went on a hunting expedition to get meat for the family use during the winter. He said that he would be gone not over a week, and his destination was that beautiful region since called the Garden of the Gods, in which Colorado City now stands. The week passed and every day the Grant family expected its head to reappear. But—day after day passed, and nothing was heard from him.

When two weeks from the time of his appointed return had passed and he did not turn up his son started southward to look for him. Oscar tracked his father to the foot of Pike's peak, where he lost track of him. But hearing from a settler that a tribe of Indians from New Mexico had raided that part of Colorado while his father was hunting there the boy was forced to believe that his father had been captured. He went on southward as far as Pueblo and hearing nothing of a captured white man, returned northward.

Oscar knew that it was the habit of the Indians to capture a white man to torture him and then kill him, so he said nothing to his mother of what he had learned. He simply told her that he had heard nothing of his father and hoped that some day he would return to them.

The winter passed without Grant's reappearance. Oscar continued to hunt the buffalo. He desired to complete the amount of money his father had fixed upon before returning to the east, and his mother would not leave the place so long as there was any hope that her husband might be restored to her. A year passed, during which Oscar aided considerably to the family, but by the sale of buffalo skins, and he suggested that they go back to the east. The children needed to be educated, and the older girls were none of an age when it was not best that they should remain on the frontier. Mrs. Grant had faith that her husband would return, and she could not bear to think of his doing so to find his former home deserted. So she kept putting off her children from month to month from season to season. Finally, when two years had gone by since Grant's departure and there was no news of him, her children persuaded her not to spend another winter on the plains.

The plains were becoming for the departure when one day a tribe of Indians from the south came up on a foray. They were not hostile, had no revenge to take on the whites of the region and seemed bent only on appropriating to themselves what they could find. They encamped near the Grants and stole everything that was not under lock and key, cleaning out all the outhouses, especially the smoke house, in which hung considerable smoked game, consisting of antelope and venison.

The Indians remained but one day and night and then turned to trace their steps to their southern camping grounds. During the night that they were about the place Mrs. Grant thought she heard a sound in the ill wing of the house in which her husband used to sleep. The key to the door remained where it had always been kept, and she wondered if any of the prowling redskins had found it and gone into the room. If so, doubtless all the bed-folting and smaller articles would be appropriated. In the morning after the Indians had gone she looked for the key, but it was not there. She tried the door and found it locked. While she stood wondering at the meaning of this, she heard a voice say:

"Who's there?" "Who's inside?" "Have the Indians gone?" "Yes." The bolt was shot back and the door partly opened, revealing a man dressed and painted like an Indian. Mrs. Grant recoiled, but the man caught her in his arms. He was her husband. He had been captured by this tribe, adopted and carried into New Mexico. When the tribe came north he came with them and found a convenient hiding place in his own room.

SIRENS AND SONS.

Andrew Carnegie, despite his seventy-six years, is still a keen salmon fisherman.

Sir Lionel Carden, British minister to Mexico, is of Irish extraction and is married to an American lady.

Professor C. E. Green of Edinburgh says the use of coal as fuel and the development of cancer apparently go together.

Pastor J. Q. A. Henry of Chicago recently read several obituaries of himself, owing to an erroneous report of his death.

A. P. Squires has resigned the postmastership of Good Ground, N. Y., after holding it for fifty years. He is eighty and wants a rest.

Sir J. A. Simon, who succeeds Sir Rufus Isaacs as attorney general of England, is the son of a Congregational minister. He is somewhere in the late thirties or very early forties and is rated as probably the ablest lawyer of his age in England.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate, who was one of the original incorporators of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1870, has just been made honorary president of the institution, an office which the trustees voted to create for him. He has served in an official capacity ever since the museum was formed.

Pert Personalities.

The new king of Bavaria is sane all right. One of his first decrees was an increase in salary.—Wheeler Register.

"I am an exceedingly clever man," said G. B. Shaw, and firmly believes that that makes the opinion unanimous.—New York American.

There's no use of bluffing in a game with Jan Kubelik, considering the fact that he has again insured his hands for something like \$200,000.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dr. Wilg says he would rather cook one potato well than paint the frescoes on the Vatican. There's no use talking. Doc certainly takes his cats seriously.—Detroit Free Press.

Town Topics.

New York is trying to be a city beautiful. That is rank pluralism.—Chicago News.

Once in awhile Chicago proceeds to show that she is justly entitled to be known as the Windy City.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Figures show that there's five times as much inebriety in Pittsburgh as there is in New York. Well, there's more than five times as much excuse for it.—New York American.

Philadelphia is one of the few large American cities with a decreasing murder rate. Is there any relationship between capital and crime and baseball proficiency?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Current Comment.

The world is still moving. Italy's first parliament elected by universal suffrage is now in session.—New York World.

London claims that it has the worst telephone service in the world. How those Englishmen do brag!—Detroit Free Press.

Speaking of irony, the new Carnegie peace building in Washington will face the war and navy departments. Columbus State.

"The girl of today," says a headline, "concocts her ears." A very wise precaution, considering the nature of some of the subjects most talked about.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Train and Track.

The proposed Black Sea railroad is to extend almost along the entire east coast of the sea.

Elberfeld, Germany, has a street railway which charges half fare for passengers who stand.

The double track electric railroad which is being built between Tokyo and Yokohama will be the most up to date in the orient when finished in a few months.

Last year witnessed the beginning of the construction of the great trans-Australian railway, which is to link the east and west coasts and traverse a wholly undeveloped country.

Fashion Frills.

Bustles and tube skirts would make a fearsome combination.—Chicago News.

Thirty button boots are coming from Paris. They are for girls, not for fat men.—Toledo Blade.

Women's spring styles are to follow natural lines, says a fashion note. All this means to us is that they'll be as expensive as ever.—Detroit Free Press.

There is some relief in the fact that many of the startling fashions so confidently announced never get any further than the illustrations in the magazines.—Washington Star.

Automobile Runs.

A French automobile will run entirely under water. The mechanism is thoroughly in use.

An English patent has been granted for a fender to be suspended in front of an automobile wheel to brush obstructions away.

New automobile headlight brackets are so arranged that one turns to throw the light in the new direction as a car rounds a corner, while the other points ahead in the old direction until the turn is completed.

Saved by Clean Hands

By F. A. MITCHELL

There was a time toward the close of the attempt of the commune to govern Paris when the communists were fighting a losing battle and the end was not far distant. One morning Louise Desmouillers, a pretty French girl, went out to buy some food supplies for the day's consumption. She was obliged to go some distance from her home for many shops were shut up, and she was absent more than an hour. When she left the street in which she lived was more than usually quiet, for ordinarily persons were going and coming in their daily vocations, whereas while the commune was in power, many left to their homes. When Louise returned she saw a great crowd of excited persons tearing up the stones directly in front of her house and piling them up to form a barricade. Her mother was alone at home, and Louise knew that she would be much troubled at her absence at a time of such turbulence. How could she get through this fierce crowd?

Summoning all her fortitude, the girl made a dash to cross the street directly opposite her home. She had reached the opposite curb when she felt her self caught by the skirt, and, turning, she saw that she had been stopped by a long more ferocious appearance than any woman she had ever seen before.

"Where are you going?" asked the wizen "Home!"

"Home! You are lucky to have a home. Come, bear a hand here, and help us who have no homes."

She dragged Louise back into the street and, pointing to the pavement, ordered her to join those who were tearing up the stones and piling them on the barricade. Louise knew that should she refuse her career would be ended by one of the stones being hurled at her head, and she had no choice but to obey. While carrying a stone to the barricade a young man with a pointed beard said to her in a low tone:

"I have been forced to do this work as you have. The government troops will be here in a few minutes. I left them at the Place de la Concorde ready to march. We must not be found here when they come, but I fear we cannot get away."

This was all the man had time to say to her, and she could make no reply. They worked on, the young man keeping near Louise till the cry was raised that the troops were coming. The barricade was not half finished, and there was no organized force to defend it. So the communists began to scatter, but she tried to scatter, but the street was filled with them, and it was difficult for them to move in the direction opposite to that in which the troops were coming. Indeed, it was so choked that Louise and her new found friend did not attempt it. Although the girl was not fifty feet from her home, she was unable to reach it.

Suddenly her companion seized her arm and drew her toward a basement door that he saw standing open though buffeted by the flying crowd. He succeeded in getting her into this door and closed it after him.

"The troops will be here in a few moments. I have seen them at this work before. They will enter every house near the barricade to search for communists." Then, noticing that they were in the laundry of the house in which they had taken refuge, he ran to one of the tubs and, pulling up his sleeves, began to wash his hands, calling on Louise to do the same. He used soap plentifully and removed all trace of dirt. When Louise had finished her ablutions the man looked her over and saw that she had but little dust on her dress, which seemed to please him.

His own white cuffs were dirty, and he rolled them up under his coat sleeves. They had no sooner got the dirt off their hands and, so far as they could, off their clothes when the door was thrown open and several soldiers hurried in. One of them seized Louise and another her companion and dragged them into the street, where they were placed with other prisoners who had been and were being arrested.

When the officer in command of the troops was satisfied that all communists who had been working on the barricade and who had taken refuge in the houses near by had so far as possible been collected he placed them in the center of the column and gave the order to march.

Half an hour later Louise found herself in a yard surrounded by a high wall. The prisoners were directed to stand against the wall, with their faces to it. Then an officer cried out:

"Hold up your hands!" Every hand went up, and the officer passed down the line, selecting those whose hands were clean and directing them to stand aside in a group by themselves. Louise and the young man who had warned her to wash her hands were among this number. When all those with clean hands had been selected they were marched out of the inclosure and liberated. As they were leaving they heard a volley fired inside the walls and knew that those unfortunate with soiled hands had been shot to death.

As Louise and her friend walked away she knew that had it not been for him she would have been among those who had just been executed. He saw her to her home, where she found her mother in an agony of terror concerning her.

The man who had saved Louise Desmouillers was a young artist.

"What is your boy's favorite branch of study?" "I asked him yesterday. He said anthropology," replied the patient parent. "Why, they don't teach that in his school." "Well, maybe the reason he likes it is that he isn't bothered by it."—Spokane Review.

I love to sit in fall and dream Of purple woods and leaves of brown. But wifey then emits a scream And makes me put the carpets down. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I have invented a new dance." "What do you call it?" "The Wall street waltz. You swing corners, change partners and sidestep."—Washington Star.

Of all sad words That ever were called The saddest are these: "The car is stalled!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Farmer—That dog of yours is a pointer, isn't he? Hunter—No, he's a disappointment. He doesn't know a bird when he sees one.

Poor Jones is living A miserable life With a street car income And a taxicab wife. —Boston Transcript.

Bacon—The United States makes enough paper money each year to reach twice around the world. Egbert—That's queer. Very little of it reaches me.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sow a little seed of bull In the fertile field of pul And in just a year or so, Lo, an income tax will grow! —New York Sun.

"All scientists are minus a sense of humor." "Nonsense! Didn't they call this the temperate zone?"—Judge.

Who ever had a little graft— Who was not forth to lose it And, if the public let him stay, Did next time abuse it? —Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. Grumpy (with newspaper)— Here's an odd case. A woman married one man thinking he is another. Mrs. Grumpy—What's odd about that? Women are doing that all the time.

Man is a wonderful being. He wastes much time in shaving. But a street car that's slow in coming Will simply set him raving. —Denver Republican.

It was cozy in the parlor. "Did you hear old Borens out there?" asked the girl. "Marie," admonished her mother "Speak more respectfully of the neighbors."—Pittsburgh Post.

Poor Henpek often makes me laugh His nose he tries to stomp. He calls his wife his better half. Though she's the whole blame thing —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What is this?" "An invitation from Mrs. Millant to her daughter's coming out party." "Her daughter's coming out party! Why, her daughter is thirty-seven years old." "You don't understand. She's coming out of jail."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The legislators passed a law With wisdom buoyant and serene. And then they shuddered when they saw Just what the lawyers made it mean. —Washington Star.

Millionaire—Want my daughter, eh? What is your salary at the Fourth Ward bank? Cholly—Twenty-five a month, but if I get your daughter they'll make me vice president.—Chicago News.

The poet sits with pen and ink. He looks solemn and wise. And when he writes a line or two, He swears so many lies. —Yonkers Statesman.

"Yes," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "you seldom see Mr. Twickenbury without a cigar in his mouth. He's the most invertebrate smoker."—Christian Register.

Mary had a little hen. The prices climbed each day. For everywhere that Mary went The hen refused to lay. —New York Press.

"So you're peevish about buttoning up my gown, eh?" He only grunted. "Why, my first husband also buttoned my shoes and my gloves."—Kansas City Journal.

Said Jack, "I do not like the way You flirt with Mabel Bly. For unto her I am engaged!" Said Fred, "Well, so am I!" —Lippincott's.

"What do they mean by 'atristic'?" "Well, an atristic is one who will buy you a drink without expecting anything in return."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why is it that the drums bricks And bullets that tremble From fights and riots always hit The innocent bystander? —Judge.

Young Abe Lincoln and a neighbor were arguing over the position of a rail fence. Finally Abe's face brightened. "Let's split the difference," he said. And the controversy was off.—New York Sun.

"You're a mean old Indian given!" Said Caserieve to Jack. "For every time you give me You must on taking back." —Bangkok.