

How a Secret Was Obtained

By MARTHA MONROE

Two men met on the custom house wharf in Naples, where baggage was being transferred from a recently arrived ocean steamer.

"Good morning, Vincenzo," said one. "What are you doing here?"

Vincenzo Fabroni gave the other a look enjoining silence and led the way to a place where they would not be observed.

"Well, Giuseppe, I am trying to make an honest living carrying baggage. The truth is I am tired of a criminal life and wish to reform."

"But you have nothing to fear. Being a member of the Camorra, you are always sure of protection whatever you do."

"That may be, but I am not naturally a villain. I was made so by circumstances."

"Well, Vincenzo, I wish you success in your efforts to carry rich men's trunks for an occasional life that you may make by doing so. As for me, I wish I had your opportunities in a membership of the Camorra."

"Why don't you join the society?"

"It won't have me. I have secret enemies among the members who keep me out. Nevertheless I have been reasonably successful without the Camorra's assistance. I have just steered an American tourist into the hands of bandits and shared in the ransom."

"I wish you would lend me some of it. I would like to set up a winery where to make a living."

"How much do you need?"

"Five hundred lire would start me."

Giuseppe Zarella thought a few minutes, then said, "I need something you possess. You need something I possess. Suppose we make a trade. You wish money to set you up in business. I wish to be a member of the Camorra. I will give you all you require for your purpose. You give me a secret that will enable me to gain admission into the society."

"What secret?"

"Who married Di Guido?"

Vincenzo stared. "What good would it do you to know that?" he asked.

"It would open to me the doors of the Camorra. The police are struggling every nerve to discover who committed that crime. Let me on an intimate that I am in the secret and the Camorra will gladly admit me."

After some more talk Vincenzo said that he would think the matter over and would give his friend an answer on the steps of the sea wall at 9 o'clock the next evening. When they came to gether again Vincenzo said:

"Giuseppe, the risk I would run in giving you the information you wish the risk of my life is worth much more than 500 lire."

"How much is it worth?"

Giuseppe looked at the other, wondering how high a price he could put on his secret. Finally he said, "Could you give me 3,000 lire?"

"Yes, I will give you that. An admission to the Camorra would be worth that to me."

"Swear that you will divulge the secret to no one."

"How could I use it without divulging it?"

"I see. Swear that you will tell no one that I gave it to you."

"I swear to that."

"When will you make the trade?"

"Now. I came provided with the money."

Giuseppe took a roll of bills from his pocket, counted out 3,000 lire and put the rest back. With the money in his palm he handed Vincenzo the bill. Vincenzo whispered the secret in his ears, the hands were unfolded, and the bills remained in Vincenzo's.

"Now, Vincenzo," said his friend, "I will tell you what to do. Report to the Camorra that you have made this money by robbery and expect an arrest, warning them to be ready to clear you. That will account for your having such an amount, and they need not suspect that I got my secret from you."

"That I will surely do."

A few days later Vincenzo reported that he had waylaid an Englishman on the helms back of the city and taken considerable money from him. He was promised that should he be arrested and tried members of the Camorra would be present at the trial and intimate by signs to the judge that if Vincenzo were convicted he (the judge) would be assassinated.

Within a week a man was arrested for the Di Guido murder. He remained in jail some time while the government was working up a case against him and taking steps for his conviction despite the threats of the Camorra. Meanwhile Vincenzo Fabroni opened his winery and was making, for him, a good living. One day a member of the national police walked by his shop several times and, when he saw it was empty, waited. Suddenly stood looking at him with astonishment mingled with horror.

"Giuseppe!" he exclaimed, or rather moaned.

"Don't be afraid," said the carabinieri. "You are safe so far as the government is concerned. Serve me a glass of wine and I will tell you something."

Vincenzo pulled himself together, brought the wine, and Giuseppe told him that he had bought his secret not to secure a membership in the Camorra, but to discover the murderer of Di Guido.

ACUTE APPENDICITIS.

It is Dangerous Only When There is Delay in Operating.

"Acute appendicitis calls for immediate surgery," says Dr. Wesley Grove Vincent, instructor in surgery at the New York Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital. Dr. Vincent insisted that there was no medical treatment for acute appendicitis and that the mortality following operation was always due to delay, the surgeon being called in when too late.

"The percentage of mortality in operations for acute appendicitis undertaken in the early stages of the inflammation is shown by hospital statistics to be very low. It is practically nil in cases that are allowed to go on to gangrene and rupture with general peritonitis is practically 100 per cent, while late surgery in such cases saves comparatively few."

Appendicitis is common among children between five and fifteen years of age. There is no particular food that can be singled out as especially liable to cause it unless possibly fruits having small pits or seeds. Delay is more dangerous in children than in adults. The symptoms described by Dr. J. B. Murphy come in definite order at approximately regular intervals. They are: First, pain in the abdomen, sudden and severe; second, nausea and vomiting within a few hours, most commonly within three or four hours after the onset of pain; third, general abdominal sensitiveness, most marked on the right side or, more particularly, over the appendix; fourth, rise of temperature two to twenty-four hours after onset of pain.—New York World.

KNEW THE WORD "KIRK."

But Went Astray When He Followed It Into the Turkish.

To hold down successfully the job of governor of a state or vice president of the United States one does not have to be up on oriental languages. So the Honorable Thomas R. Marshall never hesitates to tell this on himself.

It was at a reception in Indianapolis which took place when the Bulgarian army was driving the Turks out of Thrace. The battle of Kirk Kelliseh had just been fought.

"Old name that Kirk Kelliseh, said the then governor of Indiana. It means Forty Churches, or, rather, mosques. Now, isn't it queer that the word 'kirk,' which, as we all know, stands for church in the Scotch vernacular and which appears in German and other languages of northern Europe, should have precisely the same meaning in Turkish? It makes us wonder whether all tongues may not have had a common source, and if that is so it would probably be found that that source was in the east."

There was murmured applause from every one except an unobtrusive little professor, who had been covering near the group.

"Pardon me, governor," he piped up, "but your conclusions, while interesting, might be called—er, a little misleading. It is perfectly true that Kirk Kelliseh is the Turkish for 'Forty Churches,' but it is the word 'kelliseh' that means a place of worship, where 'kirk' means 'forty.'"

And the professor was right.—New York Sun.

A South Pole Hero.

Captain Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian who put the south pole on the map, was born in Sarpsburg, Norway, July 12, 1872. His youth was spent in Christiania and on board sealers and whalers commanded by his father. Captain Jens Amundsen Heg was twenty-five when he entered on his first north polar trip as the first officer of the *Gyldenloeve*. This journey lasted two years and filled the young sailor with aspirations for further explorations in the frozen regions. His parents wanted him to become a physician, and he spent a year in a medical college. Later he went to Germany to study sciences that would aid him as an explorer. His first notable feat was to take a ship through the northwest passage, and on this trip he twice wintered in the ice.—New York World.

Net Catching.

Jane's sister was coming home from normal school.

"Why is she coming home?" asked the neighbor. "Is she sick?"

"Yes, she is very, very sick," said Jane.

"What ails her?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, I don't know exactly, mamma had a letter from the principal, and he said it was lack of mental ability. I don't know whether it is catching or not."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mystified.

Little Elizabeth was telling her first dream to her grandma and her aunt. Her mother, who was listening, asked her a question about it, whereupon Elizabeth looked up wonderingly and said:

"Why, you were there, mamma. Don't you remember?"—Lippincott's.

Litelle.

Admirer—Where did you get that heartrending description of a sick child? Great Author—It's the way my boy says he feels when he wants to get out of going to school.—Life.

Only a Comparison.

Smith—Does your wife think you're the best man who ever lived? Jones—Of course not! I'm her second husband.—Judge.

The Greatest Fool is the One who Feels Himself.

A Persistent Poisoner

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

The use of the poisoned needle is not new. In the early part of the seventeenth century a man named Tobaldo in Venice invented an instrument in the form of a key from which he shot a tiny needle into the flesh of one he wished to kill.

In Rome during the period when the use of poisons was an art in Italy there occurred a similar case to that of the Venetian. One Lorenzo Luchese went from Florence to Rome, taking with him a more minute knowledge of poisons and poison methods than existed anywhere except in the city on the Arno. There was something uncanny about him that soon turned the Romans against him. A certain young lady, Bianca Ranzini, attracted the attention of the stranger, and he was observed to cast longing eyes upon her. But she was betrothed to a noble Venetian, Ricardo Mantel, and it was assumed that Luchese's love was hopeless. But one day Signorina Ranzini's lover after having mingled with a crowd witnessing a race on the Corso was seized with a sharp pain and died within a few hours. It was supposed he died of heart disease.

Not long after this Luchese proposed to Signor Ranzini for the hand of his daughter. The application was declined on the ground that the lady's heart was buried with the lover she had lost and she would never marry. Luchese said that he would not give up hope and took every means to ingratiate himself with Signorina Ranzini. But she took a dislike to him and would have nothing to do with him.

After awhile the young lady met a man named Francesco Demetrio, a handsome and in other ways a charming man, who fell desperately in love with her, and won her from her intended ally. They became engaged, and Bianca's friends rejoiced that the heart of one so young would not after all be buried. Demetrio had heard something from Florence about Luchese that put him on his guard against the man.

Every one knew that Luchese had cast longing eyes on Bianca Ranzini before the death of her betrothed and that he had proposed for her hand soon after his death. Moreover, poisoning being much in vogue at that time, there were those who believed that *Signor Mantel* had not died of heart disease, but had been secretly poisoned. Demetrio after hearing the reports from Florence about Luchese strongly suspected not only that *Mantel* had been poisoned, but that Luchese had been the poisoner.

However, he kept his own counsel and at the same time a strict watch on Luchese. If Demetrio was in any room where Luchese was present he would immediately leave. On several occasions he noticed that the Florentine tried to get near him, but he had always prevented his doing so by moving away. One day Demetrio was talking with a friend on a street on a festive day when a procession of the church was passing and suddenly felt a sharp pain in his arm. Turning, he saw Luchese pushing his way from him among the crowd.

"Seize that man!" Demetrio said to his friend. "He has punctured my arm and doubtless poisoned me."

The friend gave chase and caught Luchese. As soon as he laid hands on him he felt a sharp pain in his hand. Then happened to be a doctor in the crowd, who learning what had occurred, asked Demetrio to show him where he had been pricked. So small was the wound that it could scarcely be discovered, but the doctor whipped out a lancet and cut away a piece of the flesh. Demetrio's friend, having turned Luchese over to an officer, came reeling back, and the doctor, learning that he, too, had been pricked, treated his hand as he had treated Demetrio's arm.

The doctor took both pieces of flesh to his house, and on cutting them into bits found in each a small needle not half an inch long. Whether there had been poison in either of them he could not tell, but the evidence was strong enough against Luchese to insure his conviction. He was searched as soon as arrested, but nothing incriminating was found on him. His house was searched, and in it were found a variety of poisons and a little box containing needles similar to those that had been put into Demetrio and his friend. The instrument with which he had shot the needle into the flesh was picked up on the street near where the attack had been made. It was simply a small brass tube with a spring in it which could be loosened by a pressure of the thumb.

Luchese was tried and executed. Demetrio suffered but little from the effects of the puncture, but his friend was ill a long while.

The fact that Mantel had doubtless been poisoned by the man who wished Bianca for himself was kept from her. Indeed, she was not informed that Luchese had tried to poison her second lover. After Luchese's execution she and Demetrio were married, and great interest was manifested in the wedding, for every one except the bride knew that one lover had been murdered and the second had nearly met the same fate.

But it was not to be expected that what was common property could be kept from her always. She learned in time and in consequence always dreaded that her husband might fall at the hands of some secret enemy.

FLINT STONES WERE SCARCE

Our War Office Had to Advise Them in 1778.

"The war office calls upon all persons who know where flint stones can be secured to notify command."

Was there aught of prophecy in that brief appeal printed four days after the signing of the Declaration of Independence?

A copy of the Pennsylvania Packet contains the advertisement. The newspaper bears date of July 1, 1776, and in the same column explains that the flint stones are to be used for rifles. And without the old flintlock there would have been no American independence—at least not for many more years after the Boston tea party. If indeed the colonials unarmaged could have managed to carry on for a longer time.

Further perusal of the old newspaper shows Jamaica run and sugar were offered for sale by the government, a reward of \$5 was offered for the return of a horse that had strayed away from the range, and a woman, who had lost two cows, rushed into print with the statement that the individual who would lead the bovines home again would be remunerated to the extent of \$4.

Sheriff's sales occupy a column and a half and the Packet's publisher takes space to announce "advertisements are thankfully received," adding that "unlucky subscribers may their backs duped at 10 cents a copy it will be impossible to continue publication after another month."

EAST INDIAN MAGIC.

The Clever Dry Sand Trick and the Way It is Performed.

A very clever trick often seen in India is the following, which is known as the "dry sand" trick.

The fakir brings forward a pall, which he proceeds to fill with water. He then shows some ordinary sand, takes up a handful and, blowing sharply upon it, scatters it in all directions. He then takes up another handful and drops it into the water. We can all see it lying in the bottom of the pall under the water. Next, showing his hands empty, he places one in the pall and blows upon it. It will scatter in all directions, showing it to be as dry as ever. This is repeated several times until all the sand is again extracted.

This clever trick is performed in the following manner: Finest clean sand is selected, washed carefully in hot water several times and dried in the sun. Some of this sand is then placed in a frying pan with a lump of fresh lard and is cooked until the lard is burned away. The result is that every particle of sand is covered with a thin coating of grease, so that when this sand is dropped into the water it remains dry.—Scientific American.

Four Feeted Pastry.

A certain old man in the Wynhope settlement named Hickley was exceedingly fond of "big wheels." He was riding his horse over the country one bright spring day, apparently intent on some important business.

Whenever he met anybody he gravely asked: "Have you seen anything of any stray poultry today? I've lost mine and am hunting it." When they told him "No," he would proceed on his way.

After spending several hours in what seemed to be a vain search he at last rode up to the door of a farmhouse and called, "Hello!" A lady came to the door, and, doffing his hat very politely the old man inquired if she had "noticed any stray poultry around?"

"After a moment's thought the woman told him she had seen no chickens.

"Oh," he replied, "it's my hogs that I've lost, not my chickens."—Youth's Companion.

Armenian Peasant Life.

Among the Armenians peasants the old patriarchal system prevails. The entire family of a score or two of people of several generations lives beneath a single roof. Together both men and women till the fields in a primitive manner, and when the grain is ripe, they take a shear to the road side that the passing stranger may give a present and thus bless the crop. Their houses are of stone roughly hewn or mud, or frequently they are built underground, and from a distance their domelike roofs resemble the mounds of a prairie dog settlement.—Christian Herald.

Cured.

"She married him to reform him, and she has succeeded."

"What was his favorite form of dissipation?"

"He was a spendthrift."

"Why, he has nothing to spend?"

"None. She spent all he had."

Houston Post.

Sufficient Grounds for a Divorce.

"Man never knows what untold joy one woman suffers," exclaimed chatty Mrs. Gubb.

"The only untold agony a woman suffers is when she wears tight shoes to be stylish," replied Mr. Gubb.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Reflection.

"Not everything in this world is appropriate."

"What makes you think of that?"

"The fact is that many widows do not wear sea weeds." Baltimore American.

Here's a Snapshot.

"Here's a case where the police caught a photographer they wanted in his dark room."

"It's a genuine case of arrested development!"—Baltimore American.

A Wireless Message From The Dead

By F. A. MITCHELL

We are moving so fast in scientific discoveries that lost in wonder at what we know, we have no time to consider what our attained knowledge is likely to develop in future. For instance, we know that an electric current may be transmitted without any other medium than the atmosphere. We also know that functions of the body, if not electric, are a force something like electricity.

When I was a boy I was constantly finding myself saying something to a companion who would say, "Why, I was just about to say that myself!" At the time I considered this a coincidence. Now I believe it to be a mental impression of others by a sort of wireless process. I studied medicine and became a doctor. Then during hospital work I broke down and though it was between winter and spring, was obliged to go to the country to recuperate.

I stopped at a house that looked down a valley, and the view was interrupted. I used to sit on the porch wrapped in rugs and enjoy the view in the sunshine. About a mile distant was a house that bore evidence of having been built in colonial times. It was not by any means a farmhouse, but something quite handsome. The architecture was that peculiar style involving a porch with pillars.

One night I was awakened by the sound of wheels stopping right under my window and though I heard some one call "Doctor!" I raised the sash and put my head out through the window. A man in a wagon asked me if I was a doctor, and I said I was, whereupon he begged me to come with him at once. I dressed myself unwillingly, went downstairs and got into the wagon with him. I asked him to tell me about the nature of the case I was expected to treat, but could get nothing out of him. He seemed entirely absorbed in some powerful emotion.

I went but a few minutes in reaching my destination, drawing up before a house with pillars from the porch to the roof. I inferred that I had come to the house about which I had so often dreamed. The door was opened by a woman in a short petticoat full at the hips, a kerchief across her bosom and a dainty cap on her head. She looked very much troubled.

"Come upstairs," she said.

I followed her up a winding staircase, and the woman opened a door with a glass knob. I entered the sickroom to see a young woman lying on a bed with four high posts surrounding it by a canopy. On one side of her was a man holding one of her hands; on the other side was a young girl holding the other. These two looked at me with that mute appeal a doctor is so often obliged to meet.

As I drew near the bed the girl with the invalid pulled down the bedclothes, and I saw at once from blood stains and temporary bandages that my patient had been wounded. I was not a surgeon, but felt obliged to perform a surgeon's part. I examined the wound and saw that it was near the heart, so near that I wondered that the wounded woman lived. There was nothing that I could do for her except blind up the wound in a more professional manner and await results.

Presently I saw her gasp, and between sobs she said to the man beside her:

"You are convinced of the unjustness of your suspicions?"

"Yes, yes; forgive me."

"I forgive you. Goodbye."

She fell back dead.

Amid a wall of those present I retraced from the roof. Notwithstanding the tragic circumstances, I could not but notice the costume of those in the house. "What singular persons!" I said to myself. "Not content with living in a colonial house, they adopt the colonial costume." This was especially marked in their collars, which were like those I had seen in pictures of America's early settlers. I was ushered out by the woman who received me and driven back to my home, where I went to bed, remaining half awake, half asleep, for the rest of the night.

Now, there was something uncanny about my visit, and I hesitated to talk about it to those in the house. I asked if any of the family had heard a wagon stop before the house during the night, but no one had heard any such sound. This induced me to maintain a reserve about my visit. Presently I ventured to ask who lived in the house with pillars and was told that no one lived there. It had been occupied for many years. The last tenant had vacated some thirty years before. I asked if anything peculiar had taken place there, but no one had heard of anything unusual. But he fore returned to the city and heard from a very old resident of the town there was a legend that long before the Revolution a murder had been committed there. A man in a tin of Junimay had stabbed his wife.

And now in this second decade of the twentieth century I have come to believe that the scene I witnessed took place as I saw it many years ago. That it was etched somewhere in my mind in some soul across the border, possibly one of the parturient, who flashed it to me by some wireless process as a wireless message from the world to another.

MAILED IT A LIFE

An Uncommon Alibi and a Perfectly Accurate Prediction.

Captain C. B. Mitchell was once married by a man, and he received the alibi for the "murder" that he committed in Africa. The man was shot a woman, and while standing by her from a tree he saw the man shoot. The man shot at the woman and missed. The man shot at the woman and missed. The man shot at the woman and missed.

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THE OLD TIME 'YET'

It was simply an abbreviation and was always pronounced "The." How does it happen that in spelling and reading ancient manuscripts we call the character our ancestor's name for "the" by the ridiculous "yet"?

They said "the" just as we do, and the only apparent reason for maintaining the character is that two centuries ago the letter "h" was usually written with a tail below the line and with a crown top, which made it look like the "y" of the old time. Then the word was so frequently used that it was contracted, but as the word "and" was then treated and continued to be treated as the "y" of many of us.

When I was a boy, more than thirty years ago, the alphabet in our school books always ended with the "y" and "and." We called it "y-and" and considered it a bit singular when we rattled off the alphabet. Sometimes when sufficiently cultured we give the full title "y-and" as we did.

Now, it is likely that our "y" has become obsolete, just as the "y" has become obsolete. Our descendants of the next century or two will be puzzled perhaps, but I do not think they will be so foolish as to say "y-and" when reading our manuscripts, or coming to the little quirk we mean for "and." Do let us drop "y-and"—Dial.

Not an Obedient.

Cyril Maude, the English comedian, was talking about clear directions: "They are less marked with you than with us," he said. "There you all talk alike—the shopkeeper's account differs in no wise from that of a shipowner or a Roosevelt. But with us the lower classes talk a diversified jargon."

"The especially. The lower class can never master that 'h' in my youth I once heard a man bragging of referring 'Paint. He had spent from the people poor class, and he conducted the rebustant livid."

"Old your and on your lips, old up your head and look straight. You're not an 'Amstressed' that's out of your head. Now, listen of curried with a look of 'aid'."

"But, Mr. said, 'there's only one of us.'"—Washington Star.

The Practical Side of Nihilism.

He was a lover of his wife and just been to hear Faccini's "Madame Butterfly," and he was disappointed upon it because to an unrepentant friend whom he observed to yaw. The music lover was hurt. "Look here, John," he protested, "don't you think that music is of some practical benefit in life?"

"Oh, yes," said the unrepentant one. "Why, judging from the reports I have seen of eminent nihilists, especially pianists, I should say that music is great to keep the hair from falling out."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Guilty.

Lawyer—You understand what you are to do in court now, don't you? Client—Yes. I know now, lawyer. When the court asks you whether you are guilty of manslaughter or not you say "guilty." Client—But I can't do that, my conscience wouldn't allow it. Lawyer—Why? Client—Because it wasn't a man I killed. It was a woman.—New York Globe.

Very Frightful.

She—The life of a secret writer must be very thrilling. He—Yes, that's what I thought when I read of one of the presidents quacking away standing up. Buffalo Express.

Impatient.

"Do you tell your husband every thing?" "Why, I can't. He won't be lenient to me over two or three hours of a stretch."—Washington Herald.

Am Calm.

Am calm at the prospect of a rough and fast life. I shall be mad by it. Toronto.