

The Story of "Mrs. Rescue"

By M. QUAD
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We were between the Azores and Madeira, bound for a port in the West Indies, in the American ship Ben Joyce when a curious thing happened one morning about an hour before day-break. I was digging my eyes and fighting away sleep when a curious sound from over the bows caught my ear. As I listened to the noise the only thing I could compare it to was the noses of sharks bumping up against a small boat. It would have been ridiculous to call to the mate and give him any such wild explanation, but I finally called his attention to the curious noises and left the cause to his own perception.

"There's a raft or a boat out there," he said after a moment. "And the noise may be made by oars. I'll burn a port fire."

The port fire lighted up the sea for a hundred feet around, and the first thing we saw was a ship's boat within forty feet of us on the port bow. In the bottom of the boat were two human figures, and one of them was a woman, and all around the boat the sea was alive with sharks. As soon as we caught sight of the boat the mate ran to call the captain. By the time the captain arrived the boat had drifted right down against us, and one of the crew lowered himself into her and made fast the painter. Then I got down to assist him, and we passed up the bodies—the man first. We might just as well have dropped him into the sea, for he had been dead for twenty-four hours at least. He was recognized by all as a sailor. As we picked up the woman, having no doubt that she was dead also, she moved and uttered a groan. We had her on board after a couple of minutes, and the small boat, which was a captain's gig, now and without a name, was later hoisted up.

The woman awoke to find herself aboard of a strange ship, with strange men around her. She was a handsome, well formed woman, English in looks and speech and about thirty years of age. Her apparel was fine and costly, but she wore no jewelry and had neither a purse nor a card-case. When asked how she came to be at sea in the gig, what her name was, if she had visited Madeira or the Azores, if she lived in England, she could tell nothing. She began a new life when she opened her eyes in the cabin of the Joyce. After three or four days both cabin and fo'c'site came to the same conclusion, which was this: The sailor must have been rowing the woman off to a ship or from a ship to shore at some of the islands.

That's the way we figured it out, and it looked reasonable enough, and, of course, the right thing to do was to leave the woman at Trinidad and report the case as widely as possible. Quicker enough, she fought and baffled this plan. Our captain was a good looking man, and, feeling that she owed him her life and doubtless being rather romantic by nature, what did she do but fall in love with him! That is only half the story. He fell head over heels in love with her. The position was most embarrassing for him, however. All of us agreed that the woman was or had been a wife, though she had no finger ring to prove it. I think he saw things as an honorable man should, and yet he could not help loving her. When we reached Trinidad he notified the English consul, placed the woman in the household of a friend and then sailed for the port of New York.

The story of our picking up the living and the dead was published far and wide. The publication of that story all over the world did not solve the mystery. No husband came forward to re-identify her.

When three years had elapsed and still no news had come the two were married. The woman had not recovered one single point of memory. She was a stranger to herself. She had no country, no relatives, no name except by chance. After marriage the captain left the sea and went into the ship chandlery business in Brooklyn. One evening two years after the wedding the captain of an English tramp steamer just in called to ask for some information. He complained of not being well, and one thing leading to another, he finally related a tale of woe. Several years before, while his ship was at the Azores, his wife, who had been sent ashore in the morning, attempted to return about nightfall, just as a squall was coming up. The boat upset, and the occupants were lost. They found neither the boat nor the bodies, but there was no doubt of the calamity. The loss of the wife so affected the husband that he was ill of brain fever for months, and he had never read a line of her rescue in mid-ocean. There was the husband at last, and Captain Clark realized that he had rights before him. They were alone in the office, and perhaps he thought of killing the man who had come to break up his happy home. It was only a step to the edge of the slip, and perhaps he thought of suicide as the best way out. The climax was a curious one, but in keeping. The strange captain, who had given his name as Burke, was looking at Captain Clark in a puzzled way and wondering why he should be so affected by the story when a yacht anchor swinging from a beam above his head parted its fastenings and fell upon him and crashed him to the floor, and, though he did not die two days, he never spoke again.

SIRE AND SONS.

Harvey Weeks of Joliet, Ill., is the father of the "Go to Church Sunday" movement.

Henri Louis Bergson, noted philosopher of the College of France, has just been elected to the "Forty Immortals." Professor Bergson succeeds the late Emile Ollivier.

Justice Charles E. Hughes of the United States supreme court has just been elected a trustee of the University of Chicago to succeed Dr. T. W. Goodspeed, resigned.

Dr. Carl Jacobsen, who died recently in Copenhagen, left practically all of his estate, valued at \$40,000,000, to art purposes. Dr. Jacobsen devoted most of his income for years to art and science.

Dr. William C. Braisted, who has just been appointed to be surgeon general of the navy, has been feet surgeon of the Atlantic fleet. He was born in Ohio and was appointed to the navy from Michigan.

John Wesley Hyatt, who has been awarded the Perkin gold medal for chemical discovery in recognition of his discovery of celluloid in 1870 and also of his fifty years' research work in chemistry, lives at Cleveland, O. The presentation was made by the Society of Chemical Industry.

The Writers.

Margaret Deland, the novelist, is a skillful gardener and a great lover of outdoor life.

Katharine Sarah Macquod, the English novelist and writer of travel books, celebrated her ninetieth birthday recently by adding another chapter to her sixty-fourth novel. In reply to questions of interviewers she declared that work kept her young.

A. E. W. Mason, the English novelist, is said to be the best dressed literary man in London. He is a spare, striking looking man, with something of the appearance of a Georgian dandy. He published his first novel in 1895. He is an Alpine climber and once was Liberal member for Coventry, but the house of commons bored him.

Town Topics.

New York city, they say now, can borrow \$38,570,054. She'll borrow it—Buffalo Enquirer.

A Chicago minister says the women of that city waste 15 per cent of the food they cook. Still that may be good news to those who have eaten Chicago food.—Cleveland Leader.

A brick toll road for automobiles from Chicago to St. Louis is proposed. St. Louis ought to be glad to pay the \$3,500,000 that it will cost and pay all the tolls indefinitely.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

French scientific writers award Paris the palm as the most noisy city. The distinction will not be disputed, though it is thought New York might contest the claim with some show of right.—New York World.

English Etchings.

Last year there were only twenty-three murders committed in the city of London.

In Buckinghamshire an ointment made from mistletoe berries is still believed in as a cure for rheumatism and epilepsy.

Among the offenses for which capital punishment can be ordered in English law today are high treason and arson in a royal dockyard or arsenal.

The average wages of kitchen maids in England is \$98.50 a year, while those of governesses is \$97.50. Next in order are nurses at \$101.75, parlor maids at \$117.75, ladies' maids at \$135 and cooks at \$157.50.

Short Stories.

The cucumber came originally from Holland.

A hundred birds of seven may be a skilled workman.

There is neither thunder nor light ning in the arctic circle.

There are several bands of the Per- sian fat tailed sheep in the national forests of southern Utah.

According to a French physician, a short period of rest suffices to prepare a person for new exertion after heavy but not protracted work, while longer rest is necessary after continuous work of lighter nature.

Recent Inventions.

Steam pressure cooking in the house- hold has been made possible by the invention of a kettle with an airtight lid for family use.

A sharpening machine which gives tools a rotary motion against a stone and is said to produce the best results has been invented.

For quickly raising to the surface of the water a disabled submarine a stone Englishman has invented a buoy to be released from the boat, carrying up hose through which air can be pumped to fill and lift the craft.

The Royal Box.

Lidj Jeassa, new emperor of Abyssinia, is seventeen years old.

The king and queen of Greece and the emperor and empress of Japan are planning a visit to Paris the present year.

Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the kaiser, has, it is said, invented and patented an electrical device for cleaning the windows of motorcars in rainy or frosty weather. The device is set in operation by the pressing of a button.

A BIT OF WAX

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

I had gone out to India to serve as an accountant in a banking house; but, becoming homesick, I decided to return to America. A few days before I sailed the head of the firm called me into his private office and told me that a client of the house desired that I carry for him to Boston a valuable sapphire. He would pay me handsomely for its delivery in that city.

I needed the money and accepted the commission. I called for it the day called, wearing a coat with a pocket in the lining, in which the sapphire was sewed by an Indian woman who was called in for the purpose, though she did not see the contents of the pocket or know that there was a pocket et there.

My route was by Aden, the Suez canal, the Mediterranean and over the Atlantic to New York, quite a long journey and all in the same vessel. I made the acquaintance of an American lady, Mrs. Gillette, whose maid was a young Indian woman. The lady told me that shortly before she sailed the woman—Susan she was called, because her Indian name was hard to pronounce—bearing that she was intending to sail for America, came and begged her to take her with her as her maid, with no compensation except paying for her passage. The lady, who was subject to seasickness and wished some one to wait on her, consented. Mrs. Gillette was ill in rough weather, but well on a smooth sea. Susan took very good care of her.

Since I had told no one that I carried a valuable gem and no one except myself and the man through whom it came to me knew where it was I felt very little fear of losing it. I simply wore the coat in which it was sewed by day and used it for a pillow by night, so that it was always either on my back or under my head. But one thing occurred during the voyage to cause me to suspect the possibility of any one being on my track. One day when about to enter my stateroom I noticed something white on as big as a pea on the floor directly under the lock. I have no idea what induced me to pick it up, but I did so, and, crushing it between my thumb and forefinger, found it to be wax. Could any one have been taking an impression of the lock on my stateroom door? I dismissed the suggestion at once as far fetched.

We had left Gibraltar and were nearing the Azores when one morning I awoke with a head swimming sensation. I smelled a peculiar odor in the room. I put up my hand to grasp my coat, for I felt that my head was without support, and was horrified to find the coat was not there. I arose and looked about the room for it as best I could, but it was not in the room. I tried the door and found it locked. The key I had concealed under my mattress. It was where I had placed it. The remembrance of the bit of wax I had found came back to me as the only clue to this robbery. If an impression had been made for a key the key must have been made aboard the ship. It could not have been filed without the filing being heard. Doubtless it had been made in the ship's workshop. I went below and asked the man in charge of the metal working shop if he had been called to make a key. He said that he had not, but, after some thought, said that one of the stewards had been in the shop filing something. He remembered the steward, and we found him.

I reported the matter to the captain who called the steward before him and obtained a confession that he had been filing a lady's maid to do some thing with a key. When called upon to identify the lady's maid he pointed out Mrs. Gillette's Indian girl, Susan.

Before Susan got wind of the matter a stewardess took her in charge and another went through her effects. My coat was found among them, but the sapphire was missing. We were obliged to tie a rope around Susan, threatening to put her overboard, before she broke down and told us where she had concealed it.

No blame whatever was attached to Mrs. Gillette. She had not the slightest conception that her maid was not only a thief, but had entered her service knowing that she was about to leave for America on the same steamer as I and believing that I carried the sapphire.

This is the explanation of how Susan acquired this information. She had been chambermaid in the hotel where the owner of the sapphire stayed and had suddenly entered the room and had seen him handling it. She had watched him and had seen him go to the bankers. There she had succeeded in making the acquaintance of the woman who had done the sewing on my coat. This was enough. A brother of hers had got from the passenger list of the steamer on which I was to sail the names of several ladies. Susan had gone to each of these ladies, proposing to go with her as maid, and had been successful with Mrs. Gillette.

Susan was kept in limbo to the end of the voyage, when I went ashore. I learned afterward that she was taken back to India, being made to go menial work on the return voyage. What became of her after teaching India I do not know.

The incident convinced me that the natives of Asia are very shrewd.

Convinced both English and Arabs. Lieutenant Waghorn found it difficult to convince the British postoffice of the value of the isthmus of Suez as a means of shortening the letter route to India. He guaranteed to transmit a bag of letters to India and return with others to England in the same time if he was permitted to make the attempt and difficulties at once cropped up. Coal at Port Said was \$30 a ton, at Suez \$100, so he loaded camels with coal and took them across the isthmus. When he reached Suez with the letters the steamer which he had arranged to meet him was not there. This difficulty he surmounted by chartering an open Arab boat and forcing the crew at the pistol point to take him the 600 miles down the Red sea to Jeddah, where he found a steamer to take him to Bombay and the return journey he completed well within the time. Thenceforward the isthmus route became the overland route, for Waghorn was able to convince the Arabs that the protection of the mails was better than looting them. English gold being his strongest argument.

How to Live to Be a Hundred. Eight hours' sleep every night. Sleep on your right side. Keep your bedroom window open. Have a mat at your bedroom door. Keep your bed away from the wall. No cold bath in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body. Exercise before breakfast. Eat little meat and be sure that it is well cooked. Drink no milk. (This applies to adults only.) Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy the cells that combat disease. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms, for they carry disease germs. Live in the country if you can. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and draughts. Have change of occupation. Take frequent and short holidays. Limit your ambition. Keep your temper.—Maxims of Sir James Sawyer, English Physician.

Historic Sense of Americans. The good American does not feel a stranger over here and we regard him as one of our own family. But why does he come? Not altogether because the call of a common heritage impels him, not entirely drawn by the attractions, commercial, artistic, social and natural, of London and England. He comes chiefly, perhaps, in obedience to the historic sense which is innate in the good Americans. Wherever the historic sense may best be satisfied—in Rome, Athens, Paris, Madrid or Constantinople—there the American is found. He may win his satisfaction in a frenzied flurry with guidebooks and binoculars, only half digesting the glories that he scans. That is the defect of his quality, the consequences of the habits of life which America has thrust upon its sons. But the historic sense is there and, even unconsciously, your good American is its obedient slave.—London Express.

Didn't Like the Method. Jean longed for a kitten with all her heart, but her mother was not fond of cats, so she was not allowed to have one in spite of her eager pleadings. At length it became necessary for Jean to go to the hospital for an operation. "I will make a bargain with you, Jean," said her mother. "If you will be a brave little girl about having your operation you shall have the very nicest kitten I can find."

Jean climbed upon the operating table and took the ether without a struggle. As she came out from under the influence of the anesthetic and began to realize how sick and wretched she felt the nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word. "What a bun way to get a cat!"—Delineator.

Two Pictures. One man walks solemnly, with puckered brow and eyes cast down, thinking of a thousand frets, dreading tomorrow and regretting yesterday. Another laughs and whistles; careless in every step and gesture, looking at the trees and the flowers and the white clouds and the blue sky—looking above all, at human faces, and making them smile back at him. Which of these men do you think is the wiser? Which is more like you?—Youth's Companion.

Testing Silk. The best way to test silk is to cut off a small piece and burn it. If it burns out quickly, leaving a clear, crisp, gray ash, the silk is pure, but if it smolders and leaves a heavy reddish brown ash it has been treated with chemicals and will not wear well.—Exchange.

Works Both Ways. "They bore one, these society calls, don't you know," declared the young lady. "They bore one." "Sometimes they bore two," responded the young man, taking the hint and likewise his departure.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Queering a Prediction. "When you are as old as I am, my son, you will know more and talk less than you do now." "But, dad, everybody says I take after mother."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Naturally. "Are there any grounds for the real estate boom in that particular neighborhood?" "Certainly. Don't they want to sell 'em?"—Baltimore American.

Pollence and civility are the best capital ever invested in business.—P. T. Barnum.

A Diabolical Plot

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

A lady and a gentleman stood on the deck of an ocean liner about to depart for the Mediterranean.

"Upon my word," said the latter, "if there isn't my old chum Dick Thurston coming aboard loaded down with hand baggage. I haven't seen him in four years. He's going across, sure. I wish I were going."

"Introduce him. He'll serve to lighten the canal during the voyage."

"I'll do it on one condition."

"What condition?" "That you go for him. I'll let him think you're my wife instead of my cousin, and you must keep up the deception. He's always prating about honor in not making love to a friend's wife and all that sort of thing, while I claim that if a woman can get a man in love with her she can turn him over to Satan, body and soul. Do you agree?"

Miss Katharine Maryweather in her heart snatched at the idea, but she occupied the few minutes to spare in declaring that she would do no such abominable thing. Thurston was brought up and introduced to her. Frank Waters having given him the impression that he had been married since they had met and he wished him to take charge of his wife for the voyage.

"Remember," said Dick, giving his cousin a parting kiss, much to the envy of Thurston.

"I'll remember nothing," was the reply.

Miss Maryweather was an unaccountable flirt, and this request of her cousin especially appealed to her. She had brought many a man to her feet, as Waters well knew, but she had not experienced the zest attending making a man a traitor to an intimate friend. As to deliberately stating to Thurston that she was Waters' wife, she repelled such a sin with horror; she would merely suffer him to suppose she was.

The voyage consumed twelve days, during which the weather was delightful, the sea smooth, and all were on deck every day and moonlight nights from start to finish. Before the vessel reached the Azores Thurston's conscience was troubling him dreadfully. At Gibraltar he made a weak effort to leave the ship and do the rest of the journey by land. The night before reaching Naples he seriously contemplated jumping overboard. He had not offended, indeed, against his old friend, but he had been criminal in word and thought up to his chin. Miss Maryweather had bewitched him. Once ashore, he righted himself and bedded to Rome, where he had intended to remain a month. But, fearing that the supposed Mrs. Waters would be coming up that way, he lit out for Florence. Indeed, he never stopped till he reached Lucerne.

Frank Waters had made arrangements to join his cousin at a summer resort on Lake Thun, and they met there in July.

"Well," said Frank inquiringly.

"Well what?"

"Did you break down Thurston's self respect?"

"Certainly not. Mr. Thurston is a very honorable man."

"Since you don't seem disposed to tell me what happened I'll ask Dick."

"He'll tell you nothing."

"Won't he? Do you mean that he will be about it?"

"He needn't lie. He can simply refuse to talk."

"I won't ask him. I'll charge him with all sorts of dishonorable things, and he won't deny them."

"Such as—"

"I'll say, Dick, you've been making love to my wife?"

"What else?"

"In a moment of weakness you proposed to her to leave me and take up with you."

"If you accuse him of such a thing I'll never speak to you again."

"I won't do it if you assure me he didn't."

"You had no business to introduce him to me, letting him suppose I was your wife."

"Why didn't you disabuse him?"

"Why didn't I? Why, because—"

He looked at her with an amused smile, then continued:

"Dick Thurston is a mighty good friend of mine. When I saw him going aboard the ship in which you sailed I knew you would expect an introduction; that you would flirt him all the way over and send him off with the rest of them on reaching Italy. What I did I did for his protection."

"How for his protection?"

"In the first place, if he believed you to be my wife it might help him to resist you. In the second, if you succeeded you would be so tangled up in your deceptions that you could be managed. I'm going to confess the matter to him—my past and yours."

"You'll do no such thing!"

"What shall I say to him? He is at Lucerne, and I'm going to run down there tomorrow to see him."

"What shall you do? Why, let him discover that I'm not your wife without saying anything about your detestable plot?"

"Or yours."

This thrust was received in silence.

"If I do as you say will you treat him honorably in future?"

"Yes, I will!"

The former Miss Maryweather is now Mrs. Thurston.

In Spite of the Proof.

An American lady, living in China, had been teaching a class of young Chinamen. One day a native prince called on her in his fine robes and talked to her with some embarrassment.

"Madam," he said, "I came to you to see you about a matter that is very near to me. You have been teaching that the world is round."

"Yes," replied the instructor, "and I have been offering the proof."

"I know," said he, "but that is not what I came to see you about. It is all very good what you say, but, madam, I have always been taught that it is flat. I want to know if you would feel bad if I continued to think it flat?"

"Oh," replied the teacher, "it is not a matter of how I feel, but a matter of evidence. I demonstrate that it is round; I offer the proof; if you accept the evidence you think it round; if you reject it you think it flat."

Our intelligent friend was still un- moved, still more concerned about the object of his visit. "I understand," he said, "that all you say, madam, is good and reasonable. But would you mind if I still thought it flat?"—The Masses.

Ready With a Reason.

Some time ago a man from the city spent a few days in a country town, and while there a real estate dealer tried to interest him in suburban scenery. Returning to his hotel that night the city man saw the agent in the lobby.

"Look here, old fellow," remarked the city man, "I thought you told me that you didn't have any malaria down in this section?"

"That's just what I told you," was the prompt declaration of the agent, "and I told you right."

"Maybe you did," doubtfully returned the city man, "but just the same I saw a man down the road a few minutes ago with chills and fever."

"Oh, I see now," smiled the real estate man, with a look of enlightenment. "That was Smith. He was shuddering and shaking to think what his wife would say to him when he got home."—Exchange.

A School for Spies.

In St. Petersburg there exists to all intents and purposes a real university of the science and art of espionage. It consists of some six independent but harmonized faculties or departments, training and controlling the immense army of spies and "agents provocateurs" all over the empire and its innumerable centers all over the world. The art of opening letters, deciphering various codes and forging various handwritings; the historic art of personal disguises and of shadowing suspected persons and the science of manufacturing explosives and bombs for the supply of "agents provocateurs" in order to better entice would be revolutionists or simply for the sake of "discovering" imaginary dangerous conspiracies—these are the main subjects taught in this unique university.—Anglo-Russian.

Power of Water.

The power of water is enormous. A tiny jet of water descending 1,000 feet traveling at the rate of 100 yards a second cannot be cut into with an ax or a sword. It will fracture the best blades of Toledo steel. It will hurl an ax through an oak plank. It is quite impossible for a man to cut this stream through. To compute the power of falling water it is necessary to multiply the volume of flowing water in cubic feet per minute by its weight, 62.5 pounds, and this product by the vertical height of the fall in feet and divide by 33,000, the number of foot pounds representing one horsepower for one minute. A stream of water when flowing over a weir five feet in length by one foot in depth at the rate of one foot a second and having a fall of twenty feet develops eleven horse- power.

A Lively Corps.

Joseph G. Grow, a member of the United States diplomatic corps, tells a story of Bunsen, the German scientist, who was often mistaken for his cousin, Chevalier Bunsen.

"When he was traveling in England he met a lady who asked him, 'Have you finished your book, "Bible Work," yet?'"

"No, madame," he said. "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."—Detroit Free Press.

Social Casts in Berlin.

German royalty is rigid in its exclusive etiquette. The Prussian nobility form a caste entirely apart from the rest of society, and Berlin, socially speaking, is composed of many different worlds, none of which mingle with the other.—London M. A. P.

Any Old Excuse.

Big Sister (who wants to be left alone a moment with her sweetheart)—Fritz, the house feels so stuffy, go into the next room and open the window, will you? Fritz—The window is open. Big Sister—Oh, well, shut it again, will you?—Fitzlegende Blatter.

That's the Answer.

"Why is your husband so irritable at home?" inquired the amazed visitor.

"Because he knows it's safe to be," answered the long suffering wife.—St. Louis Republic.

Better Days.

Wife—I wonder if Mr. Van Dusen hasn't seen better days? Husband—Oh, yes, Van Dusen wasn't always married. I don't think!—Chicago Record-Herald.

The cheerful live longest in years and afterward in our regards.—Bovee.