A Surreptitious Gift

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Martin," said my father to me one day, "I have been speaking with your mother about you, and we have decided that it would be pleasant for us all if you would go to Stuttgart and make the acquaintance of your cousins. When I came to America I left a sister, of whom I was and am today very fond. I cannot leave the business to make the trip myself, but later, when you have taken my place in its management, I hope to do so. It is better that you should go now before you have become absorbed in other matters."

I was delighted with the prospect of a trip abroad. My father not only gave me a liberal sum for the trip, but a separate amount which he intended that I should turn over to the family I was going to visit. "They are very sensitive," he said, "and I rely on your tact to turn this money over to them without hurting their feelings. I don't know exactly how they are situated, but I fear they are not overburdened with this world's goods."

I found my aunt and my cousins exactly what my father had described them. Never was there a more amusing and, to me, touching instance of a family striving to put the best foot forward. Having been coached as to this by my father, on my arrival at Stuttgart I put up at a hotel and announced my arrival by mail rather than go at once to their home, thus giving them time to make any preparations they might wish to hide their real circumstances. I heard nothing from them for twenty-four hours, when my uncle called on me and apologized for the delay in welcoming me, saying also that on no condition would the family permit me to remain at a hotel, but that their guest chamber needed attention, and they had been overhauling it.

I thanked my uncle for the proffered hospitality, but declined on the ground that I was troubled with insomnia and must be in a house in which I could go about at all hours of the night. However, I accompanied him to his home, a house of diminutive size, but very neat, and my aunt welcomed me affectionately. My cousin Anna, a girl of eighteen, I found so comely and with such a kissable pair of lips that I took advantage of my cousinship and tasted them at once.

All expressed much disappointment that I would be prevented by my insomnia from making their house my home during my sojourn at Stuttgart, but I was quite sure that they were much relieved. They invited me to dine with them, and, fearing they would be mortified at having to sit at a meager table, I declared that I was a victim of dyspepsia and would only accept their invitation if they would promise not to tempt me with any except the plainest food. And, remembering that sausage was a common and inexpensive food in Germany, I said that sausage was about all I ate. It did not occur to me that no worse food could be used by a dyspeptic till my aunt expressed surprise.

I spent a couple of weeks with my relatives, they trying to hide their poverty and I trying to hide the fact that I noticed it, or, rather, pretending that I could not use what they were unable to give me. And all this time I was studying how I could turn over to them what my father had sent them without their knowing whence it came, for I feared their pride would be hurt if I offered it in the form of money, yet I knew that was the only form in which it would meet their requirements.

The only method of giving them pleasure without racking my ingenuity was to ask my cousin Anna to show me the attractions of Stuttgart, paying the expenses, of course, myself. Going about in that way with a pretty girl brought about a love affair. Indeed, though my father had not mentioned the matter to me, when I saw Anna I suspected his real motive in sending me abroad was to make a match between her and me. At any rate, long before the end of my visit I proposed to her and was accepted.

The time of my departure drew near, and I had found no plan by which to leave my father's gift without hurting the beneficiaries. The amount was the equivalent of $1,000 in American money and could not be surreptitiously transferred in any ordinary manner. There was an old clock in the house which I thought I might pay that amount for, but when I expressed a desire to possess it my aunt begged me to accept it.

All ordinary plans I tried having failed, I was forced to a special expedient.

Anna consented to return to America with me, and I went for a tour through Europe. I said goodby, then went to my hotel, made myself up as an old man, watched for my uncle to leave the house, followed him till he entered a trolley car, took a seat beside him and slipped a roll of bills into his side pocket.

When I returned from my tour I found that my fiancee had a very nice wedding outfit, but no one of the family hinted whence came the wherewithal to purchase it.

Since my marriage I have no trouble in making gifts to her family. I give the money to her, and she passes it over to them.

My father in time transferred the management of the business to me and went abroad to see his sister and her family. When he returned he brought them with him.

Parisian Swashbucklers.

At one time the mousquetaire was a notable type, common on the boulevards of Paris, of the swaggering braggart. These amiable Parisians were in evidence at the end of the empire. After the war of 1870 they reappeared at Turtoni's. There upon the steps about De Scholl were seated the famous Alfonso de Almada, Espelata, G. de Borda, Chapron, Feuillant and Gaston Jollivet, who freely employed his valor and the wisdom of his wit in quenching the conflicts. A difficult task, for these altercations frequently were made out of nothing.

"Monsieur," one of the mousquetaires would suddenly declare to an inoffensive passer by, "you have been looking at me cross eyed. I do not like that."

"No"— the other would begin his reply.

"Ah, ha! Then I have lied! There's my card!"

Then there would be a meeting on the field of honor. Oh, that was a beautiful time!

Babies Fear the Force of Gravity.

The first experiment which a baby makes is connected with the force of gravity. It is born with an instinctive or ancestral dread of the unrestrained action of that force upon its own body, and it is said to be able to cling with tenacity to a stick or branch of a tree. Later on it takes pleasure in dropping miscellaneous objects to see them fall, perhaps to see if they all fall alike.

And a very remarkable fact it is which is thus observed: The most familiar of all material facts and one of the least understood—least understood, that is, of all the simple physical facts which must surely be well within the limits of human comprehension. For if a philosopher is asked why all bodies tend to move toward the earth and why they all fall with steady, equal acceleration unless retarded or checked somehow he has to reply that he does not know.—Sir Oliver Lodge in Harper's Magazine.

Four Leafed Clover.

Since four leafed clover is said to be lucky it might be well to know how it happens that while most clover has only three leaves one is found now and then with four.

According to J. Perriraz, who discusses the question in the Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles, clovers with more than three leaves are due to two causes, one hereditary, the other nutritive. After a moist season clover plants with four or even five, six or seven leaves are relatively common, and plants with only two leaves are also seen at such times, but these are very rare.

But some plants are abnormal by heredity and reproduce themselves with the same characteristics in successive years when their environment remains the same, external influences merely modifying the size of the leaves.

Rapid Stars.

Even astronomers are expressing astonishment at a speed record recently discovered among the stars. The Andromeda nebula has been found to be moving in the general direction of the earth at the rate of about 16,000,000 miles a day, or nearly 200 miles a second. This is vastly faster than the motion of the earth round the sun or of the sun in space. It will be some time before the nebula approaches very close to the earth, however. Observations of the nebula by telescope and photographs do not show the slightest measurable trace of movement toward the earth, which indicates that it is so far away that traveling 16,000,000 miles a day is too slow to be apparent. The discovery that it is coming at this rate was made by a study of the spectrum of its light.—Saturday Evening Post.

Complimenting the Judge.

In "Stories From the Bench and Bar" Mr. Arthur H. Engelbach recalls the following story of Sir George Jessel, master of the rolls: One day he was having a point pressed upon him by a barrister named Oswald, who cited words in support of his point from a reported judgment of the master of the rolls.

"'Mr. Oswald,' interposed Jessel, 'I could not have been such a fool as to have said that!'

"'Oh, yes, my lord,' retorted Oswald, 'you were, my lord, you were!'"

Highest Mountain In Idaho.

Idaho has only one peak having an altitude greater than 12,000 feet, that is Hyndman peak, near the Blaine-Custer county line. The elevation of this mountain is 12,078 feet. There are, however, several unnamed peaks near Hyndman peak whose elevations are greater than 12,000 feet, as shown by the contours on the Hailey topographic map published by the United States geological survey.

A Cheerful Soul.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship.—London Tit-Bits

Criminals at Large.

Gibbs (visiting)—What sort of neighbors have you here? Dibbs—A bad lot. There's a blacksmith who's engaged in forging, a carpenter who's done some counter fitting and a couple of fellows next door who sell iron steel for a living.

Boarded by a Pirate.

Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate? Captain Storms—Yes, he charged me $3 a day for a bedroom on the fourth floor.—Christian Register.

The power of necessity is irresistible. —Aeschylus.

An Episode of New York Society

By RUTH GRAHAM

When John Kenworthy went to New York he had made a big fortune in railroads. He had cleaned up some fifteen or twenty millions and was a director in many roads. He was thirty-five years old when he struck the metropolis, and it occurred to him that he would like to see society. Society is not to be seen without a ticket of admission any more than a theatrical performance. Kenworthy, remembering that the players of Vanity Fair must have big salaries and that such salaries must be contributed by those who are able to pay, concluded to invest a small quantum of his income in the show.

An officer of one of the companies in which Kenworthy was interested who knew New York well, being applied to for information, gave it thus:

"There are both rich and poor in the charmed circle. The poor usually hold their right of entrance by inheritance; the rich have bought their way in. There are many poor families that if they could sell their social birthright would reap a fortune by the transaction. They can't do that, and many of them would not do it if they could. But they can help the outsiders to get inside for a consideration and will do so provided they have confidence in the discretion of the outsider."

"I see," said Kenworthy. "How would such a transaction be managed?"

"I will introduce you to a young man whose family has been in the swim for 150 years. He will take charge of your entry into society if it is intimated that he will be given a perfunctory position at a salary of $20,000 a year in the office of one of your railroads—keeper of the securities, with deputies to guard them."

Kenworthy was introduced to George de Rotter, whose ancestors came to New York in 1636 and opened a dye house. De Rotter was appointed sixth vice president of a railroad, with duties requiring his attention once a week for two hours. His salary was to be $20,000 a year for at least one year. He was to lift Mr. Kenworthy up the steps—one step at a time—of the temple of fashion.

One evening De Rotter announced to Mrs. de Lawney that he was arranging a dinner for a gentleman from the west and asked permission to put her name and that of her daughter Marguerite on the list of invited guests. Mrs. de Lawney graciously accepted, and when De Rotter had gone she found a thousand dollar bill between the leaves of a book he had been reading while waiting for her to come down to receive him.

This was not the first such transaction that had taken place between them. But Marguerite, a high bred and truly refined scion of good old stock, was not cognizant of them. She knew the family finances were low and wondered how her mother managed to keep their heads above the surface. Mr. de Rotter, though he relied on the discretion of his employer, thought it worth while to tell him that if Marguerite de Lawney should hear that she had been paid to attend his entertainment it would produce a commotion.

This statement made an impression on Kenworthy. He desired to buy persons, but persons who were not to be purchased had for him an indescribable charm. He directed De Rotter to assign Miss de Lawney to the host for a dinner companion and when the affair came off was much struck with the lady. Many of those who knew that they were hired to be present at his functions, considering that they had done their part in accepting his invitation, gave him an icy shoulder. Here was one who supposed that she was being entertained as a guest, one whose bearing showed conclusively that she was to the manner born, who smiled on him. Kenworthy passed the happiest evening of his life, and it seemed that Miss de Lawney had really enjoyed herself. If so she was the only one present except the host who had.

De Rotter was a skillful conductor, and Kenworthy was discreet. He knew that his guests were paid to attend his functions, and they—excepting Miss de Lawney—knew that they were paid. Kenworthy continued his attentions to the young lady and in time proposed. So great was her pain at refusing him that he really felt sorry for her.

Having seen all he wished to see of New York society, he packed up his traps to go back to the west. Before leaving he wrote a note to De Rotter especially enjoining on him, as he valued a second year's salary, to keep from Miss de Lawney the fact that payment had been made for attendance at his functions. De Rotter had been sharp enough to see that Kenworthy had fallen in love. He inclosed Kenworthy's note to Mrs. de Lawney in one of his own, in which he informed her that he believed her daughter had thrown away millions.

By an accident this note fell into Marguerite's hands. She wrote a note full of grief and mortified pride to the man who had asked her to be his wife. He returned to New York for the purpose of calming her.

"I never dreamed," she said, "that the society of my ancestors had sunk so low. They were what I supposed I was till today."

Kenworthy again set about winning her and finally succeeded. He took her west with him, and she has never since seen her native city.

Minuteness of Electrons.

Crookes, in his vacuum tubes around 1880, tore matter by means of very high potential electrical disruptive discharges into particles so inconceivably minute that he called them matter in the ultra gaseous, or fourth state.

In 1899 the modern master among minds proved these particles to be themselves electricity. Rutherford, Ramsay, Becquerel, Soddy, the Curies, Larmor and others confirmed the mighty discovery. Then came Robert Andrews Millikan, University of Chicago, in 1911, and astonished every scientific man in the world by actually isolating and weighing one of these excessively minute entities.

This was at once conceded to be the greatest work of man since Newton discovered how to use infinitesimals. Of these particles, if they could be forced to lie side by side in contact—impossible by man—a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000,000. They are known to be pure electricity. They are called electrons, and nothing exists but electrons.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

A Revelation to Cricketers.

The technique of baseball is profoundly interesting to the student of the dynamics of games. Some years ago the bowling, or rather "pitching," was revolutionised. It was then made legal to throw the ball. Hence the wonderful armor which the catcher wears. But mere pace soon gave way to graduated pace and swerving. Never in the history of sport has the human hand shown such control over an implement as the hand of a pitcher over the flight of the ball. Much superstition has gathered round this and many fabulous performances, corkscrew swerves, swerves reversed, jumping balls, and so forth, are on the lips of crowds. Being allowed no run, as the bowler is at cricket, the pitcher has brought to a fine art the mechanism of position and delivery. The same is true of the batter, who has to deal with full pitches only, very different from bouncing balls. The attitudes of these men are a revelation to cricketers.—London Spectator.

A Picture of Your Voice.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the wide end of a tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds. In fact, there is no limit to the variation.

Where the Hudson Flows.

Not so very long ago, in a geologic sense, the Hudson river flowed through a deep canyon or gorge at New York city. Soundings show that this gorge extends through the harbor and far out to sea. It is evident that the land surface has been lowered in this region, allowing the ocean to creep in on the land, fill the old river channel and in places wholly submerge it. The submergence of the land was greater at one time than it is now. In excavations for some of the New York skyscrapers remains of oysters and other salt water animals have been found. As a rule, the only available knowledge in regard to the former submergence of an area is derived from the marine shells and other animals found in deposits laid down by the sea.

No Space to Spare.

Mrs. Ellis had been house hunting for several days and at last found a small suit which was somewhere near her modest ideal.

"The paper in the hall is just awful," said Mrs. Ellis, as she was telling her husband about the place that evening, "but the landlord said he wouldn't change it."

"Never mind," said Mr. Ellis cheerfully, "we'll get an inexpensive new one and put it on right over the other."

"Oh, Ben," cried the wife, "we can hardly get our furniture through the entry now, it's so narrow!"—New York Post.

Theater Prices Long Ago.

In Shakespeare's day the ordinary prices for seats in theaters were: Boxes 1 shilling, pit sixpence, gallery twopence, which, making allowance for the difference in money values, means that boxes were cheaper, but that for other parts of the house the charges were about the same as they are today. Sunday afternoons, when new plays were usually presented, all prices were doubled.—London Chronicle.

What He Meant.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan! You're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum.

Alum as a Charm.

Alum is worn as a charm in parts of Asia Minor. A triangular piece is placed in a case of silver and worn suspended from a string about the neck.

How His Mind Ran.

Senior—What do you think of the Culebra cut? Freshman—Well—er—I never tried it. The sophs won't let me smoke a pipe.—Pelican.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

Restored to His Rights

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

Robert Wykoff has no remembrance of anything that occurred before he was five years old, except being caressed by a woman who seemed to love him very dearly, and even this is scarcely a memory with him. After that he became cognizant of being a member of a family. A man whom he understood to be his father, a woman whom he understood to be his mother gave him what he needed, especially clothes, which were much better than those of the other children of the household. When Robert was eleven years old he was sent to a boarding school. There he associated with boys who were much more refined, much better dressed, than those he had been accustomed to. When he went home at vacation he became ashamed of his parents and his brothers and sisters. They were of a different stamp from those he had seen at school.

Bob did not go home again after that during vacations. He preferred to remain at school. His parents and brothers and sisters did not manifest much affection for him, and he cared little about them. It seemed as if he and they were a different kind of people. And he wondered why this was so. Why had he always been dressed like a gentleman while they wore rough clothes?

The school he attended was of a very good class, but its principal was more interested in making money than in the welfare of the boys. Robert was constantly being punished for some petty offense or for leading his schoolmates to rebel against the tyranny of the principal. The latter received plenty of money for his pupils' tuition to warrant giving them every comfort, including excellent food, but he skimped them in all possible ways.

One day when the food had become so bad that the boys could stand it no longer Bob led them into an old fashioned "barring out," such as at times had occurred in English schools before the middle of the nineteenth century. They bought provisions with spending money procured from home, took possession of the schoolroom and locked the doors. The rebellion did not last long, for a door was broken down. The principal entered and soon quieted the meeting. He questioned the boys as to their leader, but none of them would tell, and he proposed to punish all alike, whereupon Robert assumed the whole responsibility and was expelled from the school.

By this time Robert was fifteen years old, and rather than go back home he resolved to make his own living. Between a mercantile life and farming he chose the latter, and since the season for planting was at hand he found a place as a farm hand. He went to work with a will, rejoicing in the change from the tyrannies of the school and his unpleasant home to a life wherein he lived almost entirely out of doors, attending to cattle, planting [illegible]ering in crops.

[illegible] Bob Wykoff remembers [illegible] of his life, for here was [illegible] love for Molly Erskine, a [illegible] Squire [illegible] one day saw trudging along [illegible] with some milk she was going [illegible] deliver to a neighbor. He carried the milk for her and many another burden from that time forward for three years. Then he was eighteen years old and she was fifteen.

One day Bob was sitting on a mowing machine driving a pair of horses over some rough ground when he saw a man coming toward him. When he came near enough Bob recognized his father. He had been hunting the boy for a month and had traced him from the school he had left long before. He told Bob that he was not his father, but that he came of wealthy stock and his grandfather had died and he was heir to several million dollars. Bob said that didn't make any difference with his finishing his job and remained on his machine till it was time to quit.

Bob then went to the farmhouse, bid goodby to his employers, found Molly Erskine and told her of the great change in his life. She cried when he parted with her, but he assured her that he would come back to her.

Bob's conductor told him on the way that he was the son of parents who had been disowned by his mother's father because they had married contrary to his will. His father had died soon after the marriage, and his mother, who had nothing to live on, was taken back by her father on condition that she come alone. Bob was then put under the care of persons who agreed for a consideration to take care of him. On the death of his grandfather, being the only male descendant, he was made the old man's heir.

When Bob reached his home he was taken into the arms of the woman he remembered as belonging to his babyhood. He had occupied an unnatural position for fourteen years and was now suddenly made the possessor of unbounded luxuries.

One day Molly Erskine was standing in the door of her father's farm when a young man drove up behind a spanking team and, throwing the reins to a lackey, leaped from the wagon and caught her in his arms. Bob claimed her for his wife. But she refused. She said that he had entered a sphere in which he was born and in which she would not follow him lest he should become ashamed of her. But Bob would not release her, though he consented that she should go to a girls' school for three years. When she had finished her education they were married, and Bob did not have any reason to be ashamed of his wife.

[illegible] London Standard.

One of His Own Books.

At the height of his vogue Dumas could not turn out his tales fast enough to satisfy his clamoring public, and it became necessary for him to employ collaborators, to whom he sketched the plot, [illegible] was Paul Meurice.

Thus it came about that [illegible] the author of [illegible] novels of Dumas. Dumas when traveling found this novel in a [illegible] and opened it to pass away the time. He began reading it [illegible] ed in it and was [illegible] him with his own book [illegible]

"I am reading," said Dumas in response to a question, "a novel of my own which I did not know and which pleases me vastly."

It was Dumas who said [illegible] to himself, "I [illegible] have my own company."—New York Tribune.

The Selfish Skipper.

"I will not stop to tow you off. I have fish aboard."

This was the answer returned by the captain of a fishing steamer to the signal of distress from a pilot boat on the rocks at the entrance of the Golden Gate. No one will deny that [illegible] that is [illegible] the relation of life [illegible] on this special [illegible]

"We can't stop, we have fish aboard."—Portland (Ore.) [illegible]

The Effort of His Life [illegible]

W. S. Gilbert had a [illegible] before he wrote for the stage he was a barrister [illegible] brief. It was long [illegible] when it did come Mr. Gilbert [illegible] mined, of course, to make [illegible] his life.

He was intrusted with the prosecution of an old Irish woman [illegible] a coat, and when he [illegible] that he had prepared [illegible] carefully the old dame at [illegible] to interject: "Oh, ye divil! [illegible]"

"Sure, now, he's a liar, yer [illegible]" "Sit down, ye spalpeen!" [illegible] to all the parties, yer [illegible]" After some minutes of this [illegible] asked the recorder's intervention, but that official was too busy laughing. So the effort of his life was not a success.

Women Barbers.

In Gay's "Journey to Exeter," published in 1715, it is told how after passing Morcombe's lake the travelers reach Axminster, where they stop. The next morning—

We rise; our beards demand the barber's art,
A female enters and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skillful hands bedeck.
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroked the beard of Jove.

—London Notes and Queries.

Ear Wagging.

Only animals with long and drooping ears are able to wag them. A rabbit, for instance, can do what it likes with its ears, dropping one or both and laying them flat along its back when dashing through thick cover. Hares are still more brisk in ear movements. But short eared beasts, like weasels and stoats, are unable to wag their ears in any degree, although they have enough ear to wag if they had the power.

Consolation.

"Why so gloomy looking, Madge, dear?"

"Jack has thrown me over for a girl with more money."

"Oh, there, cheer up! That's no sign that he doesn't love you."—Boston Transcript.

Slow.

Crawford (in fashionable restaurant)—Don't order anything for me. I'm not hungry. Crabshaw—But you will be by the time the waiter brings it.—Life.

Explained.

Mrs. Wayback (reading) — Hiram, what air these Russian [illegible]? Mr. Wayback—One o' them newfangled dances, I s'pose.—Dallas News.