

What a Girl Did

By EVERETT P. CLARKE.

When I went to work for Farmer Grimshaw at the beginning of the harvesting there were three other hands employed by him. We took our meals at the farmhouse, but slept in an out-house, in which each man had a room to himself. I was especially pleased at not being obliged to sleep with another, for I didn't like any of the hands, and one of them looked to me like a jailbird.

One morning I got up, as usual, long before the sun. My room faced the west, and there was but one window in it; consequently it was half dark when I dressed. I noticed as I went out to work that my shoes didn't feel easy on my feet, but thought very little about it. So long as they didn't pinch me I didn't mind the rest. When breakfast was ready we all went into the farmhouse, and while we were sitting at the table several men—they were policemen in plain clothes—came in and arrested every one of us farm hands and ordered us to take off our shoes. When we had done so they chalked our initials on the sole of each shoe, and two of them went out, while the others remained to see that we stayed where we were.

Now, I remembered that my shoes had not been easy on my feet, and when I took them off I saw that they were not mine. Evidently a substitution had been made during the night. I was seized with a terrible dread, for it seemed to me that this substitution and the arrest had some connection.

Grimshaw's daughter, Eliza, who had from my going to work for her father shown an especial preference for me, was in the breakfast room, where we were held by the police, and I called her to me and asked her what it all meant. She told me that she didn't know unless we were held on suspicion of the murder of Farmer Benton, who was found dead in his bed shortly before our arrest and \$500 that he had drawn from the bank, intending to pay off a mortgage, gone. I told her about the changing of my shoes for others, and she added that she had heard the policemen talking about tracks leading from the out-house where the hands slept to Benton's house and back.

It was all plain to me now. Some one of my fellow hands had done the murder and had worn my shoes in order to throw the crime on me. I told Eliza of my fears, and she turned pale. I saw her fix her gaze on each of the other prisoners in turn, and when she had gone the rounds she whispered to me:

"It's Brown."

Brown was the man whom I have mentioned as looking like a jailbird. After Eliza's hitting on him I watched him closely myself for a few minutes and saw under a very quiet exterior a restless eye. Eliza saw that I was very much broken up by this effort to fix a murder on me and said sympathetically, "Don't worry; it will come out all right."

She had scarcely spoken the words when the two policemen who had gone out with the shoes came back and right up to me, paying no attention to the others.

"A job has been put up on me," I said. "Those shoes are not mine."

My remarks had no especial effect on them, so far as I could see. They told me I was under arrest for the murder of Ezra Benton and told the others they would be held as witnesses. As we were marched off I saw Eliza making for the out-house, where we had slept. A faint hope sprang up within me that she was going to look for some evidence to clear me, but this I knew was not to be expected.

There was not much doing in the courts, and my trial came on without delay. Farmer Grimshaw kindly employed a lawyer to defend me, and my advocate had a long talk with me in which he questioned me closely about the substitution of the shoes for mine, for the only proof against me was that the shoes taken off my feet by the police fitted exactly in the tracks made in the soft earth—it had rained the day before the murder—between the out-house and Farmer Benton's. A worn place in the sole of one shoe and the heel of the other showed plainly in the indentation. Unless we could prove that the shoes were not mine it would go hard with me, and that would be a pretty hard matter to prove. The shoes found on Brown were very much smaller than mine.

When the case came to trial the police, who had made the discovery of the tracks and the shoes that had made them, and my lawyer were all put to shame by a girl. Eliza Grimshaw had done a bit of detective work that saved me.

While the trial was on Eliza gave her secret to my defender, and he at once put her on the stand. He drew from her that she was familiar with the soil between the out-house and the home of the murdered man; that on the morning of the arrest she had examined dirt left on the floor of the rooms in the out-house. She had found a yellow clay recently turned up in Benton's yard in Brown's room and before my door, but not in my room. She had collected bits of this caked dirt and produced it.

The result of this was that Brown was charged with the murder, and in time I was acquitted and he was convicted. I have thus far spent the remainder of my life in the service of Miss Grimshaw.

OWNING A HOME.

The Real Estate Man Presents His View of the Question.

The public has no better friends than the real estate agents, although in individual cases they may sometimes think that they are a trifle pedantic in their efforts to induce one to make a purchase.

In reality, however, this is where they do the greatest good, not only for the city in which they live, but for the man to whom they sell property, and this is especially true in the case of a home.

The great majority of people are too slow to realize the importance of becoming home owners, and the efforts of the real estate dealers have induced thousands to purchase who otherwise would have let splendid opportunities pass.

It is especially important that all young people become home owners at the earliest time possible, because in the strength of their youth they will have no trouble meeting the payments on a home, and in a few years they will have it paid for. On the other hand, if they fail to buy the years will pass and find them living up all their days.

Because of taxes, insurance and depreciation many people figure that it is cheaper to rent than to own a home, but since the man owning the property is willing to make that kind of investment it is pretty evident that in the long run it pays the owner—National Real Estate Journal.

MISSED THE TRAIN.

It Was Not the Agent's Fault, Either, Only His Misfortune.

The real estate man from the city was eager to close the deal for Uncle Billy Weatherman's forty acres, which would front on a beautiful lake after the big White river-dam in the Missouri-Oregon was built.

The papers lay on the table awaiting Uncle Billy's signature. The real estate man was impatient. He was in a hurry to get back to Hollister, the nearest railway station, so as to catch the only train that would get him back to Kansas City the next morning.

"Now, if you'll sign right there—on the dotted line," he said, handing a fountain pen to Uncle Billy.

Uncle Billy took out his spectacles and read the papers carefully.

"I reckon I'd better not be in too big a hurry about this year," he temporized, with the shrewdness of the Osark mountaineer. "I don't read as quick as I used to. I b'lieve I'll have my sons read them papers, mister."

"It would be a great favor to me, Uncle Billy," remarked the Kansas City man, looking at his watch, "if you could manage to see them in time to finish up this transaction by noon. You see, I've got to get away today. How many sons have you, anyway?"

Uncle Billy scratched his head a minute and said, "Eighteen."—Youth's Companion.

An Early Underground Road.

London's underground railway stations are decidedly different from what they were when first built. A writer in London Society of May, 1893, describes Farringdon street station, as resembling "a family vault on a large scale, with a series of hip baths introduced diagonally into it for light and ventilation. The hip baths are lined with glazed tiles, and to keep the resemblance to their prototype we find the leakage drained off at the end into a vessel something like a soap dish. A dense fog filled the place when I was there, and, as the people waiting for the trains were seen wandering up and down the platform, one might have imagined them ghosts of the great unwashed condemned to linger in sight of their mortal life."

Looking Ahead.

"I have just telephoned to our new neighbors to ask them if there is anything we can lend them," said Mrs. Scripps.

"Aren't you getting wonderfully generous?" asked her husband.

"Oh, it's just as well to be neighborly. Most of our stuff is pretty well worn, and as they moved in I saw a lot of things that will be worth having when it comes our turn to borrow."—Washington Star.

Two at One Trick.

"Let me plow this field."

"Thanks."

"I'm canvassing this district for congress," said the willing worker after finishing the field. "Do you own this fine farm?"

"Oh, no," replied the other man; "I'm the candidate on the other ticket! The farmer has gone to town, but I assured him the field would be plowed by the time he got back."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Silent Chill.

He—There's no use introducing me to any one. I can't dance.

She—What nonsense! I saw you dancing with Miss James the night before last.

"Yes, but she hasn't spoken to me since."—Life.

Corrected Him.

"Come back for something you've forgotten, as usual!" said the husband.

"No," replied his wife sweetly, "I've come back for something I remember."

Long Wait.

Callow Youth—Barb, how long will I have to wait for a shave? Barb (glancing at him)—Oh, about two years.

—Boston Transcript.

Fraulein Becker's Ruse

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Fraulein Anna Becker was sitting in her boudoir in Berlin embroidering when, looking out through the window, she saw a wasp waisted Neutnant stop at her door. There was something in his manner which was very serious and indicated that he was calling on important business. She had never seen him before, but her brother Carl was an army officer, and she knew that the stranger called on some business for him. Presently a maid brought in a card bearing the name of Herman Borgmesser for Lieutenant Carl Becker. Fraulein Anna went to receive Herr Borgmesser and told him that her brother was not at home. She would be happy to deliver any message Herr Lieutenant had for him.

"Will you kindly give your brother my card?" he said.

"Anything for him to do?"

"He will understand."

"Are you sure? Is there not something that will make his understanding the matter sure?"

Herr Lieutenant glanced at the ceiling for inspiration.

"You might say, fraulein, that it concerns an occurrence last night at the officers' quarters."

"With whom?"

"Captain Koch."

"I will give him the message with pleasure," said the young lady, and Herr Lieutenant marched away congratulating himself that he had acquitted himself with great discretion.

Fraulein Anna had learned from him all she wished to know, which was that her brother, a hot-headed youth, was bitterly opposed to her engagement with Captain Koch, had picked a quarrel with him, had insulted him and the visitor had brought a challenge from the latter.

Fraulein's first act was to send her brother away on a fool's errand by sending him a telegram with his sweetheart's name attached, saying that she must see him at once. But since the sweetheart lived fifty miles from Berlin Lieutenant Becker must necessarily be away some time. The second move was to send word in her brother's name that he would meet Captain Koch the next morning at 5 o'clock at a certain place where duels between army officers were usually fought.

Now, though Anna Becker's features were not very like those of her brother, her height and weight were nearly the same. That evening, dressed in one of his uniforms and with a dozen of his cards in her card case, she sallied forth to put in practice a certain plan she had conceived.

Entering a restaurant, she ordered a dinner with a bottle of wine. Presently she arose and threw the contents of her glass in the face of a quiet looking gentleman sitting near her.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means that you stared at me in an insulting manner," replied Anna, and, throwing her brother's card on a table, she left the restaurant.

Two hours later when Anna returned to her home she had insulted six persons, and between 9 o'clock and midnight four challenges came in from different persons for Lieutenant Becker.

Two of them from army officers, all of whom fraulein agreed to meet the next morning at the time and place she had agreed that her brother should meet her lover.

When midnight came and Carl did not return Fraulein Anna felt sure that her ruse to get him out of the way had been successful. But it had only one partly so. When Lieutenant Borgmesser returned to Captain Koch and reported what he had done the captain sent him out to find Becker himself.

He came upon Becker in the billiard room of the officers' club just as he was reading the dispatch from his sweetheart that had been sent him by Anna. Consulting a time table, he found he could keep both appointments and agreed to meet Captain Koch at 9 o'clock the next morning at the usual place for the settlement of affairs of honor among officers of the army.

Koch noticed a discrepancy in the time of meeting between the written and verbal reply to his challenge, but thought little of it, though, that he might surely be on hand for the fray, he went to the ground at 5 o'clock.

A quarter of an hour later a gentleman, with attendants, appeared and informed the captain that he had come to meet Lieutenant Becker, who had insulted him the evening before.

"While Captain Koch was disputing with this man as to which of them should fight Lieutenant Becker first another party arrived on the same errand, and before 6 o'clock three different persons had arrived, each desirous of 'pig sticking' (as they call it in Germany) Lieutenant Becker. At a quarter before 6 Becker himself appeared, having been traveling all night, to find five persons waiting to avenge themselves upon him, four of whom he had never seen.

Amid a babel of tongues a carriage arrived, and Fraulein Anna stepped out in the ordinary costume of a woman and stood looking at the disputants and laughing. When she had explained that she had replied to the captain's challenge and had insulted the four other challengers all except Koch and Becker joined in the laugh. But to please the lady the four strangers insisted on the two most interested making up their quarrel, and they shook hands.

SIRES AND SONS.

Archie Thomas, a left-on Pentecost Island, is an expert wireless operator.

Sir John Beecham recently paid \$18,000,000 for the Bedford estate in the heart of London.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, the new president of the National Education association, is a pronounced suffragist.

During the sixty-three years he has been rector of North Tawton, Devon, England, the Rev. Robert Hoie has been away from his parish only three Sundays.

Mahlon Shaaber of Philadelphia is proud of his six feet six and a half inches of height, because his tallness once attracted the attention of Abraham Lincoln.

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City bank of New York, began his thirty-three years ago as an apprentice in the railroad shops at Aurora, Ill., at \$3 a week.

William Graves Sharp, appointed by President Wilson as ambassador to France, succeeding Myron T. Herrick, was a congressman from the Fourteenth Ohio district. He is extensively engaged in the manufacture of charcoal, pig iron and chemicals. At one time he was prosecuting attorney of Lorain county and practiced law at Elyria.

War Echoes.

Dove of peace, solemn, "Where am I at?"—Chicago News.

It takes a strong leash to hold back the dogs of war.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Is this to be the history of the twentieth century? "When all the world went mad!"—New York Herald.

If it is any satisfaction to little Serbia it can take pride in the fact that it served as the pretext for Europe's amazing display of statesmanship.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

As a result of all Europe's warfare prove to be the spectacular finale of earth's game of war. But it seems that a world's peace might be won with less disaster.—New York World.

Nations do not prepare for war unless they expect war. The fallacy that Europe's mighty armies assured peace has been fully exposed. A test had to come. It will be worth the cost if it terminates the race to bankruptcy which has characterized the preparations of the last few years.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Foul Bunts.

After noting the injuries actually sustained in baseball it must be admitted that umpires, though much threatened, are comparatively safe.—Washington Star.

Senator Lane of Oregon thinks we ought to enlist the Indians in the army. Well, not so long as we can make crack baseball players out of them.—Philadelphia Press.

Federal managers are making raids on the stars of the bush circuits. If they turn out as the initial round-up of stars usually does, the older leagues will bear up under the shock.—New York Sun.

Flippant Flings.

The more beef goes up the less it goes down.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Society is progressing right along. You don't give a dance any more. You give a dancant.—Baltimore American.

Americans carry a total life insurance of \$4,000,000,000. If a few of us died how prosperous the country would be!—Wall Street Journal.

The London Times foresees that we are bound to be a great world power. There, there, Sammy; you'll be quite a little man when you grow up!—New York Evening Sun.

Industrial Items.

There are no trades unions in Belgium in the metal industries.

In California a universal eight hour measure will be voted on at the November election.

Washington state has 533 shingle mills with an aggregate daily output of 15,000,000 shingles.

The printing craft is said to be better organized in Germany than in any other country in the world, more than 90 per cent of the German printers being members of the union.

Electric Sparks.

An inventor in Stockholm, Sweden, has devised an electrical apparatus for storing heat.

It requires 7,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity a year to charge all the electric vehicles used in New York city.

Blueprint paper may be used to determine electrical polarity, a white spot developing around the negative pole when the paper is in contact with the wire, while the positive wire will not affect it.

Recent Inventions.

A bathtub with all its customary fittings is concealed within a couch that has been invented for houses of limited room.

An umbrella with the handle so jointed that the center is carried over the head of the person using it has been patented.

A gun invented by a New Yorker for shooting flies from ship to ship or ship to shore utilizes the power of what ordinarily would be the recoil to add to its effectiveness.

A Polite Stranger

By JOHN G. LARNED.

The two Record girls were more pleased with the social life of Rome than the archaeological curiosities, though the younger, Edith, not only enjoyed the curiosities, but seemed bent on seeking them herself. Italy is not a safe country to go about in by oneself, but Edith Record did a great deal of rambling. She was repeatedly warned to cease hunting for relics of ancient Rome in the environs, but would not listen to the warnings.

One day, taking her brother Dick, fourteen years old, with her, she got on top of one of the double decker trolley cars that run to and from different environs of Rome and went to a place in the Alban hills. There she and Dick walked up a road till they came to a plateau. They were hunting a spot where recent archaeological discoveries had been made. Not succeeding in finding it, they looked for some one of whom to ask its location. Seeing a man on horseback approaching, they resolved to make inquiries of him. When they met him they noticed that, though dressed in a rather shabby velvet suit, his face indicated a man of breeding.

"Could you tell us," said Dick to the stranger, "the location of the recent archaeological find?"

"I think you will find it over there—a short distance from here—about five minutes' walk."

He spoke in a soft voice, which was almost musical, keeping his eyes fixed on Edith admiringly.

"Thank you," replied Dick, while Edith nodded to the same effect.

"Perhaps," added the stranger, "I had better show you the way."

Despite their protests, he dismounted and, leading his horse, walked with them to a point near the excavations. There he stopped, took off his hat politely and said:

"Follow this path for a few minutes and you will reach the spot you seek."

"You have been very kind," said Dick. "When you are in Rome come and see us. You will find us at No. — on the Corso."

"Does the young lady join in the invitation?"

Edith inclined her head in a mute assent.

Having found the place they were looking for and examined the interior of a house of ancient Rome, they retraced their steps to the trolley and thence back to the city.

One evening during the following winter, when social functions were in order, the Records gave a ball. It was not a large affair, but very select. Among the guests who were entering Edith saw, clad in evening dress like the other men, the stranger who had conducted her and her brother to the excavations. She was surprised to see him avail himself of the invitation he had received to be present at a formal reception, but there seemed nothing to do under the circumstances except to welcome him. Moving forward to where he was, she expressed herself as pleased to see him and to present him to others of her family. He assented, and the introduction was given, though Edith, not knowing his name, was obliged to present him as "the gentleman who showed Dick and me to the excavations."

The stranger remained but a very short time, leaving before scarcely any of the guests had noticed him. He told Edith that he had made some archaeological investigations near the place where she had met him and had just opened some graves and exhumed articles placed in them 600 years before the Christian era. If she and her brother would meet him there he would be happy to have her take some of these archaeological treasures from the graves where they were found. Indeed he had called for the purpose, not knowing of the function given that evening.

To take things with her own hands that had been in one spot for 2,500 years was a delightful anticipation to Edith Record. On the day that she had appointed with the stranger she and her brother went to the place designated. The stranger met them with a carriage and drove them to a retired spot where were some graves recently opened. He opened some more, nearby and exposed a skeleton in each, surrounded by various trinkets, which he invited Edith to take out with her own hands. She did so and thanked him for them.

"And now," he said to Dick, putting them into the carriage, "can you find your way back?"

"Are you not going to return with us?" asked Edith, surprised.

"It would cost me my life to do so."

"Your life?"

"Yes, signorina. I risked it the other night when I went to your house that I might arrange to do you this little favor. I am Nichol Sebastiano, a bandit. A couple of carabinieri, who followed you to protect you, caught sight of me when I started to drive you here. They are doubtless much distressed about you, expecting you to be held for ransom. They are probably now deliberating what to do to save you. Go back and tell them that Nichol Sebastiano, having been a gentleman, cannot sink so low as to rob a woman. But permit me to warn you, signorina, not to go about in this part of Italy unprotected."

True enough, the girl and her brother found the policemen deliberating in their behalf and thunderstruck to see them return in safety.

EARLY VISITING CARDS.

Those Used in Italy Were Elaborate Works of Art.

Some authorities hold that the origin of the visiting card lay in the circumstance that when Punic first laid siege to the heart of Assis, he sent her a bouquet to which, fearful lest she might not guess from whom the compliment proceeded, he caused to be attached a strip of wood wherein his name was cut.

According to Bertarelli, who, among others, has been at much pains to compile the history of the card, it is difficult to say whether it was first used in Greece or in China. However that may be, it seems to be an ascertained fact that the visiting card did not really obtain to any extent in Europe until the time of Louis XIV. It crossed the Pyrenees with Philip of Anjou when he was installed in the palace at Madrid, and Louis himself was the cause of its being introduced into the Netherlands.

Then it was adopted in Italy, where it was subjected to much elaboration. First, the cards showed a modest border of flowers or leaves; then appeared landscapes, bits of architecture, allegories, etc. Finally came scenes of rural life, alternating with views of monuments and towns. The name was printed on the picture of a wall, a tree or a fountain.

A view of the Adriatic figured on the card of Count Alexandre Papoli, while the Franco family favored a large stone guarded by two dogs, with the amphitheater of Verona in the background.—Baltimore News.

ITS PRODUCT TOO GOOD.

A Wonderful Oil Well That Was Found in the Balkans.

In Mr. Catron Woodville's "Random Recollections" is the story of a rich oil well that was discovered in the Balkans.

On one of his journeys he was shown a deep hole, sunk most probably by the ancient inhabitants of the country for mining purposes, but which he was assured was a petroleum well. Afterward Mr. Woodville heard the full story of this well.

A petroleum "find" was reported from the district, and an expert from Baku, in the Caucasus, the great petroleum district, was sent to the Balkans by a syndicate to inquire into this valuable discovery. He was taken by eager natives to this hole, and a bucket was dropped down at the end of a long rope and drawn up again, brimful of oil.

The expert examined the contents of the bucket, tested it carefully, and then, turning to the assembled natives, he exclaimed: "This is the most wonderful oil well in the world. The petroleum is already refined."

The explanation was, of course, that some enterprising person, not knowing that petroleum comes from the oil wells in a crude state, had carefully placed some ordinary commercial petroleum in the well in the hope that the expert would think there really was an oil well there and offer a big price for the property.

First Feminist Party.

The earliest deputiation of women to parliament was organized close on 2000 years ago. Under the triumvirate of Augustus, Antony and Lepidus it was proposed to tax the property of 1400 wealthy Roman matrons in order to meet part of the expenses of the civil war then raging. They refused to submit to this imposition and sent Hortensia, one of their number, to plead against it before the senate. In the course of her speech she asked, "Why should we be compelled to pay for a war into which we had no wish to embark or for the support of a government whose policy we have no means of controlling?" This argument proved so effective that the tax on women was reduced to one-third of the amount originally proposed.—London Tatler.

Lakes of Massachusetts.

Like other glacier roughened areas, Massachusetts, though not specially distinguished as a lake region, is liberally supplied with inland bodies of water. A recent survey showed 1,115 lakes and ponds exceeding ten acres in extent, the total area covered being nearly 100,000 acres. The largest is Assawompsett pond of 1,212 acres in Lakeville, and the one having the longest name is Chaubunagungamaug of 1,188 acres in Webster. Only one is in Nantucket county, while Worcester county has 298.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Star Dust.

A constant rain of meteor, star and comet dust is pouring upon this world of ours. But you should not jump to the conclusion that the earth is perceptibly "growing" on account of the influx of dust from without. It does grow a very little in that way, but it has been calculated that it would take a thousand million years to accumulate a layer one inch thick.—New York Journal.

Reverse Side.

"Have you managed to get a new cook yet?"

"Not quite."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The last one we applied to wants references from the cook who just left us."—Baltimore American.

Giving Details.

Maud—Kitty married a man a good deal older than she, so I hear. Marie—Older? Why, he's twice her real age and three times the age she says she is.—Boston Transcript.