

Her Punishment

A Story For Washington's Birthday

By F. A. MITCHEL

One morning during the American Revolution when the British were in possession of New York city John Armitage, a captain in one of the regiments quartered there, called at headquarters and asked for a short leave of absence. The officer whose duty it was to attend to the matter of leaves, passes, etc., looked up at the applicant, a handsome and refined young fellow, and said:

"Captain, I venture that you are intending to visit some fair lady. If so I cannot grant you a leave, for the general has more fear of these Yankee rebel lasses than a whole brigade of the sea."

"I admit, major," replied Armitage, "that I propose to visit a Yankee girl but she is not a rebel. She is with us in loyalty to the king."

"Are your intentions serious, captain?"

"My purpose in making this trip is serious indeed. The lady is wooed by an officer of Washington's army whom he rather wishes her to marry. She has written me a note urging me to come to her. I fear that pressure is being brought to bear upon her to induce her to marry my rival."

Major Harrington thought a few moments, then asked:

"Where do you propose to go?"

"To Morristown."

"Washington's headquarters?"

"Yes."

Again a few moments were passed in reflection; then the aid spoke again:

"This is a dangerous visit you are about to make, captain. I fear the general would not approve of it."

"Put yourself in my place, major."

"Ah, you sly dog, you know how to plead. All the world loves a lover. I will grant the leave, and if you are caught I shall doubtless be relieved from duty on the general's staff. Be careful that you are not taken and hanged for a spy."

"If I am hanged it will be for love," Armitage, in reply, bled a man to gull him over the river directly opposite the fort on the southernmost point of Manhattan Island. He landed in the then village of Jersey City. There he took horse, crossed the meadows, passed through Elizabethtown and at midnight, having left his horse at a roadside inn on the outskirts of Morristown, proceeded on foot to the square about which that city is located.

In a dwelling on the west side of the square lived Winifred Dudley, the lady from whom Armitage had received the summons that had brought him to Morristown. The blinds of the living room were open, and by the light of logs burning on the hearth within the captain could see into the room and that it was vacant. This gave him courage. His chief dread was that some American officer might be calling at the house. And if so, he would be in this room. So the young Briton walked boldly up to the door and tapped on it with the ring which hung from the mouth of a metal lion. Winifred Dudley, who was on the watch for her lover, ran hastily down the staircase and admitted him, first drawing the window curtains in the living room.

"The time of your arrival is unfortunate," said Winifred. "Captain Wharton, whom my father is anxious that I should marry, has sent me word that he will call this evening for his fiancée."

The words were scarcely uttered when the sound of a horse's splutter was heard without and the clank of side arms as some one dismounted.

In the living room was a large closet. Winifred hurried her lover into the closet. A moment later there was a knock at the front door, and she admitted Captain Wharton, an American dragoon.

"How, now, little one?" exclaimed the captain. "You are all in a flutter. Surely the decision I come for cannot have wrought such agitation. If you love me you must be pleased to tell me so; if not—well, in that case I must bear the blow as best I can."

He had clasped the hand she offered him by way of salutation and, holding it, looked into her face wistfully. But he saw no encouragement and, dropping the hand, walked beside her into the living room and gloomily took the seat she offered him.

"I regret, Captain Wharton," she said, "that my answer to the great honor you have done me must be the same as it has been. My father is an ardent patriot and wished me to wed with one of patriot sympathies. But we are a divided family. My sympathies are all with the king. That you may consider my answer final I will reveal to you that I have given my heart to a British officer."

Captain Wharton at this announcement stood with bowed head and in silence. That silence was broken by a loud rap at the door. Winifred started and turned pale. Then, going to the door, she threw it open. A citizen attended by several soldiers entered.

"This man," said one of the soldiers, pointing to the citizen, "saw a man stop at a tavern at midnight and steal between our pickets. He came to this

house. We have been ordered to find him and call upon him to give an account of himself."

"Are you sure he came in here?" asked Winifred.

"I am," replied the citizen.

"We have been ordered to search the house," said the soldier who had spoken.

"You will do no such thing," said Captain Wharton. "In support of Miss Dudley's testimony I give you my word of honor as an officer and a gentleman that there is no such person here."

There was a brief silence, at the end of which the recently arrived party were turning to leave the house when the closet door was thrown open and a man in citizen's dress stepped forth.

"I cannot permit any one to bear false witness in my behalf," he said.

"This person," pointing to the citizen, "is correct. At midnight I left the tavern and came here to call upon Miss Dudley at her invitation."

Captain Wharton turned his eyes from the Englishman to Winifred, then back to Wharton.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked.

"Captain John Armitage of the British army."

"And in our lines in citizen's clothes?"

"Miss Dudley will bear me out that I came upon her invitation."

"For what purpose?" asked the citizen.

"That does not concern you. I do not come for military information."

"You need not remain here any longer," said Captain Wharton to the searching party. "I will be responsible for this gentleman."

This order, coming from an officer as addressed and was obeyed. When the men were gone Wharton said:

"Would that I could conscientiously let this matter drop here. My duty as a soldier and to my country compels me to act. I must report your presence here, Captain Armitage, to our commander. If you are not here as a spy you have nothing to fear. I deem it best for your interest that I report the matter privately to General Washington. Give me your parole that you will remain here till you hear from me."

"It is given with thanks."

While this scene was being enacted Winifred, terror-stricken for her lover, was crouching beside him. Wharton, with a bow to her, turned, and in another moment they heard him mount and ride away.

It was not long before an orderly rode up to the house and delivered an order for John Armitage and Winifred Dudley to proceed to headquarters. Winifred, having protected herself against the cold with her lover descended the side of the hill on which Morristown is built, then ascended the slope that led to General Washington's headquarters. They were conducted into his private office in rear of the building. The general rose to receive them, then closed the door, shutting out all but himself and them.

"I understand, sir," he said to Armitage, "that you have admitted that you are a captain in the British army. You are within our lines in citizen's apparel. Will you inform me sir why I should not order a court martial to try you on the charge of being a spy?"

"I can only assure you, general, that I came here in reply to a written request from Miss Dudley. When I received it I had no knowledge what was her motive in asking me to come."

"But you know now?"

"I do."

The general thought a few moments, then said: "It is imperative that I have an explanation for your being here; otherwise I must treat you as a spy."

During this brief dialogue Winifred's feelings were pent up and now burst forth.

"General," she cried in agony, "I am the spy. There is another matter between me and Captain Armitage than conveying information to the British, but this was not my real reason for summoning him. I have been taking note of the troops gathered here and other matters pertaining to your army, and sent for Captain Armitage to come and carry the information to General Howe. But lest my letter should be intercepted I told him that my father was trying to persuade me to marry a rival—one of your officers. Captain Armitage had no knowledge whatever that I had any other motive for summoning him. I have forfeited my life. Execute me for a spy. No trial is needed; here is the evidence."

She handed General Washington the notes she had made and which she had intended to send by Captain Armitage to General Howe. He scanned them, then looked up at the couple in mute surprise. After deliberation he said:

"Captain Armitage, you cannot be convicted on this the only evidence I have in your case. Had you been caught with this information on you nothing could have saved you. But this lady has been convicted by her own confession and must suffer the penalty."

"Oh, general!" exclaimed Armitage imploringly.

"If Miss Dudley were a man," pursued the general, "it would be my duty to order a court martial, which would undoubtedly convict her. Since she is a woman I shall place her beyond our lines, where she can do no harm."

"But, general," cried Armitage, "what can she, a woman, do without your lines?"

"She can go with you."

"Her reputation?"

"Need not suffer."

"How so?"

"Orderly!" cried the general, opening the door. A soldier appeared, and the general directed him to go for a chaplain. When that person appeared he was directed to marry the couple. After the ceremony the general called for an officer of his staff, to whom he said:

"Put these two beyond our lines and see that they do not get back here."

A Miser's Money

And How It Was Turned to a Useful Purpose

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

John Borian was a country boy who had gone to the city to make his fortune. He had parted, the night before leaving home, with Mabel Burroughs at the gate of her father's home, both pledging themselves to be true to each other till John's return, when he had become successful, and they would be married.

Mabel was a practical girl. She had known of other young men going to the city to make their fortunes, some of whom had come back threadbare and hungry and some remained away, but she had never heard of any of them making fortunes. One had been crushed under the wheels of the juggernaut car that rolls over those who fall in the struggle in a great city. While John was picturing to her how he would work early and late, saving all he made except for a bare living, she listened doubtfully.

"Any way, Johnny, whether you come back rich or poor, you'll find me here waiting for you, and I'll welcome you just as heartily if you are poor as if you are rich. But against one thing let me caution you. If you find that the battle is going against you come back. Don't stay in the city to be crushed."

John promised, and with a long embrace they parted.

When John rolled on the railed tracks through the outskirts of the city and saw the miles and miles of houses, the throngs, the traffic, his heart sank within him. But he repressed the feeling of despondency, gripped his teeth and resolved that he would succeed. He had read the story of Whittington, who went to London a poor boy, became discouraged at the sight of the great city in the distance, and resolved to go back to his home. But he heard the bells ringing, and they seemed to say, "Turn again, Whittington, lord mayor of London." He entered the city and became enormously rich.

This story, familiar to many a school-boy, came back to John Borian and gave him courage. When he alighted from the train he felt strong enough to breast the tide that seemed rising to oppose him.

The game of life is similar to a game of cards. If we have good cards, which is the same as having good luck, we win. A few there are with such aptitude for the game that they may win with poor cards; but generally speaking, poor cards mean the loss of the game. In other words, success comes with opportunity.

John Borian found one bit of opportunity in the city or, what is the same thing a bit of luck. But this did not come to him for several years after he had entered the fray there. On his arrival he spent a month looking for a job and just as his money ran out found one in running an elevator. A gentleman whose business was to the building took a fancy to him and gave him a subordinate position. But this man failed, and John was thrown out. Again he walked the streets hunting a job.

John's hardships are not interesting, and I will pass over them for his opportunity. After drifting a long while, sometimes earning a few dollars a week and sometimes hungry for food, when in the latter condition he remembered his promise to Mabel that if he found the battle going against him he would go back to the country. At the time of his arrival he had put away enough to pay his fare on the train, but he had spent it for sustenance. He had no money to take him home, but he resolved to keep his promise and would set out the next morning to tramp the distance.

To one person in the metropolis he resolved to say good-by. That was the man who had given him a position, when he was running an elevator. On his way to this friend he saw at his feet on the sidewalk a pocketbook. He picked it up. It was rectangular in form, about six inches long by three wide, just large enough to hold a bank bill not folded. Opening it, he found a number of such bills inside. He closed the pocketbook without counting them and looked about to see if any eye was upon him. Since no one seemed to be observing him he thrust his hand into his pocket, for he desired to have time to think over what he should do in the premises. Finding a place where he would be alone he counted the money he had found. There was \$354.

Johnny was one of those men who cannot bring themselves to appropriate anything belonging to another. Besides, he had the sense to discover that anything so appropriated would do him no good and might do him harm. He certainly could not return to Mabel without an effort to find the owner of this money for she would condemn him if he did. He knew that the owner would advertise the loss of his property, and it was his duty to look for such advertisement.

The next morning he went to a news paper stand kept by a man he knew and received permission to examine the principal journals. He found a notice of the loss and the offer of half the

contents for the return of the pocketbook at a given location.

Johnny went to the place named and found a seedy looking man who proved to him that he was the owner of the pocketbook by giving the exact number of bills it contained. John was about to extract the reward when the owner said to him:

"There were certain vouchers in the pocketbook which are more valuable to me than money. Are they with the bills?"

"There are no vouchers and were none when I found the pocketbook," was John's reply.

The man began to stomp at John, calling him a thief, and while doing so attempted to snatch the pocketbook. John resisted, and a scuffle ensued. Tenants in rooms adjoining came in and, seeing what was taking place, called the police, and the two opponents were arrested and taken to a station.

When the case came up for examination the justice directed that the owner of the property in question bring suit against John for the recovery of his property. This having been done, the justice assigned John counsel, and the case of Hargrave versus Borian was tried at once.

Hargrave told how he had lost his pocketbook. He had been walking the street when he was jostled by some men. He shouted for the police, and the men ran. On reaching home he discovered his loss. He supposed that the robbers had dropped the pocketbook in his flight.

John's counsel, a lawyer named Dexter, advised his client to summon as many persons as possible who knew him to testify to his honesty. This was done, and quite a number were present. After taking their testimony Dexter called Hargrave to the stand.

"Why did you not mention in your advertisement," asked the lawyer, "the vouchers you claim were in the pocketbook?"

"Because they were not money and of no value to any one but me."

"What was the nature of the vouchers?"

The witness hesitated, then claimed that they were, receipted bills for money expended.

Before the case went to the jury Dexter claimed that he had proved John's good character and that there was neither any evidence that he had stolen the vouchers nor any necessity for such evidence, because if he had been a thief he would have taken the money and left the vouchers instead of taking the vouchers and leaving the money. He also claimed that his client had caused an action against Hargrave for slander and that the evidence had shown the plaintiff to be a miser. To this the judge added instructions that were favorable to the defendant.

When the verdict was brought in the foreman said that the jury had found for the defendant. Since the pocketbook contained other articles than had been mentioned by the advertiser, it could not be the one for which he had advertised. Therefore the property belonged to the defendant until a claimant for it could prove that it was his.

Before John and his counsel left the court Hargrave's counsel came to John and offered, on behalf of his client, all the money that was in it and \$100 for the book. Dexter at once became suspicious and made an examination of the pocketbook. One side being remarkable for its thickness, he inserted his knife between it and the lining and took out seven \$1,000 bills.

He at once called his client to him for a private conference and showed him the find. John was astonished, but he had decided to return both the money he had found and the pocketbook to Hargrave, to whom he believed it rightfully belonged. He now took the same ground with respect to the concealed bills.

"You will do no such thing," said the lawyer. "I am acting in your interest and it is my business to protect you in your rights. The miser tried to beat you out of the reward offered, and accused you of being a thief. Leave the matter to me and I will make an equitable settlement for you."

John finally consented to abide by whatever his counsel did in the matter, and after a long conference with Hargrave's attorney John's lawyer announced that a compromise had been effected by which one-half of all the contents should go to John and the rest to Hargrave, this being the reward offered in the advertisement for the property.

"And now, young man," added Dexter, "I would advise you to take the money that has come to you and go back to the country. You are not fit to make your way in the city. There is plenty of honesty here, but there is a lot of sharp practice. You would be better where you were born and raised. If you remain here this money will soon slip through your fingers."

When John asked his lawyer for his bill for legal services he was surprised at the modest charge of \$10.

John returned to the country with his capital and found Mabel waiting for him. Next morning his lawyer's opinion she did not like to have him take money that he had found. After much conference she decided to use it for a start-up and if that succeeded in selling up a cow-bill to resign it. John bought a farm. They were married and prospered. At the end of five years they inquired for the miser from whom it had been derived and, finding that he had died, gave the funds to charity.

It was thus that John Borian found his opportunity. But he never referred to it with pleasure and felt relieved when he turned it over to those who he considered had a better right to it than himself. To this his friends assert that Providence designed him as an agent to turn it into a useful channel.

ORIGIN OF "OLIVER TWIST."

Dickens Got His Principal Characters From Cruikshank.

The true story of the origin of "Oliver Twist" is not generally known. It is this:

After the amazing success of the "Pickwick Papers" Dickens was thinking of following it up by a story of London life, with which he was more familiar than with English country life. Just about that time he happened to visit the studio of George Cruikshank and was shown some drawings the latter had made illustrating the career of a London thief. There was a sketch of Fagin's den, with the Artful Dodger and Master Charley Bates, pictures of Bill Sikes and his dog and Nancy Sikes and, lastly, Fagin in the condemned cell.

Dickens was much struck by the power of these character sketches, and the result was that he changed the whole plot of "Oliver Twist." Instead of taking him through spiritless adventures in the country he introduced him into the thieves' den in London, showing up their life of sin, but brought his hero through pure and undefiled.

Thus it will be seen that George Cruikshank, not Charles Dickens, was the originator of the leading characters that appear in "Oliver Twist."—London Saturday Review.

HAIR AND VITALITY.

The One Acts, in a Measure, as an Index of the Other.

In the course of its continuous growth the hair records the tide of vitality as it rises and falls in the body. When a hair is held up to the light it may be seen to be smaller at some places than at others. There may be a space of one-eighth of an inch perhaps where the hair is so thin as to appear ready to break off.

Such spots indicate an appreciable loss of nourishment, a sleepless night or an attack of auto-intoxication. In the last named cases the general vitality is interfered with, and the roots of the hair, not being developed, are not as strong as otherwise.

The hair grows until the weight is so great that it can no longer be sustained by the root, and it drops out. That is why hairs are of different lengths. Coarse hair, having large roots, will grow long. When the vitality is low all over the body the roots are imperfectly developed, and the hair is likely to fall out as in cases of typhoid fever.

Dandruff is a parasitic disease, and the parasites get down around the root of the hair, which becomes diseased. That is another reason why the hair falls out.—Boston Herald.

Sand Hills of Bergen.

Bergen is so called doubtless from the sand hills which at this point of the coast of Holland are unusually conspicuous and give the name of "Little Switzerland" to the neighborhood. These dunes are the scene of very interesting experiments in fir planting, with a view to keeping them stationary and preserving the valuable land behind them from sand drift. This slow afforestation at Bergen, on which some thousands of pounds are spent annually, was initiated by a very remarkable private association, the Netherlands Health society, which, starting in a quiet way twenty-five years ago, now employs from its headquarters in Utrecht an army of workers and turns over some £80,000 annually in its improvements.—London Standard.

The Lesson.

"Winzer put on his wife's spats this morning."

"Why, the old fish must be growing polite."

"You don't get me. He wore 'em. He wanted his wife to see how ridiculous they looked."

"Well?"

"The first man he met said, 'By Jove, Winzer, I never saw you so well dressed.' And the second man said, 'Why, old chap, you're looking positively dandy.'"

"What did the old guy say?"

"He said, 'This will be a good lesson to my wife. It's going to teach her that these extremes in fashion are meant only for the favored few.'"

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Key to the Dutch Seas.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the fame of Middleburg and Flushing, in Holland, extended all over Europe. The latter especially was so important that it was called "the key to the Dutch seas." The Emperor Charles V. visited the city and spent some days in the small adjoining town of Zuytburg. It was there that in September, 1556, he dated his act of abdication before sailing from Flushing to Spain and retiring to the monastery of St. Juste.

A Case For Fact.

"There are ladies on the jury."

"They ought to favor a lady defendant."

"We shall have to be exceedingly careful. I don't think it would be good policy for our fair client to dress better than they do."—Kansas City Journal.

Disappointing.

The young postmistress, says Everybody's Magazine, was reading a postal card from the morning mail. Finally she turned it over to the address.

"Hub," she said in a disappointed tone, "this card is for me!"

True liberty consists in the enjoyment of our own rights and not in the destruction of the rights of others.

Economy and Saving.

A sort of paradox is the fact that thousands of people who make so effort to save a dollar when times are highly prosperous will develop and practice economy when work and opportunity are less plentiful. The best way, of course, is to try and save at least a little all the time, putting by a larger amount when earnings are at their height. As a nation we are not taught that economy, which makes France the banker of the world and whose accumulations come not from vast exports of natural resources, but from the combined small savings, consistently continued year after year, by the French people as a whole.

The French save partly because it has become hereditary and chiefly because the children are brought up that way and are taught the dignity of accumulation. We, on the contrary, in a spirit of false pride, are inclined to scorn the necessity of saving, as though it were something of which to be ashamed. If our present experiences shall teach us thrift it will be a strengthening of a great national weakness.—H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Superstitious Cure.

At an inquest in an English town on a five-month-old child the mother was said to have given it a decoction of snails and Demerara sugar as a cure for whooping cough. She put the snails, alive, into the sugar in a muslin bag, and the liquid filtrate was the medicine. It seems that the "snail" remedy is known in other parts of the country. Hot lemonade, hot trachea and elderberry syrup are also given by the poor as a cure, and a sugared infusion of snails may be just as efficacious as any of them.

Walks round the gas works with the suffering children are still practiced. Old women were great believers in this method of cure, and they used to be laughed at for their faith in it. There was method in their strange apparent madness, and one of the best known cures today in the vaporizing of fluids that give off compounds similar to those emanating from places where they make gas.—London Tatler.

An Indiscreet Memory.

"You and that very charming Miss Malcolm were boy and girl friends, I'm told?"

"Yes."

"I saw you talking to her. You must have had a delightful time recalling early days?"

"Well, no. I tried to make it pleasant, but it didn't seem to work. I recalled to her how she climbed trees and fences when she was ten years old, and she gave me a freezing look. Then I asked her to remember how she was thrown from an overturned bodied and went head foremost into a snowdrift and stuck there. 'You were seven years old, I said, and I recall that you were'— What do you think she did?"

"I dunno."

"Said 'Sir' and stalked away."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Hull of a Dreadnought.

An amazing amount of material goes to the making of a 2,200-ton battleship. Into the hull alone enter some 8,000 tons of steel and iron, an amount more than equal to the whole of the material from keel to fighting tops in many of the pre-dreadnought war vessels. Of this amount of material over 6,000 tons is steel plating, 2,550 tons is for shapes, channelling and angle pieces; the weight of the rivets used exceeds 650 tons, these rivets ranging in diameter from three-eighths of an inch to one and one-half inches, and there are over 400 tons of specially shaped steel casting, ranging in weight from two to eighteen tons each. These figures include nothing for gun mounting or special armoring, but are for the mere construction of the bare hull alone.—London Express.

London, Ex-Watering Place.

Time was when London was a watering place, whose wells, if not rivaling Bath or Harrogate, were widely famed and frequented by people from all quarters. In South London there were quite a number of spas, Lambeth wells, which sold water for a penny a quart and gave it to the poor for nothing. St. George's wells, Sydenham wells and Dulwich wells being the best known.—London Graphic.

The Usual Way.

"My son, be careful to find out the inward depths of a woman's character value before you make a friend of her."

"That's all right, but if she's pretty why not take her at her face value?"—Baltimore American.

Not Immortal.

"Penley used to think his poems were immortal."

"What changed his opinion?"

"The editors 'killed so many of them.'—Boston Transcript.

Qualifications.

Caller—Pardon me, sir, but is there another artist in this building? Artist—There is not. There is, however, a man on the fourth floor who paints.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Domestic Harmony.

Louise—Does Edward get along happily with his wife? Julia—Yes. Some of his opinions coincide with hers and the others he keeps silent about.—Life.

All Around Him.

"I'm looking for spats."

"You ought to have my job for awhile," commented the weary foot-walker.—Louisville Courier-Journal.